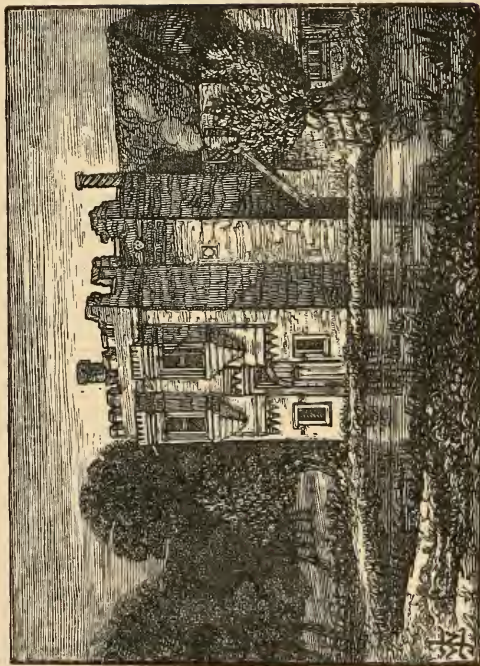


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The Roxburghe Ballads.



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THE RYE-HOUSE, NEAR HODDESDON, HERTFORDSHIRE:
where the assassination of Charles II. was to have been attempted in 1683.
(Drawn and engraved by the Editor, J. W. Eborworth, from an old original Water-Colour View, in King George III.'s Collection of Maps and Plans, at the British Museum.)

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The Roꝝburghe Ballads:

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED "DROLLERIES OF THE RESTORATION,"
"THE BAGFORD BALLADS" WITH THEIR "AMANDA GROUP
OF POEMS," "THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600," AND
AUTHOR OF "KARL'S LEGACY; OR,
OUR OLD COLLEGE AT NIRGENDS."

WITH HIS COPIES OF ALL THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. V.

41063
98

"... *Absalom's* mild nature suited best ;
Unblan'd of life (ambition set aside),
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride,
How happy had he been, if Destiny
Had higher placed his birth—or not so high ! . . .
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love ;
To head the Faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the Plot,
To further this, *Achitophel* unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites ;
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends to serve the same design."

—Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*.

HERTFORD :

Printed for the Ballad Society,
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1885.

HERTFORD:



PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

Nos. 24, 25, 26.

To his Friend, a Reviver of Old Literature,

ALEXANDER BALLOCH GROSART, LL.D.,

EDITOR OF MANY FAMOUS AUTHORS, INCLUDING A LONG LINE OF

Cavalier Poets and Puritan Divines ;

WHOSE WRITINGS HE HAS GIVEN BACK TO THE WORLD WITH
UNTIREZ ZEAL, INDUSTRY, AND INTELLIGENCE ; NOT
ALONE THE ACKNOWLEDGED 'WORTHIES,' OF
FULLER AND OF CHERTSEY, BUT ALSO, TO
SECURE TARDY JUSTICE AND FAME
FOR THEIR NEGLECTED GENIUS,

'The Inheritors of Unfulfilled Renown :'

This Fifth Volume of The Roxburghe Ballads,

(issued on the Bicentenary of Monmouth's Insurrection)

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts in
Political and Social History,

IS HERE

DEDICATED,

With affectionate esteem by his Friend and Fellow-Student,

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MIDSUMMER, 1884.



Introduction to the Second Volume

of the Second Series of Roxburghe Ballads.

“ Ancient libels and contraband books, I assure ye,
 We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury ;
One tome Miscellaneous we'll add to your store,
 Resolving *next year* to print one volume more.
 One volume more, my friends, one volume more ;
 Pay down your subscriptions for one volume more ! ”

—Sir Walter Scott's *Bannatyne-Club Song*, 1823.



THE ENTIRE CAREER OF MONMOUTH is displayed in the series of Ballads, Songs, and Political Poems, given in the present volume, and in the concluding portion of the one immediately preceding. Here, *for the first time reprinted*, are many of the choice broadsides gathered by SAMUEL PEPYS, and bequeathed by him to Magdalen College, Cambridge: treasures of the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*; for the use of which we duly record our thanks to the learned and reverend the Master, the Fellows, and the Librarian of that venerable foundation. Here are, also for the first time gathered, and re-arranged, all reprinted *in extenso*, a much larger number of similar ballads from the original Harleian, Pearson, or Roxburghe Collection, and from the Benjamin Heywood Bright Supplementary-volume; from the purchases made by Narcissus Luttrell (marked occasionally by himself with the date when he obtained them); and from others,

including Ant. á Wood's at Oxford, and in the Editor's private store of rarities, Troubesh Manuscripts and printed broadsides. From State Papers at the Record Office, and in the rich garner of the British Museum, we have culled many things that help to make the past intrigues more clear. The character of the actors in the tragi-comedy of two hundred years ago can now be studied accurately by those who are unprejudiced, and not too soon disgusted at human weakness or vice. Ours is a *BICENTENARY VOLUME OF MONMOUTH'S INSURRECTION*, issued in 1885, but finished beforehand.

Surely not without interest or historical value are our copies of *all the original* woodcuts, such as the Trial and the Execution of Algernon Sydney (on pp. 426, 429); and of Lord W. Russell: even the inappropriate hap-hazard introduction of long-earlier civil-war engravings; such as that of John Wentworth, the Earl of Strafford, being ferried across the Styx, to meet his predecessor, William Noy, on the farther shore (see p. 463); or the mediæval battle-piece which was brought into service to represent Sobieski's victory over the Turks at the Siege of Vienna in 1683 (see p. 372). These woodcuts include several that were by no means due to subscribers, because not belonging to the Roxburghe Collection, *e.g.* the contemporary pourtrayal of "Frost-Fair on the Thames," in the winter of 1683-1684; which forms the frontispiece to Part XIV., being the *Third Group of Monmouth Ballads*; also the Beheading of Monmouth and the Hanging of his Followers in the West (on pp. 699, 701); or the picture of the moated Rye-House, where King Charles II. was to have been assailed by the conspirators (*Frontispiece* to the present Vol. V.). They have, one and all, been given single-handedly by the Editor, at his own cost of ungrudged toil, without repayment of a penny from the funds of the Society, which are left wholly devoted to the payment of printing and paper. This task, voluntarily accepted, necessarily long protracted, and in his present failing health by no means light, is being wrought out in the hope of securing a speedy completion of the entire work, a full reproduction of *The Roxburghe Ballads*. It seems to be an insult and a degradation that subscribers omit to do their duty by affording the required assistance to this desired work, while the Editor conquers a three-fold amount of labour freely in their behalf. Were the printing

of final parts rapidly paid for, by accelerated subscriptions, another year might see the completion of the series. When supplemented by a General Index and Catalogue of the existing Ballads, *The Roxburgh Ballads* will rise in value as a library book of reference, an historical record, and unfailing fund of amusement for Students of the Past. *Many original members have died: hence our funds are diminished.*

The two volumes now completed by the present Editor of the Ballad Society's *Roxburgh Ballads* have a distinct character from that of the three volumes edited by Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL; by far the greater number of the present contents being political or historical documents. We have already explained what consideration governed our choice, to keep the whole of these satirical poems thus bound closely together in chronological order. It is surely a great gain that so large a collection has now been secured permanently, and exhibited with such advantages of accurate reproduction and illustration as we were able to bestow. No one can desire better printers than our Hertford friends (Messrs. Stephen Austin and Sons), and we have not scrupled to task their patience.

No apologies are offered for the comparative fullness with which we have annotated these interesting and valuable documents. Some few individual students might have easily dispensed with the Editorial comments, no doubt, owing to the richness of their own individual knowledge; but even these few readers may admit it to have been unlikely—without considerable outlay of time—that they could have hunted the dispersed and almost-forgotten links of many a dissevered chain, here reunited for the first time since it was broken two centuries ago. There are many obscure persons and events glanced at incidentally in these ballads, satires, and lampoons, concerning whom annotation is indispensable, if an intelligible view be desired of Old England in 1678-1685. During these seven years, between the time when Titus Oates calumniated the Papists and the date of Monmouth's insurrection, the bitter strife of so-called religious zeal had become the chief excitement in the kingdom. Ever and anon the same battle has been since renewed, under partially changed conditions, even until our own days; and that the future will see it repeated is by no means improbable.

To avoid any misconception, as to the present Editor having

'Romanizing tendencies,' let it here be clearly stated that his denunciation of the anti-Popish slanders, and his exposure of the many infamous devices of Shaftesbury's "brisk boys," with the political and sordid trickery of Slingsby Bethel, Patience Ward, and other factious demagogues, have been made from honest conviction, after careful study of evidence, and are in no degree the result of any weak-minded delusion concerning the faultlessness of what is called Ultramontaniam or Popery. At the time under consideration, the sober Church of England kept herself for the most part outside of all the plots, the controversies, and the foul-mouthed misrepresentations that were rife among the sectaries and nonconformists. Few of our divines joined in un-Christian vituperation against the persecuted Jesuits, who were falsely accused of having set fire to London, and of having plotted the murder of King Charles II. From the schismatics, and from people devoid of any religious principle, the agitation almost invariably arose. From the bitter sectaries came the chief support to all the seditious schemes for reviving the *Good Old Cause* of rebellion against Church and State. By the Rye-House Plot, and by Monmouth's Insurrection in the West, the dissenters, the fanatics, enthusiasts, and 'atheists' supported 'England's Darling' as a 'True Blue Protestant!' He had little love for the Established Church, or indeed for religion of any kind; although he believed it to be for his interest to accept the disguise and rank of a "Protestant Hero." There was no sincerity in him. He was merely playing the part that promised to advance him into a better position for claiming the sovereignty. We have no sympathy with James the Second, in his bigotry and folly; neither have we with Monmouth, in his culpable duplicity, weakness, and vice. But there are persons who denounce as "Romanizing" and "unsound" any honest confession that grievous wrongs had been perpetrated against those professors of the ancient Catholic faith, who had stayed in the Church from which our own took its origin: worshippers who remained steadfast, and refused to waver in the midst of perils.

Although the falsehood and villainy of Titus Oates leave his every statement open to doubt, even when no positive disproof of some few individual assertions may be at once producible, we are far from doubting that there had been precisely so much of a real "Popish Plot" in 1678 as

originated in a widely-spread desire of the Romanist Churchmen to obtain some amelioration of their condition in England. They sought a repeal of the iniquitous penal laws, under which they had long been suffering; they hoped that better days were drawing near for them, seeing that James, the Duke of York, was presumptive heir to the Crown, a declared convert to their ancient Catholic faith, and zealous for their advancement. They believed that his brother, the reigning King Charles, might be led to avow a willingness to protect them, and extend their religious privileges. All the sworn depositions or pamphlets where-with Titus Oates and William Bedloe tried to incite the mob to fury, declaring the complicity of the Catholics in the burning of London in 1666; in the pretended conspiracy to assassinate the King, as he walked through St. James's Park; and in the guilt of murdering the magistrate Sir Edmond-Bury Godfrey, who had officially received some of the early evidence; we hold to be a tissue of lies, and a very transparent tissue, such as ought never to have obscured the sight of any sensible investigator. But that Edward Coleman, and a few other busy intriguers, had been secretly engaged in scheming and corresponding with foreign ecclesiastics in the pay of France, to advance the supposed interest of their Church, and to make way for a restoration of England into the Catholic fold, without feeling scrupulous as to the means so long as they could attain the result, is sufficiently proved by the letters produced at his trial. It was said that other letters had been hastily destroyed by him, and those which were found were left by inadvertence. But of this there was no certain evidence.

Many of the Jesuits had been enthusiastically watching the signs of the times. Those who remained in their foreign seminaries felt more hopeful of England's re-conversion (in their ignorance of the deep underlying Puritanism and antagonism to Rome, which swayed the middle classes, as well as the populace), than did the active emissaries who flitted about from one hiding-place to another, ministering the rites of religion at grievous peril to themselves and to their entertainers. These men felt too much of the active persecution, the bitter intolerance, and the terrified fanaticism of people who styled themselves "True Blue Protestants," to rest in confidence that a victory of their own cherished faith

was near, and heresy soon to be extirpated. Scarcely any person then living could have foreseen the results to be brought about, after three half-centuries of farther delay, by the nation yielding justice to the persecuted Catholics, so that they might uninterruptedly enjoy the privileges of their own religious faith and ceremonies, whilst loyally obeying the laws and maintaining allegiance to the throne. We know how hard it was to effect this change, and how our third King George resisted it. Even now, it is doubtful whether a gross prejudice of ignorance does not enwrap thousands of professedly-educated men and women, regarding the infamous treatment which the Catholics had been compelled to endure in England, from long before the time of the Spanish Armada, but especially after the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, and until James the Second attempted to atone for some of the cruelties sanctioned by his grandfather James the First. The errors of one brief reign, the last four years of the Stuarts', raised almost insurmountable barriers against obtaining a due recognition of national injustice, and thus Catholic Emancipation became indefinitely postponed.

We venture to believe that the popular ballads here for the first time reprinted, in Vols. IV. and V., may be found trustworthy records of the varying excitements of that important era, 1678-1688. The present volume is wholly devoted to the *Duke of Monmouth and his Times*, ranging from March, 1681, to the July of '85. Readers must turn back to our preceding volume, viz. to the "*Group of Anti-Papal Ballads*," especially to those of a date immediately before the Whig Revolution of December, 1688, should they desire to see the natural termination of the besotted folly and headstrong bigotry of James the Second. His inability to read the character of the time-servers and renegades whom he advanced to highest station, as a reward for their servile compliance with his wishes, found its fitting punishment in his being betrayed by them, whenever they beheld his fall from power to be near at hand. But we have not needed to here bring forward the many records extant of the miserable intrigues, the heartless treachery, and the general dissatisfaction which followed, even among the plotters and forsworn troth-breakers who had secured a Dutch invasion, and thus defrauded the legitimate heir of his birthright-sovereignty. We close our present volume with the failure of what was

rightly called "The Dissenters' Insurrection in the West," and the Execution of "King Monmouth" and his misguided followers.

Our next volume will be entirely devoted to some very different classes of ballads. One group, indeed, will be to a small extent styled "historical," but not political. They are simply *Legendary and Romantic Ballads*, on more or less renowned characters, such as Whittington, Thomas Stukely, King Lear, Guy of Warwick, Fair Rosamond and Queen Eleanor. Another group gives us "Arthur and the Table Round," The Wandering Jew, and also pious Æneas, "The Wandering Prince of Troy," with Queen Dido; Hero and Leander, Penelope, Constance of Cleaveland, Little Musgrave, Musidorus, The Lady Isabella, Hugh of the Græme, Jephtha, Doctor Faustus, Gerhard's Mistress, Sir William of the West, the Widow of Watling Street, Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, the Roman Wife who nourished her own father, Fair Margaret's Misfortune, the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, the Famous Flower of Serving Men, the Master-piece of Love Songs, and many another fine old ballad that delighted thousands of youths and maidens at the ingle-nook in winter, or under the shady trees in hot summer-time; these are all waiting to be reproduced in our early pages. *A Group of Naval Ballads*, on seafaring men's adventures, shipwrecks, battles, partings from sweethearts on the shore, encounters with pirates, or release from Algerine slavery, will begin the volume. A similar group of *Military Ballads* will follow, including "The Famous Woman Drummer," "The Loyal British in Flanders"; the Death of Turenne, and of the Duke of Berwick, the "Gallant Grahams of Scotland," and "Clavers with his Hielandmen." We shall not long delay Mistress Arden of Feversham, Johnnie Armstrong, Captain Hind, George Saunders, Captain Johnson, William Gismond, Captain Green, or Mary Carleton "the German Princess," who one and all came under the hands of the public executioner. As for Love-affairs, of happy and disastrous, of idyllic or commonplace, we give abundance. Our Volume Sixth will offer the utmost variety in subject, and it is warranted to cause general satisfaction. We have not told half its treasures. Be in time! Be in time! Walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen, and *Pay your Money to the Treasurer!*

—for without performance of such a scandalously-neglected duty our Ballad Society's condition will be worse than that of the old woman who could not get water to quench the fire, or fire to burn the stick, or stick to beat the dog, and who (like a certain Ballad Editor with his final volume) almost despaired of "getting home to-night."

It follows inevitably that, in the midst of the forthcoming *Miscellaneous and Romantic Ballads*, we shall have to relinquish the society of the Merry Monarch, whom, with his courtiers, minions and foes, we have encountered so often in this volume and previously. We shall bring forward, it is true, no small store of racy ballads on *Goodfellowship*, displaying the tavern life and the improvidence of revellers. As a counter-balance to these, we furnish many pious moralizations, godly warnings, and apocryphal "miracles" (Kentish and Suffolk): such as were accepted unhesitatingly by the before-mentioned "True Blue Protestants," who had scorned golden legends of mediæval saints, but swallowed greedily the impostures of Teddington Drummers and of Gibbie Burnet's Groaning-board. Incidents of humble life also find reflection in these ballads, but we shall miss the figure of him who had long been the national favourite, despite certain acknowledged vices and shortcomings. His good qualities deservedly won affection, such as we admit ourselves to feel regarding him. It is absolutely sickening to observe the commonplace rant and foul abuse lavished against him, on pretence of morality, patriotism and liberalism, by the herd of periodical essayists in our day. Sheer ignorance and the spitefulness natural to small minds are the only excuses for them. We confess, without reserve, that his errors were neither few nor trivial; but he was a much better man than most of those who rail at him. Take this careful estimate by one of the most judicious of contemporary observers and statesmen, Sir William Temple: we may be sure that he better knew the truth regarding Charles the Second than the men who now prate glibly about his heartlessness, irreligion, tyranny, or sensuality. Rightly considered, the words here quoted show us faithfully a sad portraiture of one who might easily have been our best king, had he only been true to his better self.

"At my arrival [in *England*, from *Nimeguen*, in July, 1677], the King ask'd me many questions about my Journey, about the Congress, Draping us [=bantering,

or chiding jocularly] for spending him so much Money, and doing nothing; and about Sir *Lionel* [*Jenkins*], asking me how I had bred him, and how he pass'd among the Ambassadors there; and other pleasantries upon that subject. After a good deal of this kind of conversation, he told me I knew for what he had sent for me over, and that 'twas what he had long intended, and I was not to thank him, because he did not know anybody else to bring into that place. I told his Majesty, That 'twas too great a compliment for me, but was a very ill one to my Country, and which I thought it did not deserve: That I believ'd there were a great many in it fit for that, or any other place he had to give; and I could name Two in a breath, that I would undertake shou'd make better Secretaries of State than I. The King said, 'Go, get you gone to *Sheen*! we shall have no good of you till you have been there, and when you have rested yourself, come up again.'

"I never saw him in better humour, nor ever knew a more agreeable Conversation when he was so; and when he was pleas'd to be familiar, great quickness of Conception, great pleasantness of Wit, with great variety of Knowledge, more observation and truer judgment of men, than one wou'd have imagin'd by so careless and easy a Manner as was natural to him in all he said or did. *From his own Temper he desir'd nothing but to be easy himself, and that every body else shou'd be so;* and wou'd have been glad to see the least of his Subjects pleas'd, and to refuse no man what he ask'd. But this softness of temper made him apt to fall into the persuasions of whoever had his kindness and confidence for the time, how different soever [they might counsel] from the opinions he was of before; and he was very easy to change Hands when those he employ'd seem'd to have engag'd him in any Difficulties: So as nothing look'd steady in the Conduct of his Affairs, nor aim'd at any certain End. Yet sure no Prince has more qualities to make him lov'd, with a great many to make him esteem'd, and all without a grain of Pride or Vanity in his whole constitution. Nor can he suffer Flattery in any kind, growing uneasy upon the first approaches of it, and turning it off to something else. But this Humour has made him lose many great Occasions of Glory to himself, and greatness to his Crown, which the conjunctures of his Reign conspir'd to put into his hand; and have made way for the aspiring thoughts and designs of a Neighbour Prince, which wou'd not have appear'd, or cou'd not have succeeded in the World, without the applications and arts employ'd to manage this easy and inglorious humour of the King."—*Sir William Temple's Memoirs, the Third Part, from the Peace concluded, 1679, to the time of the Author's Retirement from Publick Business*: Edition 1720, vol. i. p. 449, folio. [By the "neighbour Prince" Temple indicates Lewis XIV., but the duplicity and self-seeking were practised no less by William of Orange.]

Thanks to the great kindness of a friend, associate in the Council of our Camden Society (the Honble. Harold Dillon, F.S.A.), the Editor is permitted to here print, for the first time, certain letters written by King Charles the Second to his daughter Charlotte, Countess of Lichfield, "a blameless beauty." Easy, unstudied, and affectionate, they show to all unprejudiced readers the King's sincere consideration for others. She was the eldest daughter of Lady Barbara Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine, Duchess of Cleaveland: an evil-rooted thorn, wherefrom this fair grape Charlotte grew.

"*Whitchall, 22 Oct. [1679].*

"I should not have been so long in writing to you, my deare *Charlotte*, but that I was at *Newmarket*, thare too all day about businesse I had little time

to spare, and though I have very much businesse now, yett I must tell you that I am glad to heare you are with child,¹ and I hope to see you heare before it be long, that I may have the satisfaction my selfe of telling you how much I love you, and how truly I am your kinde father,

C. R.

“*For my Lady Lichfield.*”

[*Note 1.*—Charles, the first son of Charlotte and her husband Edward Henry Lee, was born on the 6th of May, 1680. Consequently, if this letter refers to her first pregnancy, as seems probable, the date of the letter may be assumed to be 22nd October, 1679. We return to Newmarket, in a *Note*, on p. xxii.]

“*Winchester, 5 Sept. [1682?].*”

“Your excuse² for not comming hither is a very lawfull one, tho’ I am sorry I shall be so long deprived of seeing my Deare *Charlotte*: your brother *Harry* is now heere, and will go in a few dayes to see *Holland*, and by that time he returnes he will have worn out in some measure the readnesse of his face, so as not to fright the most part of our Ladyes heere; his face is not changed, tho’ he will be marked very much [*verso*]. I will give order for the two hundred pounds for you[r] building, and the reason that you have had it no sooner is the change I have made in the treasury,³ which now in a little time will be settled again; and so my deare *Charlotte* be assured that I am your kind father,

C. R.

[*Addressed*] “*For my Deare Charlotte.*”

[*Note 2.*—Henry, born in 1663, is Charlotte’s second brother, successively Baron of Sudbury, Viscount Ipswich, Earl of Euston, and Duke of Grafton (see our pp. 702, 738), who had recovered from an attack of smallpox. No year is marked, and we have to guess this additionally. The danger of her incurring infection of smallpox, whilst in delicate health, may be the “excuse” alluded to.]

[*Note 3.*—Danby had lost the Treasurership after 1679.]

“*3 April [1682 or 1683].*”

“I think it a very reasonable thing that other houses should not look into your house without your permission, and this note will be sufficient for the Survaier to builde up your wall as high as you please, and you may shew it to him. The only caution I give you is, not to prejudice the corner house, which you know your sister *Sussex* is to have,⁴ and the building up the wall there will signifie nothing to you [*verso*], only inconvenience her. I shall be with you on Saturday next, and so deare *Charlotte* I shall say no more but that I am your kinde father,

C. R.

“*For my Lay. Lichfield.*”

[*Note 4.*—Charlotte’s elder sister, Anne Palmer Fitzroy, born at the end of February, 1669, became Countess of Sussex, having married Thomas Lennard, fourteenth Lord Dacre. She is mentioned in other pages of our volumes.]

“*Whitehall, 2 Oct.*”

“I have had so much businesse since I came hither that I hope you will not thinke I have neglected writing to you out of want of kindnesse to my deere *Charlotte*. I am going to *New Markett* to morrow, and have a great deale of businesse to dispatch to night, therefore I will only tell you now that I have five hundred guinyes for you, w^{ch}. shall be ether delivered to your selfe or auy who[m] you shall appointe to receive it, and [*verso*] so my dear *Charlotte* be assured that I love you with all my harte, being your kinde father

C. R.

“*For my Lady Lichfield.*”

Windsor, 11 Aug.

"I received yours, my dear *Charlotte*, just now, concerning the desire you make about Mrs. *Young's* reversion, but I was engaged in that matter some dayes since, so as I can only tell you that I am very glad to heare that I shall see you face to face, and 'tis the greater satisfaction to me, because I did not expect it so soone, and be assured that I am as kinde to you as you can expect from your kinde father

Charles R.

"For my Lady *Lichfield.*"

Incidentally we have shown many examples of the kindness of heart, the courtesy, the consideration for others, the clear-sightedness and the cleverness of "Old Rowley." His affection for his heavy brother James, his scornful rejection of the dishonourable Shaftesburian project to divorce Queen Catharine, or allow her to be ruined by the lying accusation of Titus Oates; the difficulties besetting him as pensioner of King Lewis, while betrayed to his own rebellious subjects (themselves accepting the same hirelings-wages from the French King, without scruple), or mediating between two irreconcilable rival claimants of succession, James of York and James of Monmouth; these meet us as we trace back the years. Lastly, the utterly untrustworthy indications of his being anything more of a convert to Romanism than a weary and exhausted man yielding obedience to the strong will of his brother and the force of concurring circumstances—the tiresome and ill-conducted fussiness of the crowding English bishops, clamorous and pertinacious, contrasting unfavourably with the quiet ministration of Father Huddleston, a long approved and faithful servant, whose presence brought relief. If we have succeeded in breathing life anew into some of the dry bones of the buried centuries, readers may be not indisposed to accept our tribute wreaths, whether of "The Watcher at Whitehall," or "Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant!" (p. 774). We Cavaliers are loyal to the throne, but not sycophantic in adulation, although avowing our love for Charles, as one untimely wasted. Our own taste, like that of most other true ballad-lovers, inclines us to the quiet solace of books, instead of the smiles of wantons or the glitter of Courts; we are contented with the sweet seclusion of a hermit's cell, alternated with committee-meetings in the best place on earth, that centre of the civilized world, London, wherein our friends dwell, and where the originals of these ballads are preserved, both manuscripts and broadsides. Long may they rest there safely!

To reside for years in Bœotia, far away from all social intercourse with antiquaries and other scholars (except one true friend and ballad-lover at Cliftonville), might be held depressingly injurious for the "cultivation of literature on a little oatmeal," especially in pursuit of ballad-lore. A Rolling-Stone must gather its scanty supply of moss under difficulties. Well for us, if we possess a contented mind for a continual feast; a mirthful spirit, that laughs at foes and obstacles; with some of what Robert Burns calls "the carle stalk of hemp in man," such as ensures victory in any lawful contest, since it makes defeat impossible.

Thus every oasis in the desert grows habitable, and in time becomes a Garden of Eden, to those who have found their right work to do, and who seek to finish it honestly. Self-reliant are such labourers, because they grow sufficient for their own wants and perils; whether drifting across the world in earlier freedom of Bedouin experiences, or left at anchor, not to say run aground, befogged or water-logged, in a forgotten nook, like the 'gentle Johnnian' who dwells at

One-Acre Priory.

(A Cavalier's bower, 'Far from the madding crowd.')

MINE is a very small domain,
Where long I've dwelt with Nycis';
Few are our wants of heart or brain,
For both it well suffices
As though it were Pacific Main
With all its Isles of Spices.

One Maid we keep—would she were fair!
One cat, a famous mouser;
Some poultry, flowers, and a full share
Of dogs (Beppo and Towzer):
Nycisca's sweet, beyond compare—
(Or so her husband vows her).

To envy others silly seems;
Who wealth have, fain grow richer:
Books form my sole ambitious schemes;
(For Nycis', none bewitch her:)
Contentedly we weave our dreams,
And lack nor Friend nor Pitcher.

O Grumblers of dyspeptic sort,
Who count yourselves stupendous!
Why scorn our Lilliputian Court,
Where simple joys attend us?
We thank the Gods, this life is short,
Till the New Life they send us.

Some dull Philistines avow dislike to ballads, and feel no interest in history or in literature; they hold no belief in generous enthusiasm; they admire nothing except Puritanic sanctimoniousness and sordid money-grubbing. We heed not their approval or disapproval. After all, the true tribunal of Appeal sits in the future. Little else remains to us. Year by year we lose the valued friends who encouraged toil and rewarded it with smiles. John Payne Collier, Frederick Ouvry, Henry A. Bright, whom we have lost, can never be replaced; on some others sickness has already laid a wasting touch; but there still live several firm friends, in England, in Scotland, and in the Western Land of the United States, to which our longings turn increasingly, whose approbation will be prized for the completed work, if completed it can be. To them we herewith send greeting, in hope of speedy reunion. Perhaps our best friends and readers may be yet unborn, and for the most part dwellers hereafter in that future Mistress of the World, stretching from the landing-place of Pilgrim-Fathers to the Golden Gate of San Francisco. If the prophetic vision be illusive, it at least hurts nobody.

Esperança.

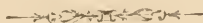
THEY have pass'd away to the Silent Land,
 The friends of my early days;
 When my hair turns grey, I shall lonely stand,
 And hear not their words of praise:
 With never a son to clasp my hand,
 Or a girl to chant my Lays.

It may be, of all that I tried to do,
 In the life that has ebb'd and gone,
 There is little to last till the days grow new,
 Or be told on my burial-stone,
 Save the struggle to give a Verdict true
 On the times by these Ballads shown.

Yet I dare to hope, when my bones are dust,
 That in lands beyond the sea
 A race may arise of a larger trust,
 With a spirit unstained and free,
 Who will prize this work as sound and just,
 And cherish my memory.

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MOLASH VICARAGE, KENT, *Midsummer*, 1884.



* * * We have ourselves re-drawn and engraved on a reduced scale, as Frontispice to this volume, from an old and original drawing, the celebrated Rye-House, near Hoddesdon. So much importance was attached by the Rye-House Conspirators to the unguarded condition of the King and his brother in their frequent visits to Newmarket, that a few extracts may be acceptable from the hitherto unprinted MS. Letters written by James Duke of York from that place, and addressed to his niece Charlotte, Countess of Lichfield. (See INTRODUCTION, p. xvii.) The letters are undated as to the years, but this is of little importance.

Newmarket, March 22 [1682?].—We have the worst weather now I ever saw at this tyme of year, which makes this place not so pleasant as it used to be; but for me I like it very well since I have the happynesse of being with his Ma[jesty]. . . . J.

Newmarket, March 21 [168 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 168 $\frac{2}{3}$].—Till now, within this day or two, thar has been very little company here, and I never knew a meeting at this place where there was so little company as now: yett the weather has been much better than it was this tyme twelve months, and for all it has been a little windy it is not cold. The Dutchesse [of York] and my Daughter [Anne] have been several tymes abroad to take the aire on horse-back, and twice to see the cock fighting, for horse matches there has been but one, which was yesterday, but this weeke they say there will be more. Her Ma: has not yet played at Bassett, which makes the drawing rooms very dull, and I believe will not whilst she stays here, but the Dutchesse dos. . . . J.

Newmarket, Octo. 8 [1682, more probably than as marked, "1684"].—There has been horse races now three days together. On Mouday Griffin's horse beat Barnes, yesterday L^d Godolphin's horse lost all the three heats to Mr. Wharton's gray Gelding, and, after they were over, Stapley beat Roc the long course. This day Dragon was beaten by Whymot, and Stapley won another match; it was of the D. of Albemarle. Tomorrow I am to goe fox hunting, and hope to have better weather then it has been since I came to the place, for it has rained every day, so that the King could not hawk neither this day nor yesterday, and I never saw this place so very dirty as it is now. . . . J.

[In our Bagford Ballads (p. 80), introducing previously an extract from Sir John Reresby on the amusements of Charles II. at the same place, we reprinted Tom D'Urfey's "Call to the Races at Newmarket" which mentions Dragon (as does the foregoing letter), "Dragon could scower it, but Dragon is old." Compare the present volume, p. 141. We may ascertain the precise date by these horse-matches.]

Newmarket, Nov. 14 [1683 ?].—It never was duller nor lesse diverting, for the weather has been so very bad, and so cold, that it has very much spoyled all the diversions here, it having been hardly wether to stir out of doors, so that cock fighting has been almost the only thing one could do here, and that for the most part we have twice a day. I have been a fox hunting thrice, and for all the wet cold season have had very good sport. Tomorrow I am to go to it againe. The D^s. of Portsmouth is not very well, having complained of a paine in her head all day yesterday, with a paine in her stomache, and an inclination to vomit. She was lett blood this morning and keeps her bed and continues still ill. . . . Assuring you of my being still your most humble Servant, J[ames].

[Each letter addressed:] "For my Neice the Countesse of Lichfield."



CONTENTS OF VOL. V.

WHOLLY DEVOTED TO THE HISTORICAL BALLADS ON MONMOUTH AND YORK



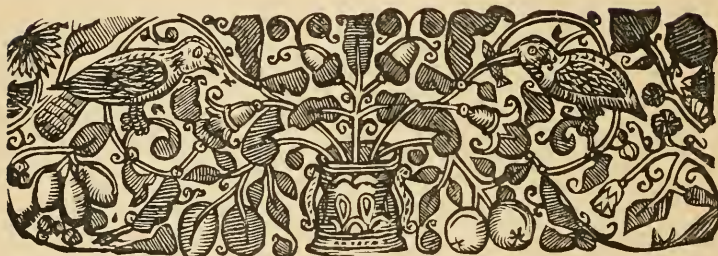
Trinculo.—"The folly of this Island! they say there's but *FIVE* upon this Isle . . . ; if the other *THO* be brained like us, the State totters."—*The Tempest*, iii. 2.

	PAGE
Frontispiece: The Rye-House, near Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, from an old Water-colour drawing	IV
GENERAL INTRODUCTION (including five letters, never before printed, from Charles the Second to his daughter Charlotte, Countess of Lichfield; and a Note on Newmarket)	IX
Editorial Bon-bon: One-Acre Priory	XX
Editorial Vaediction: Esperanza	XXI
Dedication of Vol. V. to the Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D.	vii
Temporary Preface of Part XIII.	ix
The Duke's Wish	xii
The Milkmaid's New Year's Gift	xiv
The Present State of a Lost Ballad	xv
<i>Addenda, et Corrigenda</i> , for the Part XIII.	xvi
The Struggle for the Succession between the Duke of York and Monmouth. (Second Group.)	1
The Oxford Parliament and the Monarchy	3

	PAGE
A Worthy Panegyrick upon Monarchy	8
A Poem entitled The Succession	11
The Ghost of the Old House of Commons to the New One	13
Dialogue between the Ghosts of the Two Last Parliaments	16
Westminster Ghost's Reply to Oxford's Parliament	17
The Parliament Dissolv'd at Oxford	20
Answer : To the Tune of the Devonshire Cant	21
A Song by Matt. Taubman, "Now, now, the work's done"	22
A Catch : "Oh ! the Presbyterian Whigs"	23
Parliament removed from London to Oxford : a New Song	24
Oxford in Mourning for the Loss of the Parliament	30
Epitaph on Nell Gwynne's Mother, 1679	33
The Oxford Health ; or, The Jovial Loyalist	34
The Fitz-Harris Mystery	41
Fitz-Harris his Farewell to the World ; or, A Traytor's Just Reward : by Richard Gibbs of Norwich	46
Monmouth and the Perplexed Prince (<i>i.e.</i> Charles II.)	47
Advice to his Grace the Duke of Monmouth.	50
On the Right of Succession : A Poem, 1679.	52
A New Presbyterian Ballad	58
The Saints' Encouragement, 1643	59
An Excellent New Hymn, exciting the Mobile, etc., 1681	60
Animadversions on the Lady Marquess. (Compare p. 127.)	64
The Loyal Subjects' Good-Will to King and Commonwealth	68
A New Ballad of Jockey's Journey into England	72
Lord Shaftesbury's Arrest and 'Ignoramus' Trial	75
Ignoramus Justice, 1682	78
The Whig Intelligencer ; or, Sir Samuel in the Pound	80
Thrice Three Merry Boys are we	81
The Merry Boys of Christmas ; or, The Milk-Maid's New Year's Gift (lacking lost Second Part : compare p. xiv.)	82
The Merry Boys of Europe	84
The Merry Boys of the Times (The Courtier's Health)	88
Henry Bold's 'Latine Song' : from the same	89
Monmouth's Associates	93
Lady Ogle's History (from Trowbesh MS.)	96
The Matchless Murder of Tom Thynne, 1682	102
Epigram : When I was Young, etc.	103
Epitaph : on Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall	104
The Windsor Prophecy (by Jonathan Swift, 1711)	108
Tom Thynne's Ghost Unsatisfied	115
The Court-Mistresses	123
A Satyr to Julian, 1682 (from MS., first six, of twelve verses).	129
A Satyr upon the Mistresses (from Trowbesh MS.)	130

	PAGE
The Unfortunate Whigs: An Excellent New Song	137
Newmarket in 1682 (compare p. XXI)	143
The New-Market Song: by Tom D'Urfey	144
The Whigs' Disloyal Feast Prohibited, April, 1682	145
The Whigs' Disappointment upon their intended Feast	146
The [Dis-]Loyal Feast of 1682	148
Well-Wishes on the Duke of York's Return from Scotland	151
J. D.'s Iter Boreale; Tyburn in Mourning for Loss of a Saint	153
A Health to the Duke, and the King	154
Health to the Duke: A Catch	<i>Ibid.</i>
Postscript, fraudulently assigned to J. D. (Dryden)	159
Content's a Treasure; or, The Jovial Loyalist	161
The Contented Subjects; or, The Citizens' Joy	165
Jemmy and Anthony (Monmouth and Shaftesbury)	168
Matt. Taubman's Song: On the Duke's Return from Shipwreck	170
Mug-House Loyalty and Coffee-House Sedition	171
The Destruction of Care; or, Commendation of the Mug	172
Libellous Satyrs and Coffee-House Politicians	173
New Song: "Would you have at your Devotion."	177
News from the Coffee-House: By Thomas Jordan, 1667	<i>Ibid.</i>
A Satyr against Coffee	184
The Norwich Loyal Litany	185
Litanies against St. Omer's and from Geneva	189
A Litany for St. Omer's, 1682	190
A Litany from Geneva: In Auswer to that from St. Omer's	196
A New Ignoramus, 1681	199
Ignoramus: a New Song, 1681	200
Another Iter Boreale, 1682	204
Monmouth's Foolish Fancy	210
From Sir Roger Martin to the Duke of Monmouth	215
More Advice from Sir Roger Martin	218
Mrs. Anne Rooke, when she lost Sir John Dawe	219
Advice in a Letter to Mr. Frauk Villiers	220
The Whigs' Downfall	221
The Character of a Whig	222
On Wi. Williams: An Epigram	224
Loyal Sheriffs of London and Middlesex: their Election	225
Dagon's Fall (Shaftesbury's Flight), 1682	231
Shaftesbury's Farewell; or, The New Association	237
Monmouth's Chances after Shaftesbury's Death	241
The Impartial Trimmer	243

	PAGE
London's Loyalty: By Tom D'Urfey	244
London's Loss of Charter	247
Philander (<i>id est</i> , Charles the Second)	248
A New Catch: "O London! O London!"	<i>Ibid.</i>
A New Catch: "Some say the Plot goes on."	249
London's Lamentation for the Loss of their Charter	250
The Present State of England	252



("How they chatter'd and peck'd, round the Royal Oak!")

Third Monmouth Group.

THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT.

Part XIV. Frontispiece: Frost-Fair on the Thames, 1684	iv
Second Temporary Preface	vii
Dr. Calleott's version of Anna Steele's lines on James Hervey	xvi
Struggle for The Succession between York and Monmouth	257
The City, before Discovery of Rye-House Plot	257
A Scotch Song, sung at the Artillery Feast, 1682	263
On the Loyal Apprentices' Feast, August 9, 1682	265
Tony: A Ballad, made on reading Shaftesbury's Speech	267
Loyalty Triumphant, On the Confirmation of North and Rich	271
The City Ballad, 1682: from the Whig Side	274
Vive Le Roy; or, London's Joy (on Lord Mayor Moore)	276
Hue and Song after Sir Patience Ward	279
Advice to the City: by Tom D'Urfey, from the Tory side	281
The Rye-House Plot	283
Discoverers Discovered: M. Taubman's Medley on the Plot	293
Five Years' Sham Plots discovered in a true One	294
A Song, by C.F., 1674: "I told Young Jenny I lov'd her"	295
More of the Rye-House Plot	266
An Offering to the Reader (in Church)	299
On the King's Deliverance at Newmarket	300
Dr. Thomas Sprat's "Particular Account of the Rye-House"	307

	PAGE
Murder out at Last, in a Ballad on the New Plot . . .	308
The Conspiracy; or, Discovery of the Fanatick Plot . . .	310
Whig upon Whig; Or, A pleasant dismal Song on the Old Plotters newly found out	315
An Elegy on the Earl of Essex, who cut his own Throat . . .	318
Jack Ketch's New Song; or, A Warning to Conspirators . . .	319
The Loyal Conquest; or, Destruction of Treason	321
Loyalty turned up Trump; or, The Danger Over	322
Russell's Farewell; to the Tune of, Christ-Church Bells . . .	323
Lord Russell's Farewell: to the Tune of, Tender Hearts . . .	326
The Debate: A Song	328
A Terror for Traitors; or, Treason justly Punished.	329
A New Song, by D'Urfey, Sung at Winchester to the King.	332
Justice Triumphant; in Commendation of Sir George Jeffereys	339
The Rye-House Plot Litany, 1684	340
Anticipatory Epitaph on Roger L'Estrange	347
The Relief of Vienna, September, 1683	348
On the Relief of Vienna: A Hymn for all true Protestants . . .	352
The Loyalists' Encouragement	353
The Siege of Vienna, in 1683	355
Vienna's Triumph, with the Whigs' Lamentation, &c.	359
A Carouse to the Emperor of Austria, the Royal Pole and the much-wronged Duke of Lorraine: by T. D'Urfey	361
The Christian Conquest, at Vienna, 1683	369
On Refusal of Aid between Nations	371
The Christians' New Victory, at Barcan: a ballad by J. S. . . .	377
A New Song, on Foes Foreign and Domestic	383
On King John Sobieski	384
Monmouth in Hiding at Toddington, Berkshire	385
The Twin-Flame (Poem from Monmouth's MS.).	392
Samuel Rowley's Song on Sorrow	393
MS. Song: "With Joy we do leave thee"	394
" " "O how blest and innocent"	<i>Ibid.</i>
" " "All ye Gods that are above"	<i>Ibid.</i>
" " "Come, let us drink, and all agree"	395
Good News in Bad Times; or, Absalom's Return to David's Bosom.	399
Monmouth's Entanglement in the Plot	401
The Prodigal: Monmouth's Return to Favour	405
Monmouth Pardoned by King Charles. (Compare p. 641.).	407
Monmouth's Entertainment at Court	413
A New Song of a Devonshire Lad	417
A Merry New Ballad on Prince Perkin (from Trowbesh MS.) . . .	421
Nat. Lee's Love Song, 1680, "Hail to the Myrtle Shade!" . . .	422
An Epitaph, on Algernon Sydney	423
Colonel Sydney's Overthrow; or, An Account of his Execution . . .	426

	PAGE
Colonel Sydney's Lamentation and Last Farewell to the World	429
Hail to the Shades Plutonian!	431
Pluto, the Prince of Darkness, his Entertainment of Sydney	432
A Satire on the Reformadoes	433
The Reformation: a Satire.	436
Pindaric Ode on the Rye-House Plot	441
Petitions to save Lord William Russell	446
Congratulatory Pindaric Poem, by C. P. (summarized)	447
A New Song of the Times, 1683: by the Hon. Wm. Wharton	448
A 'New Song on the Old Plot,' issued in 1682	455
London's Wonder: 'The Great Frost, of 168 $\frac{3}{4}$ '	457, 463
The Whigs' Hard Heart for the Cause of the Hard Frost	461
Erra Pater's Prophecy of another Great Frost	466
Frost Fair in 1683	469
A New Song on Perkin-Monmouth's Disgrace	470
Tangier Demolished, 1684	471
Tangier's Lamentation, on the Demolishment	474
Sir Thomas Armstrong	477
Robert Ferguson's double Epitaph on Armstrong	479
On Sir William Jones: An Epitaph	481
The Bully Whig; or, Lamentation for Armstrong	482
Sir Thomas Armstrong's Farewell	483
"And There's an End of Bully!"	486
The Bully: A Song by Tom D'Urfey, 1683	<i>Ibid.</i>
Sir Thomas Armstrong's Ghost	487
Monmouth as a Wandering "Perkin"	489
The Newcastle Associators; or, The Trimmers' Loyalty	496
The Beginning of the End	499
A Catch: "Here's a Health unto his Majesty!"	499
A Catch, 1684: "Now happily met"	502
Tom Brown's Song in Praise of the Bottle	503
"The Best-bred Man alive" grown weary. (Compare p. xii.)	504
Loyal Poems on the Death of King Charles the Second	508
<hr/>	
Editorial <i>Entr'Acte</i> : The Watcher at Whitehall	510



..As men have sown, so shall they reap: and gather at the last Corn or Thistles."

Fourth Monmouth Group.

THE LAST STRUGGLE BETWEEN YORK AND MONMOUTH.

	PAGE
The Accession of King James the Second	515
The Shipwreck of the Gloucester (May 6th, 1612)	519
On King James the Second, his Exaltation to the Throne	520
Papers attributed to King Charles the Second	522
The Funeral of King Charles the Second	526
The Mournful Subjects; or, The Nation's Lamentation	527
Monmouth's Reception of the News from England	529
The Whigs' Lamentable Lamentation	534
The Tories' Triumph; or, Downfall of the Whigs	535
Coronation of James the Second and Mary Beatrix	538
The Success of the Two English Travellers, newly arrived in London (after the Coronation)	543
A New Song on the Coronation of King James the Second	545
A New Song in Gratulation of James coming to the Crown	547
A New Song (on Coronation of King James and Queen Mary)	549
Monmouth allured to make the Last Struggle	551
Love in Extremity; or, The Constant Lover's Resolution	553
Monmouth between Love and Ambition	555
A Mistress (= "Her for a Mistress," etc.)	557
Resignation: A Catch (= "Ye Gods, ye gave to me a Wife")	<i>Ibid.</i>
On the Foul and False	<i>Ibid.</i>
On the Fair and Faithful	558
State and Ambition: a New Song, to Sylvia, by Tom D'Urfey	561
The Country Innocence; or, The Shepherd's Enjoyment	564
The Court of James the Second	566
On the Countess of Dorchester. By the Earl of Dorset	567
On the Countess of Dorchester. <i>Ibid.</i>	568
On (the same,) a Lady who fancied herself a Beauty: <i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Ibid.</i>
A Catch: composed by Hy. Purcell ("Once in our lives")	<i>Ibid.</i>
A Ballad called Lamentable Lory: 1684 (from MS.)	571
Vanity and Vexation of Spirit	575
Epitaph on Harry Care	576
The Vanity of Vain Glory. By James Shirley (extended)	578
The Dutch Cave of Adullam	581
Epigram, on Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate	587
Accompts closed with William Bedloe	589
The Plotting Cards Revived: The Second Part	591
The Paying-off Old Scores with Oates and Dangerfield	596
A Loyal Scotch Song	597
Titus Oates brought to Punishment	598
Oates thrash'd in the Compter and Sack'd up in Newgate	601
Epigram on Thomas Dangertield his Whipping	602

	PAGE
A New Song: Perjury Punished; or, Villainy Lashed . . .	603
The Salamanca Doctor's Farewell; or, Titus's Exaltation to the Pillory upon his Conviction of Perjury . . .	605
The Disastrous Expedition of Argyle . . .	608
Argyle's Lines written before his Execution.	610
Wm. Jamieson's Epitaphium Comitum Argath., etc.	<i>Ibid.</i>
The King and Parliament; or, The Destruction of Argyle . . .	611
The Scotch Lass's Constancy; or, Jenny's Lamentation for the Death of Jockey, who for her sake was unfortunately killed by Sawney in a Duel (original written by Tom D'Urfe): two distinct versions	613
The Rebel Captive (Earl of Argyle)	617, 621
The Plot Rent and Torn	622, 623
Monmouth's Expedition Awaited	626
A Song on St. Martin's Feast, May 29th, 1685	631
The Country's Advice to the late Duke of Monmouth, and those in Rebellion with him	634
The Duchess of Monmouth's Lamentation for the loss of her Duke (when in hiding after Rye-House Plot)	637, 640
The Merciful Father; or, The Penitent Son: a Congratulatory Song on the Happy Return to Court of James, Duke of Monmouth, in 1683	641
The Rebellion in the West	644
The Western Rebel; or, The True Protestant Standard set up Monmouth Degraded; or, James Scot the Little King in Lyme	653, 655
King James's Royal Victory	657, 660
Monmouth Routed, and taken Prisoner with Lord Grey	663
Proclamation for arrest of Monmouth	662
The Attainder of Monmouth	<i>Ibid.</i>
The Rebels Totally Routed; or, The Loyal Subjects' Satis- faction	666
Monmouth Worsted in the West; or, his care and grief for the Death of his poor Soldiers, etc.	668, 669
Seizure of Monmouth in the Island	672
Monmouth Routed: together with his Promise and Resolu- tion to Return again, a little before he left the Land	674
Monmouth's 'Saying' in the West of England that he would Return; or, his last Resolution on his Voyage into Holland	677, 678
"The Soldier's Return," a sequel to "Monmouth's Saying"	680
The Last Letters of Monmouth (now first given together consecutively), from the original manuscripts	681
On Blood's Stealing the Crown. (Attributed to And. Marvell)	688
Bludius et Corona	<i>Ibid.</i> <i>Ibid.</i>

	PAGE
Monmouth's Remembrance of Russell	690
The Lord Russell's last Farewell to the World	691
Rebellion Rewarded with Justice; or, The Last Farewell of the late Duke of Monmouth	692
The Late Duke of Monmouth's Lamentation.	699
Description of the Late Rebellion in the West: Heroic Poem	702
Jacobitical Advice to the Painter, in 1685	706
Poem, on the University of Cambridge burning the Duke of Monmouth's Picture, 1685, formerly their Chancellor. Written by George Stepney of Trinity College	707
Advice to the Painter, upon the defeat of the Rebels in the West, and the Execution of the late Duke of Monmouth	709
Monmouth's Remembrance. A Song.	713
The Tree of Rebellion, Schism, Sedition, and Faction	715, 716
The Ungrateful Rebel; or, Gracious Clemency rewarded with Villainy	718, 719
The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Widows of the West, for the death of their deceased Husbands	721, 724
A Song on the Times; or, The Good Subject's Wish	726, 727
Editorial <i>L'Envoi</i> : To the Tune of Capt. Radcliffe's Ramble	728
<i>Appendix</i> : The Declaration of James Duke of Monmouth	731
Note and Ballad on Henry, Duke of Grafton	739
Index	741
Editorial <i>Finale</i> : "Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant"	774
Note (apologetic and procrastinative) on <i>Errata</i>	775



"Messieurs, le Feu est fait



The Struggle against the Succession of James, Duke of York.

(For Note on woodcut see p. 716.)

“ On what pretence could then the Vulgar Rage
Against his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their Argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
Of future Superstition they complain,
And *Jebusitic* worship in his reign:
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright—which not themselves believe.”

—*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part II., lines 647–654.

The Roxburghe Ballads.



Voici le bon Buveur de nos Ballades !

IN factious times 'Petitioners' might beg,
But he 'abhor'd' their schemes, and broach'd a Keg ;
When Rye-House Plotters rais'd a furious pother,
He spurn'd the empty Cask, and tapp'd another ;
With Popish Successor he held no quarrel,
But found content and freedom in the barrel :
At last came Revolution, much the worst—
Which ended Life's enjoyment, and his thirst.

" C'était un Bon Enfant ! "

The
Roxburghe Ballads:

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED "DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION,"
"THE BAGFORD BALLADS" WITH THEIR "AMANDA GROUP
OF POEMS," "THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600," AND
AUTHOR OF "KARL'S LEGACY; OR,
OUR OLD COLLEGE AT NIRGENDS."

WITH HIS COPIES OF ALL THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. V. Part F.

HERTFORD:

Printed for the Ballad Society,
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1883.

24.

HERTFORD :
STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS, PRINTERS.

To his Friend, a Reviver of Old Literature,

ALEXANDER BALLOCH GROSART, LL.D.,

EDITOR OF MANY FAMOUS AUTHORS, INCLUDING A LONG LINE OF

Cavalier Poets and Puritan Divines;

WHOSE WRITINGS HE HAS GIVEN BACK TO THE WORLD WITH
UNTIREZ ZEAL, INDUSTRY, AND INTELLIGENCE; NOT
ALONE THE ACKNOWLEDGED 'WORTHIES,' BUT
ALSO, SECURING TARDY JUSTICE AND FAME
FOR NEGLECTED GENIUS,

'The Inheritors of Unfulfilled Renown:'

This Fifth Volume of The Roxburghe Ballads,

(issued on the Bicentenary of the Rye-House Plot)

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts, in
Political and Social History,

IS HERE

DEDICATED,

With affectionate reverence by his Friend and Fellow-Student,

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MIDSUMMER, 1883.

Temporary Preface.

“ Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say, we will do no harm.”

—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1.



HIS Second Group of Roxburghe Ballads on the Duke of Monmouth, now completed, carries on our history from the meeting of the Oxford Parliament, in the March of 1680–1, to the week preceding the discovery of the Rye-House Plot, in June, 1683. Not a very swift advance for us to make in two hundred and fifty-six pages, grumblers may say. But we never heed such ill-conditioned cattle.

Thöricht auf Befruchtung der Thoren zu harren!
Kinder der Klugheit, o habet die Narren
Eben zum Narren auch, wie sich's gehört!

The incidents here brought before the reader are less stirring than those belonging to the previous Group, or to the Group which next follows. We have no more triumphs over Scotch Covenanters at Bothwell-Brig; a disconcerted conspiracy or an abortive insurrection is not at present in evidence. The trial and execution of Russell, and of Algernon Sydney, the death of Essex, of Sir Thomas Armstrong, and of Charles the Second, belong to the next portion; while the woful failure of the Western Rebellion, the Fight at Sedgemoor, and the end of Monmouth's life on the scaffold at Tower-Hill, await the final pages.

Nevertheless, to those who have the patience to read, and the wit to appreciate, this *Second Group* is full to overflowing of the real materials of History. We leave it for after-times to weigh its value. Dull dogs are having their day at present. Pottering pedants no less than well-trained scholars may accumulate rich materials, by their industry,

or by their good luck in having access to stored records. Their virtue is its own sole reward. The smatterers, the pert weaklings, pickers and stealers of other men's faggots, get both pudding and praise for their purloinings; although their "Short Histories" are choak-full of blunders, their opinions are worthless, flattering the ignorant prejudices of a "Liberal" mob of bigotted dunces: while their own chances of reaching posterity without foundering, or casting all their shoes, saddlebags, and riders, are so small as to be not worth counting.

The Laureate, when his early vigour broke the green withes of effeminacy, after trifling with sentimental Delilahs, told us emphatically to "cut prejudice against the grain!" It is generally lost labour to do so. People now-a-days do not read with a desire to ascertain truth, but simply to amuse themselves over a book from Mudie's, or lazily take it as a fresh weapon to wield against controversial foes in defence of preconceived opinions. It is almost ludicrous to attempt convincing such persons of their errors. To show them unmistakeably the paltry squabbles, the sordid selfish motives, the falsehood, treachery, with alternate blustering and cowardly servility of the Revolutionary faction "in good King Charles's golden days, when loyalty no harm meant," may prove utterly profitless. They start with the ideas that the King was everything vile and tyrannical, but all his foes were of angelic virtue. While Slingsby Bethel is accepted as a saint, William Russell as a patriot, Shaftesbury as a high-minded, far-seeing statesman of true-blue Protestantism, and the Revolution of 1688 as the culmination of national aspirations, crowned with resplendent glory, why there's no more to be said, except—read our *Roxburghe Ballads!*

Honestly, we believe that it is time for the real truth to be unveiled and acknowledged. We make no claim for immaculate chastity or other transcendent merits on the part of the last reigning Stuarts. We disguise no act of folly or wickedness in the besotted James; no weakness or vice in Charles. The faults of the Courtiers and the wanton extravagance, pride, selfishness, or treachery of the Mistresses are not only confessed, but the exact details of the multitudinous intrigues and complicated entanglements are held to view, from contemporary records, hitherto

unprinted and virtually unknown : materials such as no other volume except the *Memoirs of Count de Grammont* or the *Diary of Samuel Pepys* could parallel. The questions that agitated thoughtful minds regarding Monarchy, the dangers of having a Popish-Successor, the benefits and disadvantages of irresponsible Parliaments, the foreign relations in disturbed times, the abuse of legal privileges in civic matters, the exact line of demarcation between servile obedience and factious obstruction, with many another nice enquiry, meet us continually in the following pages. Above all, unless we are mistaken in our estimate, we see the actual men and women who then lived and struggled to work out their ambitious schemes ; not names of puppets, but real flesh and blood.

For instance, surely in the murder of Tom Thynne, as here elaborately unfolded, we can see more than a story of brutal ruffianism. The mask is stripped from the face of this vulgar libertine, turncoat plotter, factious "Petitioner," sycophant of Monmouth, and avaricious ensnarer of an unwilling beauty as revealed in "Lady Ogle's History." We see this spoilt child of wealth, this "Tom of Ten Thousand," the grub or maggot for whom Longleat was too small a nutshell, in all his native baseness. With others of Monmouth's friends, "like draws to like," the absence of high principles and even of commonplace honesty was felt to be no bar to private greetings or to public adulation.

Incidentally is shown the prevalence of personal scandal and of seditious pamphlets or libels. Amid all the amusements or frivolity of the time, there were plots to reassert the *Good Old Cause* and overturn the Monarchy. Courtiers and nymphs danced gaily on the thin crust of lava, under which a volcano heaved and threatened destruction. Above was the dissipation of the Court ; and below, the schemes for assassination advocated by Whig Revolutionists, in secret club or in stealthily printed pamphlets. We here advance contemporary testimony in support of our views. Few heroes, fewer heroines appear before us. Scoundrels and demireps are not infrequent, but on the whole we see the England of those days : see, at least, the London of the time, and feel by no means sorry that such a pack of rogues or fools are gone to their account, although they left like-minded successors to afflict us.

We offer our defence of the Stuarts, where they stood on their right against their intemperate assailants. We try to avoid mis-statements and exaggerations, sparing no labour to clear-up any doubtful allusion or disputable assertion. To escape every possible blunder would defy the most conscientious Editor: a fact known to all hard-working students. Thus, on pp. 207, 209, "*Pomfret* eloquence" should be annotated as meaning Sir Patience Ward's harangues: he having been M.P. for Pontefract = Pomfret. Elsewhere we read, "For *Pomfret* he 'll never more stand!"

Instead of any sins or partizan prejudices, our regrets may here be confessed. We have hitherto felt unable to recover three things:—1. "The Duke's Wish," 2. "The Milk-Maid's New Year's Gift" (which is a lost second part of "The Merry Boys of Christmas"), and 3. The original words or tune of *It was in the prime of Cucumber-time*. They are needed respectively for our pp. 68, 83, and 252. No doubt they are lurking *perdus* somewhere, outside of our Priory. Too late for present use, they may come into a future Appendix. Meanwhile we here issue 'Tradesmen's Tokens,' instead of the genuine coin, although they be nailed to the counter; since the precious metal alone is valued in Lombard Street or the Old Jewry. If we cannot at once show what the lost ballads actually were, we can declare conscientiously that they differed from the following versions:

The Duke's Wish.

TO ITS OWN INDESCRIBEABLY PECULIAR TUNE OF, *I'll ask no more.*

Readers of Pasquinades, where e'er you be,
 Chancer Societas, or E. E. T.,
 Eke Folk-lore;
 Look through our pages well, love what you see,
 And I 'll ask no more.

Side you with either one, Duke claiming Crown,
 Hold you instead by none, bowling both down,
 In struggle sore;
 Own that the Commons were—safe, *not to drown!*
 And I 'll ask no more.

Keep pertinaciously paying for 'buiks,'
 Hertford prints graciously, 'bout these two Dukes,
 Sheets full two score;
 Heaven sends you Ballads, while Molash finds Cuiks:
 But I'll say no more.

“The Milk-Maid's New Year's Gift,” we felt confident of recovering, sooner or later; especially later. Our two doubtful square-bracketted verses were in the Muniment-room of Niregends College, wherewith nothing that had strayed is ever sought in vain, except M. Libri's Ashburnham MSS., and another M. L.'s Electioneering promises.

It is absurd to speak or write of literary documents being lost or destroyed. At least, we know that many things believed to be non-existent are simply hidden or out of reach. If we can learn in what place the missing article was last seen, or who was its possessor, hearer, or beholder, this is great gain, and we may hope for some fortunate circumstance to bring the treasure back into our hand. Words once spoken continue to echo through the world, with more or less confusion of the original utterance. No rapturous song, or lilting tune, no slanderous lie or pious invocation ever passes into utter silence. That reeds had blabbed the secret about the ears of Midas was not a cunningly devised fable, but a solemn truth, applicable to a thousand misadventures. Yet it is not every one to whom is given now the faculty of picking up dropt stitches from the loom of Time; not every eye can decipher the scrolls that to common sight seem to be rased parchments. Only in happy hours, to the chosen few, do the broken sentences become coherent, and the lost Sibylline Books unroll their long-forgotten wisdom.

We need not tell what lucky chance brought back again to view *The Lost Second Part of the Roxburghe Ballad* (p. 83): for it is unsafe to breathe rashly the secrets of our prison-house in the hearing of sceptics, who, remembering Shapira, behold incredulously the Rosetta-Stone or Monmouth's Note-book found after Sedgemoor. To them no “lucky finds” are granted by the Fates, while they decry discoveries, whether of “some dull MS. oblivion long has sank, or graven stone found in a barrack's station.”

And while I mused, Love with knit brows went by,
And with a flying finger swept my lips,
And spake, ‘Be wise: not easily forgiven
Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal-chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.’ Here then my words have end.

Lost Second Part of the Merry Boys of Christmas;
The Milk-Maid's New Year's Gift.

TO THE SAME TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go we!*

HO! Merry Boys, who *Christmas* keep
a week or more together,
Who quaff and sing, but never sleep,
whatever be the weather;
We Milk-Maids scorn, this *New-Year* morn,
to taste your vaunted cheer;
Our cans hold drink more sweet than horn
of ranting roarsers' Beer.

For shame! ye rail at 'Female Toys,'
because on Sots they frown;
Men who can prize no rural joys
must rake and scoff in Town.
We're up before the Winter Sun
doth in the East appear;
Before he set, our toils are done,
while you swill *Christmas-Beer!*

Take this, our *New-Year's Gift*, and be
more just to Womenkind;
We are not proud, but frank and free,
to Lads who hit our mind.
Come, help us lift our heavy pails,
and call us fair and dear:
We'll meet you then next *Whitsun-ales*—
though not with *Christmas-Beer*.

* * * If any Hottentot Gibberish Heretic is so lost to all sense of decency and humour as to insinuate a doubt that the foregoing newly-recovered copy of verses is not correctly transcribed from a unique Palimpsest of absolutely fabulous antiquity, preserved at *Nirgends College*—where documents are never manipulated in the way known to Revenue-officers before a settling day—he is assured that his opinion has been already summarized, by Dr. Blimber's most advanced pupil, as being "of no consequence whatever."

Lastly (but this is far too sad a matter to jest upon), there is that lost tune belonging to our *Roxburghe Ballad* entitled "The Present State of England," 1683. As enquired already by Truthful James, not the fiction-writer, "Are things what they seem, or is visions about?" Spirit-rapping cannot explain it, but there are mysterious noises afloat. One harmonious strain was wafted into the eternal echoes by Orpheus, whom Charon rowed back from the Netherlands across the Styx, bewailing Euridice, the girl he left behind him. The melody sounded like this:—

The Present State of a Lost Ballad.

(*An Orphic Hymn: Devils on Two Styx.*)

IT was in the prime of Cucumber-time,
 When Sunshine delights and surprises,
 That we caught a glimpse of a couple of Imps,
 Hertford *P.D.s*, who 'brought us revises.'
 They diet on type, as a Coster on tripe;
 They 'stand not on forms,' but set them;
 And they feed very high on all sorts of 'pye,'
 So long as the Chapel-rules let them.

They are never perplex at corruptions of text,
 Save when Spelling-Deform turns them frantic;
 Their dear little throats often warble our 'Notes,'
 But they laugh at the ditties romantic.
 They are gen'rous with leads, and can turn on their heads
 Naughty words, which our feelings might harrow;
 With no thought of evils, while call'd *Printer's-Devils*,
 Each briskly alert as a sparrow.

Yes! "it was in the prime of Cucumber-time,"
 (A *Lied ohne Worte* must haunt them)
 That the Compos and Press show'd no sign of distress,
 Though with whole reams of 'copy' to daunt them.
 Bare justice it is that we none of us miss
 To yield them full praise for their virtue;
 For if e'er our task ends, *Members*, thank these good friends—
If you know how to thank! It won't hurt you.

This was our own Midsummer Night's Dream, original or translated: "a dream that was not all a dream." None need feel aggrieved, "for a dream's sake." *Liberavi animam meam.* So, Here's your good healths, and your family, and may you prosper! Let us meet again speedily!

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MOLASH VICARAGE, BY ASHFORD: KENT.

15 June, 1883.



Addenda, et Corrigenda.

Page 21, second note. The squib we mentioned is in the form of a Dialogue between a Roundhead and a Cavalier, the former commencing thus :—

In Pareni imperium habet Par,
Vi et armis we will bring Peers to the Bar,
For five hundred absolute Kings we are.

The Speaker Pope-like is *serious servorum*,
Both make their Electors fall down before 'um,
And pay excessive Fees when they adore 'um. *Etcetera.*

- P. 40. Bowman's name was John, who in 1682 sang Tom D'Urfey's "Now, now the Tories all shall droop!" (an adaptation of Francis Quarles's "Song of Anarchus : " both the original and the copy being given in our Vol. IV. pp. 260-266). This was in D'Urfey's comedy, "The Royalist."
- P. 68. Although sung as a single verse by Richard Leveridge, in 1706, on the occasion mentioned, when Sir Robert Howard's "Committee" was revived, the words belonged originally to a broadside ballad still extant, several years older. It began, "If a man was secure that his life would endure." The burden was, like Jeremiah Clarke's setting, and our modern glee, *And thus, thus, thus, thus, And thus we will lengthen the measure.* The title ran, "An excellent new song, call'd, The Pleasure of Love ; or, Worldly Pleasure far exceeds the Miser's Treasure." Licensed according to Order. Printed for J. B. in the Strand. We hope to give it.
- P. 134, Note 12 (line 128 of *The Mistresses*). The Prince of Monaco, with Mazarine's attachment to him, is mentioned on p. 127.
- P. 135, Note 15. Sir Daniel Harvey and his wife, Lady Elizabeth, lived in Covent-Garden. He is the person intended in the satire.
- Ibid*, Note 17. The "Williams" here meant, in "The Court-Mistresses," is Susannah, daughter of Sir Thomas Skipwith, and wife of Sir John Williams. She was for some time mistress to the Duke of York.
- P. 145, lines 34 and 36, read, "Friday the 21th," and "bring this Ticket with you." There followed, in MS., sixteen names, John Wilmore, Zachariah Bourne, Edward Partridge, Alexander Hosea, etc. See p. 262.
- P. 152. The shipwreck of *The Gloucester*, in which so many brave seamen and courtly adherents of York perished, and from which the Duke narrowly escaped, was on Saturday the 6th of May, 1682; not the 8th, which was the date of Sir John Berry's Letter, given in the *Clarendon Correspondence*, i. 71. Dalrymple gives the letters of Sir James Dick and Lord Dartmouth. Among the many persons drowned were the Earl of Roxburghe, Lord O'Brian, Sir Joseph Douglas, Lieutenant James Hyde, Hollis the Duke's Equerry, and Hopton.
- P. 160, bottom line but two. Read Edmund Waller, not Edward.
- Pp. 177, 178. This song of "News from the Coffee-House" was written by Thomas Jordan, who, *more suo*, reproduced it afterwards as if brand-new, in his *Triumphs of London*, 1675. We left unannotated the mention of Admiral Michael Adrian de Ruyter, in line 23, because we come again to him in the *Group of Dutch-War Ballads*, in next volume.
- P. 209, Note 5, top line. "Pomfret eloquence" means Sir Patience Ward's rebellious harangues ; he having represented Pontefract = Pomfret. See pp. 277 to 279.
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CONTENTS OF PART XIII.

“ How come you here, you Interloper, say!
Have we thirteen at Table? hence, away!”

—*Arthur's Round Table, Squared.*

	PAGE
Frontispiece: Le Bon Buveur de nos Ballades	iv
Dedication of Vol. V. to the Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D.	vii
Temporary Preface of Part XIII.	ix
The Duke's Wish	xii
The Milkmaid's New Year's Gift	xiv
The Present State of a Lost Ballad	xv
Addenda, for the present Part XIII.	xvi
The Struggle for the Succession between the Duke of York and Monmouth. (Second Group.)	1
The Oxford Parliament and the Monarchy	3
A Worthy Panegyrick upon Monarchy	8
A Poem entitled The Succession	11
The Ghost of the Old House of Commons to the New One	13
Dialogue between the Ghosts of the Two Last Parliaments	16
Westminster Ghost's Reply to Oxford's Parliament	17
The Parliament Dissolv'd at Oxford	20
Answer: To the Tune of the Devonshire Cant	21
A Song by Matt. Taubman, "Now, now, the work's done"	22
A Catch: "Oh! the Presbyterian Whigs"	23
Parliament removed from London to Oxford: a New Song	24
Oxford in Mourning for the Loss of the Parliament	30
Epitaph on Nell Gwynne's Mother, 1679	33
The Oxford Health; or, The Jovial Loyalist	34

	PAGE
The Fitz-Harris Mystery	41
Fitz-Harris his Farewell to the World; or, A Traytor's Just Reward: by Richard Gibbs of Norwich	45
Monmouth and the Perplexed Prince (<i>i.e.</i> Charles II.)	47
Advice to his Grace the Duke of Monmouth.	50
On the Right of Succession: A Poem, 1679.	52
A New Presbyterian Ballad	58
The Saints' Encouragement, 1643	59
An Excellent New Hymn, exciting the Mobile, etc., 1681	60
Animadversions on the Lady Marquess. (Compare p. 127.)	64
The Loyal Subjects' Good-Will to King and Commonwealth	68
A New Ballad of Jockey's Journey into England	72
Lord Shaftesbury's Arrest and 'Ignoramus' Trial	75
Ignoramus Justice, 1682	78
The Whig Intelligencer; or, Sir Samuel in the Pound	80
Thrice Three Merry Boys are we	81
The Merry Boys of Christmas; or, The Milk-Maid's New Year's Gift (lacking lost Second Part: compare p. xiv.)	82
The Merry Boys of Europe	84
The Merry Boys of the Times (The Courtier's Health)	88
Henry Bold's Latine Song: from the same.	89
Monmouth's Associates	93
Lady Ogle's History (from Trowbesh MS.)	96
The Matchless Murder of Tom Thynne, 1682	102
Epigram: When I was young, etc.	103
Epitaph: on Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall	104
The Windsor Prophecy (by Jonathan Swift, 1711)	108
Tom Thynne's Ghost Unsatisfied	115
The Court-Mistresses	123
A Satyr to Julian, 1682 (from MS., first six, of twelve verses).	129
A Satyr upon the Mistresses (from Trowbesh MS.)	130
The Unfortunate Whigs: An Excellent New Song	137
Newmarket in 1682	143
The New-Market Song: by Tom D'Urfey	144
The Whigs' Disloyal Feast Prohibited, April, 1682	145
The Whigs' Disappointment upon their intended Feast	146
The [<i>Dis.</i>]Loyal Feast of 1682	148
Well-Wishes on the Duke of York's Return from Scotland	151
J. D.'s Iter Boreale; Tyburn in Mourning for Loss of a Saint.	153
A Health to the Duke, and the King	154
Health to the Duke: A Catch	<i>Ibid.</i>
Postscript, fraudulently assigned to J. D. (Dryden)	159

	PAGE
Content's a Treasure ; or, The Jovial Loyalist . . .	161
The Contented Subjects ; or, The Citizens' Joy . . .	165
Jemmy and Anthony (Monmouth and Shaftesbury) . . .	168
Matt. Taubman's Song : On the Duke's Return from Shipwreck	170
Mug-House Loyalty and Coffee-House Sedition . . .	171
The Destruction of Care ; or, Commendation of the Mug . . .	172
Libellous Satyrs and Coffee-House Politicians . . .	173
New Song : " Would you have at your Devotion." . . .	177
News from the Coffee-House : By Thomas Jordan, 1667 . . .	<i>Ibid.</i>
A Satyr against Coffee	184
The Norwich Loyal Litany	185
Litanies against St. Omer's and from Geneva	189
A Litany for St. Omer's, 1682	190
A Litany from Geneva : In Answer to that from St. Omer's . . .	196
A New Ignoramus, 1681	199
Ignoramus : a New Song, 1681	200
Another Iter Boreale, 1682	204
Monmouth's Foolish Fancy	210
From Sir Roger Martin to the Duke of Monmouth	215
More Advice from Sir Roger Martin	218
Mrs. Anne Rooke, when she lost Sir John Dawe	219
Advice in a Letter to Mr. Frank Villiers	220
The Whigs' Downfall	221
The Character of a Whig	222
On Wi. Williams : An Epigram	224
Loyal Sheriffs of London and Middlesex : their Election	225
Dagon's Fall (Shaftesbury's Flight), 1682	231
Shaftesbury's Farewell ; or, The New Association	237
Monmouth's Chances after Shaftesbury's Death	241
The Impartial Trimmer	243
London's Loyalty : By Tom D'Urfey	244
London's Loss of Charter	247
Philander (<i>id est</i> , Charles the Second)	248
A New Catch : " O London ! O London ! "	<i>Ibid.</i>
A New Catch : " Some say the Plot goes on."	249
London's Lamentation for the Loss of their Charter	250
The Present State of England	252





“ . . . A work which all admire, and well they may :
For what insipid Sot can e'er write ill,
When *Waller, Lee, and Dryden* guide the quill ?

Falkland and Elland, Hemmingham and Wharton,
Mordaunt and Howe, all dull as Scotch *Dunbarton,*
Are such a medley of conceited Chits,
I wonder who the Devil dub'd 'em Wits :
Their skill in Poetry we may best discover
Where their foul quills threw dirt at one another.

And here, would time permit me, I could tell
Of *Cleveland, Portsmouth, Crofts, and Arundel,*
Mol Howard, Sussex, Lady Grey, and Nell ;

Strangers to Good, but bosom-friends to Ill :
As boundless in their Lusts as in their Will.'’

—*Rochester's Ghost to Julian.*

THE
Struggle for the Succession
BETWEEN
Dork and Monmouth.

A SECOND GROUP OF ROXBURGHE BALLADS

ON

James, Duke of Monmouth.

INCORPORATING, IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER,

Loyal Songs on the Oxford Parliament,

AND

London's Loss of Charter, from Whig Sheriffs.

FOLLOWED IN FINAL GROUP, BY

The Rye-House Plot Executions ;

AND

The Western Insurrection of 1685 :

WITH THE FIGHT AT SEDGEMORE, AND DEATH OF MONMOUTH.

Now first Collected, Annotated, and Reprinted for the Ballad Society,

By J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

1883.

Ultra-Protestant hope set on Monmouth.

Britannia.—“ Oh happy day ! A Jubilee proclaim ;
 Daughter, adore th' unutterable Name. =Oceana.
 With grateful heart breathe out thy self in Prayer :
 In the mean time thy Babe shall be my care. =Shaftesbury.
 There is a man, my Island's Hope and Grace,
 The chief Delight and Joy of Humane Race, =Monmouth.
 Expos'd himself to War, in tender age,
 To free his Country from the *Gallick* Rage ;
 With all the Graces blest, his riper years
 And full-blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's fears ; =York.
 By 's Sire rejected, but by Heaven call'd
 To break my Yoak, and rescue the Enthral'd, =Marpesia, Scotland.
 This, this is he who with a stretch'd-out hand
 And matchless might shall free my groaning Land.
 On Earth's proud Basilisks he'll justly fall,
 Like *Moses'* Rod, and prey upon them all :
 He'll guide my People through the raging Seas
 To Holy Wars and certain Victories.
 His spotless Fame, and his immense Desert
 Shall plead Love's cause, and storm the Virgin's heart.
 She like *Egeria* shall his breast inspire =Lady H.M.W.
 With Justice, Wisdom, and Celestial Fire :
 Like *Numa*, he her Dictates shall obey,
 And by her Oracles the World shall sway.”

—*Oceana and Britannia*, 1679.

“ Ferrum est, quod amat.”—*Juvenal*, Sat. vi. 112.

“ It is most true. Full many a dame I've known
 Who'd faint and sicken at the sight of blood,
 And shriek and wring her hands, and rend her hair,
 To see her lord brought wounded to the door ;
 And many a one I've known to pine with dread
 Of such mishap, or worse,—lie down in fear,
 The night-mare sole sad partner of her bed,
 Rise up in horror to recount bad dreams,
 And seek for witches to interpret them :
 This oft I've known, but never knew I one
 Who'd be content her lord should live at home
 In love and Christian charity and peace.”

—Sir Henry Taylor's *Philip Van Artevelde*, 1843.



E.

The Oxford Parliament and the Monarchy.

“*Oxford* to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own Mother University ;
Thebes did his green unknowing Youth engage :
He chooses *Athens* in his riper Age.”—*Dryden*.



FOR ONE who loved ease and sauntering lazily through Life's garden-walks, with as little consciousness of To-morrow or the sight of unhappy faces as possible, the lot of Charles the Second had become by 1681 far from pleasant. He was perpetually being rebuked, insulted, and disturbed by somebody. People still talk idly about his “Absolutism;” but he did not become obstinately self-assertive save as a final expedient, when every other course had failed. He had been often harassed by multitudinous small tyrants, collective or single, until his patience was exhausted. So long as they were content to leave him at peace, he was willing to be blind and deaf to anything that needed sharp investigation. Court Ladies, whom he had distinguished by his favour, were accustomed to yield their society with still greater freedom to their own special flatterers and reprobates; but his Majesty was the least intrusive or exacting of mortals. He took no notice of their infidelities, employed no spies, encouraged no bearers of evil report, but went his rounds with smiling forbearance of their well-known frailties, and only seemed to be annoyed when women failed to use the common decency of hiding their worst faults in his presence. Surely this was not too much to ask. Many of his courtiers had a passionate love of scandal, and in their total deficiency of reverence wrote bitter lampoons on him; as they did against his Mistresses and their own personal rivals. But Charles generally laughed the heartiest, if the jest were good, and cherished no malicious desire of revenge against his assailants. In open raillery, with interchange of wit, he could hold his own against everybody.

It was only when the libellers descended to the use of foul scurrility that he contemptuously left them to their own devices. Rochester deserved the temporary banishment from Court, which his rancorous invective and bemired imagination brought on him. Rebels plotted assassination of the King, and wily politicians tried to use the evidence of conspiracy to further their own schemes; but the Merry Monarch was always the person most disinclined to believe that there was danger of being murdered, knowing that his brother's succession was undesired and unpopular. Not until the Rye-House Plot was unravelled, in which both the Royal pair were threatened, did he willingly let punishment fall on their proclaimed enemies. His own personal wants were few, and no philosopher required less of pomp or splendour, of luxurious dainties, jewellery, and imposing costume than did "Old Rowley." While he yielded to an excess of generosity in squandering wealth on a set of brazen wantons, who deserved to be set to beat hemp in a penitentiary Spinning-House, his own wardrobe was reduced to a wretched condition, such as would have disgusted a Court-page. Sometimes a mild revel enlivened his evenings, as when in 1674 he good-humouredly yielded to Sir Robert Vyner's hearty invitation, and stayed to "crack t'other bottle," reminding his Lord-Mayor host that "the man who is drunk is as great as a King:" both of them adding practice to precept in illustration. Sports at Newmarket or Winchester amused his noontide, since he enjoyed Races, and set them in fashion, but was usually unlucky in his horses; for his jockeys sold many a race at the bidding of noble Dukes and Earls, who had heavy bets against him. On four legs or on two, there were skittish jades to plunder him, and each new favourite repeated the tricks of the same old game. He had loved the freedom of theatres, and no man better enjoyed the witty comedies of Etherege, Congreve, Dryden, and Wycherley, or could relish more delightedly any lively song in them, to which he beat time responsively, while a pretty actress met his smile. But even the play-house began to pall on him, when in Prologues and Epilogues the dramatic poets spiced the verse with manifold allusions to the topics most in vogue; so that instead of being led "to fresh woods and pastures new," thoughts were flung back on the disquieting Shaftesbury, the perjuries of Oates, and the irritating factiousness of parliament-men or Nonconforming Sectaries. In his Royal Box at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens, he had been accustomed to feel that none but friends were near. Court Masques had been a frequent amusement in his boyhood, before the Civil War; with poetry from Ben Jonson, music from Lawes, dresses and decorations designed by Inigo Jones. But these expensive luxuries were little to the taste of Charles the Second, although occasionally his Court-Beauties displayed their charms

in such entertainments as John Crowne’s “Calista; or, The Chaste Nymph,” with Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth among them: the Duke of Monmouth being another of the dancers, who in later days became notoriously her lover.

Year by year it had grown increasingly difficult for Charles to enjoy himself after his own fashion undisturbed. Alas, and well-a-day! Spiteful railers acted as spies on him, and their hired informers wrote libellous satires; not circulating stealthily, as of old in manuscript, through Courtly circles, but printed vilely on broadsides at seditious presses, to set the world against him. Many, who had flattered him to his face, nevertheless plundered and dishonoured him behind his back, to the utmost of their power. The traffic in patents and monopolies had grown to be nearly as scandalous as in the time of Kilvert; Tom Killigrew being an example of unprincipled rapacity. The demands of each peculator grew more exorbitant. The audacity and insolence of the Exclusionists increased in the same proportion. While the King became poorer under every



fresh extortion of the harpies, he saw himself more humiliated by the sham-patriots who asserted their right to withhold necessary supplies. No wonder is it that with the coarse insults of the Commons in his ears, and the knowledge of their niggardliness in granting money, even at the price of unreasonable concessions to their dictation, he had chosen to “pro-rogue and re-prorogue the rogues,” delaying the meeting of Parliament, to avoid collisions. He tried meanwhile to obtain renewal of secret subsidies from France, as being on easier terms than he could obtain from his own revolutionary subjects. It is not a pleasant thing for us to have had a reigning monarch in the pay of a foreign power, under obligation to perform many irksome things in accordance with the ambitious arrogance and encroachments of Louis le Grand. But we ought to remember two facts in extenuation. *First*, that all the so-called Whig “patriots” of the day yielded themselves to French bribes of Barillon from Louis; including Hampden, Buckingham, Armstrong, and Algernon Sydney. William Russell kept himself from inclusion in the corrupt practices simply through already possessing sufficient wealth to rise above the temptation, but never expressed any honest repugnance to his chosen companions being thus treasonably paid as emissaries of a

foreign monarch to act against their sovereign. *Second*, that Charles had been familiarized with the receipt of similar foreign help to that which he now sought, from his early years of exile, when he depended for food on assistance from France, while kept penniless by the usurpers. He could not but hope to be now treated more generously by his French ally than he was by each factious parliament, every new one worse than its predecessor. His Duchess of Portsmouth was as greedy of gain as had been Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleaveland, in her early days of supremacy; and Louise would be perpetually reminding him that it was expedient to trust wholly to France, since she came thence as a decoy, and always acted under instructions from her former master.

What has been already asserted (on p. 278 of our previous volume) is the simple truth, *viz.*, that Charles II. indulged more in idle flirtation, wasting time in gossip, in dalliance, and in sauntering along his parks or galleries, than in absolute sensuality. This statement is supported by the contemporary evidence of John Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave, who was himself not a Scipio of ascetic virtue in such matters, and knew the delicate subject to its depths:

There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours he passed among his Mistresses; who, after all, only served to fill his Seraglio with a bewitching kind of pleasure called *sauntering*: and talking without any constraint was the true Sultana Queen he delighted in.—Sheffield's *Short Character of Charles II.*

Again, the same shrewd observer declares of him, in relation to the double-dealing of King Louis, who subsidized the English Commons to sedition while he enforced on Charles the performance of such acts as would be resented by these very Whigs and "Good Old Cause" insurrectionists:—

He was so liberal as to ruin his affairs by it; for want in a King of England turns things upside down, and exposes a Prince to his people's mercy. It did yet worse in him, for it forced him to depend on his Great Neighbour of France who played the Broker with him sufficiently in all those times of extremity.—*Ibid.*

There had been many warnings given to him in the recent years, but we believe the really decisive moment, above all others, was that of which we resume consideration at beginning of the present volume: when at Oxford, between the 21st and the 28th of March, 1681, the irreconcilable nature of the week-long Parliament displayed itself. For life or for death the game was being played: timidity or procrastination on his part would have been certain ruin.

The doctrine of passive obedience to the will of the absolute sovereign, as set forth by the loyal Kentish cavalier Sir Robert Filmer, had made little impression amid the gloom of 1646; but when his *Anarchy of Limited and Mixed Monarchy* was succeeded by his posthumous work, *Patriarcha*, not issued until 1680, it found a more attentive auditory, among those who had recently seen the

evils of rebellion, with the actual distractions and tyranny of anarchists, following the fall of Richard Cromwell. People knew nothing of the thoughtful writings of Sir John Eliot, which had remained hidden away in manuscripts, not given to the world until within these recent years.¹ John Locke took upon himself the task of answering Filmer in *Two Treatises on Government*, but not until 1690; while Algernon Sydney's earlier work on *Government* found few readers, its weighty arguments being conveyed with too much ponderosity of style to suit popular comprehension. But it should be remembered that such subjects cannot often be treated with the flippant wit or sparkling brilliancy such as Samuel Butler employs in conveying the soundest truths and wisest maxims. And even he, so full of glitter on paper, was usually dull in conversation, never quite at ease save when alone.

It was a spiteful action against Dryden, by his malignant political enemies, to taunt him with having written praisefully in 1658 on Oliver Cromwell; even as the detractors of "the melancholy Cowley" used against him his earlier authorship of the Pindaric Ode entitled "Brutus" (beginning "Excellent Brutus, of all human race"), to turn back any current of favour from carrying him into port. By J. Smith in 1681 was re-issued on a sheet, printed on both sides, John Dryden's Ode, commencing "And now 'tis time for their Officious haste;" the poem being thus headed: "An Elegy on the Usurper *O.C.*, by the Author of Absalom and Achitophel, published to shew the Loyalty and Integrity of the POET" (*sic*). The men who thus insinuated that Dryden was a changeling, at heart opposed to Monarchy, and only for filthy lucre fawning on the King whose father Oliver had helped to murder, were precisely those devoid of all loyal principle, and inclined to rancorously defame others because their own thoughts dwelt familiarly on baseness.

Meeting this particular instance of short-sighted malignity, it had been with a grim propriety of reprisal that other weapons of offence were drawn forth from the ancient armoury by the opposite class of politicians. Thus a "*Panegyrick upon Monarchy*," said to have been written in 1658, was reprinted and circulated. We here give it from two broadsides in the Bagford Collection, annotating variations found in a later reprint as a "Loyal Poem" issued in 1685.

¹ It had remained for Dr. Alexander Balloch Grosart, in his quarto edition, a hundred copies, 1879, to print for the first time from the Harleian MS. 2,228, the whole of Sir John Eliot's *Monarchie of Man*, in two vols. (to which the present Editor had the pleasure of furnishing a copper-plate *fac-simile* of Eliot's own ornamental title-page), with praiseworthy exactitude. John Forster had issued only garbled extracts and analysis in his two memoirs of Eliot. In 1881 Dr. Grosart followed up his good work with another couple of quarto volumes, containing Eliot's *Apology for Socrates* and *Negotium Posterorum*; finishing by two others in 1882, *De Jure Majestatis*, and *The Letter-Book of Sir John Eliot*, all for the first time printed verbatim, and of great value for students of History.

[Bagford Collection, III. 37 and 89; Luttrell Coll., II. 142.]

A Worthp Panegyrick upon Monarchy;

WRITTEN ANNO MDCLVIII.

By a Learned and truly Loyal Gentleman, for Information of the miserably mis-led Commonwealths-Men (falsely so called) of that Deluded Age; and now revived by One that honours the Author, and the Established Government of these Nations.



IF wanting Wings one may ascend the Skies,
 And *Phæbus* view, without an Eagle's Eyes;
 Then Rouse up (*Muse*) from thy Lethargick Strains,
 And (having first invok'd the God of Brains)
 Let the Grand Subject of thy Measures be,
 No Soul to *England* like a Monarchy.*

6

* *Original Note.*—“*Monarchia à Monos Archôn*, The Rule of one Prince or Governour without a Peer, or the Government of one man over many. As in England, etc. *Britannia ab initio mundi semper fuit Regia, & Regimen illius simile ille Cælorum.* Howel.” [The reprint, of 1685, reads “No Rule in England like a Monarchy.” But compare line 25, for mention of “The Rational Soul.”]

It is the Image of that Domination,
By which Jehovah rules the whole Creation ;
Angels nor Saints do in his Kingdom share,
God is Sole Monarch, they but Subjects are :
Whose Laws are such, as, when they did Rebel,
Sequestred not, but sent them strait to Hell. 12

As old as that paternal Sovereignty
God plac'd in *Adam*, rul'd his People by ;
Disown'd of None, but them whose Minds aspire,
And Envy *One* should have what *All* desire ;
For be't a Few or Many we live under,
Such shall repine, still, whilst not of the Number. 18

The Antients did a Monarchy prefer,
Made all their Gods submit to *Jupiter* ;
And (when Affairs and Nations first began)
Princes' *Decrees* were th' only Laws of Man ;
Experience will avow it, where there's any,
One Honest Man is sooner found than Many. 24

The Rational Soul performs a Prince's part,
She rules the Body by Monarchick Art ;
Poor Cranes, and silly Bees (with shivering Wings,)
Observe their Leaders, and obey their Kings :
Nature her self disdains a Crowded Throne,
The Body's Monstrous, has more Heads than One. 30

A Monarchy's that Politick simple State,
Consists in Unity (inseparate,
Pure and entire) ; a Government that stands
When others fall, touch'd but with levelling hands ;
So Natural, and with such Skill endu'd,
It makes One Body of a Multitude. 36

In Order (wherein latter things depend
On former) that's most perfect doth attend
On Unity ; But this can never be
The Popular State, nor Aristocracy ;
For where or *All*, or *Many* bear the Sway,
Such Order to Confusion leads the way. 42

A Monarchy more quickly doth attain
 The End propos'd ; for 'tis the Single Brain
 That ripens Council, and concealeth best
 Princely Designs, till Deeds proclaim 'em blest.
 Whilst Numerous Heads are rarely of one Mind,
 Slow in their Motion, lower than the Wind. 48

Treason, nor Force, so suddenly divides
 Th' United Strength that in a Crown resides :
 Sedition prospers not, it seldom here
 Results an Object of the Prince's fear ;
 Than when an Empire, *Rome* was ne'r so strong,
 Nor triumph'd under other Rule so long. 54

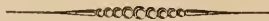
A Monarchy abates those Feverish Fits
 Of Emulation a Free-State begets :
 A Prince can not his Reins so quickly slack,
 Or throw his Burthen on another's Back :
 But where so many Rulers have Command,
 The Work's transferr'd, and toss'd from Hand to Hand.

The People, or the Nobles to debate
 The deep Concernments of a troubled State,
 Set Times and Places have assigned them, they
 First meet, and then adjourn from Day to Day !
 Whereas a Monarch, who by Nature's *One*,
 Deliberates always, never's off his Throne. 66

But hold ! Me thinks I see the three Estates
 Conven'd ; thrown open Prison-Doors and Grates,
 Extinct our paltry Jealousies and Fears,
 Grace offer'd [un]to All, but Cavaliers :
 And yet ! . . . with Patience they abound,
 In Hopes of Better, now the Wheel go's round. 72

London, Printed for *W.B.* [“ 9 March ”], MDCLXXX.

[In White-letter, double-columns : no woodcut. We add one from our *Roxburghe Ballads* of previous volume. The final verse of the present broadside was not reprinted in the *Loyal Poem* of 1685, which ended abruptly with “never's off his Throne.” The date it assigns to the original is 1656, not 1658. The Broadside re-issue was on March the Ninth, 1689. *W.B.* = William Bucknall.]



The differences here noted, between the broadside of 1680 and the Loyal Poem of 1685, are comparatively trifling, but they are much greater in the two similar versions of another poem, contemporary, entitled "The Succession." Where the disparity is so marked, it would but clumsily represent the differences were they merely shown by footnotes. We therefore give at once the brief *Loyal Poem*, in small type, and will add the more important Bagford Collection broadside version on our p. 54, after the two *Roxburghe Ballads* on the Oxford Parliament. It is interesting to compare the enlarged with the abbreviated version of "The Succession:" the former having been published while resistance was offered against the Duke of York's rightful claims to wear the Crown after his brother Charles; the shorter poem was re-issued after James had mounted the throne.

The obstinacy wherewith the Oxford Parliament pressed forward the Exclusion of James, (although the Peers had so recently thrown out the Bill in the former year), resisting all warnings that this wrong to his brother was the one thing which Charles would not yield, was akin to that ill-omened pertinacity of their attempt to assume entire management of the mysterious Fitz-Harris case, instead of leaving him to the ordinary law-courts. It was evident that no rational or loyal conduct was to be expected from the Commons, and their week-long session was not an hour too short.

A Poem [entitled, *The Succession*].

THAT precious gem call'd Loyalty grows scarce,
 The Saints pretending turn it into farce,
 While *England's* great Prerogative does grow
 Into contempt by the tumultuous Foe,
 Whose subtle secret hypocritick gins
 Would turn the Frame of Nature off its pins.
 A Painted Zeal must back what they decree,
 And, while the cheat pretends to Loyalty,
 Heaven must be mock'd t' uphold their treachery. }
 Blush then, Disloyal Mortals, let your shame
 All wild attempts against your reason tame; } 10
 Nor think your selves who are but Subjects, Kings,
 You know Religion teaches better things.
 Late reeling times sufficiently have shown
 The Effects of Masquerade Religion:
 When *Charles* the Great, whose memory shall live,
 Cou'd not their Loyal Principles survive,
 And those who dare oppose Succession
 Wou'd play the same Game over with the Son.
 This speaks your trust, the Wounds continue green } 20
 Since that Blest Martyr was the bloody scene
 Of their impieties; This Land was wrack'd,
 Its bowels torn, Nature's chief fabrick crack'd,
 Into confusion hurl'd, till in the end
 (As each thing does unto its center tend,)

The clouds dispers'd, and drove away Despair,
 When in the Throne appear'd the much-wrong'd Heir :
 Whom Heaven preserve ! and may he ever be
 Secure from all pretending Loyalty.

Princes are God's Anoynted, and the Crown, 30
 None can detain but Heaven's great Prince alone.
 When Nature's Law hath been impeach'd, such things
 Are wrought by Pow'r Divine, the King of Kings ;
 By that great Pow'r they rule, and by no less,
 And he who only rais'd them can depress.

All Officers, whether of Sword or Gown,
 Are sworn t' uphold the Rights of *England's* Crown ;
 The Commons, too, before they voice can claim,
 Are duly sworn i' th' House to right the same.

☞ *How can we judge of this but as a Plot* 40
When such a Solemn Oath can be forgot ?

“ It's a high crime to let a Papist reign !
 But Perjury we'll piously maintain
 For a great vertue, when self-interest
 In whispers tells us all goes for the Best ! ”
 That monster Faction evermore did range
 In these three Kingdoms to promote a Change ;
 Which being upheld by Frenzy, Pride and Scorn
 Of Monarchy, 'tis that's the wounding thorn

To publick Peace, and makes the greatest scars, 50
 That fills men's mouths with armies, bloud and wars ;
 'Tis that deposes Princes, blackens Fame,
 Whitens the *Negro*, makes the sound man lame.
 “ A Prince o' th' Bloud is a regardless thing !
 And, if we durst, we'd tell you, so's a KING ! ”
 Vertue's bright lustre can't her self protect
 From base ingratitude and disrespect :

It once hath been admir'd in that bright Prince,
 And still may 't be his glorious Defence,
 Against the tongue of every senseless Brute 60
 That dare Succession to the Crown dispute.

[In White-letter : as re-issued in 1685.]

Attempts have been made in more modern days to annul or degrade the Oath of Allegiance, which is here so emphatically mentioned. These attempts have hitherto failed, and long may they do so.

We give three poems, probably by distinct authors, which must have powerfully influenced public opinion in March, 1681. The broadside version of the earliest of the three poems is entitled *A Dialogue between the Ghosts of the Two Last Parliaments, at their late interview* : which title we reserve for the two later portions.



[Bagford Collection, III. 40.]

The Ghost of the Old House of
Commons to the New One, appointed to meet at
Oxford, 1680.

[=The Westminster's Ghost's Advice.]

FROM deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,
The seat of horror, sorrow, pains and spight,
I have been sent to tell your tender Youth
A seasonable and important Truth.
I feel (but Oh! too late) that no disease 5
Is like a surfeit of luxurious Ease;
And, of all other, the most tempting things
Are too much Wealth and too indulgent Kings.
None ever was superlatively ill
But by Degrees, with industry and skill: 10
And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow Knaves by use and Rebels by despair.
My time is past, and your's will soon begin:
Keep the first Blossoms from the blast of Sin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways 15
Preserve your self, and bring serener days.
The busie subtil Serpents of the Law
Did first my mind from true Obedience draw,
While I did Limits to the King prescribe,
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe; 20
I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew *seditions* for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the Laws illegally abus'd.¹
The Robe was summon'd, *M[aynard]*d in the head,² 25
In Legal Murder none so deeply read.

¹ In some copies this is printed "And by the Law I Legally abus'd." I=Ayc.

² Sir John Maynard, born 1602, and survived until 1690. A serviceable man to any ruthless faction who desired their victims to be slaughtered: he had successfully managed the condemnation of Wentworth Earl of Strafford in 1649, of Archbishop Laud in 1644, and of William Viscount Stafford in 1680. The innocence of each was of no account, so long as a show of legality could be made and their heads removed. Truly is it said of Maynard, "in legal murder none was so deeply read," and none so willing to ensure its perpetration.

I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood
 Stain'd with the (yet-unexpiated) Blood
 Of the brave *Strafford*, when three kingdoms rung
 With his accumulative Hackney-tongue ; 30
 Pris'ners and Witnesses were waiting by,
 These had been taught to swear, and those to dye,
 And to expect their arbitrary fates,—
 Some for ill faces, some for good Estates.
 To fright the People and alarm the Town, 35
B[urnet] and *O[ates]* employ'd the Reverend Gown.
 But while the *Triple-Mitre* bore the blame,
 The King's *Three Crowns* were their rebellious aim.
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the *Guards*,
 And took for mine the *B[ethels]* and the *W[ards]* : 40
 Anti-Monarchick Hereticks of State, [Sir Patience W.,
Slingsby B.]
 Immoral Atheists, rich and reprobate.
 But, above all, I got a little Guide,
 Who every Ford of villainy had try'd ;
 None knew so well the old pernicious way 45
 To ruin Subjects and make Kings obey :
 And my small *Jehu* at a furious rate [=Shaftesbury.]
 Was driving 'Eighty back to 'Forty-Eight.
 This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
 But I mistook his Patience for his Fear. 50
 All that this happy Island could afford
 Was sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.
 In his whole Paradise one only Tree
 He had excepted by a strict Decree ;
 A *Sacred Tree*, which *Royal Fruit* did bear, } 55
 Yet It in pieces I conspir'd to tear :
 Beware, my Child ! Divinity is there ! }
 This so undid all I had done before,
 I could attempt, and he endure no more.
 My un-prepar'd and un-repenting breath 60
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of Death,
 And (I with all my Sins about me) hurl'd
 To th' utter Darkness of the lower World :
 A dreadful place, which you too soon will see,
 If you believe *Seducers* more than me. 65

[By Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon.]



Roscommon's utterance was prophetic, and more speedily fulfilled than even the prophet himself could have expected. But the time was urgent, every unnecessary day's delay increased the danger, and two considerations hurried on the swift Dissolution. In the first place, the Commons by their uncompromising arrogance showed unmistakably that no service to the King or country could possibly be done by them: their irreconcilable hostility was displayed from their very entrance, with armed supporters, proud looks, and threatening words or gestures, as of men desirous to begin a revolt. Secondly, *though they knew not this*, the King had obtained certain intelligence of the fresh secret subsidy given to him by Louis XIV., and therefore not even the precarious chance of supplies being granted to him by the Commons was any longer of an importance sufficient to out-balance the danger of their longer sitting to work mischief with Exclusion, or perversion of evidence against the Court in the case of Fitz-Harris.

These three preceding poems form useful examples of the steadied Loyal spirit that was again pervading political society of the better class, at the date when the Oxford Parliament was summoned. Faction had been busy and clamorous, looking for certain victory. But it counted its chickens before they were hatched, and most of them were addled.

How well people understood that the Exclusion of James from succession to the throne was the "one thing forbidden them, one thing and no more," is shown in the following poem, as Answer to Wentworth Dillon's Ghost of the Westminster Parliament:—

[Bagford Collection, III. 40 ; Luttrell Coll., II. 162.]

A Dialogue

Between the Ghosts of the Two Last Parliaments,
at their late Interview.¹

—*Fuimus Troes. Nitimur in vetitum.*²

Oxford Ghost.

[After the speedy Dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, March, 1688.]

Hail, great Prophetick Spirit! who could see
Through the dark glass of ripening time, what we
Too true have found, and now too late complain,
That thou, great Spirit, shou'dst foretell in vain ;
Full well and faithfully did'st thou advise,
Had we been modestly and timely wise.
“Free may you range,” said'st thou, “through every Field,
And what else more luxurious Gardens yield
Is thine ; what e're may please, what e're delight
The weakest stomach, nicest appetite : 10
Of all the plenty of so vast a Store

☞ *One thing forbidden is, one [thing] and no more.*

By late and sad Experience of what's past,

Probatum est, ipse Dixit : Do not taste !

Swift Ruine's there, and sure Destruction.”

How great a Truth, had it in time been known ! 16

¹ This was the broadside-title employed when the *three* Ghostly addresses were reprinted. D.M. (David Mallet), London, issued a broadside, entitled “Great News from Westminster ; or, A Congratulation upon the happy Assembling of the Lords and Commons in PARLIAMENT, according to his Majesties Prorogation of the 16th of this instant *January*,” 16 $\frac{7}{8}$ $\frac{9}{10}$. It begins thus :

All haile, great Isle ! still may thy Fame increase,
Glorious in Arms, no less renown'd in Peace ;
Let sacred Hallows now thy Joys proclaim,
Since thy great Councils, who have rais'd thy name
Above the nations that enclose thee round.

With sacred Laws, etc. (Luttrell Collection, II. 149.)

² *Fuimus Troes* ; fuit Ilium, et ingens

Gloria Teucerorum.—*Aeneis*, ii. 325.

Nitimur in vetitum semper cupimusque negata.—*Ovid. Amor.* iii. 4.

Westminster Ghost.

(In Reply to Oxford Parliament.)

Vain empty Nothing, that wert lately *All*,
 How just, and how unpitied is thy Fall :
 Well worthy of the horrors of this place,
 That would no warning take by my Disgrace ;
 Glutted with plenty, surfeited with Peace,
 Weary of Blessings, sick of too much ease :
 Mad restless *Troublers* of our *Israel*,
 Who would not quiet be when things went well ;
 Of secret base designs meer manag'd *Tools*,
 Rash, unadvis'd, incorrigible *F*—, ¹ 10
 Brisk *Hotspurs*, inconsiderately bold,
 By much too violent, and too hot to hold.
 Zeal flew as if 't had been to run a Race,
 Duty and Reason could not keep it pace :
 Insensible, regardless of my Fate,
 Dull *Phrygian* Sages, wise when 'tis too late.
 You liv'd, and then you had an easie way
 T' have provided 'gainst the Evil Day ;
 Who would not then be timely-wise, forbear
 Your vain unseasonable Sorrows here. 20
 Frailty (for men are frail) may err one time,
 But Malice only can repeat the Crime.
 Unthinking Senate, fed with empty words
 Of *Patriot Lawyers* and *Protesting Lords* :
 Abus'd by Popular and mistaken Friends,
 Serv'd a dull Property for *base hidden Ends*.
 Liberty, Conscience, and Religion,
 Sweet Names, and so is REFORMATION.
 Rank sign of sickly and distemper'd times,
 When fairest names disguise the foulest Crimes. 30
 The cry of *Liberty* helpeth Ambition,²
 And *Strait-lac'd Conscience* cloaks Religion.
 Of publick Int'rest you had no concern ;
 But pꝛovꝛp a Proverb, *Ne'r too late to learn.*

¹ It is, like the damsel with a Dulcimer, "beautiful exceedingly" to see the exquisite delicacy wherewith the pamphleteers shrink from applying the well-deserved terms "Knaves" and "Fools" to M.P.s, in fear of after-punishment.

² He that roars for 'Liberty!' faster binds a Tyrant's power ;
 And the Tyrant's cruel glee forces on the freer hour.—*Vision of Sin.*

By no experience taught, miscarriage tam'd,
 Nor by sad instance of my Fate reclaim'd,
 What prejudice and private ends ill-us'd,
 False Zeal and like Religion ill excus'd :
 Who (stiff-neck'd) rather would my Fate repeat,
 Than by new measures be securely great : 40
 No *freedom of debate* was left for you,
 When all was mov'd and manag'd by a few.
 Your leading *M*[aynard], *J*[ones], and *W*[innington],¹
 As if all wisdom were in them alone :
 A *House of Commons* crumbled into *Three* ;
Slaves in effect, and in appearance *free*.
 What ail'd the Pilot, slept he at the head ?
 Or was your Judgment by your Wills misled ?
 What evil Spirit's Influence did prevail,
 That you who might at large securely sail 50
 In a full Sea, and from all danger free,
 Would run upon that Shelf that ruin'd me ?
 These sure and sad effects I well foresaw ;
 These real ills, which seeming good would draw ;
 From these sad Consequences to dissuade,
 I was sent forth, and gladly I obey'd :
 I told you then what now too true you find,
 Where Zeal flies out, and Duty leaves behind,
 'Tis Wisdom's shame, and Policie's defect,
 For still like Causes will have like Effect. 60
 I sought by wondrous Truth this Point to gain,
 Urg'd many reasons, but urg'd all in vain :
 None were of force against the *Good Old Cause* !
 Counsel was thrown away, *Fool* that I was—
 Where men with Law and Prophets would not live,
 To think a Message from the dead should thrive ! [*Luke*, xvi.
 Spight of my fore-sight and my dear-bought skill,
Cassandra I ; you faithless *Paris* still.²

¹ Sir John Maynard (see p. 13), Sir William Jones (who answered the King's *Declaration*), and Sir Francis Winnington. To the last two we return on p. 188.

² It will be remembered how Phœbus was deceived by the maiden whom he loved ; after bestowing on her the gift of prophecy, which he could not recall, when he found his passion unrequited, he punished her by the doom that her hearers would disregard her sure foretellings as though they were the ravings of madness. The lately-lost and deservedly lamented true poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painted a representation of Cassandra in the agony of prophecy, foretelling Troy's destruction, but unheeded by her brothers Paris and Hector.

Your boundless passion did no measures keep,
 Well might you break your Neck with such a leap: 70
 Men may at distance hover about Kings,
 And, by their influence warm'd, move earthly things;
 But when those bounds they would exceed, and fly
 Too near the Sun, scorcht, they drop down, and dye.
 What an occasion lost you to improve
 The Prince's Favour and the People's Love!

☞ This when considering Posterity
 Shall think upon, they'l hate your Memory;
 And as once ancient *Rome*, they, in their turn,
 Wish you had never dy'd, or ne'r been born. 80

Should your Successors tread your steps, they then
 Though they were Gods, like us shall die like men.

Oh! may the next (for sure a next will be,) ¹

Avoid the Rock that ruin'd you and me:

Deeply affected with a just concern

At our sad Fate, self-preservation learn;

And merit (by avoiding needless Fears,

By moderate Councils and praise-worthy Cares,)

A Monarch's Blessing and three Kingdoms' Pray'rs. }

London: Printed for *Al[lan] Banks*, Anno Domini MDCLXXXI.

[In White-letter, three columns. No woodcut. Colophon shorn off by binder from Bagford copy: restored here from Luttrell Coll., II. 162, marked in Narcissus's handwriting, "*A libell on both the Parliaments*: 7 April, 1681."]

Extensively read, moreover, and spitefully answered, was another Oxford Parliament Poem, preserved on a broadside and a *Loyal Poem*. It mentions the Lord Chancellor, Heneage Finch.²

¹ So far as Charles II. was concerned, there was no "next" Parliament, although his own dissolution did not happen until four years later than that of the Oxford Parliament. The secret unsigned treaty with France partly accounted for his omitting to send out fresh writs. But, although there was the certainty of a recovered tone of loyalty in the country, such as augured favourably for a new Parliament, some suspicion of the likelihood that there would be fresh trickery employed by any re-assembled Commons (*viz.* voting themselves independent of being dismissed without their own full consent), may have had to do with his choice. They might probably "self-preservation learn" only too well. Being still non-existent they remained uncalled. "Camarina is muddy, don't disturb Camarina," doubtless was remembered by the Merry Monarch.

² One W. W. addressed Finch, in a "Congratulatory Poem," May, 1681:—

My Lord, *Aristotle* the learn'd did say,
 That Wit and Vertue always made the way
 For their Allies, to mount bright Honour's Chair,
 By rend'ring of them excellent and rare, etc.

[Luttrell Collection, II. 162; Wood's, 417, fol. 47.]

The Parliament Dissolv'd at Oxford,

MARCH THE 28th, 1681.

- UNDER five hundred KINGS Three Kingdoms groan,
 "Go, *F[inch]*, Dissolve them; *CHARLES* is in the Throne,
 And by the Grace of God will reign alone." 3
- "What would the *Commons* have? The Royal Line
 Heaven does dispose of, 'tis not their's, nor mine;
 But His by whom Kings rule, and are divine. 6
- "I represent the King of Kings, who gave
 The Crown, the Sword, the Scepter; what I have:
 I am God's Servant, not the People's Slave. 9
- "Their frantick Votes and mad Resolves I hate;
 I know a better way to heal a State,
 Than to *Sin rashly*, and *Repent too late*. 12
- "Bid them be gone, *F[inch]*! they are puuup uncivil,
 To oblige me to follow them to the Devil;
 To save Three Kingdoms I will not do evil. 15
- "The *Presbyterians*, sick of too much freedom,
 Are ripe for *Bethl'em*; it's high time to bleed 'em:
 The Second *Charles* does neither fear nor need 'em. 18
- "I'd have the World know that I can dissipate
 Those impolitick *Mushrooms* of our State:
 'Tis easier to *Dissolve* than to *Create*. 21
- "They sha'n't cramp Justice with their feigned flaws;
 For since I govern only by the Laws,
 Why *they* should be exempt I see no cause. 24
- "To the Laws they must submit: it is in vain
 E'er to attempt to shake off those again;
 For where *Charles* commands, there must Justice reign. 27
- "When the *People's Father* does espouse the Law,
 All those who subjects from their duty draw
 Do, Viper-like, through Parent's bosom gnaw. 30
- "When they attend Me next, *F[inch]*, bid them bring
 Calmer thoughts; bid them propose Legal Things;
 Such as may both become themselves and King. 33
- "This will the Joys of our little World compleat,
 And all attempts of Foreign Foes defeat;
 Making the People happy, Monarch great." 36

FINIS.

This was translated by Henry Bold, *En tria Regna gemunt centum sub quinque Tyrannis*: it was also answered from the fanatical Parliamentary side, thus:

¹ Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor, Baron of Daventry; in following May, Earl of Nottingham. See Note 2 on p. 19, and *Windsor Prophecy* on p. 108.

[Strawberry-Hill Collection, fol. 19; and Wood's Coll., at the Bodleian.]

To the Tune of the Devonshire Cant:¹

Or,

An Answer to "The Parliament Dissolved at Oxford."

Nonne vides, ut nudum remigio latus?—Horat. Ode xiv. Lib. 1.

THE safety of the King, and 's Royal Throne,
Depends on those five hundred Kings alone;²
Those under whom some say three Kingdoms groan. 3

The Commons no new methods will assigne
Of choosing Kings, they know the Royal Line
Was wont to be reputed as *Divine*. 6

Your English-men (who understand Who gave
Their King his Royal Grandsire) scorn to have
His Majesty their *General*, their *Slave*. 9 [Q. Elizab.]

As frantic and outrageous as were
Their *Votes*, they shew'd their vigilance and care,
And nought like those could dissipate our fear. 12

They are *Dissolv'd*, and with them all our hopes.
Prepare for *Smithfield* fires, for Racks and Ropes;
For that's the pleasing exercise of *POPES*. 15

Now to create *Intestine Broyls* what need³
Is there?—of those experienced things take heed,
When th' States' Blood's hot 'tis dangerous to bleed. 18

¹ We have found no copy of "The Parliament Dissolved at Oxford" = "Under five hundred Kings," etc., marked distinctly as "*Devonshire Cant*," vel *Chant*; but we safely suppose it to be the antecedent ballad here referred to. There was also another, entitled "*The Devonshire Ballad*," to the tune of 1642," beginning,

Now all old Cavaliers now or ne'er stand to 't;
The Synod's dissolv'd, and the Ball's at your foot,
But if Faction prevail, you're destroy'd branch and root:

Branch and Root.

It was an Election squib, printed in London for the Assigns of F. S. [perhaps Fabian Stedman], 1681, and reprinted in our own *Bayford Ballads*, p. 996.

² The arrogant claim to be the safeguard of the nation, while factiously doing their utmost to bring back civil-war, was a characteristic boast from one of these "five hundred" parliamentary flies on the wheel, although blinded by the dust and imagining themselves to be the cause of the chariot's motion. It has always been the way in England that the noisiest and most noxious demagogues have the largest share of self-conceit, and, while imposing on their dupes of followers, look upon themselves as being inspired, heroic, world-famed, and immortal. Compare the Roundhead's "*In Parem imperium habet Par*," in *State-Poems*, ii. 115. Two verses are given in our *Addenda*, p. xvi.

³ With an ill grace comes this caveat against the Papists causing "intestine broils," from those who broiled the intestines of Jesuits in the Sham-Plot madness.

In all true hearts it would a Love create To see the <i>Supreme Power</i> dissipate All <i>Pentioners</i> , those Spungers of our State. ¹	21
The <i>Commons'</i> aims were but to regulate Things shuff'd out of place in Church and State ; Not to cramp Justice, but corroborate.	24
When they offend they justly feel the smart, Imposed on them by some ambitious heart ; Whose swollen envy breaks out like a ♀—♂.	27
But here's the mischief, they espouse the Law, Hate those who Subjects from Allegiance draw, And of their Royal Master stand in awe.	30
We've grounds to hope when next they meet they'l bring Wise Councils, Grave Proposals, ev'ry thing Conducive to the Peace of <i>People</i> and <i>King</i> .	33
If so, we'll sing adieu to <i>Plots</i> , in vain Shall Rogues attempt to shake our Peace again, And then great <i>Charles</i> most happily will reign.	36

London : Printed for *T. Rawe* in *London-Yard*, near *St. Paul's*, 1681.

Matthew Taubman printed in 1682 a short song on the failure of this pretentious Oxford Parliament. It appears to have been sung to the then popular tune of "Now, now the fight's done;" the original words of which we gave already in vol. iv. p. 243.

A Song, by Matt. Taubman.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *Now, now, the Fight's done.*]

Now, now, the work's done, and the Parliament set
Are sent back again like Fools as they met ;
To prove without change they were true to their Trust,
They voted their actions both legal and just :
But on *Rowley*, who knew them, the cheat would not pass,
Who cut off the Rump of the Politick Ass.

Let *S[hafte]s* *b[ur]y* plot, and *M[on]t[ague]* contrive,
And *Waller* lye buzzing like a Drone in a Hive, [Sir *Wm. W.*
Let Phanaticks fret on, and preach to the Crowd
Sedition and Faction and Treason aloud :
We'l drink off our Liquor to cherish good blood,
And in our King's Service we'l let out the flood.

¹ *Hamlet*.—That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge ! what replication should be made by the son of a king !

Rosenkrantz.—Take you me for a sponge, my lord !

Hamlet.—Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end ; he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw ; first mouthed, to be last swallowed : when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.—*Hamlet*, Act iv., Scene ii.

In the British Museum Collection (1872, a. 1. fol. 146) is a poem entitled "Oxford's Lamentation; a Dialogue between Oxford and London: concerning the Dissolution of the Parliament." Printed for T. Benskin in St. Bride's Church-Yard, 1681. Oxford asks,

What is the Pomp and Glory of this World?
 How soon is all into Confusion hurl'd!
 I, who in Pride held up my head of late,
 With so much joy, expectancy, and State,
 Seeing my Sister Cities of the Land,
 Like Servants, at a distance from me stand;
 Whilst I exalted was by King and Court,
 Am on a sudden made Dame Fortune's Sport;
 And with one Breath am to the Ground thrown down,
 My Pomp, my Pride, and Glory, all is gone:
 One puff of Royal Fire away has sent
 My hopes, together with the *Parliament*:
 Was it for this I laid out so much cost,
 To have my Glory in a moment lost?
 But few days since my Conduits did run Wine,
 And now as fast they run with Tears' salt brine. *Etc.*

To Dr. Henry Aldrich's tune of *O! the bonny Christ Church Bells* went another Oxford ditty, which we give instead of the Dialogue:—

A Catch.

O! the Presbyterian *Whiggs*,
 That taught us first these *Scottish jiggs*,
 Look how they strut, like Cock in a rut,
 And they erow so merrily, merrily.
 But oh, this *Oxford, Oxford Town!*
 Our Clubs and Treats will be run down;
 The *Fleece*, the *Mitre* we shall want,
 The *Castle* and the *Elephant*.
 And still we live in hope, that we shall 'scape the Rope,
 And pull the Lawn-sleeves down:
 If *Honi Soit* get not a Doit,
 Till we're sure that he's our own.

But as "Honi Soit" Charles the Second perfectly saw through the Whig design of withholding all supplies from him, enacting their own permanence of sitting, and willingly renewing civil war, he dissolved them at the week's end, before they did more mischief.

But thanks to the $\alpha\sigma\tau\alpha$, who made the King dogged,
 For giving no more the Rogues were pro-rogued.—*A. Marvell.*



Oxford in Mourning

For the Loss of the Parliament, March, 1681.

- “ We scholars were expelled awhile, to let the Senators in,
But they behav'd themselves as vile, so we return agen :
And wonder to see the *Geometry School* all round about be-seated,
Though there's no need of a *Euclid's* rule, to demonstrate 'em all defeated . .
- “ The Commons' courage can't endure, to be affronted thus ;
So for the future, to be sure, they'll be the Upper House.
But, by some feverish malady, their strength so soon was spent,
That punning Wits no doubt will cry, '*Oh Wicked Parliament!*' ”

—*Bagford Ballads*, p. 841.

THE week-long last Parliament of Charles the Second met at Oxford on the 21st March, 168^q. After the Commons had factiously clamoured about Exclusion and the Fitz-Harris impeachment, quarrelling with the Lords, and premeditating further mischief, it was ignominiously dissolved by the King in person on the 29th of the same month. It might have adopted as an epitaph, over its unhonoured corpse, the Infant's tombstone-lines :—

Since that I so soon was done for, I marvel what I was begun for.

Its importance by no means rests in any achievement of its own, for it succeeded in nothing. With bluster and talk it commenced ; with bluster and talk it came to an end. It was a magazine of combustibles with a damp fuse ; a street cry of “ In the name of the Prophet—figs ! ” a labyrinth of passages to No-whither ; any other emblem of pretentious failure can weakly represent this Shaftesburian Oxford Parliament. Macbeth describes it best :—

It is a tale told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The Loyal party omitted not to ridicule their unscrupulous foes in

A New Song, made on the Parliament's Removing from London to Oxford, March, 168^q.

TO ITS OWN TUNE OF, *Ye London Lads be merry.*

YE London Lads be merry, your Parliament Friends are gone,
That makes us a' so sorry, and wou'd not let us alone ;
But 'peacht us ev'ry one, both Papist and Protestant too ;
But to *Oxford* they are gone, and the De'il gang with 'em I trow. 4

Our guid king *Charles*, Heaven bless him, Protector of *Albany's* right,
Receiv'd from the House sic a lesson, 't had like to have set us at strife ;
But *Charles*, he swore by his life, he'd have no more sic ado,
And he pack'd them off, by this light, and the De'il's gang'd with them, I trow.

There's *Essex* and *Jemmy* the Cully were mickle to blame, I dreid,
With *Shaftesbury* that States' Bully, and a' the factious breed ;
And wittol *Grey*, guid deed ! who pimps when his Wife does mou',
And holds the door for a need, but the De'il will reward him I trow. 12

Fool *Thin* and half-witted *M[onmouth]*, with *L[ovela]* and slabbering *K[ent]*,
With goggling Fly-catching *B[randon]*, that ne'er knew yet what he meant ;
And *St[amford]* follows the scent, with Politick *Armstrong* and *How* :
And they all a Petitioning went, and the De'il's gang'd wi' them I trow. 16

Then Heaven protect great *Albany*, and guard him from pistol and gun !
And all the Plots of *Anthony*, that old malicious Baboon ; [= *Shaftesbury*.
Though sham'd on the Pope of *Rome*, as *Dugdale* and *Oates* do avow,
But in time they'll hang the fause Loon, and the De'il hang wi' them, I trow.¹

Before giving our two *Roxburghe Ballads* it appears fitting to offer some preliminary account of the situation.

Monmouth and Shaftesbury in close alliance made themselves very busy and ostentatiously offensive in preparation for the Oxford Parliament. Their followers went armed, desirous of provoking a collision which might precipitate a civil-war, and the one thing which entered not into their thoughts was that they would be unceremoniously dismissed, a week later, before their mischievous intentions had time to bear other fruit than seditious words.

In the previous November, it must not be forgotten, the attacks on the Duke of York were most bitter in the Commons, where it was voted that conspirators had been encouraged by a knowledge that he was a Papist ; and it was resolved that any violence offered to the King's person should be revenged on the whole body of Romanists, considering them all involved equally in the guilt ; moreover, that, without waiting for any such attempt, the Exclusion Bill ought to be passed, to keep the Duke from the Crown. So high did party feeling swell, and so daunted by the arrogance of bigots were the few moderate and sensible members, that the third reading of the Exclusion Bill passed without a division on November eleventh. Four days afterwards it was carried to the Lords, where the Court party was strong and courageous enough to resist the movement, rejecting the Bill by a majority of sixty-three to thirty, on the very first reading. The Commons, next, in sheer malignity and vindictiveness, resenting this notable defeat, thereupon pressed onward the trial of William Viscount Stafford, thirsting as they were for some one's blood, to be a scape-goat, and obtained their wish in the month of December (as we have shown in the two ballads on his execution in Vol. IV. pp. 225 to 235). *Monmouth* was officiously prominent in advocating the death of *Stafford*.

¹ After July, 1683, appeared a Mock-Song or Parody, which will come on a later page. It is on the position of the Duke of Monmouth (*Perkin*), and begins,

You Loyal Lads be merry, for *Perkin* that State-Buffoon,
Desp'd by *Whig* and *Tory*, for being so fause a Loon, etc.

Some additional zest was supposed to be given to both songs by their being written in a Cockney imitation of Scotch dialect : worse spelt than here given. See first note on p. 27 for some names introduced in this *New Song* : others later.

Others of the imprisoned Catholic Lords were marked for a similar fate, till there came unmistakable tokens publicly displayed that the popular madness of terror excited by the Titus Oates perjuries was nearly exhausted. At the execution of Stafford, when he made solemn proclamation of his innocence, the outcries of the mob, "We believe you, my Lord!" gave warning to Shaftesbury that the experiment could not be safely repeated, and that nearly the last blood had been shed for the sham Popish-Plot. Hitherto he had directed autocratically his willing tools, while his opponents had seemed powerless in resistance. Arch-wizard as he had proved himself to be, standing within the circle of perverted law, his charms and incantations were beginning to fail. Would he rashly step outside the circle to compel obedience? Once he might have moved thus far, and prospered, but it could be so no longer.

Great preparations were being made for his reception at Oxford. He desired the whole of Exeter College to be given up for the accommodation of himself and his adherents. He had been a student there, but Dr. Berry could only yield a few rooms. The letters are extant which passed in answer to Shaftesbury from John Locke, then so ill that he was endangering his life in exerting himself as he did, to fulfil the wishes of his master. Quitting Oakley in Buckinghamshire, in February, he proceeded to Oxford, and learnt from Monmouth's Secretary, Mr. Vernon, that "a College being past hopes," it was arranged to take Dr. Wallis's house, "judged as convenient as any in town, being in the lane between the Schools and the new College, near in the midway betwixt them, as quiet a place as any in the town." Alderman Wright (of whom we had some glimpses in *Bagford Ballads*) was another person willing to serve Shaftesbury to the utmost of his power, for payment, in the matter of stabling, close by Jesus College. Finally, there was room found in Balliol College. Ford Lord Grey of Werk was to lodge on the second story. The conspirators seemed to be anticipating a longer residence than events permitted.

It appears almost certain that these extensive preparations were intended merely as blinds to the real purpose of Shaftesbury and the other conspirators. Lord Grey became so double-dyed a traitor that we are unwilling to accept his word as decisive on anything, but he certainly was admitted to the confidence of all the rebellious plotters, and afterwards declared that it had been arranged by Shaftesbury, William Russell, and Lord Macclesfield not to go to Oxford at all, but to stay in London and prepare for an armed insurrection, "if the King's conduct at Oxford should render it necessary:" *id est*, afford a plausible excuse for rebellion. These were the politicians who affected to dread the violence and intrigues of the Papists against the Crown! This early intention to remain in London was not improbably connected with the lawless scheme of

other Revolutionists to seize the King's person at Oxford. Charles received intelligence of the treason, and with his newly awakened promptitude defeated it, by placing himself under the protection of his troop of Guards, horse and foot, who were no longer under any controul of Monmouth. They had been denounced by Lord Essex as having among them many Papists; but, when the King demanded the names of any such, not one could be given. Yet the false declaration, whereof Essex made himself the spokesman, was published to the world without correction or retraction, to damage the Court party in general and the Duke of York in particular.¹

London chose the same members to serve in the Oxford parliament who had served in the one preceding;² so generally was this done elsewhere that few above a hundred new members were elected. Thus the opinions and votes of the old majority were a foregone conclusion. Success was illusive, the Shaftesburian electioneering tactics overdoing the work: and thus they absolutely made an ultimate triumph impossible. He had burnt his own ships, and destroyed the bridges behind his enemy. This most cautious of tricksters ended by becoming one of the most reckless.

Monmouth also had made reconciliation increasingly difficult, by his violence in the previous parliament; when the Lords refused the Exclusion-Bill, which he advocated with singular absence of

¹ This was on January 25th, when presenting a petition for the Parliament to sit as usual at Westminster, and not at Oxford. The petition was signed by Essex, Shaftesbury, Monmouth, the Earls of Kent, Huntingdon, Bedford, Salisbury, Clare, and Stamford; Lords Mordaunt, Eure, Paget, Grey, Herbert, Howard of Esrick, and Delamere. Luttrell summarizes the petition: it assumed to represent "the just apprehensions the nation had on the late surprizing dissolution of the parliament, and the inconveniences that would attend the holding of a parliament at Oxford; and therefore they did humbly desire his Majesty would be pleased to lett the intended parliament sitt at Westminster. His Majesty told them (as is said) he look't on it only as the opinion of so many men."—*Brief Relation*, i. 65. The excuse had been that at Oxford "neither Lords nor Commons can be in safety, but will be daily exposed to the swords of the Papists and their adherents, of whom too many are crept into his Majesty's Guards." Probably the exact words of the King's answer are, as elsewhere reported, with instant rejoinder, "That, my Lord, may be your opinion; it is not mine." It is noteworthy that the pretext offered, by Shaftesbury's party, for the plan of seizing the King at Oxford and bringing him prisoner to London was the "getting him out of the hands of the Roman Catholics."

² They were Sir Robert Clayton and Thomas Pilkington, aldermen, with Sir Thomas Player, Knight, and William Love, Esquire. Westminster returned Sir William Poulteney and the busybody Sir William Waller. The pretentious "Tom of Ten Thousand" Thynne with Sir Walter St. John again came in for Wiltshire. The members in all were 513, of whom only 110 were new members, who had not served in the previous parliament, among them being Sir John Reresby for Aldborough, firm for the Court. In general, the new members were believed to be more violently factious than even the old had been. There were thirty-two petitions touching disputed elections, and a few men had been returned for two places, such as Wm. Leveson Gower and Sir John Fagg.

taste, feeling, or prudence. He had declared that nothing but the Exclusion could preserve the King from the malice of the Duke of York: a speech heard by Charles with intense disgust, and a true comment that Monmouth's was "the Kiss of Judas."

Ford Lord Grey, the evil genius of Monmouth's life, had been his entertainer at Chichester shortly before the Oxford Parliament sat, the Duke returning from Grey's house to London on the 26th of February, immediately before the Fitz-Harris discovery.

Early in the morning of the 12th of March King Charles went to Windsor, and thence two days afterwards to Oxford; the Queen going thither also, the same day, from Whitehall. They were received at the borders of Oxfordshire by Lord-Lieutenant Norris, with the county troops, and conducted to the loyal University-city, which had of old proved its devotion to Charles the First. They arrived at night. The Vice-Chancellor and heads of houses, with townsmen, received their Majesties "in their formalities with all demonstrations of joy and welcome." The King's guards, horse and foot, had preceded him, on the first days of the month. He lodged at Christ Church, and the Queen at Merton College. On the 17th he went to Burford, "where on the Downs he saw several horse-races run, and returned to Oxford again" next day.

During the week preceding the opening of Parliament the roads were thronged with lords and gentlemen, the Shaftesburians with armed retainers, chiefly on horse, with blue ribbons in their hats marked "No Popery! No Slavery!" Swaggering among them was the pestilent Stephen College, obtrusively armed with sword and pistol, rejoicing in his nick-name of "the Protestant Joiner." (See previous Vol. IV. pp. 262, 263, 595; and p. 35 of the present volume.) "The Duke of Monmouth and Lord Grey went to the Oxford Parliament with a noble and numerous train." Many desperate men emerged from their seclusion, and accompanied them, hoping for an opportunity to overthrow the government. There had been debate as to the holding of term, or keeping back the students from attendance at a time of such commotion, unfavourable to quiet study: and the decision to intermit their attendance was wisely made. The Lords sat in the Divinity School, and the Commons used the Convocation-house, but felt crowded. Other schools were taken for their committees.

The King in opening the new Parliament at Oxford passed a sharp rebuke on the late preceding Parliament of Westminster. Expressing a hope that there would be no renewal of the unwarrantable proceedings of the last House of Commons, which had forced him to dissolve them, he thought that it might be wondered how he had been patient so long. He marked out their duties and their limitation; recommending (as a sop for Cerberus) the farther prosecution of the Plot, the trial of the accused prisoners in the

Tower, and the providing for the speedier conviction of recusants. While declaring his readiness to listen to any 'expedient' for the preservation of the Protestant religion and the monarchy, so that the administration of the Government might be kept in Protestant hands if a Popish successor came to the throne, he emphatically warned them off from a renewal of the Exclusion. "What I have formerly and so often declared touching the succession, I cannot depart from."

William Williams was again chosen Speaker, and approved. Halifax had suggested an "expedient," glanced at prospectively, which was recommended by Sir Thomas Littleton and Sir Thomas Meres, but rejected as impracticable. It advocated the present banishment of the Duke of York; his bearing the title of King after his brother's death, while governing powers were to be vested in a Protestant regent (Mary of Orange first, then Anne); James's heir to succeed and overturn the regency on his coming of age, if educated as a Protestant. But nothing save unmitigated Exclusion would satisfy the Commons. Also, they wished to remove the Fitz-Harris trial from the common-law to an Impeachment, which the Lords rejected, so there was a quarrel between the Houses. Charles was perfectly prepared for the emergency. Coming in a sedan chair, with his robes and crown ready to be put on, he sent for the recalcitrant Commons, to hear this brief dismissal:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*:—That all the World may see to what a point we are come, that we are not like to have a good end when the divisions at the beginning are such: therefore, my Lord Chancellor, do as I have commanded you."

The Lord Chancellor immediately spoke:—"My Lords and Gentlemen:—His Majesty has commanded me to say, That it is his Majesty's royal pleasure and will, that this Parliament be dissolved: and this Parliament is dissolved."

Tableau of consternation. Conspirators non-plus'd. Curtain.

Resistance was impossible, and by their conduct the Revolutionists had given the King an advantage which he followed up by publishing a printed *Declaration* of his reasons for dissolving this Oxford Parliament, and the one before it. The hopelessness of the struggle terrified the detected and baffled intriguers. They had gone armed, but they found loyal Cavaliers ready to cross swords with the swash-bucklers, impecunious tenants, Protestant Joiners, and adherents of the *Good Old Cause* of Republican anarchy, who dared again to quit obscurity for the light of day. One brief week they had flaunted their ribbons of "No Popery! No Slavery!" and vapoured at Oxford, to the dread and astonishment of Deans, Presidents, and Bursars; to the delight of the mutinous rabble that haunts the purlieus of a University; and to the encouragement of hopes among the lodging-house keepers or needy tradesmen. These expected to reap a great profit, but found none: for Shaftesbury's followers were not people who loved to pay a score. Such disappointment forms the subject of the following *Roxburghe Ballad*.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 384 ; Wood's, E. 25, fol. 96.]

Oxford in Mourning, for the Loss of the Parliament ;

Or,

London's loud Laughter at her late flattering her self with
Excessive Trading.

A PLEASANT NEW SONG.

Now Tapsters, Vintners, Sales-men, Taylors, all
Open their Throats, and for their losses bawl ;
The Parliament is gone, their hopes now fail,
Pall'd is the Wine, and Egar grows the Ale : [=aigre, sharp.
Now Rooms, late let for twenty Crowns a week,
Would let for twelve-pence, but may Lodgers seek.
London Rejoyces, who was sad before,
And in like Coin does pay off *Oxford's* score.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Packington's Pound* ; OR, *Digby's Farewel*.

See vol. iv. pp. 193 and 136 ; 392, 393, and 397 to 400, for an account of these two tunes. *Packington's Pound* is given in Mr. William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 124. We gave one *Captain Digby's Farewell* on pp. 393, 398 of our previous volume ; another is "Farewell, my *Arminda*."



*L*ondon now smiles to see *Oxford* in Tears,
Who lately derided and scoff'd at her fears ;
Thinking their joys they would never be spent,
But that always they'd last with the Parliament :
But O ! she's mistaken, for now they are gone,
And fairly have left her to grieve all alone. 6

Now Vintners and Tapsters, that hop'd for such gain
By cheating the people, have cause to complain ;
The Cooks, that were stor'd with Provision, now grieve,
Whilst *London* to hear it does laugh in her sleeve :
And now each fat Hostis, who lives by the Sins
Of those who brought many, to whimper begins. 12

So dolefully Tool now the Bells, that of late
With loud sounds did a pleasure to hear them create ;
The Inn-keepers, late that so Prodigal were
Of Standings, have Horse-room enough and to spare :
Whilst *London* rejoices to think of the time
When *Oxford* Bells jangl'd, and scarcely cou'd Chime. 18

Now Salesmen and Sempstresses homeward do pack ;
No more cries the Shooe-maker, " What do you lack ?"
The Taylor by Thimble and Bodkin does curse,
And swears that his Trading could never be worse :
Yet home again bare-foot poor Prick-louse must trudge,
Whilst *Oxford* he bans, and his Labour does grudge. 24

The Chair-men, who thought to return with a load
Of Silver to *London*, to store their abroad,
Now homeward do foot it, though 'tis with much pain,
And creep in their Chairs to secure them from Rain :
When night does approach, there their lodging they make,
For, a better to purchase, no monies they take. 30

The Coffee-men wish they at *London* had stay'd,
And not to have rambl'd in hopes of a Trade ;
Their Shops of Sedition did fail of their end,
And back now their Puddle to *London* they send :¹
While she does deride them, and flout them to scorn,
To see their Ears hanging as if they were forlorn. 36

¹ See the *Satyr upon Coffee*, on pp. 172 to 184, where we show the frequency and virulence of the lampoons and seditious libels that used to circulate in the public coffee-houses of London. Cavaliers avoided them, at this date.

Oh! the Schollars now curse the gay Cracks¹ of the Town,
 Who troop'd it to *Oxford* to trade for a Crown;
 The Youngsters put in, and bid money for all,
 But the jades were so skittish they gave them a fall:
 And many in watering their Nags have been burn'd,
 The Baths were so hot e're the Stream could be turn'd. 42

Whilst Chirurgeons of all the best trading will find;
 For the Cracks being fled they have left work behind,
 That doubtless repentance unfeigned will cause.
 The Gold-smiths and Drapers now stand at a pause:
 How [they plan] in their Journey the Padders to 'scape!²
 Whilst *London* for joy at their follies does leap. 48

She hears the sad sounding[s] of *Oxford's* great Bell,
 Which [now] the Town's heaviness plainly do tell;
 How their Laughter they lately against her did vent,
 For enjoying the Court and the Parliament,
 Is now turn'd to weeping, and each one sits sad,
 To think what a loss by dissolving he's had. 54

Remember then, *Oxford*, how *London* you flout,
 For she'l be still even with you, 'tis no doubt;
England's chief City must still bear the Bell:
 For near it the most part the King he will dwell,
 And chear her with favours, whilst *Oxford* sits sad,
 And many lament the bad trade they have had. 60

FINIS.

[Printed for *J. Jordan*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street*, without *Newgate*.
 Black-letter. Three woodcuts, one on next page, another on p. 159, but our
 right-hand cut on p. 30 is extra, from *The Cloak's Knavery*. Date, April 1, 1681.]

¹ *Filles de Joie*=Doll Tear-sheets: the term "Crack" being an equivalent
circa 1679, for a street-walker, or Light o' Love. Thus John Wilmot, Earl of
 Rochester (who died in 1680), in his *Satyr against Marriage* mentions "The
 Sunday Crack of Suburb 'Prentices." See *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*.

Two Pepsian ballads are: 1st—The Poor $\sigma\epsilon\alpha\sigma\upsilon\alpha\alpha$ Lamentation; or, The
 Fleet-Street *Crack's* want of Trading (V. 416), = "Pray hear my Lamentation."
 2nd—An Answer to the Poor $\sigma\epsilon\alpha\sigma\upsilon\alpha\alpha$ Complaint. In a Letter from a Bully
 Spark, beginning, "As I was ranging *Nelly*" (V. 407). We have "The Crafty
Cracks of East Smithfield," beginning "You Master Colliers, pray draw near!"
 in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 22. See opposite page for another instance.

² Padders=High-way-men; concerning whom see our *Bagford Ballads*, pp.
 10 to 16, 230 to 235, 241 to 296, etc. We come later to Captain Hind.

* * In *Satyr Unmuzzled* is the vile and inhuman attack on the dead mother of Nell Gwynne, the "She-Bufferon," as the pretty actress is called :

Her Mother griev'd in muddy Ale and Sack
 To think her Child should ever prove a *Crack* ;
 When she was drunk, she always fell asleep,
 And when full maudlin, then the [Dame] would weep ; — — —
 Her tears were Brandy, *Mundingus* her breath,
 Band was her Life, and Common-Shore her Death.
 To see the Daughter mourn for such a Beast
 Is like her Life, which makes up but one Jest.

The poor woman was accidentally drowned, July, 1679, to Nelly's intense grief : theme of the Satirist's virulence. (Compare p. 524 of our previous volume.)

A black-bordered broadside was circulated at this date, entitled "An Elogy upon that never-to-be-forgotten Matron, *Old Maddam Gwinn*, who was unfortunately Drown'd in her own Fish-pond, on the 29th of July, 1679." The lampoon begins, "Mourners, prepare, let doleful Echoes sound," and ends with this

Epitaph.

HERE lies intomb'd, within this Marble Pile,
 The wonder of her Sex, who for a while
 Fate durst not venture on, but, taking breath,
 He has resign'd her to the Arms of Death.
 Readers, lament ! for seldom shall you find
 The weaker Sex to bear so strong a mind :
 Strengthen'd with all the virtues *France* or th' *Rhine*,
England, or *Spain* could e're infuse from Wine.
 But *Bacchus* unkind did tempt her to ingage
 Where she expir'd, by subtle *Neptune's* rage.
 Tho' Fate was cruel, yet her Fame remains,
 For drinking, none like her the world contains.
 To after-ages then a Statue raise,
 That so we may Eternalize her Praise.



The Oxford Health.

“ Drown Melancholy in a Glass of Wine ;
 We will be jolly : let the Miser pine !
 Boys, drink about, we'll make the Tavern roar ;
 When the Bumper's out, we'll call again for more :
 It makes good Blood to run within our Veins,
 It puts good Reason also in our Brains :
 He that will deny it, hanged let him be !
 Here's a health to all the Royal Family.”

—*The Courageous Loyalist*, 1683.

THE following Roxburghe Ballad reappeared with so many changes (for the most part not improvements) in 1685, as “The Loyal Health, to a delicate new Tune,” that it virtually became a new song, only our first two verses remaining in it, with other four verses additionally given : two before and two behind, like guards in a procession. It thus began in the re-issue, with allusions to Stephen College and to Shaftesbury :—

Since Plotting's a Trade, like the rest of the Nation,
 Let 'em lie and swear on, to keep up the Vocation ;
 Let *Tinkers* and *Weavers* and *Joyners* agree [College.
 To find work for the *Cooper*, they'l have none of me : [Anthony A.C.
 Let Politick Shams in the States-men abound,
 While we quaff off our Bumpers, and set the Glass round :
 The jolly true *Toper's* the best Subject still.
 Who drinks off his Liquor, and thinks no more ill. 8

Then let us stand to't, and like honest men fall,
 Who love King and Country, Duke, Dutchess and all ;
 Not such as wou'd blow up the Nation by stealth,
 And out of the flame raise a new *Commonwealth* ;
 Nor such who 'gainst Church and the Bishops do rage,
 To advance old *Jack Presbyter* on the new Stage :
 But all honest *Tories* who'l fight for their King,
 And to crown the brave Work with the Court we'll begin. 16

“ Here's a health to the King, and his Lawful Successors,” etc., is next verse : beginning our Roxburghe Ballad. Now we know the authorship of the original, and at once mark the changes. As a three-verse song entitled “The Healths,” it was written by Matt. Taubman, who became the Civic-Poet ; and it was printed by him in 1682, along with his *Heroick Poem on the Duke of York's Return from Scotland*. The verses began respectively thus : 1.—“ Since Plotting's a Trade, like the rest of the Nation ;” 2.—“ Here's a Health to the King, and his lawful Successors, To honest Tantivies,” etc. ; and, finally, this 3, which was reproduced in 1685 (*cf.* p. 40) :

Here's a Health to all those love the King and his Laws,
 And may they ne're pledge it that broach the *Old Cause*.
 Here's a Health to the State, and a pox on the Pack
 Of Commonwealth Canters and *Presbyter Jack* ;
 To the uppermost Pendent that ever did play
 On the highest Top-Gallant o' th' *Sovereign o' th' Sea* :
 And he that denies to the standard to low'r,
 May he sink in the Ocean, and never drink more.

The "Sovereign of the Seas" was the name of a famous Man-of-War in Charles the Second's time; a model of which is still shown at Greenwich Hospital, in the same room, and near the same case, as the earlier "Great Harry," of heavier and higher build.

Oxford saw the short-lived triumph of "The Protestant Joyner," Stephen Colledge (compare Vol. IV. pp. 262 and 263). Among his many boasts, to be taken *cum grano*, he claimed to be the inventor of "The Protestant Flail," a weapon closely resembling (or, almost identical with) our modern murderous "life-preserver," so beloved of burglars. He recommended it for use "in defence against the Papists:" any excuse sufficing. It is thus described in a *Loyal Song*, to the tune of *Lacy's Maggot*, or, *The Hobby Horse* :—

Listen a while, and I'll tell you a tale
 Of a new Device of a *Protestant Flayl* :
 With a thump, thump, thump, a thump,
 Thump, a thump, thump.

This *Flayl* it was made of the finest wood,
 Well lin'd with Lead, and notable good
 For splitting of Brains, and shedding of blood,
 Of all that withstood,
 With a thump, thump, etc.

This *Flayl* was invented to thrash the Brain,
 And leave behind not the weight of a grain,
 With a thump, thump, etc.

At the handle end there hung a weight,
 That carried with it an unavoidable Fate,
 To take the Monarch a rap on the pate,
 And govern the State,
 With a thump, thump, etc.

It took its degree in *Oxford Town*,
 And with the Carpenter it went down
 With a thump, thump, etc.

If any durst his might oppose,
 He had you close, in spite of your Nose,
 To carry on clever the *Good Old Cause*,
 And down with the Laws,
 With a thump, thump, etc.

The Shaftesburians had been quite contented to applaud the services that were tendered by such perjured hirelings as Dugdale and Everard, or pamphleteers of Harry Care's calibre, so long as they worked against the Romanists; but the moment these people changed sides their depravity was noted. In yet another *Loyal*

Song, entitled "A Tory in a Whig's Coat," the Protestant Joiner's downfall is mockingly alluded to, in sham-Scotch:—

Then up with an' the Leaven, with each dissenting Loon,
Then up with Bully *Stephen*!—but *Colledge* is gone down.

Dryden, on December 4, 1682, in a Prologue to *The Duke of Guise*, deprecating the use of poison, alludes to the murderous invention:—

Besides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Protestant can never fail,
With that compendious instrument a *Flail*.

What Dryden mirthfully declared of Shadwell might more truthfully have been prophesied of Stephen College, or Fitz-Harris:

A double Noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing Treason, and for writing dull:
To die for Faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for Nonsense is the Devil!

In the Loyal New Song on the Old Plot (= "Let the *Whigs* repine and all combine in a *p,uuuap Association*"), the fate of College "points a moral and adorns a tale":—

Oh! ye *Tapland Crew*, that Treason brew, and of *Toney* make an Idol,
And *Perkin* sham with king in name, the King of the *Golden Medal*:
Curse and unsp the *Black Cabal*, that inspir'd your Rebel knowledge,
E're *Billa vera* find you all, the Fate of pious *College*.

In another Loyal Song, "The Plot cram'd into Joan's Placket" (= "Have you not lately heard of Lords sent to the Tower," to the tune of *Jone's Placket is torn*), Stephen College is exulted over:

The *Joyner* he did march to *Oxford* to be try'd,
Where he did find a Jury who were not *Whiggify'd*.
And for his *Joyning* in the Plot a Halter he did gain,
For the Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again.

They say that Mr. *Dugdale*, so honest and so true,
Is one of the King's Evidence, against this wicked crew.
And now they aim to him defame, but all will be in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn, and never will be mended again.

The miscarriage of justice, through the London Whig Sheriffs packing the jury, who ignored the bill against Stephen College, is alluded to in a *Loyal Satyr against Whiggism*, 1682 (= "As I did lately travel from the Town;"; compare later page), thus:—

It was not Right, but Faction did prevail,
A well-grown *Whig* of Verdicts ne'er can fail;
O then ye common Hirelings, Cheats, and Knaves,
Heroes in *saets*, Stabbers, and Alley-Braves,
Turn, turn t' embrace so good, so safe a Cause,
There you may act your Murders with applause, }
Kill but a *Tory*, and you serve the Laws. }
Nay, though 'tis prov'd that 'twas your dire Intent
To seize your King at *Oxford* Parliament,
Yet bring it up to Town, and you shall be
Prais'd by a Jury for your Loyalty;
Though at the very moment Oaths they take
That all they do is meer' for Conscience sake!

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 65; Wood's E. 25, fol. 27; Huth. ii. 50.]

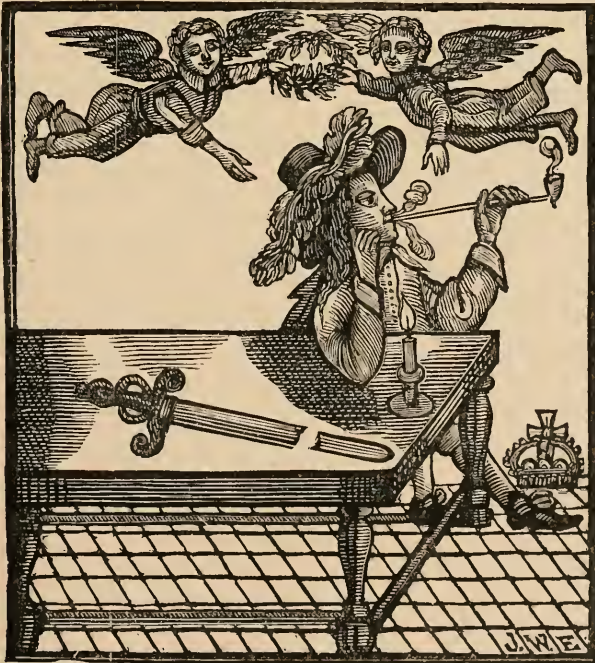
The Oxford Health;

Or,

The Jovial Loyalist. A New Song.

We will be loyal and Drink off our Wine,
 Though *Pope* or *Presbyter* should both repine;
 No State affairs shall e're turmoil our brain,
 Let those take care to whom they appertain:
 We'l love our King, and wish him happy days,
 And drink to all that daily speak his praise;
 We'l loyal prove, and ever more will be
 With Plotters and their Plots at enmity.

TUNE OF, *On the Banks of a River*; OR, *Packington's Pound*.



[Of the Tunes named, 1. "On the Banks of a River, close under the shade," begins "Love's Triumph over Bashfulness" (Roxb. Coll., II. 312). As to 2. Packington's Pound," and this woodcut, see pp. 47, 193, of previous volume.]

Here's a health to the King, and his lawful successors,
 To *Tantivy Tories* and *Loyal Addressors* :
 No matter for those that promoted Petitions,
 To poyson the Nation, and stir up Seditions.
 Here's a health to the Queen and her Ladies of Honour,
 A pox on all those who put *Sham-Plots* upon her :
 Here's a health to the Duke, and the Senate of *Scotland*,
 And to all Honest Men that from Bishops ne'r got land. ¹ 8

Here's a health to *L'Estrange*, and to *Heraclitus* !
 A fig for these *Whigs* that for *Papists* indict us ;²
 Not forgetting those that continually spight us :
 For Loyalty still to our King does unite us.
 Here's a health to our Church, and to all that are for it,
 A shame take all *Papists* and *Whigs* that abhor it ;³
 Safe may she be still, from new ways of Refiners,
 And Justice be done to true *Protestant Joyners*.⁴ 16

Let all the contrivers of this our late trouble,
 Have their reward at last heap'd on them double ;
 Here's a health to the downfall of those whose devotion
 Does tend to nought else but to raise up commotion.
 Come, round let it go, boys, let each drink his Bumper,
 To all honest Men that yet ne'r lov'd a Rumper :
 The *thirtieth of January* let us remember,
 And let it be joy'n'd to the *fifth of November*.⁵ 24

¹ *Id est*, those who never were enriched by taking possession of Church-lands.

² Another reading refers to Nat. Thompson, Sliugsby Bethel, Oates, etc. :—

And true *Tory Thompson* who never did slight us ;
 And forgetting *Broom*, *Paulin*, and Alderman *Wrightus*,
 With *Tony* and *Bethel*, *Ignoramus* and *Titus*.

Heraclitus Ridens, one of Roger L'Estrange's *aliases*. Henry Broom his publisher. Robert Paulin, Mayor, and Alderman William Wright, both of Oxford, have been mentioned in *Bagford Ballads* : see our Index to them.

³ *Al. lect.* "Confusion to *Zealots* and *Whigs* that abhor it."

⁴ Alluding to Stephen College, "the Protestant Joyner," who, after his Oxford trial of the 17th August, 1681 (the London one having proved abortive), was executed there on 31st August. His sister, Mrs. Sarah Goodwin, was on 6th September, 1682, tried on a charge of high treason, for words spoken by her, but there being no other evidence against her beyond her own husband, she was discharged. She had been an active witness at Aaron Smith's trial (July 4, 1682), as to a paper of instructions given to him by her brother. See the special Introduction, p. 35, for verses on his *Protestant Flail*.

⁵ In other words, "Let the Regicide fanatics and the Regicide Papist-plotters be equally abhorred!" And so say all of us. Cf. Vol. IV. pp. 214 to 224.

Here's a health to all Loyalists, let us carrouse it,
 For why ? there is wine to be had in the house yet :
 Here's [a health] to all those who never spoke evil
 Of Church or of State, but that still have been civil :
 Come, let it go round, boys, and fill up our Glasses !
 We'l now be more merry then *Whigs* with their Lasses.
 Let Hipocrites who dare in all things dissemble,
 And by changing shapes the *Camelian* resemble, 32

Make twenty wry faces, and all to disguise 'um,
 Yet from Sedition none e're can advise 'um ;
 Here's to the confusion of Plots and all Plotters,
 And here's a good health to him that ne'r alters.
 Come, let it go round, and fill each man his brimmer,
 For he's no good diver that first en't a swimmer ;
 And here's to our happiness, that we see dawning,
 In spite to the Plots that *Geneva* is spawning. 40

A fig for their policies, they shall ne'r fright us,
 Do all what they can they shall never more bite us ;
 For *Oliver* now and bold *Bradshaw* are rotten,
 Tho' their curst names they shall ne'r be forgotten.
 Here's a health to all Cavaliers, that ne'r were turn-coats,
 We'll drink it in spite of the *Pope* and his Cut-throats ;
 Or in spite of those Rebels that envy our blessing,
 Who once more our Land [would] so fain be possessing. 48

Here's a health to the Burghers, who still in their choices
 For eminent Loyalists do give their voices ;
 And will not be Byas'd, whatever betide them,
 Who fear no *Whig*-Landlords, who for it shall chide them.
 To the Prince & the Princess of *Orange* come fill it, [marr. 1677.
 To the brim let it flow, but beware how you spill it ;
 Not forgetting the rest of the Royal Branches,
 We'l drink our brisk Wine, till each his Soul drenches. 56

Here's a health to all those that express their good meaning,
 And hold to the end as they make their beginning ;
 Come fill it away, Boys, and let us be merry !
 We'l drink each his Bumper, and never be weary.
 And no true Subject, we'r sure, will deny it,
 For this is the way that we always shall try it ;
 Come, fill it again to the ruine of Rumpers !
 I'le make no scruple to turn off three Bumpers. 64

Then come, all you Loyalists, though the *Whigs* mutter
 And about nothing do keep all this clutter :
 In spite of the *Pope* or *Jack Presbyter* either,
 We will live merry, and will regard neither.
 Although they [may] *Tory* or *Tuntivy* name us,
 We care not a pin, there's none honest will blame us.
 We'll drink to the King, and his lawful Successors,
 And to all those who prove [themselves] Loyal Addressors.

Finis.

[Part at least, if not all, by *Mat Taubman*].

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, near the *Hospital-Gate*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. One woodcut. Date about July and before 17th August, 1681].

* * Instead of our present third to ninth verses, there are two indifferent verses used for completion of the *Loyal Song* mentioned in our special Introduction.

Here's a Health to old *Hall*, who our Joys did restore ; ¹
 And a Pox take each " Popular " Son of a 'αροϋλλ [= Monmouth.
 To the *Spaniard* and *Dane*, the brave *Russian* and *Moor*;²
 Who come from far Nations, our King to adore :
 To all that do worship the God of the Vine,
 And to old jolly *Bowman*, who draws us good Wine : ³
 And as for all *Traytors*, whether *Papist* or *Whig*,
 May they all trot to *Tyburn* to dance the old Jig.

Here's a health to all those love the King and his Laws, etc.

This latter was *Matt. Taubman's* final and third verse (see p. 35).

¹ Probably intended for *Jacob Hall*, the renowned but dissolute rope-dancer, favourite of *Barbara Palmer*, Duchess of *Cleveland*, and taken into her pay in 1668, when he was performing publicly at *Bartholomew* and *Southwark Fairs*, and was " mightily followed," being a strong and active man, handsome, as his three portraits show. (It is more likely to be him, at this date of July, 1681, than *Timothy Hall*, who had scarcely yet risen into notice, and whom *James II.* in 1688 made *Bishop of Oxford*, chiefly because he favoured the King's Declaration. He died at *Hackney* in 1690, after taking the oaths.) *Jacob Hall* was still popular in 1683, performing in *Cheapside*; for in *Rome Rhymed to Death* we read

When *Jacob Hall* on his high Rope shews tricks
 The Dragon flutters, the Lord-Mayor's Horse kicks ;
 The *Cheapside* crowds and pageants scarcely know
 Which most t' admire, *Hall*, *Hobby-Horse*, or *Bow*.

² *Hamet*, the *Morocco* Ambassador, entered *London* on 5th January, 168½, and was received at the *Banqueting House* by the King on the 11th. An entertainment was given in honour of the Embassy, at the *Duchess of Portsmouth's* " glorious apartments at *Whitehall*, where was a greate banquet of sweetmeates and musiq." (See *John Evelyn's* account of it in the *Diary*, ii. 389, edition 1879.)

³ " *Bowman* the *Tory*" with " *Miles* Prance the *Renegado*" are the interlocutors in a *Loyal Song* beginning " Come, murdering *Miles*, where's your *Sedan* ?" A *Mr. Bowman*, possessed of influence at the *Cockpit*, was known to *Peyps* in *April*, 1661, probably the same man : an actor and vintner, of *The Dog*.



The Fitz-Harris Mystery.

“ The Commons their voting problems would in Riddles so involve,
That what the Peers scarce understood, the King was forced to solve . . .
Thus he that does a Pardon lack, for treason 'demnd to die,
They'd tempt, poor man, to save his neck, by adding Perjury.
The Nobles threw th' *Impeachment* out, because no doubt they saw
'Twas best to bring his cause about, but not to th' *Commons' Law.*”

— *Oxford Parliament Dissolved: Bagford Ballads*, p. 843.

THE conflicting statements in the Fitz-Harris case make us unwilling to prematurely decide whether any credit is to be given to a single word of the man's confessions. That the Scotchman Edmund Everard was a knave, who gravitated as inevitably towards falsehood as Newton's apple to the earth's centre, is the one point clear. That Fitz-Harris was a many-faced traitor is scarcely less certain. Sir William Waller's zeal for making discoveries against Papists was equal to his love of fingering plunder, chalices, and coin; which he seldom passed on with the rapidity of sworn declarations. On no possible supposition was Edward Fitz-Harris otherwise than a criminal plotter; but the question of how long he had been duped by Everard, and how far he was biassed towards perjury by Clayton and Treby, or originally employed by any of the less scrupulous Romanists, who desired to punish their enemies by implicating them in fresh plots against the Court, involve consideration of a mass of documents as yet only partially accessible or classified, and not of much value when examined. Our own private collection is large, but many depositions were contradictory of one another, and in no respect satisfy inquiry. The crowd of Irish “Evidences” was more shifting and deadly than Goodwin Sands.

When Fitz-Harris had been committed to Newgate, he had been subjected to examination by the Recorder Sir George Treby (successor to Jeffereys) and Sir Robert Clayton, on March 10th, 1682. On the fifth day of the Oxford Parliament (the previous days being occupied with formalities) the “examination” was submitted to the House and caused great heat, for Treby and Clayton had taken care to make it serve the purpose of faction.

An Irishman born, son of Sir Edward Fitz-Harris, the intriguing youth had in 1662 been sent to France for his education as a Roman-Catholic, when fourteen years old. Three years later he returned to Ireland, then went to Prague in 1668 with intent to serve in the Hungarian War, but, peace being concluded, he returned by Flanders and England to Ireland. Under Sir George Hamilton, with Irish troops for the French service he returned to France, was discharged, went to Paris, lived there for a year, straitened in means, and was informed by Father Gough that the Duke of York was already converted, and that Romanism would soon be established in

England. "And he said that *Madam* came over to Dover with the same design," thus referring to the visit in 1670 of Henrietta, the ill-fated Duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles the Second.

Coming to England about the end of October, 1672, Edward Fitz-Harris obtained a lieutenantancy in Captain Sydenham's company in the Duke of Albemarle's regiment; which, in the summer following, mustered at Blackheath. Under the Act disabling Roman Catholics from bearing office, he and others were forced to quit their command. There was nothing but the paltriest hearsay evidence as to Plots, such as what Father Gough had told him, and what Father Parrey told him in 1673, and again in 1678. Parrey was his Confessor, and belonged to the following of Don Francesco de Melo, the Portuguese Ambassador. It was to the effect that the Catholics were disappointed in the King, for not fulfilling their expectations, and therefore it was resolved to destroy him, "and, if all other means failed, the Queen would procure the doing of it."

In April, 1679, he declared that the Marques Montecuculi, Envoy to the Duke of Modena (Maria Beatrix D'Este being of the house of Modena), offered him a bribe of ten thousand pounds to kill King Charles, but he refused, and was told that "the Duchess of Mazarine understands poisoning as well as her sister [*i.e.* Mary Mancini, married to Lorenzo Colonna]; and a little vial, when the King comes there, will do it." After killing the King, foreign armies were to come over, money being levied in Italy, Protestants were to be destroyed, no more Parliaments to assemble; and the Duke of York was declared to be privy to the whole design.

To come later: in April, 1680, Fitz-Harris met Kelly the priest at Calais, whom he had known for twelve years, and talk was made about Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's murder. Also with Monsieur De Puy, the Duke of York's valet and barber, who told him that "the murder was 'consulted' at Windsor." The informer had a private spite against the Duke, because he held in Ireland an estate, part of which had formerly belonged to Sir Edward Fitz-Harris, and the son demanded restitution. But the Commons did not choose to notice this self-exposure of *animus*.

There was also hearsay gossip of what Father Patrick had told him of a French investiture of Ireland. "He also desired him to send him all the Libels that came out in London; and said that *Libelling the King and the Government was a thing necessary to be done*, in order to distaste the King, and make him afraid and jealous of his people."

He had known Edmund Everard at Paris, in 1665, and had since continued acquaintance with him, increasing it to intimacy; the opinion of Father Patrick encouraging him to arrange with Everard to join him in the Libel which brought him into trouble.

Thus much of the Examination was brought before the Commons.

Fitz-Harris had been previously removed to the Tower, by Government, to hinder him from being further tampered with by Treby and Clayton. The House resolved that the said Edward Fitz-Harris should be impeached of High Treason. Insolently to humiliate the Secretary Jenkins, they ordered him the next day to impeach Fitz-Harris. But the Lords refused to proceed on the Commons' Impeachment, and directed that Fitz-Harris should be left to the common-law (which an impeachment would have over-ridden, so might the Commons have worked him as their tool to give whatever false declaration they chose). This was angrily declared to be "a denial of Justice, and a violation of the Constitution of Parliament, and an obstruction to the further discovery of the Popish Plot, and of great danger to his Majesty's person, and the Protestant Religion." Farther, they resolved, "that for any inferior Court to proceed against Edward Fitz-Harris, or any other person lying under an Impeachment in parliament, for the same crimes for which he or they stand impeached, is an high breach of the Privilege of Parliament." Next day, when re-commencing on the Exclusion Bill, the Parliament was summarily dissolved (as already shown on p. 29).

This examination by Treby and Clayton, with the heat of the Commons and the pliability of the criminal, caused his doom to be inevitably death. Briefly to recapitulate: before March 1st he had intrigued with the Scotchman Everard (already one of the hired witnesses, in collusion with the ultra-Protestants), to assist him in concocting *Treason in Grain*, a libellous pamphlet against the King and the Government; he said, "the more treason in it the better." Edmund Everard had betrayed him to his masters, and had hidden Smith and Sir William Waller where they might hear Fitz-Harris commit himself in giving seditious directions. On arresting him the paper was seized, in great part interlineated with his own handwriting. Finding himself in custody and endangered, "for high treason in compassing the deposing and death of the King," he tried to gain protection from his captors by declaring that he had been only acting a part, deceptively, at the bidding of the Court and the Romanists, to make the King enraged against the Whigs or Presbyterians. Some thought that the papers when printed were to have been hidden in the pockets or houses of the disaffected Commons, and thus cause trouble to them when found in their possession. Evidently Fitz-Harris showed himself willing to become a tool of Waller, Clayton and the rest, by any amount of prevarications. He failed, as he deserved, a true bill being found against him at the close of April, 1681; brought up for trial on 4th of May, making scruples about jurisdiction, he was, despite much trickery in furnishing jurymen who were unqualified, tried on the 9th of June, found guilty, and on the 15th condemned to death. He attempted anew to obtain pardon, by offering to discover those

Protestants who had set him on to accuse the Queen, the Duke of York, and the Earl of Danby. He was treacherous all round, so that not one word of his might be trusted. He was not even true to any religious faith, but could affirm himself neither Catholic nor Protestant. He had received the ministrations of Gilbert Burnet while awaiting execution! He suffered on the 1st of July, along with Oliver Plunkett, titular Archbishop of Armagh, about whose innocence opinions were divided; but of the double-dyed guilt of Fitz-Harris there was absolute certainty.

This may well have seemed to be a dreary disquisition, but the Fitz-Harris case was of singular importance, if only as precipitating the Dissolution of the Oxford Parliament.

A Loyal Song called *The Riddle of the Roundhead* (= "Now at last the Riddle is expounded,") has these verses:—

Rowley now, with Wisdom and grave Reason,
To prevent the swift approaching Treason,
In season
Put a period to their strife;
In Oxford all the stratagem's confounded;
The Roguish Joyner too:
And may no better fate attend the Roundhead
That wou'd the Church and Monarchy subdue.

Oxford loyal youths, who scorn to sham us
With a perjur'd Bill of Ignoramus,
Or name us
For "Loyal" Traytors known;
Soon found a flaw i' th' bottom of the Joyner,
By Justice and the Laws,
Of Church and Commonwealth an Underminer,
Who fell a Martyr in the Good Old Cause.

In the Luttrell Collection (vol. i. fol. 47) is preserved a broadside entitled "An Elegie upon Edward Fitz-Harris, Executed at Tyburn for High-Treason upon Friday, July 1, 1681," Printed for Thomas Snowdon, London, Anno, 1681. It begins thus:—

Unhappy Man! the Nation's scorn and hate
How shall I do thy Death to deplorate?
No tears are due to such a Tragedy,
Who liv'd unlov'd, must needs unpitied dye;
Upon that soyl where nought but thorns will grow,
In vain the Heavens their balmy dews bestow, etc.

The following Loyal Poem requires little special annotation: except an allusion to Erostratos at Diana's temple, and another, possibly, to a novel, but not *The Perplexed Princee*: which was meant to increase popularity for Monmouth. We give (on p. 47) an account of this little book, which is too silly and trashy to justify the importance assigned to it by those who first read it in 1682.

[Loyal Poems, and Single Sh. Broad sides, P.M. 1872, a. 1. fol. 43.]

Fitzharris, his Farewell to the World :

or, A Traytor's Just Reward.

F	Arewell, great Villain, and unpittied Lie ! Instead of tears drawn from a tender eye ; Ten thousand Traytors like <i>Fitz-Harris</i> die.	3
	Unhuman Monster, to the World ingrate, An Enemy to the King, the Church and State ; Had'st thou been starv'd, 't had been too kind a Fate.	6
	His Crimes were horrid, infamous and base, Deserves a total extinct of his Race ; Banish his Name unto some dismal place.	9
	What's worse than injuring Sacred Majestie, For which he suffer'd on the fatal Tree ?— May all men suffer for such dis-loyalty. ¹	12
	<i>England</i> may then be glad, with Triumph sing, When all her Foes are vanisht with a string ; The Golden-Age from <i>Halcion</i> -days will spring.	15
	Those Wolves that plot Protestant Lambs to gull, May Heaven obstruct the engines of their scull ; Give them of <i>Tyburn</i> , Lord, their Belly full !	18
	Hot-headed Youths have been seduc'd of late Beyond their Wits, talk of the Affairs of State ; Obedience learn, to avoid <i>Fitz-Harris'</i> fate.	21
	Those public Libellers, with zeal and heat, With some unheard of Novels dayly treat : ² If they write falsely, tie them from their Meat.	24
	Tell th' Ambitious they're Fools, and strive in vain To undermine a Crown ; King <i>Charles</i> will reign : To be true and honest is the safest gain.	27
	I hope to see Justice at <i>Tyburn</i> done ; If so, some hundreds may have cause to run : Give them what they deserve, their Thread is spun.	30
	Bid proud Petitioners good Advice approve, Make an Address, and in one body move With all Humility t' gain their Prince's Love.	33
	I'de sooner lose a limb, from th' Monument fly, Endure the worst of Torments till I dye, Than willingly deserve my King's displeas'd Eye. ["displeasing."]	36
	<i>London</i> , on thee all flourishing joys descend, Heavens bless the Government, and Governors to the end ; Unanimous to agree, your Sovereign to defend.	39

¹ *Sic*, 1685 ; but the 1681 broadside has "May all men suffer, when Rob'd of Loyalty ;" "Good Lord" in line 18, and "Giddy-headed Youths" in the next.

² This cannot refer to the political romance in favour of Monmouth's claims, entitled *The Perplexed Prince*, because it was of later date : See next page for note. But the broadside reads "Novelty :" which may perhaps be the right word.

The Man that burnt <i>Diana's</i> Temple down, ¹ Did it on purpose a Villain to be crown'd ; 'Mongst Rogues (p.nuvq Rogues) he got Renown.	42
How many thousands are there in the Nation Meer Knaves, but Saints in private Congregation, Loves Monarchy with mental reservation ?	45
The Gods rebuke the error of the Age ! Let Moderation tumultuous men assuage ; But hang all those against their King engage.	48
Let all dissenting Brothers love the King. To the Church [then] Unite ; 'tis a goodly thing With Brethren to agree, and with <i>Te Deum</i> sing.	51
Heavens bless his Majesty, with plenty, joy, and peace ! To all that love the King Heavens give increase ! Confound his Foes ! to pray I ne're will cease.	54

*Non est Lex justior ulla
Quam Necis Artificis, Arte perire sua.*

Richard Gibbs, Norwich.

[In White-letter. No woodcut or date; from N. Thompson, early in July, 1681.]

* * This Richard Gibbs was a physician practising at Norwich, an M.D., and not unlikely to have used the words "novels" with its modern meaning of stories, instead of the word "Novelty" found on the broadside, insomuch that he himself both wrote and caused to be published a genuine novel, entitled *The Disorders of Love*, in 1692. He seems to have considered himself fully justified for the literary frivolity, by his office imposing on him the taking cognizance of all such "disorders" which interfered with the *mens sana in corpore sano*. The small volume is a homœopathic dose of romance, not so active in its inflammatory action as those compounded by Mrs. Manley or the cantharidian drugs of clever Aphara Behn. It will not hurt anybody, or prove worse than the disease it professes to cure. It mildly induces "An Exposition of Sleep."

¹ In the fortieth line is a reference to Erostratos, who set fire to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus: "The man who burnt Diana's Temple down." Whenever pamphleteer or speech-maker made a telling point with allusion to some event of ancient history, or mythologic fancy, it immediately became a stock-in-trade for the other vendors of similar ware. Thus in the poem entitled "Scandal-Proof; or, an Heroic Poem on the Renowned Champions of the Good Old Cause, Impudent *Dick Janevay*, and the rest of the Factious Tribe," beginning, "Come on, ye Scribbling Rebels of the Age!" Erostratos again appears:—

But Thou amongst the rest art such a Fool,
Poor silly Rogue ! they use thee for a Tool ;
A certain necessary Implement,
To print and own the lies that they invent ;
A foppish brazen Fool, that's led astray
By every cunning *Whig* that shews the way.
With what officious Care thou plagu'st thy brains,
To get the name of Villain for thy pains ;
Like that inglorious Rogue that set on Flame
Diana's Temple ; which to the villain's shame }
He only did to gain a Cursed Fame. }

Monmouth and the Perplexed Prince.

“ Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose hand,
Like the base *Judean*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.”—*Othello*, Act v.

TO *The Perplexed Prince*, its close connection with the Duke of Monmouth gives a claim to be here described with more than a passing word of identification. Narcissus Luttrell truly summarized it as “*A libell agt the Duke of York in behalf of ye Duke of Monmouth.*” The title-page bears no words except “*The Perplex'd Prince.* London: Printed for R. Allen.” No date, but it was certainly issued and purchased in 1682. It is dedicated “To the Right Honourable *William Lord Russell*, by his most humble and devoted servant *T.S.*,” whom we may safely conjecture to have been Thomas Shadwell, since in one sentence he four times girds at Dryden in the Dedicatory Epistle, *viz.* declaring that “the Booksellers’ shelves, especially their counters, being filled with nothing else but *Intelligences, Addresses, Absalom and Achitophels, Medals, Prologues, Epilogues*,¹ with innumerable more of the same tendency, it’s not easy for a *Perplex’d Prince* to get room in their shops, or find leisure in their Customers to peruse unpleasing stories.” He continues :

“*The Perplex’d Prince!*” say some ; “Away with him, and tell us of the Victorious Prince [*i.e.* the Duke of York], who having surmounted all Difficulties, tramples upon all that oppose him, and like the rising Sun, marches in splendor and triumph towards the Meridian of his Glory.” “*The Perplex’d Prince!*” say others, “how can that be? since he [*i.e.* Charles II.] was indewed by Heaven with a power to remove all Persons that occasioned any displeasing or perplexing thoughts, and although he might in the Exercise of this power have been guilty of some kind of Injustice, yet the dignity of his Office [*as King*] would have washed away the stain, for Kings can do no wrong.”

Thus we see how Russell (in accepting the dedication of this political clap-trap and catchpenny novel), like T.S., the opponent of Dryden, was willing in 1682 to admit the doctrine that “a king can do no wrong,” so long as the contemplated wrong was the *Exclusion of the Rightful Heir*, James Duke of York. If the King refused to commit such iniquity, at the bidding of Shaftesbury and Russell, these plotters of insurrection would no longer see any “Divine right of Kings,” only the need of popular Election : *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

The Perplex’d Prince is a sillier and drearier novel than one in our

¹ The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* to the Duke of Guise, no doubt, in 1682, the year after *Absalom and Achitophel* and the *Shaftesbury Medal*.

possession, which assumes to be “*The Secret History of the Dutchess of Portsmouth*, giving an Account of the Intreagues of the Court during her Ministry. And of the death of K[ing] C[harles] II. London: Printed for Richard Baldwin, in the Old Bailey:” his fit place. Reprinted in 1690. Yet both novels may have been written by the same hand, an unknown Whig: not possibly Tory Mrs. Manley.

In *The Perplexed Prince* the disguise of names is intentionally transparent. The novel begins thus, with reference to Charles the First: “In *Otenia* there lately reigned a mighty Prince, who for many years swayed the scepter so exactly,” etc.; *Otenia* being England. Our Charles the Second is at beginning the Prince of *West-teria*. Scotland becomes *Cross-land* (St. Andrew’s Cross); Worcester, *Carranthe*; France *Denesia* (St. Denis). Monmouth’s mother Lucy Waters, or Walters, becomes the Lady *Lucilious* (of Scotch descent instead of Welsh, for self-evident policy), who is wooed by the afterwards Perplexed Prince, and lawfully married; though secretly, at the advice of his brother Prince *Purdino* (=James Duke of York). This is before the going from *Denesia* into Holland or *Andruno*. “About ten months after the private marriage” a son is born: this merely doubles the real measure of time between Charles first meeting Lucy and the birth of her boy: “But that’s not much!” as Othello says. The child is afterwards made Prince of *Burranto* =Monmouth, and called James=*Heclacious*, which was the name of his grand-father [James I.] and his uncle the Prince of *Purdino* =the Duke of York.

Then the *Calvenians* or Presbyterians invite the King to return home, and his brother disavows his own marriage to *Arabella* (*i.e.* Arabella Churchill), which act helps to incline the King to do the same in regard to the Lady *Lucilious*, and declare his son illegitimate. The Popish Plot is mentioned, as of the *Gregorians*, and Edward Coleman figures under the name of *Coldero*; while Colonel Mansell is Captain *Brodrick*, and Dangerfield becomes *Delego*. The Protestants are called *Luteranians* (from Luther). The Earl of Shaftesbury is brought insignificantly forward as the Prince of *Glascedo*; the Parliament meeting at *Oclano*=Oxford.

As the book is of extreme rarity, it may be well to here give a passage, which is a favourable specimen, with special reference to the position of Monmouth, his enemies and his adherents. The perjured witnesses Everard, Dugdale, with the Irish gang of Macks, who had sworn away the lives of innocent Jesuits, were now as readily giving evidence against Fitz-Harris and Stephen College: they would soon turn against Shaftesbury himself. The engineer was thus to be “hoist with his own petard.”

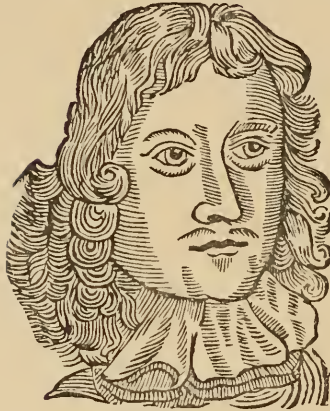
“However the *Gregorians*, though they fail’d of their expectations, yet they got a considerable advantage, for although they got not the life of their enemies, yet they sav’d the life of their Friends, by making the Witnesses against them

invalidate their own Evidence; notwithstanding which, they were in continual fear lest the King should at last get some insight into their mischievous doings, and penetrate into their works of darkness, to prevent which great care was taken to keep the King always employed, either in talking, or hunting, or fishing, or else in visiting, or frequenting of Masks and Balls, or the like Recreations, whereby they did their utmost endeavour to prevent his having any time to consider or contemplate the present posture of affairs, and if they found him at any time Solitary or Melancholy, they would presently divert him either by discoursing of the Court-Ladies, to whom he was no Enemy, praising the Beauty of some and highly commending the Wit of others, extolling the free Jovial and affable Temper and Carriage of the Ladies of the present Age above the Coyness and Reservedness of the Ladies of the last Age; at other times, they would repeat their former discourse of the great Loyalty of the Prince of *Purdino*, and the great service which he had formerly done for the King, greatly commending the excellence of his Temper, in bearing his present troubles with such a Princely Fortitude; admiring much how he could so patiently bear the daily Affronts of his insolent Adversaries; insinuating that hereby it plainly appeared the Prince had so much Respect and Zeal for the King's Peace and Quiet, that he chose rather to relinquish and forego his right than be any occasion of difference or jealousy between his Highness and the people of *Otenia*; bitterly exclaiming against the proud ambitious and aspiring mind of the young Prince of *Burranto*; blaming his rebellious and undutiful Carriage towards such an indulgent Father; highly agravating the pretended unnatural and Disloyal Obstinacy he discovered by continuing his intimacy and Familiarity with the Prince of *Glascado*; maliciously transforming every imaginary Fault into an unpardonable Crime; by which means they procured the King to confide in a false and treacherous Brother, and to entertain fears and jealousies of one of the most Loyal and Dutiful Sons that ever Prince was bless'd withal. By these and the like means they kept the King from penetrating into their designs, and preserved themselves in his favour and Friendship.

Although, strictly speaking, *The Perplexed Prince* belongs to a date one year later than the death of Fitz-Harris, it is convenient to dismiss it here. It has been the fashion with the modern superficial writers of popular "Short Histories" to disregard the clear evidence that remains, for those who do not begrudge severe labour of wading through old records at first hand, whether manuscript or printed. Remembering how it biased the ignorant populace, there is importance in so paltry a work as this novel of *The Perplexed Prince*, which intentionally misrepresented incontrovertible facts, and insinuated the vilest slanders against foes, for the purpose of displacing the legitimate successor to Charles the Second, and raising to the throne the base-born adventurer James Fitz-Roy, *alias* James Scott, *alias* the Duke of Buccleugh, *alias* our Duke of Monmouth, as a puppet for the intriguing Shaftesbury to pull the wires.

The following Loyal Poem repeats the warning addressed to Monmouth by those who saw the utter worthlessness of his claim to legitimacy, and who distrusted the influence of Shaftesbury. Whether we are to take the signature of "Ephelia" as indicating the authorship to have been Sir George Etherege's (compare pp. 573, 574, of our Vol. IV.), or a mere blind, is left an open question.

Advice to His Grace [The Duke of Monmouth].



A Wake, vain man ! 'tis time th' Abuse to see ;
 Awake, and guard thy heedless Loyalty
 From all the Snares are laid for it and thee. }
 No longer let that busie juggling Crew
 (Who to their own mis-deeds entitle you,)
 Abuse your ear : Consider, Sir, the State
 Of our unhappy Isle, disturb'd of late
 With causeless jealousies, ungrounded Fear,
 Obstinate Faction and seditious Care ;
 Gone quite distracted for Religion's sake ; 10
 And nothing their hot brains can cooler make
 (So great's the deprivation of their sense,)
 But the excluding of their lawful Prince : [= York.
 A Prince, in whose each Act is clearly shown
 That Heaven design'd him to adorn a Throne ;
 Which (*tho' He scorns by Treason to pursue,*)
 He ne'er will quit, if it become His due.
 Then lay betimes your mad Ambition down,
 Nor let the dazzling lustre of a Crown
 Bewitch your Thoughts ; but think what mighty care
 Attend the Crowns that Lawful Princes wear ; 21

But when ill Title's added to the weight,
How insupportable 's the Load of State!

Believe those working Brains your Name abuse;
You only for their Property do use:

And when they'r strong enough to stand alone,
You, as an useless Thing, away'l be thrown.

Think you, how dear you have already paid
For the fine Projects your false Friends had laid.

When by the Rabble's fruitless zeal you lost 30
Your Royal Father's love, your growing Fortune crost: }
Say, was your Bargain, think ye, worth the cost? }

Remember what relation, Sir, you bear

To Royal *Charles*; Subject and Son you are,
Two names that strict Obedience does require;

What Frenzy then does your rash Thoughts inspire,
Thus by *Disloyal Deeds* to add more cares

To them of the bright Burden that he wears?

Why, with such eager speed hunt you a Crown

You're so unfit to wear, were it your own? 40

With bows, and leers, and little Arts, you try

A rude unthinking Tumult's Love to buy:

And he who stoops to do so mean a thing,

Shows, He by Heaven was ne're design'd for King.

Would you be great, do things are great and brave,

And scorn to be the *Mobile's* dull Slave:

Tell the base Great Ones, and the shouting throng, [Grey, etc.]

You scorn a Crown worn in another's wrong.

Prove your high Birth by Deeds noble and good,

But strive not to Legitimate your Blood. 50

Ephclia.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. The one we use, representing James Duke of Monmouth, is from "England's Darling." Date, about 1681-82.]



On the Right of Succession.

“ There was a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young and clever, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of anything cruel or base. *But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. . . . Yet calamity overtook him.*”—George Eliot’s *Romola : Epilogue.*

THE question of “ Who is to succeed our King ? ” was of more than the usual interest, connecting the reigning Sovereign with the prospective Heir. Charles the Second, with his distaste for toil and disagreeable realities, must have become heartily sick of the troubles occasioned by his brother’s bigotry and uncompromising refusal to make any legal Conformity with the Church of England. So far as religion at all affected him, by no means deeply, he himself had always felt a preference for the Romish Communion. Those whom he best loved, his mother and his sister, had done their utmost to lead him wholly to the creed they professed. His wife, like his father’s, and both wives of his brother, was a devoted adherent of the Pope. Many of the men whom he most trusted, so far as he trusted anybody, were either avowed Romanists or held a scarcely disguised partiality for the ritual. If we were to take the secret Treaty of Dover as being a sincere expression of his principles, intentions, and belief, we might be forced to own that even in 1670 he stood committed by his own words to be what ultra-Protestants termed “ a Papist.” But we do not accept the secret Treaty of Dover as conclusive. For unfortunately, amid all the intrigues, the mines and counter-mines, foreign subsidies and home cajoleries, Charles believed himself to be at liberty to pledge any thing as his word that might suffice to tide him over present difficulties. He naturally liked the Romanistic doctrines, which promised absolution for sins and exemption from purgatorial pains. He liked the pomp and show, the music, the processions, the incense, and the general impressiveness of ceremonial belonging to the older faith. But he was never carried away by such enthusiasm to sacrifice his present position, and therefore he remained within the visible pale of the Church of England; he listened to loyal preachers, and at not very distant periods took his place as a communicant before the altar. He had become so disgusted at the cant and hypocrisy, combined with intrusive familiarity and tyrannical controul over himself, among the Scottish Presbyterians of his early days, that he was unlikely to yield much favour to them, or to the more discontented sectaries after the ejection in 1662. If left alone, unharassed,

he was the last man to interfere with any other person's religious opinions or practices. But nearly everybody had grown heated with zeal of proselytism or antagonism, and the quiet man found himself surrounded with hornets. His brother's conduct must have been to him incomprehensible. Why run his head against a wall? Why make so violent a proclamation of opinions, when a small amount of placid obedience to the legal formula would have defeated all the insistence on disqualification under the Test of 1673, all the Parliamentary turmoil of the Exclusion, or the Shaftesburian insolence of presentation for Recusancy? Charles would have bent his head in the temple of Rimmon, offered his pinch of incense before Artemis, or made any other small oblation for peace and quietness. No need of hurrying towards Martyrdom, or opposing the superstitions of the silly majority. He had experienced enough of banishment and penury; why could not James be wise, and defeat his enemies by timely concessions?

It was this unheroic and time-serving worldliness which made Charles commit his least defensible actions, the abandonment of William Viscount Stafford and Oliver Plunket to the cruel fate on which unscrupulous foes insisted. Perhaps he drugged his conscience with some belief that both of them had really indulged in wild schemes for the subjugation of England under the Papal domination; but even with this supposition (they having certainly no connivance with assassination conspiracies, such as the perjured witnesses would have fastened on them), the knowledge of his own secret inclinations, and his Dover promises, might have been expected to make him interpose and save them. These two crimes, and one later that may have appeared to him more easily justifiable, the destruction of the brave Algernon Sydney, are what we hold to be his "basest deeds—such as make men infamous."

It may well be that loyal Cavaliers of high principles, who with pain and disgust beheld the King's cowardly connivance in such hateful perversions of justice, rallied to the defence of James, although not relishing his change of creed, because they believed him to be a Man of Honour; one who had already suffered sore persecution without yielding foothold for mere expediency. Since he could risk all loss sooner than be forsworn, surely he deserved loyal support in his just claim to be hereafter the successor of his brother. They took for conscientious firmness what was later suspected to be little better than narrow-minded obstinacy; but we honour them for the error: insomuch that it shows the nobility of their own nature, while forming too high an estimate of James Duke of York.

[Bagford Collection, III. 88; Luttrell Collection, II. 216.]

A Poem

Upon the Right of Succession to the Crown of England. [1679.]

THat precious Gem call'd Loyalty grows scarce,
 Faction would turn it to disgraceful Farce,
 When *England's* great Prerogative does grow
 Into contempt by Tumult, Monarch's foe;
 Whose subtil secret *Jesuitick* Gins 5
 Would turn the frame of Nature off its Pins.
 A painted zeal must back what they decree,
 Heav'n must be mock'd t' uphold their treachery.
 As if they judg'd That would maintain their *Cause*,
 Whose beams outshine it, to support our Laws : 10
 Bless'd in the Hemisphere of peaceful days,
 Beneath the warm, the bright, and sacred rays
 Of glorious Majesty, by whose sweet care
 Our Laws and Liberties maintained are.
 Blush then, disloyal Mortals, let your shame 15
 All wild attempts against your Reason tame.
 Think not your selves, that are but Subjects, Kings :
 You know Religion teacheth better things.
 Must all our ancient Laws then tumble down,
 By turning this to an Elective Crown ? 20
 No lawful President you can disclose,
 Whereby you power have Kings to depose,
 Or turn the circulation of the Blood
 An adverse way, not to be understood,
 But through a byass'd odd fantastick zeal, 25
 Which, being grasp'd, is slippery like an Eel.
 Late reeling Times sufficiently have shown
 Th' effects of Masquerade Religion :
 When *Charles* the Great, whose memory shall live,
 Could not their murtherous Principles survive. 30
 And our most Gracious Sovereign *Charles*, that now
 Does rule our Land, from thence did he not grow
 Immediate Heir to sway the Scepter here ?
 And though Religion made the Point seem clear,
 Yet theirs forsooth could him no Crown afford ; 35
 For by th' divine assistance of their Sword,

Their piety forc'd him forth his native Land,
 Against both Law, Nature, and Heav'n's Command.

Are these the pious things you'd act again?

Fie! from dissembled Loyalty abstain.

40

For those who dirt do at the right Heir fling

Numbers 27.
9, 10.

Can ne'r be sound in heart towards the King.

As well by Nature as by Laws divine,

The first-born are preferred in the Line

Gen. 4. 7.
Deut. 21. 17.

Of Consanguinity, why then shall we

Dare to oppose God's heavenly Decree?

Heav'n may; but sure I am, no Power on Earth

Can rob him of that Crown, whose claim's his Birth:

When God it sends, Descent the Scepter brings,

By that we pay Allegiance to our Kings.

50

Though humane Laws sometimes wax out of date,

By length of time, a far more happy Fate

Attends the Law of Nature, a long course

Of time can't turn her from her former source:

As well may man the heavenly Orbs controul,

55

And to his will make those great Circles rowl;

As well may he command the Firmament,

As intercept or hinder this Descent:

Coke's 7th
Rep. 10.
vers. 11.
Calvin's
Case.

Which when it comes, that Particle of time,

Th' undoubted Heir unto the Throne does climb.

He's King compleat by Nature's justest Law,

And our Allegiance doth as justly draw.

As Child to Parent does obedience show,

The same do Subjects unto Princes owe.

No Power on Earth, no Law, no Parliament,

65

But the Great God can exclude this Descent.

An usurp'd Power, though gloss'd with the consent

O' th' populace, can ne'r be permanent.

They're ever curs'd with some strange bloody Fate,

Furious Distempers over-rule that State.

70

Until surcharg'd with sickness, and with blood,

At length they vomit up th' unwholsom food,

That lately seem'd to nourish their sick brest,

Till Loyalty doth give 'em ease and rest.

What strange Convulsions History doth tell,

75

Of States that did the lawful Heir expel.

The second *William* govern'd once this Realm

By usurpation, and the mighty Helm

1st col. ends.

By *Henry* the First being occupi'd,
 Until their elder Brother *Robert* di'd : 80
 Who, to obtain that Crown that was his due,
 Colour'd this Land of a dread scarlet hue.
 It ended with his death ; th' imperial Crown
 Then by Descent for *Henry's* [head] was known.
 Next unto *Maud*, the Empress of that Name, 85
 The only Heir of *Henry* it came.
 When *Stephen* he usurp'd it as his own,
 How heavily did this sick Nation groan,
 Till Justice seem'd to take that pious care,
 Once more to settle it on the rightful Heir. 90
 Examples are numerous almost as words,
 Which more compleat in Historie's records
 You'l find ; but to omit a search so far,
 The late unnatural intestine War
 Speaks loud enough, the wounds continue green : 95
 When *Charles* the First had been the bloody Scene
 Of their Impiety, this Land was wrack'd,
 Its Bowels torn, Nature's chief Fabrick crack'd,
 As 'twere at such disorder, till in th' end,
 (As each thing doth unto its Centre tend) 100
 The Clouds dispers'd, and drove away despair,
 When in the Throne appear'd the much-wrong'd Heir,
 Whom God preserve, and may he ever be
 From treach'rous and disloyal Subjects free.
 Princes are God's Anointed, and the Crown 105
 None can detain, but Heav'n's great Prince alone ;
 When Nature's Law hath been impeach'd, such things
 Are wrought by Power divine, or th' King of Kings.
 By that great Power they rule, and by no less,
 And as he rais'd them, he can them depress. 110
 The God of Nature can't his Rules controul,
 And make it seem against himself to rowl.
 Then let not Fancy to our weak thoughts bring
 That it is lawful to Create a King,
 From out o' th' Line, for being i' th' Bible seen, 115
 That Heirs to Crowns have interrupted been. ^{1 Sam. 16. 1.}
 You may as well allow, with the same zeal,
 That we by Law may pilfer, rob and steal,
 Because the *Israelites* commanded were ^{Exod. 11. 2, 12. 35.}
 To spoil th' *Egyptians* of their choicest Chear. 120

Unto the Law we bound are at this rate,
But not the strict Example t' imitate.

All our King's Officers, 'tis not unknown,
Are sworn t' uphold the Rights of *England's* Crown.
The Commons too, before they Voice can claim ^{5 Eliz. c. 1.}
I' th' House, are duly sworn to right the same.
How can we judge of this but as a blot,
When such an Oath's most willingly forgot?
It's sin, we think, to let a Papist reign,
But Perjury we'll piously maintain 130
For a great vertue, when self-Interest
In whispers tells us all goes for the best.

That Monster *Faction* evermore did range
In these three Kingdoms, to promote a Change;
Which being upheld by Frenzy, Pride, and Scorn 135
Of Monarchy, 'tis that's the wounding Thorn
To public Peace, and makes the greatest Scars,
That fills men's mouths with Armies, Blood and Wars.
'Tis that deposes Princes, blackens Fame,
Whitens the *Negro*, makes the sound man lame. 140
"A Prince o' th' Blood is now a petty thing,
And, if we durst, we'd tell you so's a King."
Virtue's bright lustre can her not protect
From base Ingratitude and Disrespect.
It once hath been admired in that Prince, 145
And still may be his glorious defence
Against the tongue of ev'ry senseless Brute,
That dares Succession to the Crown dispute.
But may our Good, our Gracious King long reign,
Whose Breast all precious Vertue doth contain. 150
May he reign, and live long enough to find
His Subjects all united in one mind;
And may a Gem so precious from his Crown
Not be defil'd, nor rudely taken down:
And that Injustice should it not impair, 155
Heav'n hath bequeath'd it to his dearest care.

[In White-letter, double-columns, no woodcut. Date, "1679," early marked in ink on the Luttrell Collection exemplar: also the original price, "one penny."]



A New Presbyterian Ballad.

“Come heare, Lady Muses, and helpe mee to sing,
Come loue me where as I lay,
 Of a Duke that deserves to bee made a King—
 The cleane contrary way :
O ! the cleane contrary way.”

—*Song on the Duke of Buckingham, 1628.*

IN the end of June came this excellent Roxburghe Ballad. Our exemplar appears to be unique: it was not part of the original Pearson Collection.

The tune named, “The clean contrary way,” is only a variation of the popular “*Hey, boys, up go we!*” which occurs so frequently in 1681, as a revival of the forty-years earlier Civil-War songs. The opportunity afforded for bantering opponents by giving praise or prophecy in their favour, and, then invariably reversing the blessing, by adding the burden, “*the clean contrary way!*” was an old device, but none the less efficacious. Witches were accused of misusing the Lord’s Prayer by pronouncing it backward, as an invocation or curse; and on the principle that good things perverted become the most noxious (“Lilies that fester smell more foul than weeds”), the superstition was less unreasonable than are such ingredients of folk-lore in general. In a manuscript of the fifteenth century, formerly belonging to the late indefatigable antiquary and scholar Thomas Wright, which in October, 1847, was printed by him for the Percy Society (No. LXXIII. p. 88) as a booklet of *Songs and Carols*, he gives one of the many satires on Womenkind, which was guarded against destruction at the hands of the shrieking sisterhood, in case they found it, by the poem being written in affected laudation of them: a golden key to the mystery having been wisely concealed in Latin at the beginning. Latin was supposed to be unintelligible to the petticoated *clanjamfrie*, but it warned the initiated that every verse was to be understood *the clean contrary way*. Of the ten verses these are the earliest lines:—

Of all creaturs Wlomen be best,
Ejus contrarium verum est.

In every place ye may well se,
 That women be trew as tyrtyll on tre;
 Not liberal in langag, but ever in secrete,
 And gret joy among them is fore to be.
 The steadfastnesse of Women wil never be don,
 So gentil, so curtes thei be everichon,
 Mek as a lambe, styll as a stone,
 Crocky’d ne crabbyd fynd ye none.

And so on: “Of all creatures Women be best—*ejus contrarium verum est!*” being the quiet burden to every verse.

On p. 67 we shall reach certain "Animadversions on the Lady Marquess," who is probably one of the Court-Mistresses, so that we may apply it to Mazarine, or Cleaveland, or Portsmouth at pleasure, without belying any one of them. The date is doubtful, about 1681. The tune is specified as being *Hey, Boys, up go we!* It begins:

The Lady *Marquess* and her gang are most in favour seen ;
 With Coach and Men on her to tend, as if she were a Queen ;
 But if she be, 'tis of the Sluts, for all her fine Array,
 Her Honour reaches to the skies, *But the clean Contrary way.*

Other instances of the phrase being employed in songs, earlier and later, are known. We hope to give some in the *Civil-War Ballads* before long. One is Alexander Brome's song, written in 1643, supposed to be addressed by Colonel Venne to his soldiers:

The Saint's Encouragement: 1643.

Fight on, brave Souldiers, for *the Cause!* fear not the Cavaliers ;
 Their threat'nings are as senseless as our jealousies and fears.
 'Tis you must perfect this brave work, and all *Malignants* slay :
 You must bring back the King again—*the clean contrary way.* 4

'Tis for *Religion* that you fight, and for the Kingdom's good,
 By robbing Churches, plund'ring men, and shedding guiltless blood.
 Down with the Orthodoxal train, all Loyal subjects slay !
 When these are gone, we shall be blest, *the clean contrary way.* 8

When *Charles* we've bankrupt made like us, of Crown and power bereft him,
 And all his loyal Subjects slain, and none but *Rebels* left him ;
 When we have beggar'd all the Land, and sent our trunks away,
 We'll make him then a glorious Prince—*the clean contrary way.* 12

'Tis to preserve his Majesty that we *against* him fight ;
 Nor are we ever beaten back, because our *Cause* is right !
 If any make a scruple on't, our *Declarations* say,
 "Who fight for us, fight for the King," *the clean contrary way.* 16

At *Keynton, Branford, Plymouth, York,* and divers places more ;
 What Victories we *Saints* obtain'd ; the like ne'r seen before !
 How often we Prince *Rupert* kill'd, and bravely won the day ;
 The wicked Cavaliers did run, *the clean contrary way.* 20

The True *Religion* we maintain, the *Kingdom's* Peace and Plenty ;
 The Priviledge of *Parliament* (not known to one in twenty) ;
 The ancient *Fundamental Laws* ; and teach men to obey
 Their Lawful Sovereign ; and all these *the clean contrary way.* 24

We Subjects' Liberties preserve, by 'prisonment and plunder,
 And do enrich our selves and State, by keeping the Wicked under :
 We must prefer *Mechanicks* now to *Lectuarize* and pray,
 By them the *Gospel* is advanc'd, *the clean contrary way.* 28

And though the King be much misled by that *malignant crew,*
 He'll find us honest, and at last give all of us our due :
 For we do wisely plot and plot Rebellion to destroy !
 He sees we stand for Peace and Truth—*the clean contrary way.* 32

The *Publick Faith* shall save our Souls, and good *out-works* together,
 And ships shall save our lives, that stay only for wind and weather.
 But when our *faith* and *works* fall down, and all our hopes decay,
 Our *Acts* will bear us up to Heaven, *the clean contrary way.* 36

About 1681 or 1682 was written an adaptation from Alexander Brome's song, as "An excellent new Hymn exalting the Mobile" (whence came at the time the term *Mob*). Being very rare, we give complete this new cloth sewn into an old garment of the earlier Civil-Wars:—

An Excellent New Hymn, exalting the Mobile to Loyalty, &c.

TO THE TUNE OF, 'Forty-One [= *Hey, Boys, up go we*: see Vol. IV. p. 260.]

- L Et us advance the *Good Old Cause*; Fear not *Tantiviviers*,
Whose threat'nings are as senseless as our jealousies and fears.
'Tis we must perfect this great work, and all the *Tories* slay,
And make the King a glorious Saint—the *clean contrary way*. 4
- It is for Liberty we Plot, and for the Publick Good,
By making Bishops go to Pot, and shedding Guiltless Blood:
We'll umpp the *Orthodoxal Beast*, and their Adherents slay;
When these are down, we shall be blest *the clean contrary way*. 8
- When we the King have Bankrupt lain, of Power and Crown bereft him,
And all his Loyal Subjects slain, and none but Rebels left him;
When we have quite undone the Land, by *Ignoramus* sway,
We'll settle the *Succession*, and *the clean contrary way*. 12
- 'Tis to preserve his Majesty, that we against him rise,
The *Righteous Cause* can never die, that's managed by the *Wise*;
The *Association*'s a just thing, and that does seem to say,
"Who fights for us, fights for the King," *the clean contrary way!* 16
- Religion still must be th' intent, the Nation's Peace and Good,
The *Priviledge of Parliament* so rarely understood;
We'll pull the Law and Reason down, and teach men to obey
Their Sovereign and the Rights o' th' Crown, *the clean contrary way*. 20
- Our Properties we'll upwards set, by Imprisonment and Plunder,
And needy *Whigs* Preferment get, to keep all *Tories* under:
We'll keep in pension *Oates* and *Prance*, to swear and to betray,
The Int'rest of the King t' advance *the clean contrary way*. 24
- What tho' the King be now misled by the *Old Popish Crew*,
He'll find our Honesty has sped, and give us all our due;
For we (he knows) do Rail and Plot, Rebellion to obcy,
And that we stand for Peace and Truth—the *clean contrary way*. 28
- And now, my noble Country-men, you cannot doubt my Zeal,
That we have so true and Loyal been to *King* and *Commonweal*;
And if at last we chance to Hang for what we do or say,
Our comfort is, to Heav'n we gang, *the clean contrary way*. 32

FINIS.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Re-printed by Nathanael Thompson in 1684, but the true date of the recast ballad is 1681-82.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 571.]

A New Presbyterian Ballad.

TO THE OLD TUNE OF, *The Clean Contrary Way.*

SInce, poor *Whiggs*, our Senate's gone,
 Our Glory's now a-setting :
 [*The*] *Popish Plot* 's laid at our door,
 [*A ba*]stard of our getting :
 [*Our*] bloody Cheats, and Shifts and Tricks,
 And all our Devilish Play,
 Will be disclos'd, and we prov'd Saints—
The clean contrary way. 8

Discoverers will discovered be
 As paultry perjur'd stuff,
 And we the Hellish *Plotters* that
 Prepar'd such Hell-hound Proof :
 [*We*] had the face to guild their Vice,
 And them like Saints display,
 And wheeled them to swear the Truth
The clean contrary way. 16

We made their piteous Nonsense good,
 And Contradictions true,
 And relisht their unlikely Tales,
 So blundering like blind *Hugh*.¹
 What car'd we if they damn'd themselves?—
 So we obtain'd the day,
 And meritorious made our work,
The clean contrary way. 24

When men did scruple to believe
 Things so absurd to Reason,
 We scorned Reason's ballance, and
 We still cry'd, "Treason, Treason!"
 When the Informers halted had,
 Our hubbubs bore the sway,
 Affrighting folks into their wits,
The clean contrary way. 32

¹ Hugh Peters, the Parliamentary Preacher. See Vol. IV. pp. 55, 110, 617.

Such Tools we rack'd for Evidence ;
 Like those that search in Ditches
 And darksome holes for poysonous Toads,
 And hungry sucking Leeches :
 We gull'd *Fitz-Harris*, for more guile,¹
 The guiltless to betray :
 For which he'l reap a sweet reward
The clean contrary way. 40

We made the *Papists* Traitors all,
 That none the Snare might 'scape,
 And all the Royal Protestants²
 We would bring in the Trap :
 They must be Romanizers too,
 What e'er they do or say,
 And zealous wishers to the Pope,
The clean contrary way. 48

The Realm's Religion, that's by Law
 In its Establishment,
 We made as if afraid to lose,
 Though from it we dissent ;
 The *Church of England*, in the dust
 That level we would lay,
 To shew our selves true Protestants
The clean contrary way. 56

The long black-rebel Parliament
 We stood to vindicate ;
 We blossom'd new in th' good *Old Cause*
 Of Commonwealth and State ;
 Yet *Monmouth's* Duke cry'd up the while,
 And us'd him like a Toy :
 " A future Monarch " he's designed,
The clean contrary way. 64

'Twas such as we, for *Charles* the first,
 With many a Protestation,
 His Glory did so much pretend,
 His Weal and Preservation :

¹ See the account of his trial and execution, pp. 41-46.

² *Id est*, all of the Royalists who " protested " against the Oates' infamies.

But drew the sword against his Friends,
And fore'd them all away,
And him forlorn they did preserve,
The clean contrary way. 72

'Twas such, as we, the second *Charles*
Did scornfully disown,
Call'd him 'the Common Enemy,'
Debar'd him from the Throne :
Who now, but we, cry out of *Plots*,
And for his safety pray ?—
And stand up stout in his defence,
The clean contrary way. 80

'Twas such, as we, in *Scotland* late
Twice actually Rebel'd,
And (maugre all the Mercy here)
Our *English* venom swel'd :
We, to Oblivion's act so kind,
Unkind Oblivion pay,
Like cherisht Vipers yielding thanks
The clean contrary way. 88

Yet we assum'd the confidence,
Tho' conscious of what's past,
To busy our Petitions bold,
So frequent and so fast :
Instead of Blest, we Blasted are,
Alack, and well-a-day !
And we henceforth shall trusted be
The clean contrary way. 96

Printed in the year 1681.

[In Black-letter. Edges torn. No woodcut. Date, the end of June, 1681.]

* * * It is not improbable that the same hand wrote "The Turn-Coat of the Times" and this "New Presbyterian Ballad."



Animadversions on the Lady Marquess.

“ Woman was made *Man's* Sovereignty to own,
 And he as Monarch was to rule alone ;
 She was his Vassal made, to [view with] dread
 The angry frowns of Man, her Lord and Head.
 Heaven did to him His Power delegate,
 O'er all the Universe He made him great.
 His Power did the largest scepter sway,
 The whole Creation did his laws obey . . .
 The Legislative Power was fixt in him,
 Just Man, till Woman tempted him to sin . . .
 Man scarce had seen the first resplendent Light
 E'er Woman brought forth everlasting Night.
 Pride invited her at first to sin,
 Ambition then the Devil usher'd in ;
 Those for ten thousand more have inlets made,
 And now she's Mistress of the Devil's trade :
 She'll tempt, lie, cozen, swear, betray and cheat,
 Hell's blackest Art ten thousand times repeat.
 She will no longer in subjection stand,
 But Man must truckle to her harsh command.”

—Earl Rochester's *Woman's Usurpation*.

MANY sensible people had in 1681 grown tired of the noisy
 strife waged between Whig and Tory. They themselves
 desired the good of the nation to be considered, rather than the
 party triumphs of City or Country *versus* the Court.

The sensible people aforesaid were for the time in a minority,
 as they generally are, and claimed no political power. Fools and
 knaves clamber up when wise men hold aloof. To look on from a
 distance at what they could not hinder, and to bear patiently the
 manifold injustice that came alternately from either set of party-
 leaders, appeared to be the only course left open. They could not
 join the intriguer Shaftesbury, or favour his puppet the Duke of
 Monmouth, with the unprincipled Whig Sheriffs Henry Cornish
 and Slingsby Bethell. Neither could they countenance the gross
 immorality of the Whitehall Courtiers, with such wantons as are
 here satirized under the title of “The Lady Marquess and her
 Gang.” There were loyal Cavaliers, with their virtuous ladies, to
 whom “true religion and undefiled” was more dear than it had
 ever been to the self-righteous and peevish Puritans, who have
 done so much to blight our country under their withering gloom.
 Loyal English Cavaliers must not be measured by the exceptional
 specimens who thrust themselves forward in revels and debauchery.
 Quiet, decent, reputable, chaste and learned were the country
 gentlemen, whose fathers and themselves had suffered uncomplain-
 ingly in purse and person for the Royal Cause. They were willing
 to suffer anew, willingly and gladly, if only the Monarch would

be true to himself, faithful to the Church which they loved, and freed from the influence of evil counsellors, who were leading him on towards tyranny and Rome. Such loyal hearts must have felt almost intolerable anguish and shame at seeing the long-continued supremacy of depraved women, the Court-Mistresses. Even to us, at this later day, it is the chief blot on the memory of Charles the Second. From this poisoned source flowed every evil of his reign.

It is strange how large a share in producing revolutions has been borne by the scarcity of money, wasted on unthrifty wantons and debauched gamblers. The lavish prodigality at the Court of each successive Stuart, for the supply of amusements to the idleness and selfish luxury of the reigning favourites, led inevitably to ruin. When Parliament restricted the supplies, sometimes because money was misappropriated, but oftener out of spiteful rebelliousness, Charles II. felt justified in availing himself unpatriotically of the subsidies granted by France, as the price of many an injury done to English privileges and liberty. We are not of those who would press too hard on the King, and rave in the conventional cant of "Liberalism" against the secret Treaties and the promises extorted by Louis XIV., who all the time was playing a double part of treachery: stirring up the suborned and bribed subjects of Charles to rebellion, yet bidding him to be in earnest with a curb for the disaffected. Thus, a condition was made before granting subsidies, that Parliament was not to be summoned; nevertheless the popular leaders were being tempted into insurrection on the excuse that their grievances were left unheeded and unredressed unless a fresh Parliament were immediately summoned and guarded in session.

From his earliest years Charles had been learning the lesson, in his indolent self-indulgence, that help from Continental alliances was necessary. He knew that he had a Puritanical and traitorous people to govern, not only in Scotland but in England also, whose conduct to his father would be repeated towards himself, if only they could obtain the opportunity for revolt. Small blame is deserved by Charles for any distrust of his Parliaments, seeing the corruption and factious intolerance which even his "Pensioners" had displayed, before he Dissolved them in 1679. Far from considering him to be "a Tyrant," in the common meaning of the word, we only wonder at the tardiness with which he asserted his lawful authority. The nation needed the strong hand of a man like Cromwell. Thus if Charles had been freed and purified from the evil subservience to the baser sort of womenkind, beautiful though they for awhile appeared to outside view, and which subservience was a grievous curse and stain to him, he might have been all the better for additional exercise of the Prerogative, instead of needing it to be abated or encroached on by the French-bribed and mob-misleading members of Parliament.

For men to be dictated to, cozened, and insulted by the caprices of women, too frequently unchaste, frivolous, and treacherous, and nearly always unnecessarily imperious, is one of the greatest satires on our common humanity. In modern times they have been allowed to assume a prominence and dominion over business, society, and political affairs that is well-nigh ruinous. They have deteriorated, not improved under the unwholesome relaxation of discipline. Despite all the boasts of their least amiable bell-wethers and unserviceable ewes, they will never be the true equals of man in the most important of his duties, studies, or achievements. Here or there, indeed, an exceptional example may be found, of great natural capacity and astonishing acquirements. But even these few are seldom found rightly balanced, their genius being unhinged, imperfect, and their unhappiness often painfully shown. They ceased to be representative women, without becoming veritable men in sustained and unspasmodic majesty.

Even from the best among them, the highest gifted and the most ambitious, what a wail has ever and anon gone forth, if they were left unaccompanied by the other sex ! One of themselves has told us

How lonely 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights, by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off.

What but a record of unhappiness is the biography of every one who has emancipated herself from what she deemed "the slavery of womenkind," and with scorn to them, and aggressiveness on the dominion of men, has ceased to be lovely without attaining to be revered ? If the error be great of yielding too much to women, as the toys of idle hours, the Odalisques of luxury, the gay partners of summer sports and youthful wastefulness, especially when they are allowed to assume the guise of goddesses and tyrants, surely no less injurious to them, and to us, is the opposite course of encouraging them to become dry pedants of learning, managing women of business, noisy declaimers of political rights and equality (which always from them means superiority), and all the other pretences of the Shrieking Sisterhood. These are nearly wholly the mushroom growth of modern times. Amid many calamities and afflictions the English nation under Stuart rule had not this to bear. Such interference as Henrietta Maria used with Charles the First, or Portsmouth banefully exerted over Charles the Second, was not much imitated by other women of the day, except among the anarchist Puritans. But even the worship of mere beauty is mischievous and disorganizing *in its excess* ; and how little the sex deserves to be so unduly exalted for adoration, and how terribly they have invariably misused their privilege and degraded their Circean herd of lovers, may be seen in this *Roxburghe Ballad on the Duchess of Portsmouth*.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 918.]

Animadversions on the Lady Marquess ;
or,
Properties Display'd.

*View here the Abstract of the World's great Frame,
Whose worth for ever Moraliz'd a Name ;
Whose noble gen'rous parts, I dare to say,
Will get Renown, the clean contrary way.*

TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go we.* [See Vol. IV. p. 260.]

THe Lady Marquess and her gang are most in favour seen ;
With Coach and Men on them to tend, as if she were a Queen :
But if she be, 'tis of the Sluts, for all her fine Array,
Whose Honour reaches to the Skies, *But the clear contrary way.*

They have their choice of Musick sweet, which doth their senses charm,
And there they sit like Saints to be, as if they knew no harm :
But they can fit them to a Hair, by night or else by day ;
And so they think to get Renown, *But the clear contrary way.*

This House to them is like a Change, where all things may be had ;
A Glass of Wine to chear their heart, 'twill make their senses glad :
There is a Proverb, *If you Dance, the Fidler you must pay ;*
At length it may their Fortune raise, *But the clear contrary way.*

'Tis not his Musick nor his Wine that makes them for to run,
There is something else within the case, which is needful to be done :
The which I'll give you leave to judge, in truth to you it may,
There's few returns a Mai[d again]¹ *When, hey boys, down go they.*

There is an ill report abroad, which never yet was before,
What female Sex goes there are lookt on² as a common ειοϋΛΛ,
For if you should your Pipkin crack, your Credit will away,
And must curse the hour so rudely spent, *When, hey boys, in went they.*

When once your Reputation's lost, 'twere better you then were dead,
Than for to say, "There goes a Maid, that has lost her head-head-head :
Therefore in time consider well on 't, lest you should go astray :
When 'tis too late you may repent, *That, hey boys, in went they.*

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Jordan*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-Spur-street*.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, uncertain, 1681. Compare p. 127.]

¹ A piece torn out at edge here. We run two lines together throughout.² *Orig.* "are lookt upon to be no better then a common ειοϋΛΛ."

The Loyal Subject's Good Will.

“ Could a man be secure that life would endure,
 As of old, a thousand good year,
 What arts might he know ! what acts might he do !
 And all without hurry or care.
 But we, who have but span-long lives,
 The thicker must lay on our pleasure ;
 And, since Time will not stay, Add the night to the day,
 And thus we may lengthen the measure.”—*The Committee.* 1706.

IF we could recover “ *The Duke's Wish*,” with its burden of *I'll ask no more*, we should be guided more closely to the date of the following Roxburghe Ballad. In the absence of any known exemplar, let us indulge in a speculative description of the lost ditty. It had been issued after the time when the Duke of York ceased to attend the Church services at Whitehall, and avowed his conversion to Romanism ; consequently exposing himself to the attacks of his bitter enemy Shaftesbury, who, conjointly with fourteen other Noblemen and Commoners, in June, 1680, “ presented the Duke as a Popish Recusant ” (see later on p. 123). He had previously been compelled to resign his position as Lord High Admiral (in which he had taken so much interest, that to him, it may be fairly said, was due the restored efficiency of the service). The lost ballad probably assumed to be a statement of what the Duke of York earnestly *Wished*. Either, it was the outburst of an enthusiastic admirer, who held Utopian views ; or else, far more probably, it was the spiteful mockery of an opponent, pretending to relate the Duke's Papistical aspirations and desires to subjugate England once more to the sovereignty of Rome. (It had no connection with Dr. Walter Pope's “ Old Man's Wish,” which was of different measure and later date, 1684 ; to it we shall come hereafter.)

As to our motto: the old Song (set by Jeremiah Clarke, and sung by Richard Leveridge, at revival of Sir Robt. Howard's *Committee*, 1706) suggested the lines in Moore's “ Young May Moon : ”

And the best of all ways to lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !

Our thirty-seventh line alludes to Shaftesbury's project of a divorce for Charles II., from the barren Queen Catharine of Braganza, in order that by a second marriage a family might arise to divert the succession from James Duke of York. And line fifty-nine has another allusion to the contemporary Politics: James having held the post of Chief Admiral until his foes compelled him to resign. He was reinstated before Charles died.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 564 ; Huth, II. 10.]

The Loyal and True-Hearted Subject's Good Will To King and Commonwealth.

For all the Merchants that with Lead doth trade,
And Miners, & these Verses here have made ;
For their sweet pleasure, mirth, and great delight,
I took the pains these Verses to indite.
But my good will to King and Country here
To all true subjects plainly shall appear.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Duke's Wish* ; or [its burden], *I'le ask no more.*



J. W. E.



Miners of Minerals, where e're you be,
You Lead Merchants that Trade by Sea,
From the Shore,
Bow down a while, and give ear to me,
And I'le ask no more.

5

I would have a Grove with Ore quick,
With a Rib of Ore thirty foot thick,
That's great store ;
That would yield me ten thousand Load a week.
And I'le ask no more.

10

- This Ore I'd have both sole and stool,
 Or else you'd count me an unwise Fool,
 Of Wit poor ;
 And Wind, my workmen's heat to cool,
 And I'de ask no more. 15
- This Ore I'd have from Water free,
 To the depth of Seventy seven and three,
 That's fourscore ;
 And Ten Thousand yards of length to be,
 And I'de ask no more. 20
- Then would I build up stately Coes,¹
 And would possess my ground with Stoos,
 All Men before,
 So that no Ranglers could me oppose,
 And I'de ask no more. 25
- Then Lead I would desire to see
 At fifty pound a fodder to be,²
 And never Lower ;
 Likewise all Trading good to be,
 And I'de ask no more. 30
- And then I would desire to see
 Each man worth fifty pound to be,
 None I'de have poor ;
 And to live in Peace and Unity,
 And I'de ask no more. 35
- Likewise I would desire to see
 Two sons born to his Majesty,
 Them I'd adore ; [See p. 68.
 And the Crown worn by the Heir to be :
 And I'de ask no more. 40
- And then a Bride I'de take to me,
 A Virgin pure I'de have her to be ;
 Her I'd adore :
 And one to be come of honesty, [i.e. legitimate.
 And I'de ask no more. 45

¹ A *Coe* is a miner's hut. *Stoos*, another mining term, perhaps for fences of pre-emption. *Ranglers* = Rangers of the ground, those who shift quarters.

² *Fodder*, Anglo-Saxon, here = a burden.

Then, if Fortune on us smil'd,
 I'd have her to conceive with child,
 Her death before,
 And to be deliver'd of two Sons meek and mild,
 And I'de ask no more. 50

My Sons I would bring up so well,
 With learning high for to excell
 Ten thousand score,
 And to obey the true Gospel:
 And I'de ask no more. 55

My Heir I would desire to see
 Chief Counsellor to his Majesty,
 My death before;
 And the youngest Chief Admiral of the Sea;
 And I'de ask no more. 60

Then I'd desire the true Gospel
 Might increase and among us dwell,
 We are Sinners poor; [Orig. They are.
 And our Souls by Christ to be freed from Hell:
 Then I'de ask no more. 65

By Thomas Houghton.

Printed for *Thomas Passenger*, at the *Three Bibles*, on London-Bridge.

[His time was 1670-1682, and the date of this ballad appears to have been 1680.
 In Black-letter. Four woodcuts.]



Jockey's Journey into England, 1681.

“ With Hair in characters, and Lugs in text,
 With a splay mouth and a nose circumflex,
 With a set Ruff of musket-bore, that wears
 Like cartridges, or linen Bandileers,
 Exhausted of their sulphurous contents,
 In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomb out-vents ;
 The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
 Like two mustachoes, issuing from his mouth,
 The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance,
 With the Divine right of an Ordinance :
 If you meet any that doe thus attire 'em,
 Stop them, they are the tribe of *Adoniram* ! ”

—*Hue and Crie after Sir John Presbyter.*¹

NOTHING more clearly proved the recklessness of discontented men in England, and their evil-willingness to overturn the monarchy, than the overtures they were continually renewing to, or receiving from, the Scotch. A recollection of the mischief wrought during the Bishops'-War, and later by the presence of the Scottish Commissioners in England, must have led to the employment of Aaron Smith as an emissary sent from the Abchurch Lane conspirators in 1683. The doing so was of two years' later date than the following ballad, but the same movement towards co-operation between “Jockey” or Jack Presbyter and the English Independents jerked spasmodically throughout the interval.

It was wrongly believed that the ambition of Monmouth's “Scotch Duchess” caused his political intrigues. But of all women she had the least real influence on him. Evelyn and Pepys mention the common report, and it re-appears in a Mock-Song of 1683 on Monmouth (=“You Loyal Lads be merry !” Compare p. 24):

And once more he's got under Hatches,
 And means to set up for a King,
 The Politicks of his *Scotch Dutchess*
 This matter about did bring :
 Uds wounds ! she longs to be Queen,
 If *Perkin* and she knew how ;
 And yet, in a *Hempen-string*,
 They may go to the De'il I trow.

In the ballad, l. 13, “Politick Antony” is Shaftesbury, who was seized in his house on July 2nd, 1681 : “now in the Tower,” says line 45. “Young Jemmy” is Monmouth, line 20 ; Lord Howard of Eserick is on line 49, with John Wilmore (foreman of S. College's *Ignoramus* Jury), and Edward Whitacre, Shaftesbury's solicitor. Of all these more anon, on our pp. 77 and 79.

¹ This was re-issued, as though new, in July, 1683, but had appeared originally about thirty years earlier, written by John Cleveland. Since old Presbyterian weapons were furbished for assault, Tory counter-shields were also needed.

[Luttrell Collection, II. 105.]

A New Ballad of Jockey's Journey into England,
in the year 1681. With his Remarks upon the Times.

When *Jockey* had discover'd all he sought,
Weighing how many were to Troubles brought
For being Loyal, which since ['tis] here a Crime,
In *England* will mis-spend no longer time :
But by his Friend advis'd, concludes to stay
To know the Author of our *Sham-Plot* Play,
Which being done, to *Scotland* he returns,
Prayes for his King, and our Divisions mourns.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Mogey was Moov'd, etc.*

Farewell Bon[n]y *Scotland*, and *Saundy* adue,
And a prosperous Journey poor *Jockey* attend,
For tul *England* I'se gang, where's so mickle adoe,
Tul speir gen their Plotting will ne'r have an End. 4

I learn'd as I pas'd that Religion and Right,
As i' th' year *Forty-One*, was the Cause of it all ;
And the *Presbyter* now had found out a New Light,
Which they lowdly (though falsely) Propriety call. 8

But when I at *London* had found that their strife,
And occasion of au their Factious adoe,
Was : That in *Cabals* they were striving for Life,
To overthrow Bishops and Monarchy too. 12

Where Politick *A[nton]y* whisper'd the Crowd :
"Lawn-sleeves were y^e mark of the Visible $\alpha\omega\Omega$,"
And his Engines 'gainst Popery railleth aloud,
While Sedition was waiting his cue at the door. ["Kew."]

And still in this Council each factious Lord
Did second this *Earl* in his Traiterous design,
That a State *Common-Wealth* may agen be restor'd ;
Which to compass, 'twas fit that Young *Jemmy* s'u'd joyn :

Who gul'd with the glittering hopes of a *Crown*, [*Monmouth*.
And with fatal applause was to side with 'em led :
Therefore owes his misfortune to th' treacherous Loon ;
And for which *Jockey's* Curse light on his fause Head. 24

For the Poison which daily does flow from this Elfe,
Invenoms *Three Kingdomes* from head to the heel ;
And his Fumes make him nautious, ene to his own self,
And the Crowd with the vapour begin for to reel : 28

Who drunk with *Sedition*, were drawn to attempt
 What au geud *Christians* s'u'd tremble to hear,
 Their *Monarch* to seize, and au *Laws* circumvent,
 Which au we'se [o'] *Scotland* do value so dear. 32

The Blood of a *Monarch* these zealously shed,
 And willingly wad gang the same gate agen ; [gait=road.
 For they au i' th' noose of *Religion* were led,
 Which the best of geud *Kings* to the Scaffold did bring.

Therefore sin' *Plotting* has made sike a din,
 And purjur'd *Loones* wad govern the State,
 Then back for life *Jockey* to *Scotland* agen,
 Sin' *LOYALTY* here is grown quite out of date. 40

His English Friends' Advicc.

NAy, prithee stay, *Jockey*, and make not such speed,
 For Truth, we see plainly, begins to appear,
 And the Nation at length will from *Plotting* be free'd ;
 For when this Cloud's over, the day will be clear. 44

Old *A[nthon]y* now is made fast in the *Tower* ; [July 2, 1681.
 Though for his Enlargement he's made a great stir,
 But the *Judges* most wisely say 't's not in their power
 To grant him what there he importun'd them for. 48

Now *H[owar]d* with *W[ilmo]re* and *W[hitac]re* too,
 Must be careful they taste not the Cup, which their Friends
 By their wicked Designs to their own Ruins drew,
 And has shamefully brought 'em to merited ends. 52

Then go not to *Scotland* till all is made clear,
 But carry the News of our happy Estate ;
 And that *LOYALTY* now does begin to appear,
 For *Cabals* and *Caballers* are quite out of date. 56

Jockey's Prayer.

When He that preserv'd us from every Ill,
 Protect and continue our King on His Throne ;
 Spight o' *Plots* and *Sham-Plots*, be his Guardian still :
 And let *Treacherous Designs* in the Bud be o're thrown.
Amen.

FINIS.

London : Printed for *P.B.* and *M.R.* in the Year 1681.

[Probably for Philip Brooksby, but it looks like P.M. In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, marked in writing, by Narcissus Luttrell, "29 Sept., 1681."]

Shaftesbury's Arrest and 'Ignoramus' Trial.

"The *Polish Fox* may seem to sleep his time away, [Shaftesbury.
But his pernicious Dream is only to betray;
Then up with *How*, the Mole, and many more that be,
But up with th' little *Pole* upon the highest Tree. . . .

"But now Great *York* is come, whom Heaven still be with!
You'll find (both all and some) 't was ill to show your teeth:
Then up with ev'ry *Round-head*, and every *Faction Brother*!
Your luck is now confounded, ye all must up together."

—*A Tory in a Whig's Coat*. 1682.

THE preceding ballad mentioned Lord Shaftesbury being at that time (between 2nd July and 24th November, 1681) confined in the Tower of London, as was also the infamous Lord Howard of Eserick, who was carefully guarded and kept apart from him. Even already Howard was suspected of having gone over to the Court, but he had been arrested on a charge made against him by Edward Fitz-Harris, who accused him of having instigated the treasonable libels; for writing and commissioning which that truculent knave suffered at Tyburn.

An active prosecution of such leaders as had recently been causing discomfort and danger to the Court was being carried on, in the summer of 1681. As already stated, Shaftesbury was arrested in his own residence, Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, on a charge of High Treason, 2nd of July, 1681, examined by a special council at Whitehall, and committed to the Tower, where Ford Lord Grey of Werk, the Duke of Monmouth, and others immediately paid him a visit of friendly condolence. As it would have been an absurdity to have a State prisoner holding unrestricted communication with the outer world, through disaffected noblemen, on the second day of imprisonment a closer confinement was ordered. It is indisputable that, although the treasonable activity of Shaftesbury was a matter of public notoriety, the prosecution was clumsily managed. Wareup arranged the minor details against him, but the witnesses were chiefly Irish "Evidences" of wofully damaged reputation, such as no one could willingly receive as honest men. Shaftesbury powerfully urged, before the Council, "that he thought they had not that opinion of him as to deal with Irishmen and Papists for subverting the Government, and that if he should do such things he was fitter for Bedlam." Unfortunately for the cogency of his reasoning, he had himself been an encourager of these very men, and with readiness to admit their credibility, so long as the lives of Jesuit Priests and Catholic Lords were being sworn away by such creatures as the

two Macknamarras, Bryan Haines, David Fitzgerald, Edward Ivey, Bernard Dennis, Eustace Comynes, or others of the gang.¹

Petitions to be admitted to bail were made, as time wore on and no Trial was instituted, till in October Shaftesbury was not only willing to consider the game lost, but even to purchase safety from what he evidently felt to be urgent danger, by a proposal to Lord Arlington, Henry Bennet, to depart to his own estates in Carolina, and there remain until his life ended, if only he were released from imprisonment. His health had failed, and attacks of ague had abated his courage. He had foreseen the coming evil and secured his estate to his family, in expectation of forfeiture. He had arranged the sale of his horses, mares, and colts. Halifax and Henry Hyde were opposed to him, and knew the danger of his being at large fomenting sedition. That attempts were being made to suborn witnesses against him has been asserted and is not incredible. It was only repeating against himself the evil practices which he had encouraged, if not actually instigated, against the Catholics and partizans of York. But now his courage was failing him, and although his unscrupulous followers the Whig Sheriffs were doing their utmost to stifle all evidence that told adversely on his cause, he could not fail to be aware that he had lost influence in the Nation, and the King possessed a larger amount of loyal support than had been given since the early days of the Restoration. Stephen College, after being saved from punishment of his London offences by Whig Sheriffs packing an *Ignoramus Jury* (as was John Rouse, by the same expedient, after accusation by nearly all the same witnesses), had been proceeded against for treasonable words and acts at Oxford; then tried in the cathedral city, condemned and executed on August 31st. Attempts to indict Warcup (who took the informations whereon Shaftesbury was charged before the Council), and three of the witnesses, had failed before Chief Justice Pemberton in September. Early in October (12th), Shaftesbury's secretary, Samuel Wilson, was arrested for treason, and committed to the Gate-house by the Council. It was understood that the King had replied to Shaftesbury's offer of submission and voluntary exile to America, there to abide innocuously, by a declaration that "My Lord Shaftesbury must stand or fall by the Law."

Among the State-Papers consulted at the Record Office are many connected with the proceedings at the Sessions House, Old Bailey,

¹ A Loyal Song on him is entitled "Eustace Comines the Irish Evidence, his Farewell to England:" to the Tune of, *O hone, O hone*. Twelve verses. It belongs to the autumn of 1683, and begins,

Be me Shoul and Shoulvation, *O hone ! O hone !*
 I'll go to me own Nation : *O hone ! O hone !*
 Old *Tony* hence is fled, and *Russel* lost his head,
 I starve for want of bread, *O hone ! O hone !*

on the 24th of November, 1681, against Shaftesbury. A chief witness, whose evidence told adversely, was John Booth, who swore that he had been appointed to join the fifty armed men to go to Oxford as Shaftesbury's guard, under Captain Wilkinson, at the time of the Oxford Parliament. (Wilkinson, then imprisoned at the King's Bench, and knowing himself to be incriminated, had issued a pamphlet, asserting that he had been beset with suborners.) Others were John Smith, Edward Ivy, Edward Turberville, one of the bitter witnesses against Lord Stafford, Brian Haines, John Macknamarra, Dennis Macknamarra his brother, and Bernard Dennis (*Pamphlet Sheets*, 515, l. 2, art. 55). The ensuing ballad truly says,

But had it been a *Popish* Lord,
One witness then had serv'd, in a word.

Then, such scoundrels as Turberville were deemed of sufficient credit to ensure the condemnation of accused Catholics. But now, under political pressure of the Whig Sheriffs, a pliant Jury threw out the bill with *Ignoramus* marking their disapproval. Sir Samuel Barnardiston was the foreman, and the following are the names of the Grand Jury:—John Morden, Thomas Papillon, John Dubois, Charles Hearle, Edward Rudge, Humphrey Edwin, John Morrice, Edmund Harrison, Joseph Wright, John Cox, Thomas Parker, Leonard Robinson, Thomas Shepherd, John Flavell, Michael Godfrey, Joseph Richardson, William Empson, Andrew Kendrick, John Lane, and John Hall. Whigs to a man, and many of them extreme in seditious opinions. We shall meet several of them again, for Papillon and Dubois are in the Shrievalty riots, and it was at Shepherd's house in Abchurch Lane that the Rye-House conspirators were joined by William Russell and Algernon Sydney. The "Association" MS. found among Shaftesbury's papers had been produced by Jenkins, and testified to by Gwyn, clerk to the Council. Shouting and holloaing followed the report of the Jury, for nearly an hour. Bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and the whole of the City was at night in commotion, as over a great triumph. The Shaftesbury faction had not enough wisdom to be content with such an ambiguous victory, though "every cock will crow loudly on his own dunghill!" A medal was struck in honour of their leader. On the reverse was shown the Tower of London, with the sun-light breaking from a cloud, and the word *Latamur* with the date 24 November, 1681. Shaftesbury was represented on the front. This Medal was the immediate occasion of John Dryden writing and publishing the poem, called by that name.

A week later, Shaftesbury obtained release on bail, along with his secretary Samuel Wilson, Lord Howard of Escrick, John Wilmore (who had been foreman of the Grand Jury that released Stephen College with *Ignoramus*), and Edward Whitacre, concerning whom with Sir Samuel Barnardiston, see our following p. 79.

Ignoramus Justice;

Or, The English Laws turn'd into a gin,
To let Knaves out and keep Honest men in.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Sir Eglamore*. [See p. 80.]

DId you not hear of a *Peer* that was Try'd,
With a fa, la, la, la, la,
 That lookt like a Cask with a *Tap* in his side?
With a fa, la, la, la, la,
 This *Noble Peer* to the Bar was called,
 The Witnesses sworn, but the *Fore-man*¹ out-bawl'd,
With a fa, la, la, la, la. 7

Then up Sir *Samuel* he did start; *With a fa, la, la, etc.*
 And found the Bill not worth a [M]art; *With a fa, la, la.*
 With that the Court kept such a stir,
 The Foreman should prove so silly a Sir, *With a fa, la, la, la, la.* 14

The Witnesses for the King swore plain,²
 But had they been as many again,
 The *Jury* before they such Truths receiv'd
 Nor them, nor St. *Peter*, would have believ'd. 21

The Witnesses brought him a *Traytor* in,
 But the *Jury* found it another thing;
 For he who did still his King oppose
 Is made a true Subject in spight of the Laws. 28

Thus this great Lord of High Renown,
 Th' exalted Idol of the Town,
 Is clear'd by *Ignoramus*-Sway,
 For betraying the King and the Church in a day. 35

The *Rabble*, to shew their *Loyalty*,
 Did in full shouts with the *Jury* agree;
 They Bonfires made with great applause,
 And all to maintain the *Good Old Cause*. 42

And now in spight of King and Queen,
 More Jollity was in the streets to be seen
 Than on the Twenty-ninth of *May*,
 Though it was the *Restauracion Day*. 49

Another passage I chanc'd to hear,
 That the *Doctor* is fallen from the Front to the Rear, [Titus Oates.
 He to the *Saints* does now incline,
 Abjures the King, and with Rebels combine. 56

Yet these pretend now for to inherit
 (As Heirs do Estates) the *Light of the Spirit*;
 Yet let them say or do what they will,
 They 'll find themselves *Ignoramus* still; 63

But had it been a *Popish* Lord,
 One Witness then had serv'd in a word;
 They had not then enquir'd so far,
 But found it, and never had stept from the Bar. ["it" = *Billa Vera*.

¹ Sir Samuel Barnardistone, who was afterwards heavily fined. See next page.

² This refrain is continued throughout, but may here be omitted.

If by this Law the *Charter* be lost,
 Will *Tony's* Estate repay all the cost?
 The Boys will then find out the Cheat,
 And *De Witt* the old Cannibal in his retreat.¹ 77

They 'll curse the Pate that studied to bring
 Plague to the Country, and ruin to th' King;
 Divested thus of '*Chitophel's* Pride, [Achtophel's.
 They'll do him that Justice that *Juries* deny'd. 84

London : Printed for *Allen Bancks*, 1682.

* * John Wilmore, in April, 1682, was to have been one of the Stewards at the frustrated Feast in Haberdashers' Hall. Edward Whitaker had been Shaftesbury's solicitor, and known as "the true Protestant Attorney." Whitaker got into fresh trouble in October, 1682, being tried for treasonable words spoken in Bath during July, 1680, and judgement was taken by default, he not appearing. After the Revolution he rose in favour, and became Solicitor to the Admiralty. He may have been of the Hertford Whitakers. (*White-acre* or *Wheat-acre* : *Wytaere*, of an old parish Register.)

Also, he being particularly mentioned in the preceding *Loyal Song*, a separate paragraph is due to Sir Samuel Barnardiston, the foreman of Shaftesbury's *Ignoramus* Jury. He was afterwards heavily fined, "for writing and publishing in four several letters to persons in the country, scandalous and seditious reflections concerning the late fanatick conspiracy" [the Rye-House Plot]; of which he was found guilty, at Guildhall, on 14th February, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$. The fine was £10,000, to be bound to good behaviour for life, and to be committed till all were paid. He refused to pay, and lay in the King's Bench until June, 1688, when he paid £6,000, giving bond for the remainder, and was released. The judgement was reversed in May, 1689, by eight judges to two, but the Lords in June refused to assent. He had been a Director in the East India Company, and a noted Exclusionist. Another *Loyal Song* is devoted to his dispraise. Although it belongs to February, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, we need not delay it.

¹ In other words : mob him, and murder him, when he fell out of their favour, as the Dutch rabble murdered the brothers Cornelius and Johann De Witt, or Van Witt, at the Hague in 1672 ; to the undisguised satisfaction of Prince William of Orange, who had winced under the rivalry of their popular influence. William told Gourville "that it was quite true he had not given any *orders* to have the De Witts killed, but that having heard of their death without having contributed to it, he had certainly felt a little relieved." The conspirators for the murder soon received reward of appointments from William, who had taken care not to arrive until the day after the double murder, and was made Stadtholder, his opponents being removed. Thus we have their names turned into a verb, "to *De-Witt*," as sufferers of injury, even as "to Boycott" a person came into fashion, both phrase and Irish fact, during the Land League sedition of recent years. "The Boys" of line 76 were Shaftesbury's Protestant Boys of Wapping.

The Whig Intelligencer; or, Sir Samuel in the Pound.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hark! the thund'ring cannons roar.*

HArk! the fatal day is come, fatal as the Day of Doom,
For Sir *Samuel* there make room, so fam'd for *Ignoramus!*
He whose conscience cou'd allow such large favours you know how;
If we do him justice now, the *Brethren* will not blame us.

Stand to the Bar, and now advance, *Morden, Kendrick, Oates, and Prance,*
But let the Foreman lead the Dance, the rest in course will follow,
Tilden, Kendrick, next shall come, and with him receive their Doom,
Ten thousand Pound, at which round sum the *Hall* set up a Hallo! 8

Brave Sir *Barnard[ist]on* now, who no *Main* would e'er allow,
To lose *ten thousand* at a throw, was pleas'd—to all men's thinking.
Ten thousand pounds! a dismal note, who before had giv'n his vote
“Not to give our King a Groat, to save the Throne from sinking.”

“But yet there 's a remedy! Before the King shall get by me,
I'll quit my darling Liberty, nor will I give Bail for 't:
For e're the Crown shall get a Groat, in opposition to my Vote,
I'll give them leave to cut my throat, altho' I lye in Gaol for 't. 16

“Were 't for *Mon[mout]h* I'de not grieve, or brave *Russel* to retrieve,
Or that *Sydney* yet might live: twice told, I'd not complain, Sir:
Nay what 's more my whole Estate, with my Bodkins, Spoons, and Plate,
So I might reduce the State to a *Common-wealth* again, Sir.

“Or that *Mon[mout]h* were in grace, or Sir *Sam.* in *Jeffereys'* place,
To spit all Justice in the Face for acting Law and Reason,
Or that *Tories* went to pot, or we could prove it a Sham Plot,
Or *Essex* did not cut his Throat, or Plotting were not Treason! 24

“Thus I'd freely quit my Coyn; but with *Tories* to combine
Or keep the Heir in the right Line, that Popery be in fashion,
To see the *Holy Cause* run down, while mighty *York* is next the *Crown,*
And *Perkin* 's forc'd to fly the Town, Oh, vile abomination! [*P.* = Monmouth.]

“Sooner than obedience owe to their Arbitrary Law,
Or my Bail in danger draw, for Breach of good Behaviour,
I with *Bethel,* and the rest o' th' Birds, in Cage will make my Nest,
And keep my fine, to Plot and Feast, till *Mon[mout]h* be in favour.” 32

We come to the ditty beginning “Hark! the thund'ring cannons roar,” which gives name to the tune, among our early-ensuing ballads on the victory over the Turks at Vienna, in September, 1683. We need not here annotate the names mentioned above (*Morden* and *Kendrick* were on p. 77), as we meet them in their true place, when dwelling on the *Rye-House Plot* in later pages. The tune mentioned on p. 78, *Sir Eglamore*, belongs to *Samuel Rowland's* ditty of that name, first printed in his *Melancholie Knight*, 1615, and given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 607. Also in *Popular Music*; p. 276.

THRICE THREE MERRY BOYS ARE WE.

No. 1.—The Merry Boys of Christmas.

“Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the Gallows-Tree.”

—Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Bloody Brother*, iii. 2.

HERE, befittingly, come in “The Merry Boys of Europe,” and their companion stave “The Merry Boys of Christmas;” to which we have not the heart to refuse bringing “The Merry Boys of the Times,” viz. Matthew Taubman’s popular “Courtier’s Health:” although a different impression had been already printed. When isolated, the effect is weakened of its allusions to the events of the time, with enthusiastic zeal for the rightful Succession of James Duke of York, whom faction would have debarred by the Exclusion Bill from succeeding to the Crown.

We know that 1681 is the date of two, “The Merry Boys of Europe;” and “The Courtier’s Health:” for the former appeared that same year, in John Playford’s *Choice Ayres*, iii. 26, and the latter ballad was re-issued in 1682, along with Taubman’s *Heroic Poem to the Duke of York upon his Return from Scotland*, beginning, “Still with our sins, still with our furies crost, The Barque is on the Billows tost.” The date of the third, “The Merry Boys of Christmas,” must have been close to the same time, for the tune of “Hey, Boys, up go we,” was then *in vogue*, enjoying a renewed popularity; while the distinct mention of “Here’s a Health to Charles our King!” marks it clearly as issued before February, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$. Unfortunately, the unique specimen in Roxburghe Supplement is imperfect, and lacks the printer’s name. It may have appeared earlier in the reign than the frosty Christmas of 1683, but there being no mention here of the exceptional severity of the season (whether present or past) excludes that year from calculation, as it does the next, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$: the last “New Year’s gift” which Charles was to welcome. Consequently, we hold it to be almost certain that our “Merry Boys of Christmas” could scarcely be of later date than December of 1681 or of 1682; and thus believing, we give it admission prior to either of the other “Merry Boys.” Walter Scott remembered Beaumont and Fletcher, no doubt, when he made Gilbert Glossin sing to Dirk Hatteraick:—

Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the Gallows-tree.

[Roxburghe Collection (*i.e.* B. H. Bright's), IV. 24.]

The Merry Boys of Christmas ;

Or,

The Milk-Maid's New Year's Gift.

When Lads and Lasses take delight
together for to be,
They pass away the Winter-Night,
and live most Merrily.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go we!* [See p. 60.]



Come, come, my roaring ranting Boys,
let's never be cast down,
We'l never mind the Female Toys,
but Loyal be to th' Crown :
We'l never break our hearts with Care,
nor be cast down with fear :
Our bellys then let us prepare
to drink some *Christmas Beer*.

8

Then here's a Health to *Charles* our King,
throughout the world admir'd ;
Let us his great applauses sing,
that we so much desir'd,

And wisht amongst us for to Reign,
 When *Oliver* rul'd here :
 But since he's home return'd again,
 Come fill some *Christmas Beer* ! 16

These Holidays we'l briskly drink,
 all mirth we will devise,
 No Treason we will speak or think,
 then bring us brave mine'd Pies :
 Roast Beef and brave Plum-Porridge,¹
 our Loyal hearts to chear :
 Then prithee make no more ado,
 but bring us *Christmas Beer* ! [Cætera desunt. 24

[What time those hypocritick Knaves
 denounc'd our harmless Joys,
 And silenc'd all the Loyal staves
 chorus'd by roaring Boys,
 In dolefull dump men bore the yoke,
 waiting the happy year ;
 When *Monk* came south, the spell he broke :
 we drank our *Christmas Beer*. 32

[Then let's rejoyce, the day's our own,
 no more we'l let them reign ;
 Phanaticks shall not bear us down
 with '*Forty-One* again.
 We've had enough *Jack Presbyters*
 and '*Pendents* swaggering here :
 A Pox upon the Round-head curs !
 Come, bring more *Christmas Beer* !] 40

[In Black-letter. No printer's name, the broadside being unfortunately mutilated. One woodcut. Date, circa 1681, possibly earlier. The final two verses, above, are recovered from the private Trowbesh Collection ; but for the sub-titular Milkmaid stanzas, or distinct *Second Part*, see our *Temporary Preface*, p. xv.]

¹ Samuel Butler had shown, in the first canto of *Hudibras* (November, 1662), how the Puritan in his ante-Carlylistic dyspepsia and intolerance had denounced these Cavalier dainties, being one who would

Quarrel with *Mine'd-pies* and disparage
 His best and dearest friend, *Plum-porridge* ;
 Fat Pig and Goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme Custard thro' the nose.



No. 2.—The Merry Boys of Europe.

“ When *Bibo* thought fit from this world to retreat,
 As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat, and to *Charon* he said,
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 ‘ Trim the boat, and sit quiet ! ’ stern *Charon* reply'd,
 ‘ You may have forgot—you were drunk when you dyed.’ ”

—Mat Prior's *Bibo and Charon*.

AS already mentioned, this appears as a song in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1681, Third Book, p. 26, with special music by John Reading. The broadside begins “ I will drink of my Bottle,” but we restore the *Choice Ayres*' reading, “ off,” inasmuch as an omission of the second *f* was a frequent misprint of the day. Also, in *Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy*, 1684, p. 122, are the first twelve lines, as a *Catch*. To our fancy, the whole of this good-tempered Bacchanalian chant is so good, far above the average merit of popular broadsides, that we are inclined to suppose some practised hand like Thomas Shadwell's must have written it. Not only in their own comedies of Charles's reign, many of which never came into print, were spirited songs by the dramatists, but their friends the wits and beaux were always ready to furnish them with additional lyrics. If these songs made a hit on the stage, when sung by a bewitching actress, one who was not prudishly punctilious, but enjoyed a double-meaning as well as did her auditory, the success of the song was speedily followed by it being hoisted or degraded into a second and wider popularity, in being repeated as a broadside street-ballad, with a large enough number of additional verses to fill the single page, and satisfy the cravings of customers for “ a good pennyworth.”

Assuredly folks got full measure here. The quiet indifference with which the *Bon Vivant* contemplates the approach of death is in striking contrast with the cowardly terrors of pietistic Tub-preachers. This is *Bibo*'s true music of sack-butt and psaltery:—

When my thread it is spun, and my hour comes to die
 Like *Diogenes* I in a Sack-Butt will lie,
 And that close wainscote-room shall my body confine,
 Who valued not Women, but loved good Wine.

The original woodcut, copied by us on the following page, prophetically anticipates Charles George Leland's inimitable “ *Hans Breittman gife a barty*,” whereat they “ all eot troonk ash pigs,” especially illustrating the lines,

I poot mine mout to a parrel of Bier,
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs!

We ask, as of these merry boys, “ *Where is dat barty now?* ”

All goned afay mit de Lager-Bier,
 Afay in de Ewigkeit!

[Roxburghe Collection (*i.e.* B. II. Bright's), IV. 61.]

The Merry Boys of Europe.

No Liquor like the brisk Canary,
 It makes the dull Soul blith and merry ;
 It helps the Back, prolongs the Life,
 And is much better than a Wife.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Now, now the Fight's done, &c.* [Vol. IV. 243.]



I'Le Drink off my Bottle each night for my share,
 And as for a Mistris I'le never take care ;
 The one makes me jolly and evermore gay,
 But a Mistris destroys by her sporting and play :
 She drains all my Blood, till I look quite as pale
 As a Thief that's half-starved, long kept in a Gaol.

She infeebles my Nerves, and doth shorten my Life,
 And empties my Pockets, and so will a Wife.
 Then, Women ! make Asses of those that you can,
 I'le find out a Comrade, some jolly young-man ;
 And in our full Glasses we'l laugh and we'l jest,
 So perhaps for diversion we'l drink to the best. 12

When our senses are drown'd, and our eyes they do pink,
 And our selves do not know what we say or do think,
 Our wits we conceive are far better then they
 Who to the Sack-Bottle could ne'r find the way :
 Then a Pox of those Misers who hourly do scrape,
 And knows not the virtue that lies in the Grape. 18

Then Beauties, farewell, for I'le ne'r be your slave,
 Nor for your fair looks sigh my self to a Grave,
 But the Bottle I'le hug which preserveth my life,
 Puts an end to my sorrows and banisheth strife :
 When my thread it is spun, and my hour comes to dye,
 Like *Diogenes* I in a Sack-Butt will lye. 24

And that close Wainscot-room shall my body confine,
 Who valued not Women, but loved good Wine ;
 To *Bacchus* I'le surely be a Sacrifice,
 And ne'r be intangled by Ladies' fair eyes :
 Whose delight is to see men to sigh and to mourn,
 And their eyes they do feast when they see men forlorn.

What a fool is that man that will bow and will cringe
 To Beauty, so he doth his freedom infringe ;
 And whilst he might live and for ever be free,
 Himself he deprives of his chief Liberty :
 His rest it is lost, and his spirits do fail,
 He's a foe to himself, and doth build his own Gaol. 36

Then give me the Lad that will swim in the Bottle,
 And not in salt water like vex'd *Aristotle* ;
 For had he but then been acquainted with Sack,
 His judgment in tides he never would lack :
 When he by his study his brains did confound,
 He leapt in the Ocean, and there he was drown'd. 42

But this Liquor of Life, which I so much commend,
To e'ry true Toper will prove a true friend,
And wash from his heart all his sorrow and care,
In Poverty keep him from doubt and dispaire :

Then who can but love this unparallel'd thing,
That makes nobles of peasants, and is drink for a King ?

If the mind be disturb'd, take this Liquor but free,
And you'l find in a moment you cured will be ;
If you grieve or do mourn for the loss of a friend,
This Liquor undoubtedly comfort will lend :

'Tis good for all Men, and in every condition,
Will keep them from charge of a prating Physitian. 54

Then matchless *Canary* I'll sing forth thy fame,
And will against Beauty for ever exclaim,
For he that doth once fall in love with the Vine,
Will never have reason at all to repine :

For it cheers our dull souls, while we merrily sing,
Long live *Charles* the Second, our Sovereign King ! 60

In the height of our sport we no *Treason* conspire,
To be brisk and be merry is all our desire ;
Our hearts have no harbour for any ill thought,
We despise spight and malice, and all that is naught :

And in our full Bumpers we'l laugh and we'l sing,
And for our diversion we'l drink to the King ! 66

Printed for *J. Clarke*, at the *Horse-shooc*, in *West-Smithfield*,
between the *Hospital-gate* and *Duck-lane* end.

[Black-letter, with these two woodcuts. Date, 1681.]



No. 3.—The Merry Boys of the Times: 1682.

- “ Come, make a good Toast and stir up the fire,
 And fill the great Tankard of what we admire ;
 Then bring in a Paper of excellent Fogoe, [i.e. Tobacco.
 That we may perfume the whole house with the hogoe. [= haut gout.
 And here let us sit, like honest brave Fellows,
 That neither are *Tories* nor *Whigs*, in an Ale-house.
- “ We have nothing to do with the feuds of the Nation,
 With Old *Magna Charta*, nor the *Association* :
 Let *Shaftesbury* fancy himself to be crowning,
 Or beg his *Quietus*, and venture a drowning.
 Let *Titus* swear on, and raise up his story :
 That's nothing to us, let the Saints have their Glory.”

—Loyal Song of *The Pot Companions*. 1680.

THE ingenious Loyalty of this spokesman of “Merry Boys” anticipates our modern discovery of liquidating the Alabama claims (incurred by our certainly failing to preserve such strict neutrality as was justly due by international courtesy, if not by strict international law : whatever might be our private sympathy with the belligerent South Confederacy). He says, flouting the Phanatics, “We’ll Taxes raise without ’em, and drink for the Nation’s good.” Very self-sacrificing and praise-worthy conduct, no doubt. May the end always justify the means, and tender consciences be loyally soothed at a pinch. Tom Brown availed himself of the same loyal plea for deep draughts, as shown in his song “In Praise of the Bottle.” Turn to next *Group* for this ; see also Vol. IV. p. 482.

Loyalty was plainly re-asserting itself, and continued to do so with increased vehemence in 1683, seen in *The Whigs Laid Open*, a Loyal Song of that year’s date (compare beginning, on p. 168) :—

The name of a *Whig* and a *Tory* no more shall disquiet the Nation.
 We’ll fight for the *Church* and her glory, and pray for this Reformation.
 That ev’ry Factionous Professor, and ev’ry Zealous Pretender,
 May humble ’em to the Successor of *Charles*, our Nation’s defender.

The Exclusionists receive their castigation incidentally, when this willing adherent of the Duke of York sings lustily :

We’ll drink to the next in Succession, and keep it in the right line.

No tampering with legitimacy permitted : no foisting in to claim the Crown any “Son of a W” [alter : Lucy], Duke of Monmouth, on pretence of his being a safeguard to Protestantism, though he would show himself a tool of Shaftesbury’s Semi-Republicans and the Sectaries. The songster was no other than Matthew Taubman (who reprinted the ditty in the volume containing his “*Heroic Poem to the Duke of York*,” 1682); and he scorned to hide his honest detestation of the Dissenters or Phanatics ; Quakers and Anabaptists fared no better with the “Merry Boys.”

Henry Bold loved the ditty so well that he translated it into Latin, and his brother, Captain William Bold, printed both versions in 1685. We add his rendering (which we had mentioned on p. 684 of *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii., at the close of Mr. Wm. Chappell's labours, when we added a few Notes).

Two tunes are named. The special new tune for "Come boys, fill us a bumper!" was printed in *Musick's Recreation on the Viol, lyra way*, the second edition, 1682. The first edition had perhaps appeared in the previous year. The alternative tune, "My Lodging is on the cold ground," is inappropriate for the rhythm, and only named for the benefit of those who had not learnt the one composed expressly to suit "The Courtier's Health." For many "Merry Boys of the times" had been accustomed to sing jocular parodies or "Mock-Songs" as they were called, on Davenant's melancholy ditty, by which, as Celania, Moll Davis (the parson's daughter and pretty actress) won the susceptible heart of Old Rowley, on a short lease, in 1668. The parody had reference to the corpulence of an actor who was cast for the lover, Pinguister, and Nell Gwynne sang the burlesque, as Mirida, in James Howard's *All Mistaken; or the Mad Couple*, before 1672:—

MY Lodging upon the cold floor is, and wonderful hard is my fare,
 But that which troubles me more is — the fatness of my dear!
 Yet still I do cry, "Oh melt, Love! and I pr'y thee now melt apace;
 For thou art the man I should long for, if 'twere not for thy grease," etc.

Later in this volume we shall come to the broadside ballad, lengthened from the original song, as "The Slighted Maid or the Pining Lover," beginning, "Was ever Maiden so scorned, by one that she loved so dear?" (*Roxburghe Collection*, II. 423: it is given with the notes, in *Popular Music*, 527, 528). We shall then add the remainder of the Mock-Song. But here is Henry Bold's Latinization of our Matt. Taubman's "Courtier's Health:"—

A Latine Song.

*P*Ateram præbe spumantem,
 Applaudet Natio,
 Ægre fert Rebellantem,
 Cui vetus suasio,
 Fanaticos obligemus,
 Qui sitiunt Sanguinem,
 Censuram nos faciemus,
 Bibentes super Unguem.

*G*omer datur et semis,
 Et cadus ponatur
 Salus Regis imprimis
 In Cyatho bibatur.
 Circum-circa noletur
 Vinum nemo neget,
 Successioni potetur,
 Et series recta sit.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 89 ; III. 395 ; Huth's, I. 39.]

The Courtier's Health ;

Or,

Merry Boys of the Times.

He that loves Sack doth nothing lack,
 If he but Loyal be ;
 He that deny's Bacchus' supplies,
 Shows meer Hypocrisie.

TO A NEW TUNE [its own], *Come, Boyes, fill us a Bumper ;*
 Or, *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*



Here she stands, and fills it out amain :
 Says they, ' Let's have the t'other bout again !'

Come Boyes, fill us a Bumper, we'l make the Nation roare,
 She's grown sick of a *Rumper* that sticks on the old score.
 Pox on *Phanatieks*, rout 'um, they thirst for our blood ;
 We'l Taxes raise without 'um, and drink for the Nation's good.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons, and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen¹—a brimmer to the KING. 6

¹ Tallen (quibble on tall-one), or tall-boy, was the cant name for such high glasses as those still used in the North for "prime Edinboro' Ale," and until late years considered indispensable for champagne, before the old saucer-like classical shape was revived, to extend a bouquet under one's nostrils. Ozell has, in translating Rabelais, v. xlii., "She then ordered some cups, goblets and *tall-boys* of gold, silver, and crystal to be brought, and invited us to drink."

Round around, fill a fresh one, let no man bawk his Wine,
We'l drink to the next in Succession, and keep it in the Right
Line.

Bring us ten thousand glasses, the more we drink we'r a-dry ;
We mind not the beautiful Lasses, whose Conquest lyes all in
the eye.

*Charge the Pottles and Gallons, and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen, a brimmer to the King.* 12



WE Boyes are truly Loyal, for *Charles* we'l venture all,
We know his blood is Royal, his Name shall never fall.
But those who seek his ruine may chance to dye before him,¹
While we, that Sack are wooing, for ever will adore him.

*Fill the Pottles and Gallons, and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen, a Brimmer to the King.* 18

I hate those strange dissenters that strives to bawk a glass,
He that at all Adventures will see what comes to pass.
And let the Popish Faction disturb us if they can,
They ne'r shall breed distraction in a true-hearted man.

*Fill the Pottles and Gallons, and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen, a Brimmer to the King.* 24

¹ This proved true of the chief enemy, Shaftesbury, who died at Amsterdam, 21 January, 1683, two years and a month before the life of Charles II. ended.

Let the *Phanaticks* grumble, to see things cross their grain,
 We'll make them now more humble, or ease them of their pain:
 They shall drink Sack amain, too, or else they shall be choak't,
 We'll tell 'um 'tis in vain, too, for us to be provok't.

*Fill the Pottles and Gallons, and bring the Hogshead in,
 We'l begin with a Tallen, "a Brimmer to the King!"* 30

He that denyes the Brimmer, shall banish'd be in this Isle,
 And we will look more grimmer till he begins to smile:
 We'll drown him in Canary, and make him all our own,
 And when his Heart is merry, he'l drink to *Charles* in's Throne:

*Fill the Pottles and Gallons, and bring the Hogshead in,
 We'l begin with a Tallen, a Brimmer to the King!* 36

Quakers and Anabaptist, we'l sink them in a glass;
 He deals most plain and flattest that sayes he loves a Lass:
 Then tumble down Canary, and let your brains go round,
 For he that won't be merry, he can't at heart be sound.

*Fill the Pottles and Gallons, and bring the Hogshead in,
 We'l begin with a Tallen, a Brimmer to the KING!* 42

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[First copy in Black-letter. Three woodcuts. Date, 1681. Second copy has no woodcuts, it is a White-letter reprint of later date, and omits the couplet,

Here she stands and fills it out amain,
 Says they, "Let 's have the t'other Bout again!"]



Monmouth's Associates.

“Sumuntur a conversantibus mores: et ut quædam in contactos corporis vitia transiliunt, ita animus mala sua proximis tradit.”—*Seneca: De Irâ*, iii. 8.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF is not likely to have needed Seneca to teach him what his own observant nature would gather from personal experience, but he tells us, almost paraphrastically, how “It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company.”—*Second Part of King Henry IV.* Act v.

Admitting the truth of the saying, *Noscitur ex sociis*, we find no exception to the general rule in determining Monmouth's character by the base quality of his associates. They had been far from virtuous and select men in the early days of his Whetstone Park adventures, when killing a Beadle, or when slitting the nose of the libeller Sir John Coventry. (See Volume IV. pp. 520 to 527.) But the immaturity and animal spirits of youth might be pleaded for the excesses of that bygone time, and at least the comrades were brave young military sparks, who in after years would probably grow wiser. The later friendships of Monmouth were almost invariably evil. Chief among those men with whom he chose to pass his hours were Ford Lord Grey of Werk, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and Tom Thynne of Longleat: not one of whom was unstained by numerous acts of dishonour, licentiousness, and rebelliousness combined with treachery and ingratitude. These were the men whom Monmouth best liked, and who exerted a baneful influence upon him. We doubt whether there was ever any genuine friendship uniting him and Shaftesbury, on either side. It seems to have been nothing beyond selfishness in both: each believing that he was using the other as his own tool for ambitious schemes. They grew mutually dissatisfied as time wore on.¹

We are told by James Macpherson that Monmouth was “constant in his friendships:” but this scarcely agrees with the truth that

¹ James Macpherson has analyzed his character:—“Monmouth, highly beloved by the populace, was a fit instrument to carry forward his [*i.e.* Shaftesbury's] designs. To a gracefulness which prejudiced mankind in his favour as soon as seen, he joined an affability which gained their love. *Constant in his friendships*, and just to his word, by nature tender, and an utter enemy to severity and cruelty; active and vigorous in his constitution, he excelled in the manly exercises of the field. He was personally brave. He loved the pomp, and the very dangers of war; but with these splendid qualities he was vain to a degree of folly, versatile in his measures, weak in his understanding. He was ambitious without dignity, busy without consequence, attempting ever to be artful but always a tool. Thus, taking the applause of the multitude for a certain mark of merit, he was the dupe of his own vanity, and owed all his misfortunes to that weakness.”—*Hist.*, 1776, i. 179.

such friendly sentiments did not ever hinder him from indulgence in illicit passion and intrigue with Lord Grey's wife; or the ruin of Armstrong's military career; or the employment of Tom Thynne in the deliberate atrocity of debauching Miss Trevor under a contract of marriage. Still less accurate is it of James Macpherson to declare that Monmouth was "just to his word:" on the contrary, he really broke every promise and vow that he ever made, and although obstinately retentive of his own courses, instead of being swayed by duty or gratitude, he, like most weak men, acted with the grossest dissimulation; to William of Orange, to Charles II., and several others. His own wife and the Duke of York he outraged without disguise, we admit, but in these exceptional cases the absence of concealment scarcely lessened the injury.

Of Ford Lord Grey we delay a detailed account until he comes more prominently before us in preparing the failure of the Western Insurrection. But his name continually occurs during previous years, and always for mischief. His pusillanimity when challenged by Captain Sarsfield prepares us for his utter baseness and cowardice in leaving his troops endangered near Lyme in 1685, and his treachery in again fleeing from the battle at Sedgemoor. His depravity in seducing his wife's sister, Lady Henrietta Berkeley, brought about the scandal of a public trial; and the notoriety of the same wife holding adulterous connection with Monmouth, tacitly submitted to by the husband, leave nothing incomplete in the way of dishonour that is not fulfilled amply by the fact of his after treachery to Monmouth, which secured his own exemption from punishment, and the crowning degradation of being rewarded for his villanies by the favour of William III.

Of Sir Thomas Armstrong much has to be recorded in connection with the events following the discovery of the Rye-House Plot, one among which is his own execution.

There remains only Tom Thynne, and, since we have a Roxburghe Ballad on his assassination, we take the opportunity of dismissing him at this place. The proximate cause of his death having been his ill-omened marriage with Lady Ogle, we here give a hitherto unprinted poem on her history, briefly annotating it, but leaving the full explanation to the immediately succeeding pages. Our manuscript version of "Ogle's History" deserves preservation. It was certainly written *before the death of Thynne*, and therefore this historical document should precede the Roxburghe Ballad on his murder.

Colonel Brett had been in collusion with Tom Thynne, to secure the lady's fortune to be added to that of the Longleat libertine. The Earl of Essex plainly hinted at Thynne having bribed the Colonel and Lady Ogle's grandmother to use their influence or authority over her. (See Introduction to the ballad on the

murder : p. 106.) Thynne's intimacy with the Bretts had already continued some time, even to the stirring of gossip, for we find in a manuscript satire of this date, beginning "Let *Talmish* preach to his dull simple crowd," the following mention of Thynne desiring to wed Lady Ogle, after the death of Kate Brett :

Let *Carolina* be the Count's abode,
 And *Oates* be usher'd down the *Tyburn* road ;
 Let *Thinn* want *Ogle*, now *Kate Brett* is dead ;
 And *How* be pleased with th' old Bawd *Hewel's* bed ; [*Jack Howe*.
 Let *Manchester* defile his daughter *Ann*,
 And *Dulman Macklesfield* do all he cau ;
 Let *Sydley* be their learned Orator,
 And *Bradbury* their great solicitor ;
 Let *Pruda Poultney* bawd for all the tribe ;
 And villain *Wildman* honest men proscribe ;
 Let *Nevill* complement in Dialogues,
Ireton and *Forbes* be thought Demagogues. *Electera*. [N. Payne.

(Robert Montague, third Earl of Manchester, married Anne Yelverton : their daughter Anne was third wife of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk. Macclesfield is Charles Gerard, the first Earl. Sedley is Sir Charles Sedley. To lawyer Bradbury, John Wildman, and Ireton's son Henry, we return in the *Rye-House Plot Group*. For James Forbes, see p. 217.)

A grossly licentious poem entitled "Epistle from E[arl] of O[gle] to Col. B[rett]" begins "The Man, dear *Bret*, that wears a condom." It is avowedly an Imitation of Horace, Ode xxii. Lib. 1. It had certainly shown the popular estimate of Colonel Brett's impurity. He afterwards married the notorious Countess of Macclesfield, mother of the ill-fated Richard Savage. She had been divorced in 1696, on account of her infidelities with Earl Rivers and others. To marry such a woman might be thought punishment enough, even for such a man as Brett, but she was rich, and willing to connive at his continued libertinism : instanced by her good-humouredly wrapping her kerchief over her husband's head, when she found him asleep in a chair alongside her waiting-maid.

Another person connected by mercenary considerations with the ill-omened marriage was Mrs. Jane Potter. Tom Thynne had bribed her to lend assistance, giving her a bond and engagement to pay her £500 within ten days after his marriage with Lady Ogle, under a penalty of £1000 if he delayed redemption. After Thynne's murder, Jane Potter having been left a widow, she claimed the full penalty from Thynne's executors, Thomas Hall of Bradford being one. They resisted payment, on plea of the marriage being not more than a contract, but the law decided against them. Repeated appeals gave alternate success, but finally compelled Mistress Jane to yield the bond and bear the costs. The lawyers of the day made fortunes out of the squabble over this infamous bond of "booby Thynne," some of whose thousands were thus buried strangely in the Potter's field.

[Trowbesh Quarto MSS., XXIII. 24.]

Ogle's History.

A Widow young, whose name is *Bess*,
 Whose Birth and Fortune are no less
 Than Beauty, that the whole world knows——
 Except the redness of her Nose,
 At first did marry a great man,¹
 Although no higher than a span;
 Whose Stature match'd her Love so well,
 That which was least you cannot tell:
 For tho' this Inch of Man she'd wed,
 She wish'd another in her Bed. 10
 Wit's the object of her flame,
 While *Ogle* only had the name,
 Whose fate it was oft to embrace
 An absent Wife; for in her place
 Her Body he did always find,
 But never cou'd enjoy her mind.
 At last kind Heaven did decree
 To set 'em both at Liberty.
 Poor *Ogle* dy'd, and with his life
 Left seeming sad his Maiden wife: 20
 For what sh' had lost not so much vex,
 As curious *who shou'd be the next?*
 Her friends, by whose discreet advice
 She did seem both coy and nice,
 Receive from none proffers of Love
 But whom their wisdom did approve.
 These friends, with all ambitious Pride,
 Wou'd have her lay all thoughts aside
 Of any Subject, and sit down [MS. "object." 30
 Content with nothing but a Crown!
 When our great Senate first was hot
 About the horrid *Popish Plot*,
 'Twas moved, as a means to prevent
 All future fear and discontent,

¹ Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, was the first husband of Elizabeth Percy. He was born about 1667; married her in 1680, and died in the same year. Dorothy, Countess Dowager of Sunderland (Waller's *Saccharissa*), described him in a letter written to Henry Sydney, on March 12, 1679:—"My Lord *Ogle* does prove the saddest creature of all kinds that could have been found fit to be named for my Lady *Percy*; as ugly as any thing young can be."—*Earl Rodney's Diary*, i. 302.

The *Queen* shou'd lead a private life,
 And *Rowley* take another wife.
 Then our Young Widow they propose :
 Heart with pride and gladness glows !
 In shoals her kindred flock unto her,
 And for preferments 'gan to woo her. 40
 She wou'd have all advanc'd and serv'd,
 And left behind none unprefer'd ;
 But there was of them such a crew,
 All the Employments were too few.
 This will not let her be at ease,
 For all, 'twas plain, she cou'd not please.
 But while her thoughts were at a strife,
 What she shou'd do when once a Wife,
 How she shou'd act her Royal part,
 When Mistress of our Monarch's heart, 50
 The King this Riddle did unfold,
 For he his Senate plainly told,
 " Tho' twenty kingdoms were at stake,
 His Queen he never wou'd forsake."
 Thus Fortune's Wheel, giving a slip,
 Quite o'erturn'd *her* hope of Queenship.
 She now being fall'n one degree
 From her own wish'd-for Majesty,
 Her friends, unwilling to give over,
 Stuck hard to get her Prince *Hanover* :¹ 60
 But whether she did not look well,
 Her face was dirty, I can't tell,
 The Prince wou'd not do her the honor
 To cast one glancing look upon her.
 Prince *Inspruck* did more courtly prove ;²
 Made her two visits, talk'd of Love,
 Extoll'd her Beauty and her Wit ;
 But, in conclusion, thought it fit
 Without ingagement to retire :
 So she was left like one i' th' mire. 70
 The King and both the Princes gone,
 Men of all meaner Rank came on :
 And now advances in the List
 A bold one-ey'd Antagonist. [= Count Kōnigsmarck.

¹ This is curious. The Elector George of Hanover is meant, who was born in May, 1660, and, through Anne's customary treachery to all family affection, came to be in 1714 our George I. Thus, if the statements in "Ogle's History" be true, "Betsy" had *two* chances of being made by marriage Queen of England.

² We have not followed the trail of this Tyrolean Prince Inspruck, one among her many suitors. The Princess of Oost Friesse's son was also named.

As Archers, shooting for a Prize,
 Always shut close one of their eyes,
 That they may better take their aim
 And be the surer of their game :
 So that this Blade might never miss,
 He quite had put out one of his ; 80
 But by a very great mistake
 It was the right one, that did make
 Him shoot at random, and so wide,
 Most of his Arrows fell aside.

One had the fortune tho', to hit
 The Lady in a lucky fit ;
 Made her feel pleasure with some smart,
 And wounded her to th' very heart.

Her kindred now began to fret,
 Swearing by this they nothing get ; 90
 That he was Loyal, and wou'd be
 A strong support to Monarchy :

So they resolv'd, 'twixt one another,
 To keep about this a vile puther ;

See her and tell her many a lye,
 Of him, and his whole family :

[MS. "Fee her."]

Till that, for ease and quiet' sake,
 She did this solemn promise make,
 " Be satisfy'd, the Day's your own,
 And I will quietly lay down 100

All thought of ever being content,
 Since that can't be with your consent.

I cannot happy be without him,
 But such a stir you keep about him

That to Mankind, for his dear sake,
 I here a long *Adieu* do make :

And, since I can't have him alone,
 I am resolv'd I will have done."

This said, she to her Chamber went,
 To give her fiery passion vent. 110

This grief, which her swolne heart opprest,
 Wou'd never let her be at rest,

Till, overflowing without spies,
 It found a passage through her eyes.

Thrice happy they, whose kinder Fate
 Gives but the tythe of her Estate !

They may with safety own their mind,
 And seldom opposition find :

But our rich Heiress must not chuse ;
 Neither, who[m] they prefer'd, refuse. 120

For now the *Bretts*¹ do think it fit
 That Birth to Fortune shou'd submit;
 That Title's but an empty sound,
 True Honor no where to be found:
 But where is Wealth?—there *Somerset*,²
Kingston, Northumberland, Thanet,
 Are all contain'd and sum'd up in
 This one poor silly name, *T. T.* [= Tom Thynne.
 For he has mon[e]y, and no wit,
 Therefore to serve their turns more fit. 130
 A *Broomegean*³ too, may they find
 Him, like the growth of all that kind,
 False and deceitful; play the Fool
 Then on with hopes [till], now at school,⁴
 His Nephew shall be brought to smile
 Upon their sister Lady *Boyle*:⁵
 But when by their dissembling Art
 He's master quite o' th' Lady's heart, [He = Thynne.
 May he their kindness then repay
 As they do *Ogle* the same way. 140

¹ See, on the *Bretts*, Colonel and Kate, pp. 94, 95, and 104.

² It was a strange coincidence, to find in this poem, written before February, 1683, the name of Charles Duke of Somerset; seeing that he afterwards became her husband. Robert, second Lord Kingston, who had succeeded in 1676. The Earl, afterwards Duke, of Northumberland here mentioned was George Fitzroy, the Duchess of Cleveland's third son to Charles II., raised to the title in 1674. Thomas Tufton, sixth Earl of Thanet, had kept dangling after Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth (to be supplanted in favour by Monmouth). He is mentioned, along with Lewis Duras, in a Ballad to the tune of Chevy Chase (= "Come all you youths that yet are free"), in the eighth verse:—

Great *Feversham* and *Thanet* too
 are out of *Wentworth's* books;
 For somebody has done her due,
 and she in August looks. [i.e., prolific in harvest.

³ Brummagem = false coin, base metal: see pp. 668 of vol. iv. Thynne being ignoble (although ready for toad-eating, and tuft-hunting after half-nobles), would indulge in low spiteful railing at those who bore hereditary honours, as the "unearned increment of other men's toil:" he himself spent others' wealth.

⁴ We venture, hesitatingly, to suggest a few changes, for something is wrong in the text, which reads thus: "False and deceitful; may the Fool Then on with hopes now at school His Nephew," etc. A word has certainly dropt after "hopes"—perhaps *while*, or *hur'd*, or *till*. "May" was probably mis-written for *play*, or *ply*. This is merely guess-work. The said nephew of "Tom of Ten Thousand" was Sir Thomas Thynne, son of Sir Henry Frederick Thynne of Kempford, and succeeded to Longleat, on the murder of Tom; he was elevated to the peerage in the following December as Baron Thynne of Warminster and Viscount Weymouth. But he married Frances, daughter of Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchilsea; and not Lady Boyle whom the satirist indicates.

⁵ Probably Elizabeth, Lady Boyle, whom Richard Boyle, 2nd Earl of Cork, 1st Earl of Burlington, mentions in a letter dated July, 1682.

But hold, my Muse, why say'st thou "When?"
 I hope that time will ne'er be seen
 That so much Beauty, Youth, and Wit
 Shall to so dull a thing submit:
 A man who scarce has sense to think,
 Whose soul is rotten, breath doth stink;
 With whom (he is so dull a Post)
 The end of marriage will be lost;
 (For *Trevor's* Brat did prove to be
 Got by a better man than he.)¹

150

Ah! then, be wary, while you may
 And do not blindly throw away
 Your self, nor fill with grief your friends,
 To see you sacrific'd for th' ends
 Of those who [ve] the picture of *Long Leet*,
 Expos'd to view, in hopes you'll stake
 [What is your own, for their vile sake.]
 To purchase such a House: no less
 Than all your Wealth and Happiness.

But, Madam, you will suffer most,²
 Your fame will be for ever lost;
 Your wisdom doubted; for 'tis known
 To your discerning ear alone,
 Her Father when his last he breath'd
 Your Grandchild prudently bequeath'd.
 And how do you this trust perform?
 How do you keep her safe from harm,

160

¹ We must take *cum grano* the insinuation of Tom Thynne having been incapable of the paternity of Mistress "Trevor's Brat," seeing that it was accredited to him, and we believe the allegation was never disproved. Fools often become fathers, or the population would soon decrease at $\omega\sigma\delta\mu\epsilon\mu\mu\mu\sigma\gamma$. The probability of the ill-assorted couple renewing their intercourse (after Thynne's entrapping the heiress Elizabeth Lady Ogle into marriage), of itself shows that the satirist scarcely believes his allegation of defect. We suppose Anne Trevor to be the lady mentioned; and if so she found a better husband in the Rt. Hon. Michael Hill, M.P., to whom she bore two sons, the eldest being named Trevor Viscount Hillsborough, father of the first Marquis of Downshire. Perhaps the disputed "brat" was this very *Trevor* (his mother's maiden family name, she being sole daughter and heiress of Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls, etcetera). But not unless he were born before March, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$.

² Clever though this poem be, to our mind, and throwing a clear light on many minute circumstances of the *Mariage de convenance* which the bribed Colonel Brett and Dowager Countess of Northumberland arranged with "the Golden Ass" Tom of Ten Thousand, it has a confusion near the end in the persons addressed. We suppose lines 141 to 150 to be addressed to the Muse; then lines 151 to 158 are directed to the second-time wedded Lady Ogle; lastly, line 159 to the end apostrophizes her grandmother, the Lady Elizabeth Percy (*née* Howard).

If your connivance bring to pass
 Her marriage with this *Golden Ass*?
 Think what a stain to th' *Piercy's* Race,
 What a Dishonor, what Disgrace ! 170
 That such their Blood shou'd mingled be [i.e. the *Thynnes*].
 With yours that springs from Royalty.¹
 But if such thoughts ha' n't pow'r to make
 You this pretended Marriage break,
 Then from a Prophet, or a Friend, ["Then for," in MS.
 Learn what misfortune will attend.

Your Grandchild marry'd, writings seal'd and sign'd,
 All will be settled, but her restless mind.
 Too late she'l in his carriage find more flaws
 Than Lawyers do in writings, and with cause 180
 Shall of his little love to her complain,
 And his too much for others, tho' in vain.
 Then he, like Rogues who having cut a purse
 Cry "Stop Thief!" first, begin to fret and curse ;
 Suspect her kindness ; and then, jealous grown,
 Lay to her charge those crimes which are his own.
 This done, he from the lewdness of the Town
 Takes a pretence, and fairly sends her down
 Into the Country : where, 'twixt Pride and Rage,
 She lingers out the Summer of her Age²
 In silence ; while with hopes of pleasure fed
 He takes the injur'd *Trevor* to his Bed.
 If you shou'd be concern'd or mov'd at this,
 He'l tell you, plainly, *Ogle* now is his :
 "Henceforth you may your needless trouble spare !"
 And once more send you to St. *James's* Square.³

[Date, certainly between December, 1680, and February, 168½.]

¹ She being by birth a Howard, daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, who died 3 June, 1640. Lady Ogle's mother, Elizabeth Cavendish (*née* Wriothlesley), having made a second marriage (with Lord Montagu), the girl had been thrown into the guardianship of her own paternal grandmother.

² As did the second wife of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Lady Elizabeth Butler, whom he sent to the Peak, and was believed to have poisoned in sacramental wine.

³ The Countess of Northumberland's residence was in St. James's Square.

* * In the seventh edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1686, Appendix, No. 8, is music exactly fitting this hitherto-unprinted "Lady Ogle's History," the tune being named "Lady Catherine Ogle: a new Dance." The alteration of name from "Bess" to "Catherine" may have been made to avoid legal difficulties. Tom D'Urfey wrote words to the same tune, farther disguising the name as *Catherine Oggy*, or *Ogee*: a Scotch song still popular as "Catharine Ogie." The tune is northern in character, appropriate for this Northumberland Beauty, and will be given in the new edition of *Popular Music*.

The Matchless Murder of Tom Thynne.

“ *Tom of Ten Thousand* is come in,
 Sure such a Hero much will win,
 On sculls as thick as his is *Thin* :
 Believe it ! ”

—*Bagford Ballads : The Wiltshire Ballad*, 1680.

MONEY in England will purchase nearly everything, as is well known, and “Tom of Ten Thousand” per annum had managed to surround himself at his princely seat of Longleat in Wiltshire with the usual circle of sycophants and toad-eaters, who earned their wages by flattering his inordinate vanity, before he attempted to swell himself into a politician at London, by accompanying the Earl of Shaftesbury and a dozen other disaffected Lords or Commons to the Court of King’s Bench in June, 1680, then and there to present the Duke of York with the Duchess of Portsmouth as Popish Recusants. But the Duchess soon made her peace with these time-serving enemies, and their full malice was exerted against the “Popish Successor.” As mentioned elsewhere, the rest were the Earl of Huntingdon, Lords Grey of Werk, William Russell (Bedford’s son), Cavendish, and Brandon; of Barons or Knights, Sir Edward Hungerford, Henry Calverley, Gilbert Gerard, William Cowper, and Scroop Howe; with a few untitled M.P.s., William Forrester for Wenlock, John Trenchard for Taunton, and reprobate Tom Wharton for Buckinghamshire. Thynne mis-represented Wilts, as he previously had inadequately represented Oxford University in an earlier parliament. Having ample means to lavish, and win praise for hospitality, he ostentatiously played the host to Monmouth in his Western Progress of 1680. He did his best to help onward an insurrection, although fortunately he did not live long enough to see the disastrous failure of Sedgemoor. He was a Turncoat, moreover, for he had earlier been attached to the Duke of York’s interest, and a gentleman of his bedchamber; had been sent on a congratulatory mission to Dunkirk in 1669, after having been nominally entrusted with a mission to the States in 1667.

No two English etymologists agree. We may take or leave *ad lib.* the explanation, plausible enough and probably correct, that the old name *Lange-lete* is derived from *leat* (= *lade*, or lead, as in Scottish Mill-lead, a mill-race), signifying a water-course. Sir John Thynne, who died in 1580, had in 1540 bought the site of the old Priory of Lange-lete. It had been sold to the Crown, in 1539, by Sir John Horsey, of Clifton Maulbank, Dorsetshire. This Thynne was Secretary to the Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, who, when he rose to be Protector during Edward VI.’s reign, favourably remembered his former Secretary. Knighthood reached him in 1547, after the Battle of Musselborough Field, in Scotland.

The ground whereon the "cell of Long-lead" had once been, and also part of the Glastonbury estates, thus came to the Thynnes. There is an old local rhyme:—

Horner, Popham, Wyndham, and Thynne,
When the Abbot came out, then they came in.

The architect of the noble building is believed to have been John of Padua (see p. 110): too good a shell for such a grub as Tom Thynne to nestle in. Nevertheless, he hoped to add field to field by a rich marriage, and great preparations were made in re-furnishing, but here the Parcæ intervened.

Of Tom Thynne's private doings we know quite enough to make impossible all regret for his removal from life. The having been murdered is an insufficient plea to lift into celebrity the treacherous unloving seducer of Miss Trevor; the frivolous flashy wooer, against her liking, and the half-husband of Lady Ogle; the loose companion and evil adviser of Monmouth; the ridiculed "Fool Thynne" of many a poetic squib and ballad; the *Issachar* of Dryden's satire, *Absalom and Achitophel* (Issachar biblically representing "a strong Ass couching down between two burdens:" Wealth and Folly): the "safe and senseless Tom Thynne" of Earl Rochester's satire. On this Tom appears to have been written the tersely appropriate

Epigram.

WHEN I was young I then had no wit;
'Tis a great while ago, and I have none yet:
I think I shall ne're have none till I dye,
For the longer I live the more Fool am I!

Considerable stir was made at his death in February, 168½, owing to the circumstances of audacious violence from hired bravoos; their employer being Count Johann von Königsmark. Thynne was shot at, and mortally wounded by one assassin, while riding in his coach through Pall-Mall. As he often had ridden in company of Monmouth, the first rumour interpreted the attack to have been with intent to slay the Duke. This was soon proved to be utterly false, but Monmouth felt indignant at the murder of his companion, and never rested until the culprits were brought to justice. The execution of the three assailants, the brave Captain Vratz, a German, the Swede Stern, and the Polander Borotski, helped for awhile to keep Thynne's name remembered in coffee-house gossip. But it is extremely doubtful whether a tear was shed for him in affectionate regret, save by his associate Monmouth. John Evelyn and Sir John Reresby did their utmost, in view of the sudden slaughter, to manifest something resembling respect. Not even Whig partizan zeal in modern times is able to successfully accomplish the apotheosis of Lady Ogle's persecutor; whose hand she had been forced to take by her mother and Colonel Brett, although unwillingly, but whose

embraces she could in nowise tolerate. Accompanying Lady Temple, wife of our ambassador Sir William, she fled to Holland on purpose to avoid any consummation of the marriage. This was a few days before Thynne was slain at the bidding of another pretender to her hand, the Count Königsmark, in revenge for his rival's success, and hopefulness of supplanting him if once removed. Well might London wits give to the sham-husband this mocking

Epitaph.

HERE lies *Tom Thynne of Longleat-Hall,*
Who never would have miscarried
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.

This Epitaph, with Horace Walpole's commentary (see next page) and the earlier lines by Dryden on Thynne as Issachar,¹ will outlast the expensive white-marble monument at Westminster Abbey, which family pomp and political affectation erected to his memory. His successor, Sir Thomas (created Baron Thynne and Viscount Weymouth), and his executor Thomas Hall of Bradford set this up. It represents Thynne at full length, semi-recumbent, and semi-disrobed, with full-bottomed periwig and a weeping Cupid. The assassins around the coach are shown on a bas-relief below.

It was unkind of the dull metallic medicine, lead, to disagree with Thynne's digestion. If Count Karl Johann von Königsmark himself had been hanged for the murder, it might have been satisfactory, or if each had slain one another comfortably in a duel. But most people of judgement must have begrudged the sacrifice of such a soldier as Captain Vratz, to appease the shabby Monmouth faction in the name of justice. Pemberton and North helped to save Count Königsmark at the trial. He had been here on an embassy, and the other ambassadors petitioned in his favour; besides the Court felt willing to extend clemency so far as possible. He declared, with the likelihood of it being true, that he had twice challenged Thynne, for impertinence; but, instead of meeting him abroad, Thynne had sent six ruffians to slay him and his friend Vratz: they saved their own lives by killing two of the assailants. Acquitted and free, Königsmark entered the Venetian service; was sent into Greece as second in command of an expedition, and fell at the siege of Argos, August 29th, 1686. By entanglement in Thynne's murder he had lost caste, as he admitted that it was "a stain on his blood; yet such as a good action in the wars, or a lodgement on the counter-scarp, would wash out."

¹ But hospitable treats did most commend

Wise *Issachar*, his wealthy Western friend. (See Vol. IV. p. 623.)

Of course "wise" is prefixed in irony: *lucus a non lucendo*. Tom Thynne gave Monmouth his fine set of Oldenburg coach-horses.

Lady Ogle, the beautiful heiress, and only daughter of Jocelyn Percy, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, and of Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley his wife, youngest daughter of the Earl of Southampton, was by birth the Lady Elizabeth Percy: in early girlhood married to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, who assumed her name of Percy.

The ugly story about Miss Trevor is memorable as a clear indication of the terms on which Monmouth stood with the unprincipled Tom Thynne, and it does not lack contemporary corroboration. Regarding the Epitaph already quoted, "Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall," Horace Walpole explains:

"Two anecdotes are attached to these lines. Miss Trevor, one of the Maids of Honour to Catharine of Portugal, wife of Charles the Second, having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the Duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was the woman he lay withal. The woman he married was the great heiress, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by Count Coningsmark in Pall Mall."—*Reminiscences of the Court, etc.*

Lawrence Eachard describes her, unnamed, as "a Lady noted for her modesty and virtue, who had bravely resisted the temptations of a vicious Court, and more particularly *the courtship of the Duke of Monmouth*, as being a marry'd man. The Duke, enraged at the disappointment," employed Thynne to betray and abandon her.—*History*, p. 1019.

We suppose this Miss Trevor to have been Anne, daughter of Sir John Trevor, of Brynkinalt, Secretary of State under Lord Arlington in 1680, and chosen Speaker of the Commons in 1685. There was a child by Miss Trevor (see our p. 100, Note 1 and a later page). Sir John Reresby suggestively mentions the wronged lady, thus:—

January 2, 168½.—I dined that day with my Lord Halifax at my Lord Conway's, Principal Secretary of State. I acquainted the King and my Lord Halifax at the same time with an affidavit made before me as a Justice of the Peace, the same day, concerning a *pre-contract between Mr. Thynne and Mistress Trevor*, before his marriage with my Lady Northumberland. For there were endeavours to 'null the said marriage, it not having been consummated, and my Lady Northumberland having fled from Mr. Thynne into Holland. At all which the Court was not dissatisfied, the husband being one that had opposed its interest and engaged himself in that of the Duke of Monmouth.—*Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, James J. Cartwright's edition, 1875, p. 230. Thynne's command in the Wiltshire Militia had already been taken from him by Lord Conway (Nov. 19, 1681), and given to Colonel Penruddock.

January 3.—I gave the King a copy of the affidavit which he had commanded me to prepare the day before.—*Ibid.*

Early in February "there were several motions this term at the King's Bench bar by Counsel in behalf of Thomas Thynne, Esqre., in relation to *the estate which he claims by the right of his wife, the Lady Ogle*: but it is put off to the next term."

Thus matters were in train to legally free Lady Ogle from her unwelcome encumbrance, had Königsmark not interfered with his gang of murderers to take a shorter way, but one that made his own chance hopeless thereafter. He misunderstood our nation.

It could have been only in the irony of fate that so bright and beautiful a creature as the future Duchess of Somerset, wife of

“the proud Earl,” was even for a day fastened in wedlock’s bands to Tom of Ten Thousand. Some scandalous trickery on the part of her own grandmother, Lady Elizabeth Howard, the old Countess of Northumberland, had been employed by Thynne to gain her as his wife, and secure possession of her fortune when she came of age.¹ She owned six old baronies, viz., Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Bryan, and Latimer. John Evelyn records the Earl of Essex’s disclaimer of being an accessory in this transaction:

15th Nov., 1681.—I din’d with ye Earle of *Essex*, who after dinner in his study, where we were alone, related to me how much he had ben scandalized and injur’d in the report of his being privy to the marriage of his Lady’s niece ye rich young widow of the late Lord *Ogle*, sole daughter of ye E[ar]le of *Northumberland*; shewing me a letter of Mr. *Thynne’s* excusing himselfe for not communicating his marriage to his Lordship. He acquainted me also with the whole story of that unfortunate Lady being betrayed by her grandmother, the Countesse of *Northumberland*, and Col[onel] *Bret*, for money; and that tho’, upon the importunity of the Duke of *Monmouth*, he [Essex] had delivered to the grandmother a particular of the jointure which Mr. *Thynne* pretended he would settle on the lady, yet he totally discourag’d ye proceeding, as by no means a competent match for one that both by birth and fortune might have pretended to the greatest prince in Christendom; that he also proposed the Earle of *Kingston*, or the Lord *Cranburn*, but was by no means for Mr. *Thynne*.—*Diary*, ii. 386, Bickers’s 1879 edition.

A week earlier she had fled to Holland, expressly to avoid the loathsome companionship of her contracted persecutor. Henry Sydney was of service to her, and writes, “The greatest business I had then on my hands was about my Lady Ogle. The 7th of November [1681] I went with her on board the yacht, and conducted her below Gravesend, and came back and told my story to the King, who was well pleased.” After Thynne’s death an express was sent into Holland to recall her, and she came “attended with many servants.” Wherever she went, her great wealth excited the hopes of adventurous suitors, and it is not improbable that her fancy had really been caught by the handsome person and insinuating manners of Count Königsmark. She was in her fourteenth year, and had already been nominally a widow for more than a twelvemonth; her first husband (Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry, Duke of Newcastle,) having died in 1680. To him she had been married when only twelve years old, her birth having been in 1667. Thynne being murdered in February, 168½, left her again free, and rejoicingly so. On the 30th of the following May, at Montague House, she married Charles Seymour, the sixth Earl of

¹ There was not only bribery of Colonel Brett and the old Countess, but a conspiracy and subornation of servants. So late as the 11th of January, 169½, the House of Lords was engaged reversing “a decree of the Lord Keeper against Mrs. Potter for £500, which she had obtained of Mr. Hawse, executor of Mr. Thynne, who gave her a bond for the said moneys in case he married the Lady Ogle, which he did.”—Luttrell’s *Brief Relation*, iv. 4. Compare our p. 95.

Somerset, she being then little beyond fifteen, and he of not more than twenty years. A golden-haired blonde, in the perfection of her beauty, she evidently loved her stately, dark, handsome husband. She shared many of his ideas, but her own pride never became offensive like his notorious arrogance, which was so excessive as to become ridiculous. Anecdotes are numerous in regard to this, such as the rebuke administered by a countryman, who, while driving a pig, had been ordered to stand aside—"My Lord Duke is coming and does not choose to be looked upon!" to which he answered, lifting his pig to the carriage-window, "But I *will* see him, and my Pig shall see him too!" Also, that, when his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch (daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchilsea), in 1725, had playfully tapped his shoulder with her fan, he had haughtily told the bride, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and *she* never took such a liberty!" Dean Swift wrote that "he had not a grain of good judgement, hardly common sense;" but Swift was evidently prejudiced against Somerset, desiring his downfall.

In our Collection of Manuscript Satires is "*Ogle's History*," beginning, "A Widow young, whose name was *Bess*," already given, on p. 96. It is of date 1681. On p. 110 is another libel.

She had other and earlier slanderers than Swift, for in the manuscript satire, beginning "You Scribblers that writ of Widdowes and Maids," and entitled "*Lady Fretchwell's* song of the Wives," are these malicious lines upon her, evidently written in 1682, soon after her third marriage; the tune is the ever-popular *Paekington's Pound*:—marked as *Four able Physicians have lately come down*:—

Great titles of Honour wee all doe adore,
 And 'twas this very title made *Ogle* a *δαομα* :
 For the name of a Dutchess had so taken place
 That she lay with her Count, tho' she marri'd his *Græce*.
 And *Albemarle* can dispense with her man,
 Now she's marri'd a Duke, let him help't if he can.

Another, of much later date, 1711, and on the same lady, was written by Dean Swift (as he himself boasts to Stella). He was not left unpunished for the libel, but is believed to have suffered under the supposition that he wrote it, even to the losing the the Bishopric of Hereford in consequence; as the story goes that the victim of the satire took it to Queen Anne and implored her not to allow the author of so virulent an insult to be raised to the Bench. It deserves a place here in connection with Tom Thynne. Swift wrote, moreover, in 1713, concerning this lady and himself:—

Now angry *Somerset* her vengeance vows
 On *Swift's* reproaches for her [murder'd] spouse ; [Thynne.
 From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
 And thence into the Royal ear instils.
 The Queen, incens'd, his services forgot,
 Leaves him a victim to the vengeful *Scot*. [Argyle.

The Windsor Prophecy.

“About three months ago, at *Windsor*, a poor Knight’s widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave, the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty; but found only a small parchment rolled up very fast, put into a leathern case; which case was tied at the top, and sealed with a St. George, the impression in black wax, very rude and gothick. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black Old-*English* letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of Dr. *W*— [no doubt Warburton], F.R.S., where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

“The lines seem to be a sort of Prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present.”

When a *holy black Swede*, the Son of *Bob*,¹
 With a *saint* at his chin, and a *seal* at his fob,
 Shall not see *one New-Year’s day* in that year,
 Then let old *Englond* make good cheer:
Windsor and *Bristow* then shall be
 Joined together in the *Low-countree*.²
 Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*³
 Speak against peace right many a word;
 And some shall admire his conyng wit,
 For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
 But, spite of the *Harpy*⁴ that crawls on all four,
 There shall be Peace, pardie, and War no more.
 But *Englond* must cry alack and well-a-day,
 If the stick be taken from the Dead Sea.
 And dear *Englond*, if aught I understand,
 Beware of *Carrots* from *Northumberland*.⁵
Carrots sown *Thymne* a deep root may get,
 If so be they are in *Somer set*:
 Their *Conyngs mark*⁶ thou; for I have been told
 They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
 Root out these *Carrots*, O *thou*, whose name
 Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;⁷
 And keep close to thee always that name
 Which *backwards* and *forwards* is almost the same.⁸
 And, *Englond*, would’st thou be happy still,
 Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill*.⁹

¹ Dr. John Robinson, who was Bishop of Bristol, Dean of Windsor, Lord Privy Seal, and one of the Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht; setting out for that place at the end of December 1711, by reckoning of Old Style, but on his arrival in Holland, where the New Style had already been adopted, he found January well advanced: so January the first had slipped away from him, and he fell between the two stools, we mean Styles.

² That is, in Robinson, who held representative offices in Windsor and Bristol.

³ Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, Baron Finch of *Davertry*, and sixth Earl of Winchelsea (father of the successor-bride to *Carrots*). He was known as "Don Dismallo." Swift had recently written a Grub-street ballad ridiculing him, as "the intended speech of a famous orator against Peace, 1711," and tells Hester Johnstone that Finch [= "the *Davertry bird*"] was such an owl to complain of it in the House of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it."—*Journal to Stella*, Dec. 18. The ballad was made to order, for "Lord *Wharton* says 'It is *Dismal* (as they call him from his looks) will save *England* at last.' Lord Treasurer [Robert Harley] was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get one against to-morrow."—*Ibid.* Dec. 5, 1711. It begins:—

An Orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
 Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
 Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
 Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the Queen's peace.
 He has vamp'd an old Speech, and the Court, to their sorrow,
 Shall hear him harangue against *Prior* to-morrow. [Matt. Prior.
 When once he begins, he never will flinch,
 But repeats the same note a whole day like a *Finch*.
 I have heard all the Speech repeated by *Hoppy*,
 And 'mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy.'

The end of the supposititious speech is this:—

I'll speech against Peace while *Dismal's* my name,
 And I'll be a true *Whig*, while I'm *Not-in-game*.

⁴ John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. "The Dead Sea" is Robert Harley.
⁵ Elizabeth, at present Countess of Somerset, daughter of Northumberland; widow of Lord Ogle and Thomas Thynne. She was Groom of the Stole, and first Lady of the Bedchamber at this time, in great favour with the Queen.

⁶ Count Königsmark, who had paid addresses to her during her first widowhood, and in rivalry or revenge contrived the murder of Tom Thynne.

⁷ ANNA, the Queen: whom he calls "A Royal Prude" in *The Author on Himself*.

⁸ Mistress Abigail Masham, the Queen's woman: in the Tory interest.

⁹ The Countess was *golden-red-haired*. Abigail's maiden name had been Hill.

* * There can be no doubt entertained about the authorship, as the following extracts from Swift's *Journal to Stella* will prove: "I have written a Prophecy which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses."—Dec. 23, 1711. "My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day. I like it mightily. I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance without help. I believe everybody will guess it to be mine. My Lord Privy Seal [Robinson] set out this day for Holland."—Dec. 24. "I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the Queen about the Duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. *They have been printed and given about, but not sold.*"—Dec. 26.—"I entertained our Society at the Thatched-House Tavern. The printer had not received my letter, and so brought up dozens apiece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it."—Dec. 27. Long afterwards, he avenged himself on Queen Anne, for having been persuaded to rebuff him at the entreaty of *Carrots*,

by lampooning the "Royal Prude," in a travesty, as the Lilliputian Empress, the prudish enemy of Lemuel Gulliver for his method of putting out the conflagration in Lilliput Palace. Thus it was "*The Prophecy*" far more than the witty *Tale of a Tub* which formed the stumbling block; but Swift, despite his genius, was not wanted to fill a mitre. His sorely wasted life would not have been improved by a bishopric, though he grumbled at holding an Irish deanery. He would have coveted the Primacy, and found himself ever dissatisfied.

It was a vile slander, an unmanly piece of scurrility against a woman, and Jonathan Swift richly deserved any amount of punishment which the spite of the fair Duchess could bring upon him. His insinuating that she was privy to the murder of her second husband, conniving at Königsmark's design because she intended to favour him, was a gratuitous insult, wholly unfounded in fact. No less brutal was the innuendo that she, like a former predecessor Countess of Somerset, would be prepared to "poison when old." People remembered the great Oyer and Terminer case of Overbury's murder, which ruined handsome Carr and his shameless wife, the *Divorcée* of Devereux, third Earl of Essex. The maiden-widowhood of both Countesses would be classed together in men's talk, as an additional wrong against the golden or red-haired "Betsy." She had been lampooned in a Satyr ("This way of writing," etc), April, 1682:

Ogle's return'd, and will consider further
Who next she'll show her [f]ace to for a murther.
I'll say no more than onely this one thing :
All living creatures [err]—except the King !

In 1863 George Walter Thornbury wrote the poem *John of Padua, a Legend of Longleat* (= "John of Padua duly came, a grave wise man with a dark pale face"), which was charmingly illustrated by the late M. T. Lawless, showing the grandeur of Longleat, the building and gardens, with their Italian architect sitting dead on his bench, whence he was accustomed to survey the works, and surrounded by his revering labourers:—

And there were the long white terraces,
And the great wide porch, like an open hand
Stretch'd out to welcome, and the tower,
That rose like a fountain o'er the land ;
And the great elms bosoming round the walls,
The singing birds' green citadels.
They found him there, when daybreak came,
In the self-same posture, self-same place ;
But the plans had dropp'd from his thin wan hands,
A frozen smile was on his face :
And when they spoke, no word he said,
For *John de Padua* sat there—dead,



[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 60; Wood's, E. 25, fol. 98.]

The Hatchless Murder.

Giving an Account of the most horrible and bloody murdering of the most worthy Gentleman Thomas Thin, Esq., who was on Sunday, February the twelfth, 1682, barbarously killed in his own Coach by some blood-thirsty outlandish Villains, who shot five or six Bullets into his Belly, whereof he quickly died: and the names of the murderers now lying in Newgate, who have confessed the same, are as followeth: Capt. Christopher Furatz, a German, George Boroskie, a Polandier, John Stern, a German, Frederick Harder and Amien Berg, accessories.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*When*] *Troy Town*.

[This tune belongs to the old ballad, "The Wandering Prince of Troy," "When Troy Town for ten years' Wars." Roxb. Coll., III. 43. To be given soon.]



COME and assist my trembling Pen,
 While I endeavour to explain
 The bloody minds of cruel men,
 That will no wickedness refrain,
*But bloody Humors to fulfill
 Innocent blood they daily spill.*

- Now my sad story I'll begin,
 The like, I think, you ne'r did hear,
 Now that Renowned Squire *Thin*
 Was murther'd it doth plain appear ;
Their bloody minds for to fulfill,
This squire most horridly they kill. 12
- On Sunday last this Gentleman,
 Clear of all Scandals or Reproach,¹
 At severall places he had been
 With noble *Monmouth* in his Coach ;
This worthy person thought no ill,
Whilst Villains sought his blood to spill. 18
- And thus they pass'd the Streets along,
 Till seven or eight a clock at night,
 And then great *Monmouth* would be gone,
 In whom so much he did delight :
Poor soul ! he little thought of ill.
While villains sought his blood to spill. 24
- His Grace he was no sooner gone,
 But this sad accident befell,
 By Villains he was set upon,
 Neer to a place that's call'd *Pell-mell*.
Their Hellish minds they did fulfill,
And there his precious blood did spill. 30
- Up to the Coach these Villains ride,
 As by his Servants it is said,
 With Weapons which they did provide,
 Whilst he, poor soul ! was not afraid :
For harmless souls ne'r fear no ill,
While villains seek their blood to spill. 36
- Meeting with him, as they desired,
 Their Hellish courage then grew hot,
 Into his Coach at him they fired,
 And into his belly him they shot :
And so, like Villains, him they kill'd,
And his most precious blood they spill'd. 42

¹ This is amusing enough, because notoriously false, his private life having been disgraceful, like that of other Monmouthites. Party spite, that blackens opponents, attempted to whitewash even so dingy a creature as Tom Thynne.



Away like Villains then they fled,
 With horror doubtless in their mind ;
 This worthy soul, three quarters dead,
 Bleeding i' th' Coach they left behind :
*Now had the Villains got their will,
 That sought his precious blood to spill.* 48

When these unwelcome tydings came
 To noble *Monmouth's* wond'ring ear,
 His courage, which none e'r could tame,
 Did on a suddain plain appear ;
*He strait pursu'd those that did spill
 His precious blood that thought no ill.* 54

This noble *Hero* did all night
 Pursue these murtherers all in vain,
 Till *Sol* with his resplendant light
 Did to our sight return again :
*But could not find those that did kill
 That harmless soul as thought no ill.* 60

But Heaven did presently find out
 What lovely *Monmouth* could not do ;
 'Twas well he was the Coach gone out,
 Or he might have been murdered too :
*I fear that they who this squire kill'd,
 Poor Jamey's blood would feign have spill'd.* [i.e. Mon-
 mouth's.

These Villains they were seiz'd at last,
 And brought before his Majesty ;
 This horrid thing they then confest,
 Now Prisoners they in *Newgate* lie :
*And be condemned no doubt they will,
 That squire Thin's sweet blood did spill.* 72

Printed for *J. Conyers* at the *Black-Raven* in *Duck-Lane*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts : on pp. 33, 111, 118, and here. Date, Feb. 168½.]

* * It is not necessary to recapitulate the purchased Epitaphs and Laments for Tom Thynne (which count among the funeral baked-meats, and were provided liberally with black-borders by the undertakers, along with scarves and hat-bands), except this brief mention of two Elegies:—

“A Hew and Cry after Blood and Murther; or, An Elegie on the most barbarous Murther of *Thomas Thinn*, Esq; [*sic*] with some pious Ejaculations to Heaven for the Miraculous Escape of his Grace the Duke of *Monmouth* from the Hands of the Bloody Ruffians. London, Printed by *L[angle]y Curtiss*. 1681.” This is preserved in the Luttrell Collection, I. 151, and begins,

Whilst with hot scent, the *Popish Tory* Crew
A *Presbyterian* Sham Plot do pursue,
Behold a New and True Plot of their own
Against a worthy person's Life made known. Etc.

“An Elegy on the famous *Tom Thin*, Esq., who was barbarously Murthered,” was written by George Gittos, and Printed in the year 168½, beginning, “What arrogance dost thou, Malicious Fate.” This also is in the Luttrell Coll., I. 150.

Tom Thynne having been rich enough, with his Ten Thousand *per ann.*, to be invested with a fully-appointed Ghost (which, we see, talked more sagely than the original possessor had ever done during his lifetime, and less maliciously), the brave Captain Vratz held an equal claim by notoriety to possess the same kind of property. He, like another

Ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd.

He is named in a poetic broadside, “by a Western Gentleman,” dated the 18th of March, 168½, entitled “Captain *Vratz's* Ghost to Count *Conigsmark* :”

Who was't thus basely brought unto his end
The loyal *Monmouth's* wealthy Western friend.

We might be ready, with Hamlet, to “take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound,” let alone “ten thousand,” but we decline respectfully to accept the endorsement of this particular “Western Gentleman.” There is a look of the Trenchard man about him. With Master Dumbleton we “like not the security.” We want some better name than Bardolph's or this Western Gentleman's. Once bit, twice shy. It is unsafe to trust associates of Tom Thynne.



[This Fiddler belongs to p. 162.]

Tom Thynne's Ghost Unsatisfied.

“ His busy active Soul, that long was pent
 Within a putrid ill-contriv'd tencement,
 Is quietly retir'd; but, clog'd with Sin
 And Treason, in *Elysium* can't get in.
 Deny'd his rest thus in the Seat of Bliss,
 He sinks below into the damn'd Abyss :
 There he roves now, and restless till he find
 Some black-mouth'd villain suited to his mind.”

—*The Politician's Downfall*. 1682.

SIR JOHN RERESBY, when he took the affidavit about Miss Trevor (p. 105), could little foresee that in less than six months later he would be issuing a Hue and Cry after Thynne's assassins. He chronicles the murder as

“ The most barbarous that had taken place in England for some time. Mr. *Thynne*, a gentleman of 9,000*l.* a year—lately married to my Lady *Ogle*, who, repenting of the match, had fled from him into *Holland* before they were bedded—was set upon by three ruffians and shot to death as he was coming along the street in his coach. He being one deeply engaged in the Duke of *Monmouth's* interest, it was much feared what construction might be made of it by that party—the authors' escaping and not known. I was at Court that evening, when the King hearing the news, seemed much concerned at it, not only for the horror of the action itself, to which his good nature was very averse, but also apprehending the ill constructions which the anti-Court party might make of it.

At eleven o'clock the same night as I was going into bed, Mr. *Thynne's* gentleman came to me to grant a hue and cry, and soon after the Duke of *Monmouth's* page [Gibbons] to desire me to come to his master at *Thynne's* lodging, sending his coach to fetch me. I found him surrounded with several gentlemen and lords, friends to Mr. *Thynne*, and Mr. *Thynne* mortally wounded by five bullets, which had entered his belly and side, shot from a blunderbuss.”

He tells us how the criminals are traced and successively arrested. First the Swede [Amien Berg?], in a lodging at Westminster, then on his information his master, Captain Vratz, was taken by Reresby

“ At the house of a Swedish doctor in Leicester Fields, I going first into the room, followed by my Lord *Mordaunt*. I found him in bed, and his sword at some distance from him upon the table, which I first seized, and afterwards his person, committing him to two constables. I wondered to see him yield up himself so tamely, being certainly a man of great courage, for he appeared unconcerned from the beginning, notwithstanding he was very certain to be found the chief actor in the tragedy. This gentleman had not long before commanded the *forlorn hope* at the siege of *Mons*, where only two besides himself, of fifty under his command, came off with life. For which the Prince of Orange made him a lieutenant in his guards, and the King of Sweden gave him afterwards a troop of horse.”

Another Swede, Lieutenant Stern, and the Pole Borotski being taken by constables under Reresby's warrant, they are all examined by the Council, the King presiding. The elder Count Königsmark being suspected, and found to have returned to England *incognito* ten days before the murder, and to have departed early next day after it,

was sought, and found at Gravesend disguised, on the 20th. "He was a fine gentleman of his person; his hair was the longest for a man's I ever saw, for it came below his waist, and his parts were very quick." He denied that he had any connection with the murder, and the King "was willing Count Königsmark might come off;" which he did, when tried as an accessory, at the Old Bailey: true bills having been found at Hick's Hall, with a Jury, half of whom were foreigners. Reresby adds: "I carried the King the news the first of this, who was not displeased to hear that it had passed in this manner. The party of the Duke of *Monmouth*, who all appeared to countenance the prosecution, were extremely concerned that the Count did escape."

On the 10th of March, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, Captain Vratz, Stern, and Borotski, were hanged in Pall Mall, close to the spot where Thynne was slain. "The Captain died without any expression of fear or laying any guilt upon Count Königsmark." He bowed to Reresby "with a steady look, as he did to others whom he knew among the spectators, before he was turned off; in fine, his whole carriage, from his first being apprehended till the last, relished more of gallantry than of religion." It certainly was not such as satisfied the irrepressible Gilbert Burnet, who was here officiating and sermonizing, as he had been with Fitz-Harris, and not more profitably. But Captain Vratz was worth a hundred Fitz-Harrises, and Tom Thynnes beside. We see no reason to disbelieve the assertion of so brave a man that he had merely intended to challenge Thynne to a duel, and that George Borotski having fired the blunderbuss was "entirely from a misapprehension of his orders." It was, however, awkward to have a blunderbuss loaded with five bullets when inviting a person to single combat in Pall Mall, even though the unwilling *vis à vis* was a Tom Thynne.

The religious opinions of Captain Vratz were avowedly such as befitted his exemplary courage. He told Dr. Horneck he was confident that God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in; or, as Evelyn reports, "he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman." Moreover, that He would not take it ill if a soldier, who lived by his sword, revenged the affront offered to him by another. Although Burnet cannot help being moved by the imperturbable courage of the soldier, he records, in a pamphlet on the execution, what he believed to be heretical opinions of Vratz, who, with a military distrust of the gossiping amateur Chaplain, declined to take him as a ghostly confessor (Burnet would have blabbed everything for notoriety), and considered it to be sufficient if he confessed his sins to God; and thought it a piece of Popery to urge him to confess to another man. Altogether, we are compelled to admire this un-

daunted hero, and regret that so valuable a life was thrown away to atone for the removal of such a worthless being as Tom Thynne.

“It is certain that never man died with more resolution and less signs of fear, or the less disorder. He had two opinions, that were, as I thought, hurtful to him; the one was, it was enough if he confessed his sin to God, and that he was not bound to make any other confession, and he thought that it was a piece of Popery to press him to confess. He had another odd opinion also of the next state: He thought the damned were only excluded from the presence of God, and endured no other misery, but that of seeing others happier than themselves: and was unwilling to let me enter into much discourse with him for undeceiving him. He said it was his own affair, and he desired to be left to himself; but he spoke with great assurance of God’s mercy to him.”—March 11, 1681-82. Gilbert Burnet. Anthony Horneck, D.D., was the other minister. *Last Confession, prayers and meditations of Lieut. John Stern, etc.* Printed for Richard Chiswell 1682. “George Borodzyer” was the spelling used for his own name by the actual murderer, whom men called Borozski.

John Evelyn tells of his going to see the corpse of Vratz, which had been curiously embalmed by one William Russell, “without disbowelling, or to appearance using any bituminous matter. The flesh was florid, soft, and full, as if the person were only sleeping. He had now been dead neere fifteen daies, and lay exposed in a very rich coffin lined with lead;” the King permitting it to be removed to Vratz’s own country, he being of good family. The body of Borotzski was hanged in chains, at Mile End, where it might best be seen by foreigners entering London.

Lord Wm. Cavendish and Lord Mordaunt sent a challenge to the Count; they desired to follow and exact satisfaction from him. Lord Aylesbury stopped their departure, obtaining their parole. The King probably thought that enough had been already done to appease the ill-conditioned manes of so pestilent a Petitioner and Exclusionist as Thynne, whose befitting epitaph might have been written by Hamlet:

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Fool, farewell!
Thou find’st to be too busy is some danger.

* * * The manes of Tom Thynne have been mentioned. But few are aware that this “unlicked cub of the Whig Cabal,” as he was rightly designated, this spoilt plaything of luck and self-conceit, whom pompous flatterers treated to a tomb in Westminster Abbey (with a bas-relief representing the murder in emulation of Archbishop Sharp’s at St. Andrews), was not allowed to pass quietly into the intermediate state, but was made farther ridiculous in a Poem entitled *Tom Thynne’s Ghost*, which introduces a description of the Infernal Regions, with Shaftesbury attempting to form anew an “Association” like that projected on earth, and indicating the old tutelage exerted over Monmouth, here again styled “Perkin” the impostor. It is this poem which follows on our next page.

John Gibbons, Monmouth’s valet or page, of p. 115, is again mentioned on our p. 215 and its tenth Note.

[Trowbesh Collection, V. 74.]

Tom Thynne's Ghost.



IN dead of night when the pale Moon
 Had got to th' Nocturnal Noon,
 Betwixt her light and what was lent
 From twinkling Candle almost spent,
 As I lay slumbering on my Bed
 I saw methought a man was dead ;
 Gravely he stalk'd and stood and star'd,
 While I lay trembling and was scar'd.
 Dumb for a while, at last I broke
 Silence, and to the Phantom spoke :
 " Art thou," said I, " that man of Sin
 Or Ghost of *Thomas* late Squire *T[hin]* ?"
 He soon reply'd, with accents hollow,
 In words conform to these that follow :—

10

" From the *Tartarean* shades below,
 That neither bounds nor bottom know,
 Where a new life the 'Cursed gain
 Thro' constant torments, endless pain,
 I by permission come to tell
 What Government there is in Hell.
 Because I know thou wert a *Tory*,
 To thee I chose t' impart my story,
 For thou wilt joyfully reveal
 What *Whiggs* that long for Common-weal }
 Like *Spartan* Boyes wou'd still conceal. }
 Attend then, and my Narrative
 Communicate to all alive.

20

" I am the Soul of one of those
 That both the *K[ing]* and Law oppose,
 And itch with Conscientious scurvey 30
 To turn the Kingdom topsey turvey ;
 Rogues that presume themselves appointed
 To contradict the Lord's Anointed ;
 Those that wou'd murder an Addressor,
 And cut the legs of true Successor,
 And make him look in piteous case
 As *Withrington* in " Chivy Chase,"¹
 Nay, cut his Throte and in his place
 Set *Perkin* up of Extract base, ——— [id est, Monmouth.
 Who has no more pretence to rule 40
 This Land than any other Fool,
 But may make out, I'le swear, as soon
 A Title to the World i' th' Moon.
 I was, I say, of that Caball,
 Till I was murder'd in the *Mall* ;
 You've heard, I know, of that Barbarity,
 Hatefull beyond all Bonds of Charity.

" Proceed we then with our Relation
 Of Action in th' Infernal Nation.
 Assist me, steed of *Phæbus*' Legion, 50
 Whilst I describe the dolefull Region.

" One Monarch in that world controuls,
 With flameing scepter, tortur'd Souls ;
 And Captive though he be, in chains,
 Yet absolute Emperour he reigns.
 No Factions there disturb the State,
 Which is preserv'd by steady fate ;
 Unalterable Laws they have,
 Which the Almighty God-Head gave,
 And to their Prince, even on His Foes, 60
 A strict obedience does impose.

" That Prince is *Lucifer*, whose power
 The subject Ghosts adore each hour ;
 Who to advance their mighty King
 In blasphemies his praises sing :

¹ Everybody was supposed to know *Chevy Chase*, with its doleful account of *Witherington*'s mishap, but profane moderns have forgotten it with other good things of old, or when remembering mock what used to move Sir Philip Sidney "like the sound of a trumpet." Here is the ballad verse alluded to :—

For *Witherington* my heart is wae,
 As one in dolefull dumps ;
 For when his legs were cut away,
 He knelt and fought upon the stumps.

Devoutly swearing there's no odds
 Betwixt his grandeur and the God's.
 These, tho' they suffer, 'tis in vain
 Amidst their torments to complain ;
 If he but nod from [']s burning Throne, 70
 There's not a Soul that dares to groan,
 For Hell admits of no Petition
 To redress Grievance of condition ;
 Nor do tumultuous Crowds appear
 With bold Remonstrances of Fear ;
 Nor Spirits murmur at Oppression,
 Nor prate of right or wrong Succession :
 Their King Immortall, oh ! 'mong you,
 That *Charles* the Second were so too.
 I love him now, and, tho' a Devil, 80
 I'm much more honest grown and civil,
 For having ta'en a drachm of *Styx*
 I have forgot my *Whiggish* tricks.¹

“Next to the Prince there are that stand
 Awfully waiting his Command,
Belzebub, Moloch, Ashteroth, Baal,
 And *Dagon* : who, before their fall,
 Tho' not condemn'd t' Eternal Night,
 Were *Seraphim* and Sons of Light. [“Where Seraphins.” 90
 Those cursed Peers, when e're he will,
 If he intends great woe or ill
 To sons of Earth, he quickly can
 Summon into his Dark divan :
 Not to give counsell, but to do
 What his dire Dictates prompt him to.
 “You have, like him, one Noble Peer [Shaftesbury.
 Who would do mighty service *there*.
 Would he were there, instead of me,
 To shew his Squinting Policy.

¹ This certainly ought to be considered a neat touch. To whitewash Tom Thynne from his peccadilloes it was necessary that he should not only be slain but also go “to his own place,” and there recover a right mind. Thus Borotski's bullets were the above-par Life Pills for this jaded debauchee. The knowledge of Hell shown by the satirists two hundred years ago is noteworthy. They felt quite at home there. At the shortest notice they were prepared to give what Byron only tantalizingly promised to unroll: “A panoramic view of Hell's in training.” Captain Vratz's declaration of belief shocked Burnet, as more heretical than his own loose notions: Vratz expected to be “received into eternal happiness,” and added his opinion that the only punishment of the damned would be their exclusion from the presence of God, and their seeing others happier than themselves. See Burnet's *Account*, 1682. We have given the exact words on p. 117.

He 'tis, I mean, that looks at once 100
 Like *Cerberus* from triple sconce,
 But that his Eyes would fascinate
 And give a destiny to Fate ;
 For he, I fear, would break the Law
 By which this world is kept in awe :
 Since it is here his chiefest care [i.e. on earth.
 To break all Laws that Penal are,
 He would go nigh ev'n in this station
 To make a new *Association*.

“(But if he did, Oh ! there are Judges, 110
 Instead of scarlet cloth with budes, [=Ermine tippets.
 Not such as these with which we trade,
 But Robes of solid Darkness made :
 They'd firk his Toby ! for take this
 For fatal truth—and so it is—
 In the proceedings against furies
 There are no *Ignoramus* Juries :
 Plain evidence is there believ'd,
 And no convicted Soul repriv'd.
 No Mainprize¹ there allow'd nor Bail, 120
 But doom'd to an Eternal Jayl,
 The restless Prisoners howl and cry,
 Whilst they in burning Shackles fry.)

“Yet, in my Conscience, he'd endeavour
 Ev'n to deceive the great Deceiver ;
 Or would pretend to court for Mistress
 The fatallest o' th' *Fatal Sisters*.
 And would so wheedle her that she
 Shou'd cut the thread of Monarchy ;
 So would he his dear wish obtain, 130
 And put an end to *Charles* his Reign.
 Nor would he value his Damnation
 To keep great *James* from kingly station.
 Here upon Earth he has a Pug, [i.e. Monmouth.
 Which he, like Devil and Witch, does hug :
 For he ne're found his words were true in
 Any one thing but his own Ruin.
 He whilom told the Younker, he
 Should sway the *British Monarchy*——
 Of a known Bastard grown a Prince !—— 140
 But poor deluded *Perkin* since

¹ *Mainprize* is, in law, a writ directed to the Sheriff, commanding him to take sureties for the prisoner's appearance in court at a given day ; or deliverance of a prisoner on bail-security. They had bale enough, poor wretches.

From fancy'd Honour is degraded,
And all his *fleur-de-lysses* faded.

" But I digress from my design,
While things on Earth and Hell I join.
Suffer me then to represent
The Methods of *our* Parliament.

" When *Lucifer* to utmost borders
Of *Erebus* sends out his orders,
His Officers make no delay, 150
But the great Summons soon obey.

Unanimously they all Elect,—
Not such as say ' they will protect
The Common People's Liberty
From their great Sovereign's Tyranny ;'
For none his boundless Power questions,
Or makes undutiful suggestions :—
But such they are as when th' assemble
Before his Footstool bow and tremble.
They come with steadfast Resolutions 160
To assert the fatal Constitutions ;
Nor do they once 'capitulate
Or grumble to maintain the State. [Supplies granted.]

All that they have to him they owe,
Mammon besides is his they know ;
There is no sawcy well-clad Clown
That claims the use of what's his own :
Nor can from Hellish mouth such sin come
As to deny him his own Income.
There no *Abhorrers* on their knees 170
Pay *Topham* Arbitrary Fees :¹
Nor bawling Lawyers Speakers make,²
Which only with the vulgar take.

" But hark ! I hear the Midnight Bell,
And that rings my Departing Knell.
What I have said, pray con it o'er,
Next time we meet I'll tell thee more."

Finis.

[White-letter. Woodcut from p. 113. Date, 1682, between March and Dec.]

¹ Alluding to the hot ire of the Commons against any of their own members having expressed a loyal *abhorrence* of seditious deeds and petitions : which brought Sir Francis Withens and others to the bar of the house on their marrow-bones. Some members were expelled under this tyranny of the House. Sir John Topham had been the serjeant at their command.

² Probably refers to Sir Edward Seymour: twice chosen Speaker of the House.

The Court-Mistresses.

"A Merry Monarch, scandalous and poor
To *Carwell*, the most dear of all thy Dears,
The sure relief of thy declining years,
Oft thou bewail'st thy Fortune and thy Fate,
To love so well and to be loved so late."

—Rochester's *Satire on King Charles*.

ON the day when Captain Vratz, Lieutenant Stern, and the murderer George Borotzski were executed, in satisfaction of the vengeance demanded by the Duke of Monmouth for the loss of his useful and "hospitable" friend Tom Thynne, a still heavier blow than the death of "Issachar" fell on the aspirant after succession: the Duke of York returned to England. This was on the 10th of March, 1681.

Like most events in those days, the immediate cause and occasion lay in the intervention of a woman. The Duchess of Portsmouth had for a long time stood opposed to the Duke of York, although both held the same views in religion, both avowedly felt the warmest affection for King Charles, and both had been "presented" simultaneously as *Popish Recusants* by Shaftesbury and his flock of sheep calling themselves "True-Blue Protestants." The coarsest libels had been written, printed, and circulated against the Duchess of Portsmouth. The vilest names were flung at her in public and in private. Not the smallest consideration had been shown for her by political enemies, either as a woman, a foreigner, or a beautiful and fascinating guest of the nation. The wretched "Protestant Joiner," Stephen College, was the declared author of the farrago of nauseous rhymed verse beginning "What! down in the Dirt? By St. *Leonard*, her Grace," et cetera, which unblushing printers entitled "The Downfall of the *French Bitch*; *England's Metropolitan* τὰ δυνάμεις; the three Nations' Grievance; the pickled ἄρτοιο ἀιοῖα, *Rowley's Dalilah*: all in a word, The πύμαρ dirty Dutchess."

But that the dislike and avoidance of her was simply from political antagonism, and by no means caused by any moral indignation at outraged purity, was speedily displayed to quiet observers, of mild cynicism, whenever Shaftesbury and his associates believed it to be for their interest to conciliate "the d. dirty Dutchess," whose exile from the land they had earlier demanded. She was enlisted as their powerful ally against the Duke of York. She was flattered into the hope of becoming possibly the Queen of England: that is, so soon as Charles the Second could be persuaded to put away his lawful wife, Catherine of Braganza, and accept a divorce on account of her sterility. If the King's previous marriage could be declared null and void, there would be a claim recognizable for Louise de Quérouaille, since she had insisted on the performance of a sort of matrimonial ceremony, at the Earl of Arlington's house, before

yielding herself wholly to the King, in 1670. It would follow that her eldest boy, Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond (see p. 211) might be declared next heir to the Throne!

These ambitious hopes were sown with prodigal generosity, and had taken root only too surely. In a short time she had the sense to perceive that she was being used treacherously, as the tool of Shaftesbury. When Charles, in 1679, firmly resisted the attempt to persuade him to a divorce, she began to understand that her influence had been misemployed hitherto against York, to further the ambitious intrigues of Monmouth. To have the Duke of Richmond kept away from the succession through the inalienably just claims of her co-religionist York now seemed endurable, in preference to her own illegitimate son being superseded by the equally illegitimate son of Lucy Walter: Monmouth's paternity being doubtful, which was less the case with Richmond. Accordingly she now adopted new measures. It was at her house that Saville, Sunderland, and Henry Hyde arranged to recall the Duke of York from Brussels, when Charles fell ill in 1679 (see Vol. IV. p. 556). And there can be no doubt that it was in accordance with her advice that the Duke of York was again admitted to an audience of his brother, on the 10th of March, 168½. Permission was then obtained for James to bring his wife from Scotland, and resume his place boldly at the Court. It was believed that Portsmouth feared the discontinuance of her enormous pension, in case York succeeded to the Crown, as he evidently was likely to do. It would be better, therefore, to become his friend, and, by helping him now in his need, to secure his promise of assistance towards her thereafter. She turned with the tide, according to *L'Opinion de ces Demoiselles*:

Aussi pointe d' fille qui ne crie :
Viv' nos amis,
Nos amis *les ennemis* !

There being some uncertainty regarding the exact date of the *Roxburghe Ballad*, "Animadversions on the Lady Marquess," it was brought in (p. 67), as a fair example of the common estimate regarding such women as "Madam Carwell." She was probably meant. On p. 153 follows "York's Return from Scotland," and it is well to remember whose influence had been exerted in his favour.

Among the various libels on the Royal Mistresses nearly all are written in coarse language, as might be expected. One attributed to Stephen College begins "Since *Cleaveland* is fled till she's brought to bed," and is entitled "*England's Court s'twined*:" the second of the three verses being this:—

Since Women at Helm have ruin'd the Realm,
And Statesmen have lost their Anchors,
The Lords and the Commons know what will come on us,
But the kingdom must break like the Bankers.

The attribution of this lampoon to the Protestant Joiner seems to us altogether a mistake. It is evidently a courtier's squib.

We give, complete, from our large collection of manuscripts, one entitled more conventionally "A Satyr upon the Mistresses," which begins, "Immortal Powers, inspire me while I sing." Rochester had died on the 26th of July, 1680, but his foulest poems met imitations from inferior writers. One such satire, "Sardanapalus," has been attributed to John Oldham, and it began, "Happy, great Prince, and so much happier thou." Another was mistakenly and preposterously assigned to Samuel Butler, "The Court Burlesqued," beginning, "I sing a merry Monarch's fame." In it, Portsmouth receives a goodly share of raillery as "a gay tit from France," and "the cast-off of a Paris Count" (meaning Count de Leau):

With apple-face, and slender waist,
All over Jilt, yet looking chaste.

The common accusation is not spared, that she sent pies to France, concealing within them stores of guineas,¹ in telling how she

Ev'n keeps her very Keeper poor ;
Nor has he yet the sense to see
How much his generosity
Dishonours his M[onarchi]ck station,
And makes him slighted by the Nation :
Whilst she, her country to advance
Sends golden pies from hence to *France*,
And strips the M[onar]ch of our Isle,
T' enrich her own dear native soil :
Is but a treacherous spy upon him,
To hug him till she's quite undone him,
Does all his grand affairs discover
To cunning *Lewis* at the *Louvre*.
O *Charles* ! how happy had we been
Had'st thou but had a fruitful Queen,
Or else been $\eta\alpha\delta$ before fifteen.

And, as a summing up, we are honestly told of Charles :—

For he, good Prince, could ne'er deny
The Petticoat, good reason why,
Because—as he himself does own—
He loves a Lady 'bove a Crown.

¹ Compare "Two Wanton Ladies," in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 600, Jan. 15, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$,

Quoth *Nelly*, "Pray send for your treasure again,
With a fa la la la, fa la la ;
That you did send over while you were in fame,
With a fa la la la, fa la la :
Come, come, I must tell ye that you was too bold,
To send from this Nation such parcels of gold,
In such kind of dealings you must be controul'd,
With a fa la la la, fa la la."

The splendour of Portsmouth's apartments at Whitehall in 1675 astonished John Evelyn, "luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory beyond the Queene's; such massy pieces of plate, whole tables, and stands of incredible value." Thrice at least, in her insatiable cupidity and fickleness, she had these rooms rebuilt and their decorations wholly changed: "expense no object." On October the 4th, 1683, Evelyn again visited her rooms, and his description enables us to see how true is the line in "The Mistresses" Satire,

This Difference he makes 'twixt Bad and Good:
The first has All, the other wanted food.

Following his Majesty this morning thro' the gallerie, I went, with the few who attended him, into the Duchesse of *Portsmouth's dressing-rooms* within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose-garment, her maids combing her, newly out of bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engag'd my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pull'd down, and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her Majesty does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabriq of *French* tapistry, for designe, tendernesse of worke, and incomparable imitation of the best painting, beyond any thing I had ever beheld. Some pieces had *Versailles*, *St. Germain's*, and other palaces of the *French King*, with huntings, figures, and landskips, exotiq fowls, and all to the life rarely done. Then for *Japan* cabinets, screenes, pendule clocks, greate vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massie silver, and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's best paintings.

Surfeiting of this, I din'd at Sir *Stephen Fox's*, and went home to my poor but quiet villa. What contentment can there be in the riches and splendor of this world purchas'd with vice and dishonour?

All these decorations were destroyed, a few years later (we cannot tell whether the paintings so iniquitously taken out of the Queen's own rooms by her "Lady of Honour," the Mistress, were ever restored: probably not, but turned into money for gambling debts):

[1691.] April 10th.—This night a sudden and terrible fire burnt down all the buildings over the stoue gallery at *White-hall* to the water-side, beginning at the apartments of the late Duchesse of *Portsmouth* (which had been pull'd down and rebuilt no lesse than three times to please her), and consuming other lodgings of such lewd creatures, who debauch'd both K[ing] *Charles* the] Second and others, and were his destruction.—*Diary of John Evelyn*, iii. 93.

Louise de Quérouaille had not been forgotten in the Satire entitled *Cullen with his Flock of Court Misses*, 1679:—

As *Cullen* drove his Sheep along
By *Whitehall*, there was such a throng
Of Earls' Coaches at the Gate,
The silly swain was forc'd to wait.
Chance threw him on Sir *Edward S[utton]*,
The silly Knight that rhimes to Mutton:
"Cullen," said he, "this is the day
For which poor *England* once did pray;
The day that sets our Monarch free
From butter'd Buns and Slavery.

This hour from *French* Intrigues, 'tis said,
 He'll clear his Council and his Bed.
Portsmouth, he vouchsafes to know,
 Was the cast [Miss] of Count de *Loe*; [De *Leau*]
 She must return, and sell her place:
 Buyers, you see, flock in apace."

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend, 1682 (= "'Tis strange that you, to whom I've long been known, Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town!") thus introduces her name and disparagement, in its summary of the gossip suited to London society:—

If any then, by most unhappy choice,
 Seek for content in *London's* crowd and noise,
 Must form his words and manners to the place;
 If he'll see Ladies, must like *Villiers* dress.
 In a soft tone, without one word of sense
 Must talk of Dancing, and the Court of *Franee*;
 Must praise alike the ugly and the fair
Buckley's good-nature, *Felton's* shape and Hair;¹
 Exalt my Lady *Portsmouth's* Birth and Wit,
 And vow she's only for a Monarch fit
 (Although the fawning Coxcombs all do know
 She's up] with *Beaufort* and the Count de *Leau*).²
 This method, with some [few fag-] ends of Plays,
 Basely apply'd, and drest in a *French* Phrase,
 To Ladies' favour can e'ne *Hewit* raise.

Among other Royal favourites mentioned in the following *Satyr upon the Mistresses* is Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarine (born 1647, at Rome; died in June, 1699, at Chelsea), who has already figured in our previous volume, IV. Her notorious love for the Prince of Monaco excited the anger and unwonted jealousy of Charles II., even causing for awhile the stoppage of her pension. But she had always been inconstant, greedy of variety or novelty. Thus her aged admirer Edmund Waller, who addressed her soon after her arrival in London, December, 1678, begins his poem of "The Triple Combat" with the following words in her praise,

¹ Lady Sophia Bulkeley, *née* Stewart (sister of *La Belle Stewart* Richmond), wife of the Hon. Henry Bulkeley, Master of the Household. (See Vol. IV. 204.) We meet Lady Betty Felton again, (wife of Sir Thomas, of Playford), daughter of Barbara Howard, Countess of Suffolk. She died suddenly the day after her mother's equally sudden death in December, 1681. See p. 216.

² We suppose that Henry, third Marquess of Worcester (1667), and afterwards (2 December, 1682) Duke of Beaufort, is here intended. The gossip of the day certainly named "Beaufort and De Loë," or Leau, as having formerly had possession of the marketable chattel Louise, and it is by no means improbable that the title "*My Lady Marquess*" was impertinently assigned to Louise "*Madame Carwell*" in reference to her supposed claim on Beaufort. His wife was Mary, widow of Henry Lord Beauchamp, and daughter of Arthur Lord Capel. Firmly refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the usurper William, the Duke of Beaufort lived in retirement after the Revolution. He was son of the great Marquess of Worcester, author of *A Century of Inventions*.

When through the world fair *Mazarine* had run
 Bright as her fellow traveller, the Sun,
 Hither at last the *Roman Eagle* flies,
 As the last triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.

She is clearly indicated in another manuscript Lampoon, entitled "Advice in a Letter to Mr. Frank Villiers" (Lieut. of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, 2nd son of George, 4th Viscount Grandison), 1682, whose intrigue with her was of public notoriety (see p. 213). He died unmarried, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, Feb., 169 $\frac{3}{4}$:

Dear *Frank*, you ha' n't the art right
 To please my Lady *Cartwright* :
 Yet don't despair, for one so fair
 In time may play her part right. 30

But tho' her beauty much is,
 Contempt's a thing that touches ;
 And, if she scorn, you'd best return
 To your old *Italian Duchess*. (See p. 220.) 35

Again, in *Cullen with his Flock of Court Misses*, 1679 (already mentioned on page 126, a Satire which distributes its lashes promiscuously, leaving few galled jades with withers unwrung) :—

Then in came Dowdy *M[aza]rine*,
 That foreign antiquated Quean,
 Her Grace at these rebukes look'd blank,
 And sneak'd away to *Villain Frank*.

On the authority of a manuscript Song, undated but *circa* 1683-84, beginning "*Stamford* is her sex's glory," to the tune of *If Dr. P. take exception*, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, ranks among *Mazarine's* enamoured followers; although he had been twenty years married to the beautiful Lady Henrietta Boyle. His wealth, more than his handsome person or his wit, made him acceptable to the rapacious Hortensia Mancini, who squandered thousands in a single sitting at Basset (introduced into England by M. Morin, 1682) :

Lory Hyde's a great pretender to the Dutchess *Mazarine*,
 Though his p[owers] be weak and slender, yet his Money lets him in :
 Whilst his good Wife, t' avoid aspersion,
 With her own Porter takes diversion.

Altogether, there was plenty of writing going on in the absence of panegyric. Most charitably, to save lampooners of the Court from any accusation of indulgence in unwarrantable slander, the Lords and Ladies afforded as much genuine material for satirists' animadversions as could reasonably be expected in a civilized community. Whigs and Tories had little cause for self-laudation, since both parties were generally far from blameless. Of one manuscript in our possession we here give the earlier six verses (alluding to Monmouth's associates and his illicit connection with Lady Grey).

A Satyr to Julian, 1682.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go we.*

Send forth, dear *Julian*, all thy books of Scandal large and wide,
 That ev'ry knave that in them looks might see himself describ'd :
 Let all the Ladies read their own, the Men their failings see,
 From *Nell* to him that heads the Throne, *then Hey, Boys, up go we !* 5

Let *Monmouth* see himselfe put down, for being turn'd out of doors,
 And *Grafton*, for an arrant Clown, and *both* for sons of sorrow.
 Large scragged Horns, for both their heads, they well apply'd shall see,
Dunbar and *Darcy* stain their beds: *then Hey, Boys, up go we !* [*Jack Darcy.*]

Each Peer shall see his Lordship's name, each *Whig* shall read his Life,
 Lord *Grey* shall find his blazon'd fame of pimping for his Wife :
 His virtuous Lady her rebuke in manuscript shall see,
 For all her favours to the Duke: *then Hey, Boys, up go we !* [*Monmouth.*]

Mordent shall flutter up and down, and ev'ry man defie,
 Each witty Sonnet he shall own, and his own lines deny :
 Yet, ere he has read two pages o're, his Lordship's name shall see,
 For marrying *Mulgrave's* painted sorrow, *then Hey, Boys, up go we !* 20

Let little *Tom*, great *Norfolk's* son, look still as sharp as ever,
 He now may thrum his spouse [at home], for she's just such another ;
 A froward testy Thief is he, a dirty Drabber she, [*"Moll Howard?"*]
 For which in *Julian's* books she'll be: *then Hey, Boys, up go we !* 25

Let *Armstrong* politiquely move, and spark about no more, [*Sir Thos. A.*]
 Let the old Fool be still in love with *Fielding's* cast-off sorrow,
 When Madam *Gwyn* has [swear]ing been, and cast poor *Rowley*, she
 Shall in short time be ripe for him: *then Hey, Boys, up go we !* 30

Having mentioned Charles, second Viscount Mordaunt, who with Lord Cavendish challeng'd Count Königsmark after the murder of Tom Thynne, we here add the short description of him from another unprinted manuscript, entitled "*Scandall Satyred*:"—

The Fopps of my own Sex are so well known,
 'Tis base to trample on a foe that's down.
 Lett *Mordent* please dull *Monmouth* and his rout,
 Lisp by the hour, while they all crawl about,
 Admire his words, as some great Prophet sent
 To teach young Courtiers how they may repent :
 But by his conduct, and by what h' has writt,
 Wise men esteem his judgement and his witt.
 His stories and his Wife wee will omitt.

Scandall Satyred begins, "Of all the Fools these fertile times produce:" its conclusion forms an appropriate finish for this Introduction to our hitherto unprinted manuscript on the Court Mistresses,

Such crowds of Fopps are flutt'ring in my sight,
 That, spight of all the Muses, I must write,
 Speak truths of them, and my own name forswear,
 That shall [now] be conceal'd for shame or fear.
 For, tho' I want the wit to mend my fau't,
 Yet I have sense to know this is stark naught.

[Ebsworth Manuscripts, Quarto, xxxi. 5.]

A Satyr upon the Mistresses.

Immortal Powers, inspire me while I sing
 Of black intrigues, which to the light I bring.
 Here spawn'd, Buffoons, Court-sorow, and sduid you'll see,
 Describ'd to th' life, without gross Flattery ;
 That *Pluto*, in his dark Infernal Cell,
 Shall be aghast when I these Stories tell,
 And think there's nothing half so ill in Hell. }

First let 's our Prince survey in all his Vice,
 And show how he on 's Subjects puts his Dice.
 Religion sure ne're yet had such affront
 To have its Head so [prone to swinish grunt] ;
 And what is worse, if worse can be to th' Church,
 The Head has left his Body in the Lurch ;
 Soon will Religion vanish out of doors,
 When 'tis perceiv'd 'tis rul'd by Rogues and sorow :
 The truest *Pater Patrie* e're was yet,¹

For all, or most of 's subjects, does beget.
 [Distaff] and Scepter are about a length,
 In thy hot [humour] lies thy wit and strength.
Tarquin for less than this from *Rome* was sent ;
 Beware in time a second Banishment !

Bab May and *Felton*, *Leg* and *Feversham*,²
Hide, *Savile*, *Guy*, and many I cou'd name,
 Fam'd for their sduid and betraying too :
 These are the Knaves the Nation does undo.

Next, let us view the cock spawn'd of the Court,
Kate Crofts and *Knight* contrivers of the sport :³
 Th' one for *Shaftesbury*, th' other Spy for *Rome* ;
 When things move thus, who mayn't pronounce our Doom ?
 'Tis pity thus two Factions for to see,
 Not only link'd in Ills, but Lechery :
 Two Elfs whose lust 's so great, I dare affirm,
 Wou'd take delight to see the world all urads.

Portsmouth must with her train of sduid appear,
Godolphin, *Arlington*, with *Euston* cheer,⁴
 Where all stood by, as on a Bridal night,
 Spectators of this present dear delight ;
 And swore by [*Pan*] that he had pass'd the Test
 Of all his Empire to have .wiv'd the best :
 From this lascivious Palace up she goes
 With her two Wights : from it we date our woes.

'Twas happy that from hence they made such haste,
 The Gods had else *Lycaon's* sentence pas'd :⁵
 And now is this lewd fair *Parisian* Slattern
 All *England* o're become a mighty Pattern.
 O mighty *C[arwell]* ! to thee do great men bow,
 All Gods and Powers else do disavow ;
Priapus is set up in every street,
 And those that pass by him fall at his feet ;
 The Men and Women swear no Pray'rs they'll make, 50
 But such as are for *C[harles]* and [Pleasure]'s sake ;
 Each Idol which they find they burn, and [crush],
 But those devoted to lewd Joys, [or Lush.]
 Ne're wonder then that Lust o'reflows the Nation,
 And torrent-like, brings in an Inundation !
 Monster ! can'st thou not be content to drain
 His Pride and Purse, but must torment his Brain ?
 Thou cam'st as spye for th' Jesuits and *France*,
 Popery and Arbitrary Power t' advance :
 The Bribe thou took'st of Jewels, four years since, 60
 To make that Peace, and to betray thy Prince :
 Of all Destroyers thou'rt the very worst,
 To *Britain's* Empire, ever be accurst.

Fitz-Harris Plot I almost had past by,⁶
Nell Wall's and thy great piece of Villany :⁷
Machiavel wou'd blush to see himself outdone,
 And think with Knavery Mankind's o're-run ;
 To murder men, because they'd not supply
 The itch of [queans], and all themselves destroy. 70
 Hard fate ! that men must always be in fear
 Of being Trepan'd in some foul Popish Snare.
 Thunder and Tempests toss thee off the Earth,
 To th' dark Abyss, where things ne're yet had birth.

To *Mazarine* I must direct my Pen ;⁸
 Of Vice and Lust she is the very Queen :
 Who, failing to be so of this great Nation,
 Resolv'd to be it of that lewd Vocation.
 Were *Sol* her [lur]king-places to survey,
 He'd very hardly do it in one Day :
 Her Lust's so great, as all the World doth tell, 80
 She has out-[done] *Proserpina* in Hell.
 Catholic she's call'd ; if such a thing there be,
 Certainly 'tis her lecherous [heart], not she.
 Some strange ill Comet reign'd when she came hither,
 For ever since we've had great Stormy weather.
 She's false to th' King, to spuvq, to sdwrd, and slaves :
 And true to none but Jesuits and Knaves.

The *Plot* she carry'd on, if *Oats* said true⁹
Castile Melior into this noose she drew ;
 The Queen was in 't ; and all those that knew 't 90
 Were counted mad, and threaten'd they shou'd Rue 't.
 Hence *Dissolutions*, and Pensioners sent to *Italy*,
 That when 'twas told to Fools might seem but rally.
 But *Staley's* Books¹⁰ made it too plain appear,
 When the two thousand pounds was written there }
 Paid to Sir *Wakeman*, such a day, and where. }
 Why shou'd I mention this poor Queen, ['t absurd 's],
 Who's like an Owl among so many Birds.
 How thou'dst rejoice to see another Flood,
 Not of Rain-water, but of Christian blood ! 100
 'Tis well you have so many Saints above,
 For your black Vices to atone great *Jove* !—
 If there were fifty times as many more,
 Your Life's so ill, you'd need 'em every hour.
 The Protestant $\alpha\sigma\upsilon\mu$ I cannot here leave out,
 Fam'd for not wearing of the double clout :
 Her Flowers of Speech have left their wonted source,
 And through her mouth have ta'ne another course. . .¹¹
 Let falser *Sussex's*-Wife¹² have here a place ;
 Perhaps she shou'd be put before her Grace : 120
 For of the Royal heart she has the greatest share,
 And vastly rich in those Dominions there.
 The Poysoning Villanies renown'd o're *France*,
 To hear 'em told wou'd put one in a Trance.
 She's not so common as the $\alpha\sigma\upsilon\mu$ before,
 Who has enjoy'd all Nations o're and o're :
 This [one, belov'd] by Pages, [clasp'd] by th' Prince
 Of *Monacho*, and a few others since.
 She's come to finish what the rest begun
 Of *Plots* and Ills, with which we are o're-run. 130
 If Heav'n and Earth had joyn'd to do their best
 To make a Fair One to out-do the rest,
 They'd casier find another World to frame,
 Than for to Parallel this Charming Dame :
 The Husband spuεq, the father f[ool]s his Child ;
 Strange ! nay, one wou'd think the world's grown wild !
 Poor easy $\chi\epsilon\kappa\sigma\upsilon\delta$! if thou did'st but see
 What mouths and horns i' th' Court are made at thee ;
 Thou strait to some Incharnted place wou'dst run,
 That never yet had seen the light o' th' Sun. 140
 Hail *Rhadamanthus*, and you Powers of Hell !
 With all your Records, such like stories tell :
Ædipus and *Nero* will rejoice to hear
 That there are others that out-do them here.

This wicked high Intrigue was carry'd on
 By *Brunkard, Hurvy, Knight, and Arlington* :¹³
 The first essay'd ill Fortune for to weather ;
 Thy Flesh and Plots too loosely hang together.
Bennet, who once o're-rid by *Jesuits*¹⁴
 Does take odd courses to advance his Hits :
 He stops at nothing, nor his Wife, for gain ;
 Bait 'em with that, and soon the Beasts are ta'ne.
 Witness the Crimes for which he was Impeach'd,
 Trying his Prince and Country to 've o're-reach'd :
 Such ills he did, that none who read, but Sots,
 Will say he was Contriver of all Plots.

150

Hurvy and *Knight* look more like t'other Sex ;¹⁵
 Of each lewd Fop a common [tal]king Text.

Fat ulcer'd *Shrewsbury* must here be in,¹⁶
 For jilting Duke, and [pleas]ing of the King ;
 For which good Service it was after found
 She had per annum near three thousand pound :
 This difference he makes 'twixt Bad and Good,
 The first has All, the other wanted Food :
 To suffer this is beyond Flesh and Blood.

160

Richmond and *Cook*, and the *Rhenish-wine* ειοϣΛ,
Lawson, and *Williams*, and a hundred more,¹⁷
 With εαιοϣΛ of Honor, young and beginning Sinners ;
 Who [buss] for Petticoats, fine Lace, and Pinners ;
 Such musty Rubbish dulls my easy Pen,
 Bids me give o're, and turn against the Men :
 So shortly you shall hear of me agen.

170

Notes to the foregoing Satyr on the Court-Mistresses.

¹ Compare Charles II.'s own admission, recorded in our Vol. IV. p. 597.

² Baptist May, King Charles's Privy-Purse. Probably Thomas Felton of the Bedchamber, younger brother of Adam ; sons of Sir Henry Felton of Suffolk. Not William Legge, one of the Stewards at the Artillery Company Feast, 20 April, 1682 ; but George Legge, afterwards Lord Dartmouth. Lewis de Duras, Marquis de Blanquefort, Earl of Feversham, of whom anon, in Sedgemore Fight. Henry Hyde, second Earl of Clarendon, or his younger brother Lawrence, Earl of Rochester : see the *Ballad of Lamentable Lorry* : "The youth was belov'd in the spring of his life." Henry Guy was another of the stewards at Guildhall, entertaining the Duke of York in 1682. He was Secretary of the Treasury, and had charge of secret service money. Had been Groom of the Bedchamber till 1679.

³ Mrs. Catharine Crofts, or "*Crafts*," is mentioned as being appointed procuress "to Lady Tudor" (Lady Mary Tudor, who became Lady Radcliffe about 1687), and accused of incontinence with St. Albans, in the licentious Satyr entitled "The Lady's March" (preserved in our manuscript collection), beginning, "*Stamford's* Countess led the Van, tallest of the Caravan." Mistress Crofts comes in thus,

A bouncing Dame appears, and laughs;
 Who should it be but Mistress *Crafts*?
 The σατορα may think her an intruder,
 Appointed πνεη to Lady *Tudor*:
 But here she comes, in hope of luck, Sir,
 Still itching tho' St. *Albans* [chucks] her.

Old Mrs. *Jennings* next comes crawling,
 A lady too of *Crafts's* calling. . . Etcetera.

Mrs. Crofts had seen sore trouble in December, 1679, for Lady Sunderland wrote to Henry Sydney:—"I can tell you nothing new but that poor Mrs. *Crofts* lies under grievous mortification, being most shamefully turned out of her lodgings, after having like a fool bestowed a great deal of money upon them. My Lord *Plymouth* is made the author of this rough action, but the Lady at the end of the gallery [*Portsmouth*] could not support her being there for fear of dangerous visits; but that which makes it yet more cruel to the poor maid was, that there is not so much as a pretence of any body's buying them, for she had got the money of old St. *Albans*, and she won't be permitted to buy her pennyworth for a penny." She recovered position, and was at Althorp with the Duchess of Portsmouth in June, 1681. Knight is Mrs. Knight, the singer and actress, who was one of the King's favourites. Waller has a song, sung by her to the Queen, and Evelyn praises the unequalled compass of her voice in 1674. This was after her return from Italy. She was a devout Catholic, and is represented before a crucifix, in a painting by Sir Peter Lely.

⁴ Sidney Godolphin (who married Miss Blague, Evelyn's friend, Mrs. Godolphin), and Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington; Arlington's mansion being at Euston.

⁵ Lycaon was changed into a wolf, for his impiety, in offering up human limbs as a meal for Zeus.

⁶ Edward Fitz-Harris, executed along with Oliver Plunket, 1st July, 1681. See pp. 41 to 46.

⁷ Mrs. Wall was the personal attendant and confidant of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and was subpoenaed to give evidence at the trial of Fitz-Harris, to whom she had given money for alms from the Duchess.

⁸ Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarine. See previous p. 128.

⁹ Ah, *If*. "Much virtue in an *If*."—*As you Like It*, Act V. last scene.

¹⁰ William Staley, the goldsmith, was the earliest of the victims executed on Oates's evidence about the Sham Popish Plot. A ballad on Staley's execution is extant, and has been seen by the present Editor, who hopes to give it later from the Christie-Miller unique exemplar. Compare vol. iv. pp. 130 and 236; also pp. 158, 200, 202, for Sir George Wakeman, falsely accused, but acquitted.

¹¹ Nell Gwynne, who is said to have herself used the special designation here applied to her, in contrast to the 'Catholic' objectionable-term, which she left for Portsmouth. Nelly was evily celebrated for her promiscuous swearing, in days when it took a good deal to shock people. To be pre-eminent argued natural genius, or long experience to gain facility. This note must count instead of ten lines suppressed (without injury to the poem or the reader). H. G. H. will miss them, the only Decalogue for which he cares, if all that we hear in the Groves of Academe be true.

¹² Lady Anne Palmer Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine. Roger Palmer and Charles II. both claimed the parentage. She was born in 1661, and after she married Leonard Lord Dacre became the Countess of Sussex. For her wedding dresses bounties were granted amounting to £1344. 7s.

¹³ Henry Brounker (brother of William, Lord Brounker, Commissioner of the Admiralty), formerly gentleman of the Chamber and dujed to the Duke of York, and whose misconduct caused the miscarriage of the sea-fight in 1665. He has been gibbeted by Clarendon, and by Pepys. The former says that Henry Brounker was expelled the House of Commons, whereof he was a member, as an

infamous person, though his friend [Secretary William] Coventry adhered to him, and used many indirect arts to have protected him . . . [Brounker] being a person throughout his whole life never notorious for any thing but the highest degree of impudence, and stooping to the most infamous offices, and playing very well at chess, which preferred him more than the most virtuous qualities could have done."—*Life, and Continuation*, par. 655. Pepys declares of him, on his dismissal by the Duke of York, that "every body, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his King and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked a rogue he is, by all men's report."—*Diary*, iv. 483, 1877. This Knight is perhaps John, the chief surgeon to the Queen; but more probably his namesake John Knight, Comptroller of the Great Wardrobe. One John Knight, Sheriff of Bristol, was knighted in 1682.

¹⁴ Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, had notoriously lent himself to connivance with Louise de Quérouaille, when her pretended marriage with the already-married King took place at his house, Euston, in October, 1671.

¹⁵ Which of the Harveys this is, we feel not certain. Probably not Sir Eliab Harvey, Knt., Lieut. of Waltham Forest, Essex; but Sir Daniel Harvey, Knt., M.P. for Surrey, married to Ralph Montague's sister Elizabeth.

¹⁶ Anna Maria, *née* Brudenell (daughter of Robert, second Earl of Cardigan), widow of Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, slain in a duel by her seducer, the second George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. About 1680 she married George Rodney Bridges.

¹⁷ Probably Frances Teresa, *La Belle Stewart*, Duchess of Richmond, and not Mary Villiers, sister of Buckingham. We are not certain about this Mrs. Cook, improbably L'Estrange's lady-love; more likely to have been the actress who sang one of D'Urfey's songs. Miss Lawson, daughter of Sir John Lawson (of Brough, Yorkshire) and Catharine Howard. Miss Lawson's aunt Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond (sister of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham), introduced her at Court: See *Cullen and his Flock of Misses*, 1679, and Rochester's *Windsor*. She preserved her innocence amid all temptations, we believe: although "a soft believing inexperienced maid." Mistress Williams had been an actress (like Nell Gwynne, Mary Davis, and Mrs. Knight the renowned singer).

** It is not improbable that the half-promised attack on "the men" was fulfilled in the (unpublished) Satire entitled "An Essay," beginning

Of all the Vermin that did ere debase
The Statesman's trade, or kingly rule disgrace,
That Insect *Sunderland* is sure the worst,
With which the Nation ever yet was curst;
A creeping fawning parcel of a *Chit*:
No other thing, but a knave; no other wit
Than an unmanly, senseless, scornful Scream;
Wou'd make a man of Sense almost Blaspheme,
And swear it wou'd Mankind much less reproach
To make a Minister of Mistress *Roch*.
Who is't that can with any patience think
That *he* shou'd have to do with Pen and Ink?
Or that this Age shou'd have the blushing shame
Of giving him the place of *Walsingham*?
This Tool of State wou'd think that he were less,
Did he but touch the thing call'd Business:
That grosser part his Lordship still declines,
And to his under Scribes with scorn resigns;
While he of the deep mysteries of State
Does in this manner most profoundly prate:—
"What ail you *English* Fools, who start at *France*,
If toward *Flanders* it but throws a glance?"

Of that great Pow'r you'd not think half so much,
 Knew you what beastly creatures are the *Dutch*.
 La — ard, what a stir is here about *Alost*!
 Cannot we eat and drink when that is lost?
 Come, come, *France* is our Cousin and our Friend,
 So long we need not fear; and there's an end." Etcetera.

Or it may just possibly be "Whigland," beginning, "Since all the world's grown mad, I'll e'en go sing." It was written after Sedgemore, and reproaches "Monmouth's Ape, Lord Grey," for cowardice, ending the rebuke by enquiring

How could his white Liver hope to prevaile
 O're generous, brave and guilty *Albemarle*?

Another Satyr begins, "Of Villains, Rebels, spioṁcṁg, sduud, and spies." To which, probably, follows specially another similar poem, "A Supplement to the late Heroick Poem: Ille ego qui quondam," beginning, "I who of divers Villains sang before."

After mentioning so many frail damsels, we feel unwilling to omit giving one of the before-named poetic tributes to the "Court Beauty" who (like *La Belle Hamilton*) escaped slander. *The Ladies' March* MS., tenth verse is,

Lawson, she who, disappointed,
 Grieves to lose the Lord's Anointed,
 Follows next, in the reverend clutches
 Of her old Aunt the puegg and Dutchess.

This is mild and harmless, whilst other Ladies are mercilessly sacrificed. In *Windsor*, attributed to Rochester (and therefore, if correctly assigned, of date before the autumn of 1680), the fair *Lawson* is mentioned, warning her against her "two reverend Aunts, renown'd in British story for Lust and Drunkenness."

Almighty Power of Women! Oh, how vain
 For *Salique Laws*, for you must ever reign?
 Yet, *Lawson*, thou whose arbitrary sway
 Our King must, more than we do him, obey;
 Who shortly shalt of easy *Charles's* breast
 And of his Empire be at once possess:
 Tho' it indeed appears a glorious thing
 To command Power, and to enslave a King:
 Yet e'er the false Appearance has betray'd
 A soft, believing, inexperience'd Maid,
 O, yet consider, e'er it be too late,
 How near you stand upon the brink of fate!

There is no evidence that she did not consider. Resisting temptation, she preserved her purity unstained. Her father was a Catholic, and she with her four sisters held the same faith. Sir William Musgrave tells that the five became nuns at York. Thus was frustrated the design of her intriguing aunt, Mary Villiers (aunt by marriage, her second husband Thomas Howard being brother of Sir John Lawson's wife).

The date of our *Satire on the Court Mistresses* is certainly after the beginning of July, 1681; probably early in 1682.



The Unfortunate Whigs.

- “ You Calvinists of England, who surfeit with your ease,
And strive to make us *Whigland*, to breed a foul disease :
Hearken, you painted Saints, for we will let you know,
Of the cares and the fears that by the Whigs do grow !
- “ With furious Zeal you do enflame, and cause our Country burn,
You work confusion, but the blame on Innocents you turn ;
Your holy Masque is dropping off, God grant it may do so !
And stop the cares and fears that by you Whigs do grow.
- “ May Colledge, Rouse, and Hone, their fate on Traytors all attend ;
What though it seems a little late, yet still we know your end :
Just Vengeance does not sleep, though you do think it so,
You'll have shares of the cares that by you Whigs do grow.”

—*The History of Whiggism.*¹

IT will be noticed that about this time, 1682, there were many contemptuous songs and ballads on the decadence of the Whigs. They had been so arrogant, little more than a year before, and until the sudden Dissolution of the Oxford Parliament in March, 1681, that their being now crest-fallen and disarmed was in strongest contrast. Repelled at many points, conquered but not subdued, they were in reality attempting by secret plots to regain the power which had been wrested from them by force and cunning superior to their own. We desire to see their condition, their bitter spite and humiliation, before the Duke of York's return from Scotland. The fugitive poems, songs and broadside-ballads of the time enable us to mark the turn of the tide.

Among these numerous attacks on “ The Unfortunate Whigs ” of 1682, is “ A Loyal Satyr against Whiggism,” a four-paged sheet, London, Printed for C. B. [Charles Bates], and are to be sold by W. Davis, 1682, beginning thus, “ As I did lately travel from the Town, Through distant roads and deserts scarcely known.” It describes the Whig at that date, 1682, after enquiry and answer :—

. . . What daring Treasons were but now maintain'd	25
By <i>Sh[afterbury]</i> and City, both in Faction train'd,	
And how the bloody-minded <i>Whigs</i> do aim	
To play again their old King-killing game :	
Which when the good old man heard me relate,	
In flowing tears he mourn'd his Country's fate,	30

¹ This Court-party *Loyal Song* was sung in 1683 to the tune of Martin Parker's spirited old ditty “ *Neptune's* raging Tempest,” beginning “ Ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home in ease ” (the original on which Thomas Campbell, with late acknowledgement, founded his memorable “ Ye Mariners of England, who guard our native seas ”). We come to the old ballad in next volume, with full Introduction. Stephen Colledge has been mentioned on p. 35. John Rouse was a servant of Sir Thomas Player, arrested at the same time as Colledge, and also saved by an *Ignoramus* jury, in October, 1681 ; but like the other Joiner, William Hone, he suffered death for the Rye-House Plot in 1683.

And gave me this Advice, "Beware, my Son,
 Lest by the Wiles of Traytors thou'rt undone.
 For I have known th' Experience of those times
 When Loyalty was thought the worst of Crimes ;
 And when Rebellion with a daring eye 35
 Was cover'd by a Veil of Sanctity.
 But thou art young, therefore I'll plainly show
 How thou a Monster Whig may'st safely know :—
 ☞ It somewhat favours man ; so I have seen [favours=resembles
 When on a Christmas Evening we have been 40
 On frolicks bent, a thing of such like note,
 With hairy Chin, diminish'd hanging Coat,
 Broad Hat, stiff Band, and a malicious Eye, }
 Which at a distance fully seem'd to be }
 The very Villain that sequestred me. } 45
 It rais'd my wonder, but as 't towards us prest,
 What should it prove but a Baboon well drest !
 For so morose are they, and more precise ;
 As we're in truth, they're positive in lies :
 What one but says, the other straight will swear, } 50
 Let it be right or wrong, or foul or fair, }
 It is all one, since they the Godly are ! }
 Vile hypocrites, who're only good in show,
 Whose whole Religion lies in seeming so :
 For, were their Souls laid open to our view, 55
 We should not find amongst 'em all one true.
 Therefore beware," (again the old man said)
 "Lest by their flattering tongues thou art betray'd ;
 But if they find you loyal, wise, and brave,
 They'l leer, and smile, and smiling, dig your grave ; 60
 Such is their malice, spight, and mortal hate
 'Gainst all that love their Country, Prince and State." Etc.

Another extract from the same poem, *A Satyr against Whiggism* (mentioned on p. 36), deals with the hypocrisy of sham-saints, who practised secret vices, whilst the cavaliers held open revels :—

Another Tenet *Whig* does surely hold,
 Is to rail at these times and praise the old ;
 To cry out on the Nation's horrid pride, 155
 And cast all sins upon the Tory side ;
 As if that formal looks and dress precise }
 May'nt hide a heart more proud than ever lies }
 In these that wear more handsom Decencies. }
 Then ΣΥΓΓΡΑΜΜΑ, Drinking, Swearing, to our charge 160
 They all impute, and lay our crimes at large ;
 And Crimes they are, but such with them are done :
Jenny can tell how well the Tap did run.¹

¹ Jenny being one of Shaftesbury's reputed mistresses, kept for show if not for use. In those days, and a century later, it gained no credit to be like Pitt an "Immaculate Boy." John Devonshire's song of "The Immaculate Minister," beginning "Come then, be silent, and join in the ballad, A better sure never was pinn'd to a wall," which was sung to the tune of *The Priest of the Parish*, reads, Then what's all this nonsense and humbug about him, His chastity, purity, virtue, and pride, etc.

Of the following year, 1683, is the song of “The Courageous Loyalist; or, A Health to the Royal Family,” beginning “Drown Melancholy in a Glass of Wine.” It was sung to the tune of *London’s Loyalty* (=“Rouse up, great Genius of this potent Land”). We give it complete hereafter, but here is one of the verses exulting over “the Unfortunate Whigs:”—

Boys, we’ll be merry, whatsoe’er ensue;
 Drink Sack and Sherry, till the sky look blue:
 Let the *Whigs* lament, and whiningly complain,
 We, with one consent, drink to the *Royal Train*;
 Heaven bless great *Charles*, and the Duke of *York*;
 All the Lords and Earls, and every Royal Spark:
 Down with every factious, shamming, whining Crew,
 Give them Rope and hanging, since it is their due!

Martin Parker’s hope-inspiring ditty of “When the King enjoys his own again!” (beginning, “What *Booker* can prognosticate?” Roxb. Coll., III. 256) is cited as furnishing the tune of the following ballad; the same tune as that of *Marry mē, marry me, quoth the bonny Lass*, as Mr. Wm. Chappell has shown (*Popular Music*, p. 435). But there is, in the words of “The Unfortunate Whigs,” especially at the beginning, a strong imitation of Tom D’Urfey’s song (already mentioned in our Vol. IV. pp. 80, 81), beginning thus,

Sawney was tall and of noble race,
 And lov’d me better than any ane;
 But now he loves another Lass,
 And *Sawney* ’ll ne’er be my Love again.
 I gave him a fine *Scotch* Sark and Band,
 I put ’em on with mine own hand;
 I gave him House, and I gave him Land:
 Yet *Sawney* will ne’er be my Love again.

We need not add the two remaining verses here, as we return to the D’Urfey song in a later page, where we give the sequel to it, beginning “When *Sawney* left me he had store of gilt” (*i.e.* gold=gelt; not that he was in that unenviable condition). It is entitled “*Jenny’s* Answer to *Sawney*, wherein Love’s cruelty is requited; Or, The Inconstant Lover justly despised.” The music was probably by Thomas Farmer. Printed for Philip Brooksby. It is in the Roxburghe Collection, II. 223.

The following *Roxburghe Ballad* is printed in White-letter, without any woodcut (but we introduce one of a *Whig* revel in a *Wapping* booth), and probably belongs to May, 1682.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 914.]

An Excellent New Song
of

The Unfortunate Whiggs.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*When*] *The King enjoys his own again.*

THe *Whiggs* are but small, and of no good Race,
 and are belov'd by very few ;
 Old *Tony* broach'd his Tap in e'ry place, [Shaftesbury.
 to encourage all his Faction's Crew,
 At some great Houses in this Town,
 The *Whiggs* of High Renown ;
 And all with a True-Blue was their Stain : [i.e. colour.
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
 Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again. 10

They all owne Duty to their Lawful Prince, [sic.
 and Loyal Subjects should have been ;
 But their Duty is worn out long since,
 [as was] by the *Association* seen :
 But these are the *Whiggs*,
 That have cut off some Legs,
 And fain would be at that Sport amain ;
For since it is so,
They have wrought their overthrow,
 Old *Tony* will ne'r enjoy his own again. 20

And yet they are the Sham-pretenders,
and they swear they'll support our Laws!

These be the great Defenders
of *Ignoramus* and the *Old Cause* :

They'll defend the King,

By swearing of the thing,

These are the cursed Rogues in grain ;

For since it is so,

They have wrought their overthrow,

Old Tony will ne'r enjoy his own again.

30

The True Religion that shall [they cast] down,

which so long a [time] has won the day,

And *Common-Prayer* i' th' Church of e'ry Town,

if that the *Whiggs* could but bear the Sway :

For *Oats*¹ he does begin

Now for to bring them in,

As when he came mumping from *Spain* ;

For since it [is] so,

They have wrought their overthrow,

Old Tony will ne'r enjoy his own again.

40

How all their Shamming Plots they would hide,

yet they are Ignorant they say,²

When as *Old Tony* he was Try'd

and brought off with *Ignoramus* Sway :

Then *Oats* he was Dumb,

And could not use his *Tongue*,³

This is the Shamming Ro—— in Grain ;⁴

For since it is so,

They have wrought their overthrow,

Old Tony will ne'r enjoy his own again.

50

¹ Titus Oates, of course; see vol. iv. pp. 156 to 162.

² "*Ignoramus*," the beginning of the legal form of throwing out the True Bill of Indictment against "Tony Shaftesbury. His proposed "Protestant Association" was mentioned in line 14. Compare pp. 76 to 80, and later.

³ An allusion to his employer or dupe, Dr. Ezrael Tongue.

⁴ See the poem by Richard Duke, vol. iv. p. 160, and the allusion to Oates as a "Rogue in Grain," 1681, vol. iv. pp. 157-8. Whilst so generally outspoken in virulent language, it is noteworthy here, as on p. 17, how generally pamphleteers shrank from fully spelling the words "Rogue" or "Knave," especially applied to Commons Members of Parliament, who frequently deserved the appellations. But "privilege" had been asserted vehemently and malignantly, consequently a wholesome fear of the pillory and cart's-tail sufficiently explained this avoidance of the word; not any moral scrupulosity. Since "The greater is the truth, the greater is the libel," they only hinted what they thought, confined to initials.

Then let all true Subjects sing,
 and uuuu the power of all those
 That won't shew Loyalty to their King,
 and assist him against his *Whiggish* Foes :

Then in this our happy state,
 In spite of Traytors' hate,
 We will all Loyal still remain ;

*For since it is so,
 They have wrought their overthrow,
 Old Tony will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

60

God preserve our Gracious King,
 with the Royal Consort of his Bed,
 And let all Loyal Subjects sing
 that the Crown may remain on *Charles's* Head :

For we will drink his Health,
 In spite of *Common-Wealth*,
 And his Lawful Rights we will maintain ;

*For since it is so,
 They have wrought their overthrow,
 Old Tony will ne'r enjoy his own again.*

70

Finis. Printed for *S. Maurel*, in the Year 1682.



Newmarket.

“The child had been thinking how strange it was that horses, who were such fine honest creatures, should seem to make vagabonds of all the men they drew about them.”—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, i. 200.

FOR several good reasons we are willing at this place to introduce Tom D'Urfey's Newmarket song of 1682. First, because we gave a different Newmarket Song (=“To horse, brave Boys of *Newmarket*, to horse!”) among our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 80; when the following ditty was mentioned. Second, because at the Newmarket meeting in March, 1682, the newly-returned Duke of York held a levée of his enthusiastic adherents, to the gratification of his brother, who held no petty jealousy. Third, because it was the very ease and freedom from formal precautions of “Old Rowley” at Newmarket in 1682 which caused the conspirators for his assassination to plot the destruction of himself and the Duke for the following spring, on their return from Newmarket when passing near the Rye-House, Hertfordshire.

We have had occasion (on our p. 4, and elsewhere) to notice the King's love of Horse-racing, both at Newmarket and Winchester. Sir John Reresby gives us several interesting particulars in regard to this meeting. Two days after the execution of Captain Vratz, Lieutenant John Stern and Borotzsky he records in his Diary:—

March 12 [1682].—His Highness the Duke of *York* arrived at *Newmarket* from *Scotland*, which he had long endeavoured to get leave to do, some advising the King against it.

March 16.—My Lord *Halifax* told me I must go with him the next day in his own coach to *Newmarket*, which I accepted as a great honour done to me . . .

March 17.—Except myself, there being nobody in the coach with his lordship, he discoursed with me, concerning his son,” etc. . . . Among other things he was saying how free he had been with the Duke of *York* in the point of changing his religion: for he had written to him that, except he became a *Protestant*, his friends would be obliged to leave him, like a garrison that one could no longer defend; and that his Highness's answer was, that then his case was more desperate than he understood it to be before, for that he could not alter his principles.

March 18.—We arrived before noon at *Newmarket*; this day I was presented to the Duke by my Lord *Halifax*, who was very kind to me in his expressions. . . . My Lord stayed there till the 26th. I lay in the same lodging with his Lordship. . . . The King was so much pleased with the country, and so great a lover of the diversions which that place did afford, that he let himself down from Majesty to the very degree of a country gentleman. He mixed himself amongst the crowd, allowed every man to speak to him that pleased; went a hawking in the mornings, to cock-matches in the afternoons (if there were no horse-races), and to plays in the evenings, acted in a barn, and by very ordinary *Bartlemewfair* Comedians. . . . The crowd was so great here by reason of the Duke's first arrival there, of every body coming to wait upon him, and of several ‘*Abhorrences*’ brought up and presented to the King from all parts of *England*, that there were not beds for the company.—*Memoirs*, 1875 edition, p. 245.

[Tom D'Urfeſy's *Several New Songs*; and 120 *Loyal Songs*; 1684.]

The New-Market Song.

SUNG TO THE KING THERE. TO THE TUNE OF, *Old Sir Simon the King.*

THE Golden Age is come, the Winter storms are gone,
 The Flowers do ſpread and bloom, and ſmile to ſee the Sun;
 Who daily guilds each Grove, and calms the air and Seas;
 Dame Nature ſeems in love, and all the world's at eaſe:
 "You Rogue, go ſaddle *Ball*, I'll to *New-Market* ſcour;
 You never mind when I call; I ſhould have been there this hour."
 For there is all ſporting and game, without any Plotting of State,
 From *Whigs*, and another ſuch *Sham*, deliver us, deliver us, O Fate!
 Let's be to each other a Prey; to be cheated be ev'ry one's Lot!
 Or chous'd any ſort of a way, but by another's puppet Plot.
 Let Cullies that loſe at the *Race*, go venture at *Hazard* and win;
 And he that is bubb'd at *Dice*, recover 't at *Cocking* again;
 Let Jades that are founder'd be bought; let *Jockeys* play *Crimp* to make ſport,
 For faith! it was ſtrange, methought, to ſee *Tinker* beat the *Court*. 14

Each corner of the Town rings with perpetual noiſe,
 The "Oyster"-bawling Clown joyns with "Hot Pudding-Pyes!"
 And both in conſort keep, to vend their ſtinking ware;
 The drowzy God of Sleep hath no dominion there.
 "Hey, boys!" the *Jockeys* roar, "if the Mare and the Gelding run,
 "I'll 'bet you five Guineys to four, he beats her, and gives half a ſtone."
 "Ged dimme!" quoth Bully, "'tis done, or elſe I'm the ſon of a [Sc]ore;
 And fain would I meet with the man would offer it, would offer it once more."
 See, ſee the puppet Fate of the Town! a Fop that was ſtarving of late,
 And ſcarcely could borrow a Crown, puts in to run for the Plate.
 Another makes chouſing a Trade, and dreams of his Projects to come,
 And many a Crimp-match has made, by bribing another man's Groom.
 The Town's-men are *Whiggish*, G. rot 'em! their hearts are but Loyal by fits;
 For, ſhould you ſearch to the bottom, they 're as naſty as their ſtreets. 28

But now all hearts beware; ſee, ſee on yonder *Downs*!
 Beauty now triumphs there, and at this diſtance wounds:
 In the *Amazonian* Wars thus all the Virgins ſhone,
 And, like the glitt'ring Stars, paid homage to the Moon.
Love proves a Tyrant now, and there doth proudly dwell;
 For each ſtubborn Heart muſt bow; he has found a new way to kill:
 For ne'er was invented before ſuch Charms of additional grace;
 Nor has Divine Beauty ſuch power, in ev'ry, in ev'ry fair Face.
 "Ods but!" cries my Country-man *John*, "was ever the like before ſeen?
 By Hats and by Feathers they've on, I've took 'em e'en all for men!
 Embroider'd, and fine as the Sun, their Horses and trappings of Gold;
 Such a ſight I ſhall ne'er ſee again, if I live to a hundred years old."
 This, this is the Country's diſcourſe, all wond'ring at this rare ſight;
 Then, *Roger*, go ſaddle my Horse! for I will be there to-night. 42

By Tom D'Urfeſy.

* * The often-mentioned *Sir Simon the King* is given in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 264. Mr. Chappell quotes from the *Travels of Cosmo*, third Grand-Duke of Tuscany: "Newmarket has in the preſent day [1669] been brought into repute by the King, who frequents it on account of the horſe-races; having been before celebrated only for the market for victuals, which was held there, and was a very abundant one." One of three verſions is in *Pills*, ii. 53.

The Whigs' Disloyal Feast Prohibited.

“A Royal Pair, with their illustrious train,
 To *London's* joy, are now return'd again :
 Great *Charles* did in the front appear,
 And Princely *York* advanced in the rear.
 The right *Successor* is return'd again,
 Whom former Faction sent an Exile o'er the Main.
 Then to the mighty Duke of *York* and *Albany*,
 Now *London, London*, show thy Loyalty !”

—*London's Joy and Loyalty*. 1682.

A MONTH after the execution of Captain Vratz, Stern, and Borotski (March 10th, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$), the Duke of Monmouth went north, to the horse-races for the plate at Northampton, viz. on the 18th April. A great feast, packed by guinea tickets, was to be held by the Whig party on the 21st, at Haberdashers' Hall and Goldsmiths' Hall, wherewith Monmouth, Shaftesbury, Essex, and others, with the Sheriffs, were expected to be present, and the popular sedition of their speeches was already discounted in the enthusiasm of their adherents. But the Court felt disinclined to allow such a rallying of its enemies, and two days before the date of the banquet an order appeared forbidding the meeting, as being “seditious and tending to raise distinctions and confederacies amongst his Majesty's subjects.” The Lord Mayor was charged to prevent the unlawful assembly, which he did, and the city was well guarded by four companies of Train-bands, and several guards of constables or watchmen. The intent to spread disaffection at the projected meeting was unconcealed, for the guinea tickets bore a printed notice to the effect that,

It having pleased Almighty God by his wonderful providence to deliver and protect his Majestie's person, the Protestant Religion, and *English* liberties (hitherto) from the Hellish and frequent attempts of their enemies (the *Papists*), in testimony of thankfulness herein, and for the preserving and improving mutuall love and charity among such as are sensible thereof, you are desired to meet many of the loyall Protestant nobility, gentry, clergy, and citizens, on Fryday the 21 day of this instant Aprill, 1682, at St. *Michael's* Church in *Cornhill*, there to hear a Sermon, and from thence to goe to *Haberdashers' Hall* to Dinner, and to bring this with you.

Loyal wits made merry over the consternation, the flutter among the stewards, John Wilmore, Partridge, and the rest, after the purchase of provisions and preparation of harangues. There had been considerable merriment at Oxford, regarding a similar disappointment of Monmouth's party in the previous October; when John Lord Lovelace and Alderman William Wright figured meanly about Monmouth's unpaid Racing-Plate.

The Whigs' Disappointment upon their intended Feast.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cook Lawrel.*

HAVE you not heard of a <i>Festival</i> conven'd of late, Compos'd of a pack of Notorious Dissenters, Appointed by Tinkers in <i>Whigland</i> to meet, To sign and to seal <i>Covenanted</i> Indentures ?	4
The day was appointed, and all things prepar'd, In order thereto, by the <i>Sages</i> o' th' Nation ; And a Reverend Sermon was then to be heard : T' exhort 'em to th' Oath of <i>Association</i> . ¹	8
All sorts of Trades-men were bid to be there, The <i>Lords-Petitioners</i> and <i>Commoners</i> ' too ; But the <i>Cooper</i> 'fore all was to take the Chair, To set forth the matter, as well he knew how.	[=Shaftesbury 12
The godly Gown-men all chain'd and fur'd, Two Shrieves, and the De'il knows what of the Rabble, Invited on purpose, and set on, and spur'd To make a confusion worse than our old <i>Babel</i> .	16
The chief of the Feast was a <i>Fop</i> and a <i>Mouth</i> , Cry'd up by the City <i>Cooper</i> , and <i>Player</i> , ² Whose name they'd extend from North unto South, By the trick of a <i>Black-Box</i> to make him an Heir. ³	[i.e. Mon-mouth 20
For down into <i>Durham</i> ⁴ an Envoy was sent, Amongst the chief of the Northern Clergies, To find out a writing to that very intent, Who had thirty good Guineys to defray his charges.	24
The Reverend <i>Titus</i> was Chaplain o' th' <i>Feast</i> , Brim-full of <i>Plots</i> , with Oaths to maintain them, The De'il could afford them no such a guest, 'Mongst all the p,uuuep Crew to entertain them.	[Titus Oates 28
Next came in <i>Janeway</i> , <i>Curtis</i> , <i>Vile</i> , and <i>Care</i> , ⁵ With his <i>Packet</i> of Lies thrust under his arm ; Then <i>Don Dangerfieldo</i> , more subtle by far Than poor Mother <i>Cellier</i> that acted no harm.	32
All sorts of Informers were bid to be there, And the p,uuuep <i>Ignoramus</i> Jurors too, To participate of this Festival cheer, By way of Thanksgiving for what they did do.	36

¹ Shaftesbury's Protestant Association, sworn to Exclude any Popish Successor.

² Sir Thomas Player, City Chamberlain.

³ The fabulous Black-Box, supposed to contain the proofs of Monmouth's legitimacy. See Vol. IV. pp. 624, 625.

⁴ Dr. John Cosin, Bishop of Durham (1660 to 1674), was falsely reported to have held possession of the marriage certificate between Charles and Lucy Walter.

⁵ The publishers of scandalous libels, Richard Janeway, Langley Curtis, Thomas Vile, and Harry Care, with the weekly *Packet of Advice from Rome*. For Thomas Dangerfield, who died after his public whipping and injury by Robert Francis in 1685, see our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 707 ; for Madam Cellier, who is represented shielding herself from missiles, see p. 190 of our present volume.

Some hundreds more were to be at the <i>Feast</i> , And all things thereunto were fitted, But in steps an Order which forestall'd the Guests, Disbanding the Cooks ere the Meat was half spitted.	40
Tag, Rag, and Long-tail were all to come in, To sit at this King of <i>Poland's</i> table : The <i>Feast</i> , I conceive, else was not worth a pin, Without the consent of an insolent Rabble.	[=Shaftesbury's 44
What pining, and fretting, and fuming was there, When all the good Creatures were so laid aside ; 'T would make a Saint both to stamp and to stare, To see such a <i>zealous Assembly</i> decry'd.	48
Here now the Nation was thus far fettled, And all things brought to a much better cue ; Here a new <i>Government</i> was to be settled And the De'il knows what beside they will do.	52
Some think it was like the <i>Oxford</i> old stroke, Which was well [put forth], being given in season ; And some think they are under a burthensom yolk, 'Cause they may not Assemble for <i>Sedition</i> and <i>Treason</i> .	56
Some hold it not prudently acted at all, To check an Assembly of so great an intention, Who study'd and aim'd at the <i>Torys'</i> downfall, In raising the <i>Whigs</i> by a new invention.	60
Some say they were nettled, and gall'd within, To see our great <i>York</i> embrac'd by the City : If that be the cause on't, we care not a pin : Let them hang up each other—and so ends my Ditty.	64

The tune chosen was singularly appropriate, being that of Ben Jonson's "*Cook Laurell* would needs have the Devil his guest;"—from his *Gipsies Metamorphosed*, 1621 (Roxb. Coll., II. 445). Having already (on p. 81 of previous volume, IV.) given the first and second verses of the Tory Loyal-Song in ridicule of the projected *Whig Feast at Haberdashers'-Hall* on April 21st, 1682, we are unwilling to disappoint any readers who enjoy such pasquinades and had hoped to find the remainder here. On the other hand, suppose Strix Implumis grumble, and say that such stupendous Liberalism as the National Clubbists of two centuries ago ought to be protected by some litigious Chamberlain's ordiuance from ever being laughed at, or black-balled with printer's ink; that Gehenna is a Caucasian Institution, and its representatives have vested rights among the Philistines: what are Editors to do? How can they satisfy both sides? Suppose they leave the impossibility unattempted, and conform to what the Scotch Lady called "the grand way of our forebears, when ilka bodie did what was right in his ain een!" So here is the Loyal Song complete; in fair reprisal for the Whig attack on Dauby, to the same tune.

The ^[Dis-]Loyal Feast.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Sawney will never be my Love again.* [See p. 141.]

T*ony* was small, but of Noble Race,
 And was belov'd of ev'ry one ;
 He broach'd his *Tap*, and it ran apace
 To make a solemn Treat for all the Town ;
 He sent to Yeoman, Knight, and Lord,
 The holy *Tribe* to entertain,
 With all the Nation cou'd afford :
But Tony will never be himself again. 8

He sent to the *Shambles* for all their store,
 And left behind neither Fowl nor Beast ;
 The *Spiggot* ran swift, and fain would do more,
 To make all the Lords a noble Feast :
 He sent to Market, he sent to Fair,
 His *Loyal Guests* to entertain !
 But of the Banquet he had no share,
And Tony will never be himself again. 16

At two great Halls in *London Town* [Hab. and Goldsm.
 Design'd to meet a Zealous Crew,
 Of Lords and Knights of high Renown,
 And all were *Protestants True Blew !*
 They threw in Guineas free as Brass, [About 200.
 The noble Frolick to maintain ;
 But on great *Charles* the Sham wou'd not pass :
And Tony will never be himself again. 24

With "Duty to their Lawful Prince,"
 A "Loyal Subject ev'ry One !"
 "To pray for him" is the pretence,
 And then to rail and Plot against the Crown.
 From Church they did intend to th' Hall,
 Their Noble Guests to entertain ;
 But they were routed, Horse and all :
And Tony will never be himself again. 32

In favour of the *King* and the *Duke*,
 The Heir-Apparent of the Throne,
 His Highness they Exclude, and took
 A Fop-Pretender of their own. [i.e. Monmouth.
 The meek Guide *Moses* they withstand,
 A Golden Calf to entertain ;
 But Royal *Charles* dispers'd the Band,
And Tony will never be himself again. 40

“ The bloody *Papists* shall no more
 Contrive against his Life and Reign ! ”—
 Tho’ ’twas themselves did the feat before,
 and are as ready to do ’t again.
 Thus they Exclude the Rightful-Heir,
 The Gaudy Fop to entertain ; [still=Monmouth.
 But they were met by the good *Lord Mayor*,
And Tony will never be himself again. 48

With thanks and “ Pray’rs for our good King,”
 they vow’d to sacrifice the day ;
 But Royal *Charles* he smook’d out the thing,
 and sent the Rabble with a xoꝛ away :
 He sent his summons to the Cit,
 Seditious Meetings to restrain,
 The Feast was broke, and the [Meat off the Spit],
And Tony will never be himself again. 56

And now the Capons flye about,
 With *Frigacies* of *Ambergreece* ;
 And Chickens, ready drest, they shout
 about the street for Pence apiece !
 The *Whigs* will wish the Council choak’d,
 Who did this Noble Feast restrain ;
 All down in the Mouth, thus to be bauk’d,
Poor Tony will never be himself again. 64

FINIS.

London : Printed by *Allan Banks*, 1682.

It is reprehensible, uncharitable, irreligious, anti-“ National,” unpatriotic, and illiberal, no doubt, to laugh at such an extremely Pious Family of Whigdom’s Radical Reformers, nobility and uncommoners ; who intended so lovingly to combine a nonconformist sermon with gluttony and wine-bibbing : beginning with a hymn, and ending under the table. What more could they do, in worship of their loquacious Dagon, unless they inaugurated a new Green-Ribbon Club for him, and listened to his unreasonableness ? Nevertheless they were within a few hours of ignominious defeat. We endeavour to lament for them, with old Lafeu, and we melt :

“ Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :
 Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher ! ”

Funeral March played here, lugubriously, by the Orchestra.

The struggle for supremacy between Monmouth and York was now being transferred from the Court to the City, and in both

fields the young Claimant had wasted his great advantages. Politic observers interpreted the auguries against him, and cautiously withdrew themselves from his influence. A few months earlier, all the civic power seemed vested in the Whigs, under the guidance of Shaftesbury and George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. *But Tony would never be himself again!* Finding his schemes baulked in the prohibited feast, his authority set at naught by Hampden, Trenchard, Russell, Monmouth, and other conspirators, while plainly marked out for destruction by the Yorkists, Lord Shaftesbury was rapidly failing in health; also in that clear-sightedness and readiness of resource which had hitherto distinguished him pre-eminently.

When the Duke of Buckingham finally lost favour at the Court, he threw himself all the more desperately into Civic intrigues with the factious Whig Aldermen and Sheriffs. He had previously done his utmost to excite the jealousy of Charles, who was unwilling to detect the infidelities of Court Ladies, so long as it was possible to avoid observing them: Buckingham poached such game unblushingly.

This practice made old *Rowley* puff,
 And turn his Grace in dudgeon off;
 Who, much disgusted, now sets up
 To be the Faction's only prop:
 Hoping, as most believe, in vain,
 To please the blockheads, and regain
 By rich rebellious City slaves
 What he had lost by Fools and Knaves.

—*The Court Burlesqued.*

We give the following Loyal Song on "The Duke's Return from Scotland," because the tune to which it was sung, known by the first line, "Now y^e Tories that glory," is the same to which the Roxburghe Ballad of *Iter Boreale* was appointed to be sung. Matthew Taubman wrote the two earlier verses (and printed them, along with a third verse, which was suppressed when four fresh verses were added). Not improbably the whole of both versions came from the ready pen of this Civic Poet. It was not likely that any publisher would prefer to employ another hand to remodel Taubman's work, while he himself was quite ready to do whatever was required at a reasonable price, so to secure his own article for the ballad-market. Believing this, we give the three undoubted Mat Taubman verses (without omitting here the third); and the others in unchanged type: marking the point of separation by a short rule and our second note.

The

Well-Wishes to the Royal Family:

On the Duke's Return from Scotland, 1682.

TO A NEW PLAY HOUSE TUNE.

Now ye *Tories*, that glory in Royal *Jemmy's* Return,
 I' the tavern roar it and score it! your caps and bonnets burn!
 Let the Lads and the Lasses set foot to foot in their turn;
 And he that passes his Glasses may he never 'scape the Horn.¹

Royal *James* is come again, there 's for honest men room again,
 The true Heir is come home again, *Pop Pretenders* we scorn.
 Then hey! Boys, laugh it and quaff it, let *Whigs* and *Zealots* mourn.

Let *Impeaches* and *Speeches* be with the Authors pull'd down,
 And all that preaches or teaches against the Heir of the Crown!
 No more the *Zealous* shall tell us of th' Succession to the Throne,
 Till the rebellious old fellows his Lawful Interest own.

Monarchy is got up again! Ev'ry man take his Cup again!
 Till we make the *Whigs* stoop again, who our Peace wou'd inthral:
 And ev'ry Rebel that Libell'd, do at his foot-stool fall. 14

Then th' station o' th' Nation on terms more honest will be,
 Nor bold Oration in fashion, to rail at Monarchy;
 The *City Royal* be loyal, and common Justice agree
 T' avenge lost heads on the Tryal of *O[ate]s* and *S[hafte]s* *b[ur]y*.
 Then Dissenters shall aid the Throne, and *Addressers* perswade
 the Throne,

'Gainst the Traitors invade the Throne: *London* Charter be free,
 And *Ignoramus* be famous for Truth and Loyalty.² 21

Let 's be Loyal and Joy-all, 'spight of each *faction Cabal*,
 Who daily deny all, defic all, that we cau Loyalty call;
 Who, [while] smoaking and soaking, wish the Return of the *Rump*,
 Sadly looking, sit croaking, to see it worn to a Stump.

Then set the glass round again, for our time 's not spent in vain,
 But let us now drink amain, Fill it up to the Brim!
 Come round, Boys, let 's trowl it and bowl it, till our joys they do
 swim.

¹ This not only indicated the "Bull's Feather," of matrimonial-mishap, but (as shown on p. 445 of Vol. IV.) was a nickname for the Compter prison.

² Thus far goes Matthew Taubman's earlier version, along with his *Heroick Poem*, 1682. The later reprinted *Loyal Song* omits the third verse, and continues instead, after the fourteenth line, "at his footstool fall," the four following verses.

For him our choices and voices shall hereafter be free,
 Whilst each one rejoyces, our noises shall deafen th' raging o' th' Sea :
 We'll attend him, befriend him, let Malice vote what it will,
 Coyn we 'll lend him, defend him, and we 'll rejoyce in him still.

Then let us no Mirth refrain, since that now he is safe again,
 Well having escap'd the Main, from the salt waters set free,¹
 Then hey ! Boys, laugh it and quaff it, and let us merry be. 35

Though the Zealous grow jealous, and create much needless fear,
 By which means they'd drill us and will us like themselves to appear ;
 But no wonder, since Plunder is that at which they do aim,
 That the *Whigs* wander, under Religious Guile, which they shame ;
 But at last we have found 'em, and from the bottom unwound 'em,
 So that each man may sound them, and laugh at the *Old Cause*,
 Which was the ruine and undoing of King and Kingdom's Laws.

Then let 's scout 'em and flout 'em, who rail at the Succession,
 That would rout Him whom we so esteem, beyond all expression ;
 Fill [up th'] *Claret*, who's for it ? and let each Bumper go round,
 Who doth bar it, or spare it, may he with Goat's Horns be crown'd.

Here 's a Health to the Dutchess, grant her long life, health, and
 riches,
 And a Young Prince is all our wishes, whilst all the Factious
 repine,
 Then come away wi 't, ne'r stay it ; Let no man baulk his Wine !

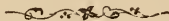
[White-letter. No woodcut. Chiefly by Matthew Taubman. Date, May, 1682.]

¹ The narrow escape from shipwreck of the Duke in his second journey to Scotland had occurred on the 8th May, 1682, after departure from Yarmouth, when many of his personal attendants and seamen lost their lives, meeting death with a willing heart and loyal cheers. The malicious and false report, of James being more anxious to save his dogs than his friends and crew, is given spitefully in his favourite way by Gilbert Burnet the inaccurate ; but is disproved by documentary evidence. See Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, pp. 68 to 72 of vol. ii., Appendix, 1773 ; also Sir John Berry's Letter in Jas. S. Clarke's *Life of James II.*, ii. 730.

* * * Another *Loyal Song*, to the same tune, was an attack on the detected Rye-House Plotters, about December, 1683, entitled "Justice Triumphant: in commendation of Sir *George Jeffreys*, Lord Chief Justice of *England*," beginning,

Now the Traytor, King-hater, that glories still in his crime,
 And every *Associator*, give thanks, for now it is time.
 Let the *Whigs* in the *Tower*, who thought to make us a prey,
 Rejoyce, 'tis yet in their power, to keep a *Thanksgiving-Day* :
 Loyal *Jeffreys* is Judge again, let the *Brimighams* grudge again,
 Who to *Tyburn* must trudge amain : *Ignoramus* we scorn !
 May Heaven direct him, protect him ; Let guilty Traytors mourn !

The five verses will be given on a later page, in the Final Monmouth Group.



Iter Boreale: York's Return, 1682.

"When too much plenty, luxury, and ease,
 Had surfeited this Isle to a disease;
 When noisome blains did its best parts o'er-spread,
 And on the rest their dire infection shed;
 Our *Great Physician*, who the Nature knew
 Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,
 Fix'd for Three Kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on You.
 He cast his searching Eyes o'er all the Frame,
 And finding whence before one Sickness came,
 How once before our *Mischiefs* foster'd were,
 Knew well your Virtue, and apply'd you there:
 Where so your Goodness, so your Justice sway'd,
 You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was stay'd.
 When, from the filthy Dunghill-faction bred,
 New-form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head,
 Answer me all: Who struck the Monster dead?
 See, see, the injur'd Prince, and bless his Name,
 Think on the *Martyr* from whose loins he came:
 Think on the Blood was shed for you before,
 And curse the *Paracides* that thirst for more.
 His Foes are yours, then of their wiles beware;
 Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there."

—Thomas Otway's *Epilogue to Venice Preserved*. 1682.

THE lines quoted above, as our motto, are from the beginning of one among the many Poems hailing the Duke of York's return from Scotland, and the special Epilogue was spoken to him at the Theatre which bore his name and patronage, in Dorset Gardens, "The Duke's House," on April 21st, 1682. The Duke's Return from Scotland was commented on in many loyal poems by Nat Lee, by Richard Duke, and in addresses at the Theatre. Among such are those beginning "All you, who this day's Jubilee attend," by Thomas Otway, addressed to the Duchess of York; "Come then at last, while anxious Nations weep," is by Nat Lee: and "In those cold regions which no Summers cheer," is by John Dryden. We have already mentioned the long *Heroic Poem on the Duke of York's Return from Scotland*, 1682, by Matthew Taubman, and give his song on our p. 170, referring to the recent Shipwreck.

There had always been a devoted band of admirers "through thick and thin" of the Duke, during his absence, which had been a virtual exile, and if they could do little to show their loyalty save tossing off a bumper with good wishes for his health and ultimate succession to his rights, we doubt not their sincerity. It would have been safer to drink to Shaftesbury, and the wine or beer might have been little affected by the change of toast, but every Cavalier would have spurned such a suggestion indignantly. So they "toasted the Gentleman in Scotland's Health," even thus:—

A Health.

Let th' ambitious soar high on the wings of Renown,
 And mount like blind Birds, to come tumbling down ;
 Let Lover's pale face his sick fortune declare,
 Let traitorous Statesmen the Rabble ensnare :
 Wine's all my Ambition, my Love, and my Care.
 In Brimmers each man shall drink Loyally round,
 Till his Fancie's in th' air, and himself on the ground.
 Our Hats down before us for Pillows we'll fling,
 Where Puuies shall sleep, whilst the Able do sing,
 " All health, all health to the Duke and the King ! "

The Return of the Duke was celebrated in a Catch, which alludes both to Jack Presbyter and to Sixteen-Hundred-and-Forty-One :—

Health to the Duke, A Catch.

Since the Duke is Return'd, wee 'll defie all the *Whigs*,
 And let them be hang'd for Politick Priggs :
 Both Presbyter *Jack*, and all the whole Crew,
 That lately design'd Forty-One to renew.
 Make room for the Men that never deny'd
 To *God save the King!* " and the *Duke!* " they reply'd ;
 Whose Loyalty ever was fixt with that zeal
 Of voting down Schism, and proud Common-weal.
 Then bring up a Pottle, we'll Iluzza the Glass,
 And drink off a Bottle, each man in his place :
 'Tis a health to the *Duke*, Boy, give me my measure !
 The fuller the glass is, the greater the pleasure.

Six distinct poems holding the same title of *Iter Boreale* are known to us, and it may be well to here mark their distinctions.

1.—The earliest of these is by Richard Corbet, Bishop successively of Oxford and of Norwich, who died in 1635. His *Iter Boreale* begins,

Four Clerks of *Oxford*, Doctors two, and two
 That would be Doctors, . . . *Etcetera*.

2.—Next *Iter Boreale*, longest, and most ambitious of the group, is that one " attempting something upon the successful and matchless March of the Lord General *George Monk*, from *Scotland* to *London* [during] the last winter ; *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, etc." It was printed for George Thomason (the shrewd and loyal collector of the unrivalled store of *King's Pamphlets*), on St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1660, five weeks before the Restoration. The poem was written by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Wild, concerning whom we shall have much to write in a later volume. The original quarto issue of ten leaves is in our private collection at Molash (a gift from Miss De Vaynes) ; also the reprint in Wild's *Poems*. It begins thus :—

The Day is broke ! *Melpomene* is gone ;
 Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone
 Night-mare my Soul no more. Go, take thy flight,
 Where Traytors' Ghosts keep an eternal Night.
 Fly to Mount *Caucasus*, and bear thy part
 With the black Fowl that tears *Prometheus'* heart
 For his bold Sacrilege. Go, fetch the groans
 Of defunct Tyrants, with them croke thy tones ! [=The Regicides
 Go, see *Alecto* with her flaming whip
 How she firks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradshaw* skip :
 Go, make thy self away ! thou shalt no more
 Choak up my Standish with the blood and gore
 Of *English* Tragedies : I now will ehuse
 The merriest of the Nine to be my Muse. *Etcetera*.

It is by no means without merit, although stilted in diction. Sir Walter Scott characterized it as being "written in a harsh and barbarous style, filled with *clenches* and *ear-wickets*, as the time called them ; which, having been in fashion in the reigns of James I. and his unfortunate son, were revived after the Restoration." (Scott's *Dryden*, xv. 296.)

3.—*Iter Boreale*, the Second Part, relating to the Progress of the Lord General Monk. To the tune of, *When first the Scottish Wars began*. Printed for Henry Broome, 1660. It is in the Bagford Collection, III. 16, and begins,

Good people all, hark to my call ! I'll tell you all, etc.

These two, Nos. 2 and 3, will be given un mutilated in our forthcoming *Ballads and Songs of the Civil War, Part Fifth*.

4.—*Iter Boreale* his Country Clown ; or, The Country Scourg'd for their Barbarism to the Citizens. London: printed for the Author, 1665. It refers to the misadventures of those called the "Runawayes" who fled from London during the affliction of the Great Plague. (In the Society of Antiquaries Library.) It begins,

Not a hard Bed i' th' Country to procure.

5.—*Iter Boreale*, in folio sheets, is in our private Collection ; reprinted as one of the *Loyal Poems and Satyrs upon the Times, since the beginning of the Salamanca Plot* : Written by several Hands. Collected by M[atthew] T[aubman], 1685. The original belongs to December of the year 1682. Given entire later. Begins,

After long-practis'd Malice in the South,
Brutus (the people's Ear, the people's Mouth)
 At length most prudently has sally'd forth, . . . *Etcetera*.

6.—The *Roxburghe Ballad* here to be reprinted, entitled, *Iter Boreale* ; or, *Tyburn* in Mourning for the Loss of a Saint. Written by J. D. A New Song, to the tune of, *Now the Tories that glories in Royal Jemmy's Return* [given already on p. 151]. 1682. It begins,

Behold great Heaven's Protection !

The author is declared to be "J. D." Not improbably the publisher desired that people should believe this J. D. to be John Dryden, and thus a better sale might be secured, for "Glorious John" was at the height of his popularity at this time, and in the full flush of his genius. We must for the present leave undecided the answer to such a question as "Who was *this* J. D.?" We cannot possibly accept John Dryden as the veritable author of this "Tyburn in Mourning." There was a John Danvers, a Royalist, who wrote "*The Royal Oake*" account of Charles II.'s escape, in 1660. Another J. D. wrote a Poem in 1664 on the two Yew-Trees representing Giants at the Physic-Gardeus, Oxford: which poem we mentioned in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 814; where we identified the author as John Drope, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. (Not having been included among our reproductions from the Bagford Collection, it will be given in the present volume.) It was reprinted in this same year, 1682, and begins, "Although no brandisht Cherubins are here." Another J. D. signs the lively Cavalier ditty entitled, "The Lover's Mad Fits and Fancies," beginning, "I doat, I doat, but am a Sot to show it." (Given already by the present Editor in his *Bagford Ballads*, p. 516.) There was also a "J. D., Minister in Surrey," who figures in *State Poems*, iii. 94; and Jonathan Dryden, cousin of "glorious John." Jonah Deacon should be named. These are the chief wearers of the initials *J. D.*

Slingsby Bethel, the Independent and Republican Exclusionist, appears to be the special "Saint" mourned over, as escaping the national collar at Tyburn. He had all the bitter spite, the narrow-minded and money-grubbing niggardliness befitting an extreme Sectary. "After riches poured in upon him, his oeconomy was much the same as before. Parsimony was so habitual to him that he knew not how to relax into generosity upon proper occasions; and he was generally censured for being too frugal in his entertainments when he was Sheriff of London." John Oldham gibbets him, "like stingy *Bethel* save, and grudge yourself the charges of a grave." Dryden rebukes his miserly habits, showing him as the cursing *Shimei* of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*:

Chaste were his cellars, and his Shrieval Board
 The grossness of a City Feast abhorr'd.
 His Cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
 Cool was his Kitchen, though his brains were hot.

620

Slingsby Bethel fled to Holland before 22nd July, 1682. (See p. 165, and later pages, our introduction to "*Another Iter Boreale*.")

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 915.]

Iter Boreale ;

Or,

Tyburn in Mourning for the Loss of a Saint.

A NEW SONG, TO THE TUNE OF, *Now ye Toryes that Glories.*Written by *J. D.*

BEhold Great Heaven's Protection,

Jehovah Frowns for to see
Pretended Zeal claim Election

In Rights of Monarchy.

Great *Charles*, in spite of all Treason,

Preserves his Kingdoms in Peace ;

He rules by Law and by Reason,

Whilst *Whigg* melts in his own Grease :

Ignoramus is out of Doors ;

Flye, O flye, ye Base Sons of σαροϋλλ,

Poland or *Holland* will hide such Bores,

Who Rebellion have sown :

For nothing but Royalty, Loyalty,

Shall in our Isle be known.

7

14

The *Be[th]ellites* are in mourning

To see their Syre so Cold :

Zownes ! who thought of adjourning

A Zealot so Factious bold ?

[See opposite.]

- To Prayers, ye Pestilent *Whiggs*,
 The Devil may hear you in time :
 What think you by *Oliver's Jigg* ? 21
 Gad, 't brings my Song into Rime.
Hamburgh once again take thy own,
Tyburn long for thy Son doth Groan ;
Cromwel's disturb'd with her making moan,
 Curses the sins brought him there :
 Then let us be Merry, drink Sherry,
 The Zealots no longer fear. 28
- Whine louder, ye Priests of the Zealous,¹
 For Heaven is Deaf to your Prayers :
 Why do ye Deceive us, and tell us
 You travel in Heaven's Affairs ? [=travail
 What Saint e're came, or Professor,
 From [the] Grave to teach to Dethrone
 Your lawful King and Successor, 35
 Whom next to Heaven we own ?
 If these be Tricks of your *Whiggish* Tribe,
 No Saint will ever the Devil chide ;
 Though in the bottom of Hell he hide
 Such Lovers of Kings the wrong way :
 Then Hey ! Boys, Trounce it and Bounce it,
 For Monarchy gets the Day. 42
- Must Nine-penny Esquire be forgotten ?²
 O ! do not to memory bring
 Those *Hamburgh* Sayings, where Hot ones ; [were ?
 " p,uunq Rogue, did'st thou Murder the K[ing] ? "
 Must still the Zealous o'er rule us ;
 Shall Council Gowns be above
 Majesty, Sword, Mace, then tell us 49
 Who better than *Moor*[e]³ can Love ?
 Loyalty burneth within his Breast,
 Religion is his chief Interest ;
 The City he would with Peace invest :
 Was they not blinded with Zeal.
 Then Hey ! Boyes, Laugh it and Quaffe it,
 Let *Moor*[e] to the King Appeal. 56

¹ Refers to Robert Ferguson, on whom see late pages of final *Monmouth Group*.

² Probably John Hampden, Esquire ; of whom anon, in the Rye-House Plot.

³ Sir John Moore, chosen Lord Mayor of London, 1681, a strong Tory.

Be gone, base Sons of the Nation,
 That Love not the Power of Kings ;
 Go, seek Dad *Be[th]el's* new Station,
 'Twill hold Ten thousand such Things :
 Go, mourn the Sin of Rebellion,
 You would set up in the City ;
 Take with you your New Friend *Pa[pillion]*,¹ 63
 The rest of the Old Committee.
 Let Love and Loyalty once more Reign
 Within your breasts, for great *Charlemaine*, [=Chas. II.
 And for the Prince that's come home again, D. of York.
 Who our Peace will support.
 Then Hey ! Boyes, Drink it, ne'r Shrink it,
 Here's a Health to the King and Court ! 70

London : Printed for *C. Tebroc*, Anno Dom. 1682.

[*C. Tebroc* is disguise-reversal for Charles Corbet. White-letter. No woodcut.]

** We have again incidentally mentioned John Dryden (in disclaiming for him the authorship of the preceding *Roxburghe Ballad* by a different "J. D."), and must allude to the spiteful reprint by John Smith, in 1681, of *An Elegy on the Usurper O[liver] C[romwell]*, by the Author of *Absalom* and *Achitophel* : published to shew the Loyalty and Integrity of the Poet : beginning :—

And now 'tis time : for their officious haste,
 Who would before have borne him to the Sky,
 Like eager *Romans*, e're all Rites were past,
 Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly. *Electera*.

But, as this unauthorized reprint is virtually unknown, we here give the *Postscript* appended on the other side of the sheet, pretending to be also from Dryden's hand. It betrays the malignity of Dryden's foes, who desired to stop his pension.

Postscript.

THE Printing of these Rhimes afflicts me more
 Than all the *Drubs* I in *Rose-Alley* bore.²
 This shows my nauseous Mercenary Pen
 Would praise the vilest and the worst of men.
 A Rogue like *Hodge* am I, the World will know it, [i.e. *L'Estrange*.
Hodge was his *Fidler*, and I, *John* his *Poet*.
 This may prevent the pay for which I write ;
 For I for pay against my Conscience fight.
 I must confess so infamous a Knave
 Can do no Service, though the humblest Slave.

¹ Thomas Papillion of Fenchurch Street was committed to the Marshalsea, for the Pritchard fine; he fled to Holland in November, 1684, and came back along with Slingsby Bethel, and other "returned empties," in February, 1685.

² A brutal reference to the outrage on Dryden, December 18, 1679.

Villains I praise, and Patriots accuse, }
 My railing and my fawning Talents use ; }
 Just as they pay I flatter or abuse. }
 But to men in Power a p . . J am still,
 To rub on any honest Face they will. }
 Then on I'le go, for Libels I declare, }
 Best Friends no more than worst of Foes I'le spare, }
 And all this I can do, because I dare. }
 He who writes on, and Cudgels can defie,
 And knowing hee 'l be beaten still writes on am I.
 J. D.

London : Printed for J. Smith. MDCLXXXI.

The repetition of the same mean taunt is found in Samuel Portage's verses, *The Medal Revers'd: A Satyre against Persecution*, By the Author of *Azaria and Hushai*. London: Printed for Charles Lee. Anno 1682 (beginning, "How easie 'tis to sail with wiind and tide"): wherein we read,

This well the author of the *Medal* knew,
 When *Oliver* he for an Hero drew.
 He then swam with the Tide; appear'd a Saint,
 Garnish'd the Devil with Poetick Paint.
 When the Tide turn'd, then strait about he veers,
 And for the stronger side he still appears.

Thus continued "Lame *Mephibosheth*, the Wizard's son," his contest with Dryden. More foul is the attack by Thomas Shadwell, in *The Medal of John Bayes: A Satyr against Folly and Knavery*. London: Printed for the notorious Richard Janeway (= "Seditious Dick"), 1682. In this the tirade is continuous, e.g.,

Your Loyalty you learn'd in *Cromwel's* Court,
 Where first your Muse did make her great effort :
 On him you first shew'd your Poetick strain,
 And prais'd his opening the *Basilick Vein*.

Given in Italic type, and with this explanatory Note: "See his Poem upon Oliver. And wisely he essay'd to staunch the Blood by breathing of a Vein" (Quarto, p. 8). Here "wisely" is the gratuitous and malicious interpolation by Tom Shadwell. Edward Waller had belauded the Protector, of old, no less than Dryden had done, but escaped the Satirists by courtier-like pliancy and frivolity. Dryden was feared by them as a dangerous foe, and libelled accordingly.

Content's a Treasure.

“ I am content, I do not care,
 Wag as it will the world for me;
 When fuss and fret was all my fare
 It got no ground that I could see;
 So when away my caring went,
 I counted cost, and was content.”—*John Byrom.*

THE Return of the Duke of York from Scotland gave satisfaction to those who saw to what ruinous extremes the revolutionary intrigues and tumults of the Shaftesbury faction were tending, with Monmouth as the future puppet king. One outburst of loyalty is the spirited *Roxburghe Ballad* following immediately. It was sung to the popular tune called (from the burden) *And a Begging we will go*; or (from the first line of the original song), “*There was a jovial Beggar* :” for which see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 216. The Jovial Loyalist, who here presents himself before us, is a rollicking soul who feels no desire to enter into any plots whatever, loves his lass and his tippie, pays his dues if cash be ready, and does not injure his digestion by considering abstruse questions of casuistry. If called on to fight for the King, or for the King's Royal Brother, he will answer the demand bravely, and do his best to punish rebellion, without hair-splitting. But, on the whole, he prefers elaret to a carbine, and a set of boon companions to meeting conventiclors, either as friends or foes. He stands up for his Queen also, Catharine of Braganza, so long as he is able to keep the perpendicular, and treats with contempt the base allegations of Titus Oates against her. He is even so complaisant (if liquor be good) as to drink the health of him whom he styles “the Prince,” though there can be little enjoyment in it if he means Princee George of Denmark; still less if it be William of Orange.

*Mihi est propositum in Tabernâ mori,
 Vinum sit oppositum, morientis ori :
 Ut dicant, cum Venerint, Angelorum chori,
 ‘ Deus sit propitius huic potatori.’*

So sang worthy Walter de Mapes, beginning his carol; which in the happiest mood genial Leigh Hunt translated, a little too late for our “Jovial Loyalist” :—

I devise to end my days, in a Tavern, drinking,
 May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking,
 That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,
 “ God be merciful to a Soul of this gentleman's way of thinking !”

[Roxburghe Collection (*i.e.* B. II. Bright's Supplement), IV. 8.]

Content's a Treasure ;

Or,

The Jovial Loyalist.

A MOST PLEASANT NEW PLAY-SONG, GREATLY IN REQUEST, BOTH AT
COURT AND THEATRE.

Content's a Treasure, nothing more can be,
'Tis all that can make happy thee or me ;
Content and Loyalty, and harmless Mirth
Are those that give to all our Joys a Birth :
Wine is a Charm, 'tis armour-proof and mail,
It quicks our Senses, when our Wits do fail ;
Keeps us from Cold, and hushes all our Cares,
And in the midst of Dangers stiles fear.

TO A NEW TUNE OF, *We are jovial Toppers ;* OR, *There was a Jovial Beggar.*



WE are Jovial Toppers, that [of] no man evil think,
But study to be Merry, and drink off our Drink,
And so Merry we will be, Will be, will be, will be,
And so Merry we will be.

4

No *Plots* we e're invented, against the Church and State,
But still we keep our Loyalty, and shun all rash debate ;
And so Merry we will be, will be, will be, etc.

8

- In scarcity and plenty, we always are content,
We ne'r repine at Providence, but take what it has sent.
And so Merry we will be, etc. 12
- When the weather's Rainy, or Cloudy, for to warm us,
Each man turns off his glass or two, which never yet could
And so Merry we will be, etc. [harm us.
- A Health or two we pass about, to those we're sure are Loyal,
But those that otherways we find, we generously defie all ;
And so merry we will be, etc. 20
- We give to every man his due, no Mortal can say other,
We live like kind Companions, and still love one another :
And so merry we will be, etc. 24
- Let th' worldlings sweat & moile, for gilded Clay, we care not,
'Tis all but dross, we value not, then spend it, Boys, and spare not,
And so merry we will be, etc. 28
- Rich Nectar does inflame us, and makes our thoughts divine,
All sorrows it does banish, there's nothing like brisk wine ;
And so merry we will be, etc. 32
- If we have our Mistris, she still does make us jolly,
'Tis Claret or Canary, that makes us see men's folly ;
And so merry we will be, etc. 36
- The World it is an Ocean, wherein all men are sailing,
Then briskly drink about, Boys, and let there be no failing,
And so merry we will be, etc. 40
- Come, fill us t' other Bumper, we see no cause to part yet,
Wine is the only Jewel, that ever charm'd my heart yet.
And so merry we will be, etc. 44
- Though Fortune it does frown, we'l ne'r be melancholly,
'Tis vain to grieve for ought below, rash sorrow's but a folly :
And so merry we will be, etc. 48
- Come, fill us t' other Bumper, Boys, Let it be just a Brimmer,
And he that will not pledge it, a *Whigg* is, or a *Trimmer* :
And so merry we will be, etc. 52

To *Charles* our King, his gracious Queen, and to his Royal
 Brother,
 Come, fill it up again, Boys, here's to the Prince another.
And so merry we will be, etc. 56

We have the world at will, Boys, there's nothing we can lack,
 Since our Cups with Nectar flow, tis [the] Nectar we call Sack:
And so merry we will be, etc. 60

There's none so happy live as we, on us delights do showre,
 We live from hate and envy free, more safe than those in power:
And so Merry we will be, will be, will be, will be,
And so merry we will be. 64

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass*, on *London-Bridge*.

[Black-letter. Date, about 1681. Five cuts, thus distributed; one on p. 87, another on p. 114, two on p. 162. The fifth is a table with mugs, card, flask, and candle, a fragment of a Jacobean picture representing a Tinker on the tramp. We give the entire cut here, unmutilated, instead of the fragment.]



The Contented Subjects.

- “ Let the *Whigs* revile, the *Tories* smile,
 That their business is completed ;
 Let all rejoice with heart and voice
 That the *Whig* 's at last defeated.
 The *Whigs* for Loyalty so fam'd !
 With all their hopes are undone ;
 Since now brave *Pritchard* is proclaim'd
 The Loyal Mayor of *London*. . . .
- “ For *North* and *Rich*, and every such,
 They set up a *Papillion* :
 'Gainst *Pritchard*, bold, Whig *Cornish* gold,
 With *Ryot* and *Rebellion*.
 To love the King can you pretend,
 Who *Royalists* deny all ?
 And with such vigour dare contend
 Against the Man that's Loyal ? ”

—*London's Joy and Triumph, on the Instalment of
 Sir Wm. Pritchard Lord Mayor for the ensuing
 year 1682. Tune of, The Tangier March.*

THE strife between the rival partizans, Whig and Tory, was fiercest in London, and on no field more keenly fought than when battling for the victory of the Shrievalty and the Mayoralty. Let it never be forgotten that the sharp practices of the Whigs, in nefariously packing Juries, thanks to their own Sheriffs being unscrupulous partizans, inevitably forced on the retributive triumph of the Tories, who beat them with their own tactics, and secured victory all along the line, by the employment, at worst, of the self-same bribery and intimidation which had been hitherto esteemed glorious, so long as it was found efficient by the Shaftesbury irreconcilables. Often since then have we seen the same thing repeated, in modern times. A howl arose from “ virtuous indignation ! ” so soon as the winning cards were found to have passed into opponents' hands: cards which the “ Liberal-minded ” losers had formerly without scruples used for cheating, but now denounced, with all such gambling and sharp practices, as distastefully immoral.

We have often to mention the parsimonious Slingsby Bethel (one of the most factious of Whig Sheriffs, in companionship with Henry Cornish, see pp. 156, 198, etc.), and are tempted to give here the contemporary satire against him, “ an abuse to Sheriff *Bethell* for keeping no house,” printed for S. P. Q. L. (Senatus Populusque London.), 1681, entitled “ The Last Sayings of a Mouse, lately starved in a Cupboard: as they were taken in short-hand, by a zealous Rat-catcher, who listened at the Key-hole of the Cup-board Door.” It begins,

Wretch that I am! and is it come to this?
 O short continuance of Earthly bliss!
 Did I for this forsake my Country ease,
 My liberty, my bacon, beans, and pease?—*Etcetera.*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 905.]

The Contented Subjects ;

Or,

The Citizens' Joy.

No Power without God's Providence
shall ever last or stand ;
Then God preserve our Gracious Prince
and Sovereign of this Land.

THE TUNE IS, *Now, now the Fight's done.* [See Vol. IV. p. 243.]

- N**OW, now the time's come, Noble *Pritchard* is chose,
 In spite of all People that would him oppose ;
 The King and His Subjects I hope will agree,
 That troubles and dangers forgotten may be :
Then now, London Citizens, merrily Sing,
 " *God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper our King !*" 6
- The difference now I hope is Compos'd ;
 And the confidence that in our *Mayor's* Repos'd,
 I do hope will be answer'd in every degree,
 If so, then no Subjects more happy than we :
Then, brave London Citizens, merrily sing,
 " *God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper the King !*" 12
- Our flourishing *Monarch*, whose Fame doth abound,
 The *Defender of Faith* I do hope will be found :
 Let the *Turk* and the *Pope* both of him stand in fear,
 Whose Protestant Principles now are so clear ;
That the brave London Citizens merrily sing,
 " *God bless Noble Prichard and Prosper the King !*" 18
- Do but mind how the Heavens upon us do smile,
 And the *Pope's* expectations do clearly beguile ;
 To oblige Sinful Men from their fault to refrain,
 That in Heaven above they with Saints may remain :
Then, Protestant Subjects, be merry and Sing,
 " *God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper the King !*" 24
- The Divisions of late, that did strangely increase,
 I hope will conclude in a Flourishing Peace ;
 And *England* be freed from the dangers and fears
 Which seem'd for to threaten her several years :
Then may loyal Citizens merrily Sing,
 " *God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper the King !*" 30

And who can foretell what God's Love will bestow
 On us Sinful Men, who Inhabit below ?
 Since dayly we find that the Powers above
 Sends us dayly symptomes of Mercy and Love :
But let ¹ brave Loyal Citizens merrily Sing,
" God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper the King ! " 36

Thrice happy are Subjects, yea, Blessed are they
 Who Honour their Prince, and God's Laws do obey ;
 Upon that Blest Land will Providence flow,
 'Twere happy for *England* if we could do so :
Yet brave London Citizens merrily Sing,
" God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper the King ! " 42

What Prince ever Reign'd in this *Island* before,
 More filled with Love, that hath Mercy in store ?
 That freely forgives many who do offend,
 In hopes to find Mercy himself in the end :
Then brave London Citizens merrily Sing,
" God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper our King ! " 48

Then lift up your Souls, both in Heart and in Voice,
 Bless Heaven so kind, for so happy a Choice,
 As lately was made, to the People's content,
 Of which I do hope they will never repent :
While the brave London Citizens merrily Sing,
" God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper the King ! " 54

You brave *English* Subjects, that Honour your Prince,
 Take Pattern by me, and let Reason convince,
 That our King doth endeavour this Land to advance,
 And not keep you like the poor Serviles in *France* :
Then let London Citizens merrily Sing,
" God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper the King ! " 60

Of Whigs and of *Torys* we hear shall no more,
 These Names of distinctions did trouble some sore ;
 But since God and the King to *England* are friends,
 Know, where strife amongst Subjects so strangely depends,
The Citizens then very faintly will Sing :
But God Bless the Mayor, and Prosper the King ! 66

¹ In broadside misprinted, " *But let us brave Loyal Citizens,*" etc., and in burden of next verse misplaces " *London* " before " *brave Citizens,*" as also in the final verse, where we leave it unchanged : *Prichard* throughout, for *Pritchard*.

Do but mind with what Joy this Mayor was receiv'd,
 'Twould make you admire, 'tis by some not believ'd :
 But 'tis certainly sure, give but Credit to me,
 That goes not by Here-say, but this I did see :

Then London brave Citizens merrily Sing,

“*God bless Noble Prichard, and Prosper the King !*” 72

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In White-letter. No woodcuts. Date, October 29, 1682.]

Jemmy and Anthony.

“ Now the *Plotters* and *Plots* are confounded, and all their designs made known,
 Which smelt so strong of the *Round-head*, and *Treason of 'Forty-One* ;
 And all the Pious Intentions for Property, Liberty, Laws,
 Are found to be only Inventions, to bring in their *Good Old Cause*.

“ By their delicate *Bill of Exclusion*, so hotly pursu'd by the Rabble,
 They hop'd to have made such confusion, as never was seen at old *Babel*.
 Then *Shaftesbury's* brave *City Boys*, and *M[onmouth]'s* *Country Relations*,
 Were ready to second the Noise, and send it throughout Three Nations.

“ No more of the fifth of November, that dangerous desperate Plot ;
 But ever with horror remember Old *Toney*, *Armstrong*, and *Scot*.
 For *Toney* will ne'r be forgotten, nor *Ferguson's* popular Rules,
 Nor *Monmouth* nor *Grey* when they're rotten, for Popular Politick Fools.

“ But I hope they will have their desert, and the Gallows will have its due,
 And *Jack Ketch* will be more expert, and in time be as rich as a Jew :
 Whilst now in the Tavern we sing, ‘ All joy to great *York* and his Right !
 A glorious long reign to our King, and when they've occasion we'll fight.’ ”

—*The Whigs laid open*. 1683.

JEMMY is *Monmouth* of course, and *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, *Earl of Shaftesbury*, is associated with him in the following *Rox-burgh Ballad*, which had been written by one of their partizans, and circulated to further their plans. It has about it the ring of anticipated triumph, and was appointed to be sung to the tune of “*Young Jemmy is a Lad*,” belonging to the ballad of “*England's Darling*” (already given, Vol. IV. p. 503, but compare one on 657). His partizans were active in disseminating praise of him, e.g.,

Monmouth's brave mind cou'd no disguise endure,
 Still Noble ways preferring to Secure.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 917.]

Jemmy and Anthony.

TO THE TUNE OF *Young Jemmy*. [See pp. 503, 657, of Vol. IV.]

MONMOUTH is a brave Lad, thè like's not in our City ;
 He is no **TORY** Blade ; (give ear unto my Ditty !)
 Long may he live in happy years, Victorious may he be,
And prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury !

We care not for such Sots, as are the Crew of Papish ;
 They with their Cursed Plots and Treasons are so Apish ;
 But all our City knows them well, bad Subjects for to be :
Then prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury !

Some say they was bad men, that swore against the Earl ;
 Which hath to *England* been a costly precious Pearl :
 But may they be convinced, that their Errors do not see :
Then prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury !

Some say the *Papists* think to work their overthrow ;
 And they so closely link, and Plotting was also ;
 But God, who bring all things to light, his Eyes still open be :
Then prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury !

If that their *Popish Plots* had not soon come to light,
 Then all Good Protestants had been put to the flight ;
 But God does bring them all to light, as you may plainly see :
Then prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury !

Great *Monmouth* they've abus'd, and likewise *Shaftesbury*,
 And with their Tongues misus'd have said they Traytors be ;
 But they that answer to the Laws are Subjects good and free ;
Then prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury !

And now, the simple Men, they are at it again, [cf. p. 176.
 They are not like to Men, they are more like to Swine ;
 And now they think they are to prove self-murder of *Godfrey*¹ :
Then prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury !

¹ See our introduction to the verses entitled *A Satyr upon Coffee*, pp. 176, 181, for account of the troubles into which Nat Thompson fell for publishing evidence which proved the likelihood of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey having committed suicide, and of his brothers lending themselves to the deceit of making it appear that he had been murdered, in order to retain his property unforfeited.

And now methinks 'tis strange, that he himself should Murther,
 No, no, 'tis but a Shamm, that comes from *Rome*, or further ;
 For *Godfrey* was a Loyal Man to his King and Country :
Then prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury!

But these, they know it well, it was their Popish Crew,
 By some of them he fell, for this Good Man they slew ;
 But yet, for all their cursed Plots, we fear not Popery :
But prosper long our Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury!

And now for to conclude, I think it is no matter,
 If the Popish Plotting Crew was Hang'd up in a Halter ;
 Which maketh Strife in this our Land, as you may plainly see :
Then prosper long those Noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftsbury!

Finis.

Printed for *R. Shuter*, ANNO MDCLXXXII.

[White-letter. No ent. Date, October, 1682 ; before Shaftesbury's flight.]

On the Duke's Return from Shipwreck, 1682.

(Mentioned on our pp. 152, 153.)

THrough Tempests at Sea, through Tumults on shore,
 The wand'ring bright Planet again is restor'd ;
 Still welcome, but ne're more welcome before,
 To all honest Men, who his absence deplor'd :
 We sigh'd in the Shade for the Sun we adore,
 And now with fresh Incense our Altars run o're.
 To the King and the Queen, to the brim let it flow ;
 The Duke and the Dutchess shall have the next place ;
 To the Royal Blew-Cap about let it go, [i.e. Admiral York.
 The blooming fresh Blossom of the ancient Race.
 May he reign, and live ever to conquer his foes,
 Who *Monarchy* hate, and its rights dare oppose.
 But Pilot, take care and look to your charge,
 Keep 'loof to the Windings, the Glass is run out,
 For if you want depth you endanger the Barge,
 Then launch in the Ocean, and tack it about :
 If Quicksands or Shallows our vessel withstood,
 To waft her off safe we will raise a new Flood.
 Then fill up, and see no Ebb in the Glass,
 For want of High-water the Ship runs agronnd,
 Then if we must fall while he safely does pass
 Wee'l in the full-tide of Allegiance be drown'd.
 The Dog that dares bark while this Planet does shine,
 In a thirst let him dye, and in darkness repine.

By MATTHEW TAUBMAN.

Mug-house Loyalty and Coffee-house Sedition.

- “ I was t’ other day in a place, as they say,
 Where Doctors and Schollars assemble ;
 Where the folk do speak nought but Latin and Greek ;
 O ’twould make a poor Vicar to tremble !
- “ For hither resort a throng of each sort,
 Some clad in blew-aprons, some sattin ;
 And each ’Prentice boy and brave Hobedchoi
 Doth call for his Coffee in Latin.
- “ But did you but hear their Latin, I fear,
 You’d laugh till you’d burst your breeches ;
 To see with what state they break *Priscian’s* pate,
 And yet do but scratch where it itches.”

—Woolnoth’s *Coffee-Scuffle*. 1662.

WHILE puritanical Sectararies were plotting treason over their “evening’s coffee laced with argument,” including casuistry and sanctimonious cant, our Jovial Loyalist felt merry and contented over a cup of sack. At that same date, 1682, he was singing Sir Edward Morgan’s song, “The Destruction of Care,” (Pepys, V. 97), beginning,

If Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy breast,
 Draw out the foul friend by the Lug, the Lug.

This jovial toper of the *Roxburghe Ballad* “Content’s a Treasure” and the hero of a *Mughouse Diversion* could not fail to harmonize their musical glasses wherever they met; and as they were strictly contemporaries, and fellow-citizens, that they did thus meet is beyond question. Good liquor gives wholesome politics, so long as it is not in excess of quantity. It is your sulky sots, or blind drunkards whose drink is adulterated with tapster abominations of logwood, *Cocculus Indicus*, or aqua fortis, that rush into the excesses of “No Popery” riots either in 1680 or its centenary anniversary, 1780. “From good liquor ne’er shrink” was a favourite encouragement: but bad liquor was an evil that always led to mischief. “You knave, there’s *lime* in this Sack too!” was Falstaff’s just complaint. Except wasting their own time and money, not much harm was done by the festive gallants who “sat late at the *Rose*,” at the *Bell*, or went to the *Devil*, “the *Sun*, the *Dog*, the *Triple Tun*,” or similar hostelries; although these were among the worst conducted in London. It was at the Coffee-house that sedition was stealthily inculcated, and conspiracies formed for assassinations and tumultuous rising. Libels there circulated unchecked, sneers at Religion and Loyalty found a congenial home, and with a boast of having clear minds and wakefulness under the inspiration of the Arabian berry, the Coffee drinkers discredited its virtues by their peevish temper, factiousness, and proneness to lying, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The frequent complaints against Coffee-Houses as

being nests of sedition caused several attempts to be made by the Government in 1679 to regulate, if not to suppress them. But they had grown already too popular to be easily closed authoritatively. The gibes of those who preferred the panacea of "a Mug, a Mug," were, on the whole, more effectual for repression. We give the Mug-House ditty, because one verse attacks the seditious Coffee-drinker and another denounces the villainies of stumming wine (see Vol. IV. p. 53). If we choose to hum it to the *Beggar's Opera* tune, "If the heart of a man is oppress'd with care," there is no extra charge incurred for infringement of some *bogus* copyright:—

The Gallant's Worthy Commendation of the Mug. 1682.

If Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy Breast,
 Draw out the foul Fiend by the Lug, the Lug ;
 No thought of Tomorrow disturb thy rest,
 But dash out its brains with a Mug, a Mug.
 If business unluckily go not well,
 Let dull Fools their own ill Fortune hug :
 To show our allegiance we'll go to the *Bell*,
 And drown all our Cares in a *Mug, a Mug.* 8

If thy Wife be not one of the best, the best,
 Admit not a respite to think, to think,
 Or the weight of thy Forehead weigh down thy breast,
 Divert the dull *Demon* with drink, with drink.
 If thy Mistress prove peevish, and will not 'gree,
 Ne'r pine, ne'r pine, for the scornful *Pug*,
 But find out a prettier and kinder than she ;
 And banish Despair with a *Mug, a Mug.* 16

Let *Zealots* o're Coffee new Plots divine,
 And lace with fresh *Treasons* the Pagan Drug ;¹
 With Loyal blood flowing in our Veins, that shine,
 Like our Faces, inspir'd with the *Mug, the Mug.*
 Let Sectaries dream of Alarms, Alarms,
 And fools let them still for new changes tug ;
 We, fam'd for our Loyalty, stand to our Arms,
 And drink the *King's Health* in a *Mug, a Mug.* 24

Then, then to the *Queen* let the next advance,
 With all Loyal Lads of true *English Race*,
 That scorn the stum'd Notion of *Spain* and *France* ;
 Or to *Bourdeaux* or *Burgundy* to give place.
 The Flask and the Bottle breed Ache and Gout,
 Whilst we, we all the season lie snug ;
 Not *Spaniard* or *Florentine* can vie with our *Stout*,
 And *Monsieur* submits to the *Mug, the Mug.* 32

Printed for Phillip Brooksby.

¹ Here in 1682 (and also in "A Satyr against Coffee," for which see p. 184 ; is the euphemism "to lace Coffee" with brandy, etc., which many would have believed to be modern in phrase and practice. But what is new, that has not been aforetime? History repeats itself, and the Machiavellian Shaftesbury with his intrigues for Mob-popularity and 'stummed' Claret-drinking has been remembered and imitated in the tactics of another disturber of ancient landmarks.

Libellous Satyrs and Coffee-house Politicians.

“ From evening’s *Coffee*, lac’d with long Argument
 Of the King’s Power and Rights of Parliament,
 And hot brain’d Company, who make it their vocation,
 Waiving their own, to mind th’ Affairs o’ th’ Nation ;
 Whose noddles for these many months have been
 Hatchers of Grievances, unfelt, unseen :
 Ill-manner’d Fools whose ignorance is Hate,
 They understand not, therefore blame the State.
 Their real grievance is their want of sense,
 Beasts in all things, but in Obedience.”

—*The Deliquium, or Grievance of the Nation.*

WHILE critics sat approvingly in the pit of the Duke’s Theatre, ready to applaud each stroke of wit that told against dull cits or intriguing Statesmen of the faction opposed to the Court, the Whigs dispersed wholesale their libellous pamphlets, and circulated their manuscript lampoons at the Coffee-houses. Most of these places were in their pay, and were regarded as the hot-beds of sedition. It had not always been so, for the oppressed Cavaliers had formed their chief supporters before the Restoration. Ruggé’s *Diurnal* mentions Coffee, Chocolate, “and a kind of drink called Tee, sold in almost every street in 1659.” But by the year 1675-76 the amount of disaffection and plotting, encouraged among frequenters of the Coffee-houses, became so notorious that Charles sent out a Proclamation against them, as being nests of “false-*Intelligencers*,” and seditious pamphlets. The professional libeller, Julian, “Secretary of the Muses,” is reported to have distributed many of his scandalous manuscripts, from under his cloak, at these ill-regulated haunts of gossip. Clubs and coteries assembled therein. They made matters unpleasant for unintroducted strangers and suspicious outsiders. No one was safe who presumed to utter an opinion against the authority of the *mobile vulgus*; nevertheless spies lurked among them, as they did everywhere. Dryden, Shadwell, D’Urfey, Ravenscroft, and other dramatists, both in plays and in their Prologues or Epilogues, sowed lampoons broadcast, political and social. In the theatres might be equal obscenity mingled with the mirth, but much more malignity was found among the Coffee-house Politicians. On p. 172 appears the Mug-house song, with its defiant permission :

Let Zealots o’re Coffee new *Plots* divine,
 And *Lace* with fresh Treasons the Pagan Drug ; etc.

With this compare the conclusion of our *Roxburghe Ballads*' "Satyr against Coffee," where the Whiffers (*i.e.* triflers, smokers) are told,

Give o're, ye Whiffers then, enough!
Convert your Powder into *Irish* snuff,
And lay your *Lace* upon some other stuff.

The "lacing" required for coffee was then, as it is now, *un petit verre d'eau de vie*; but, as our motto shows, it was also doctored with long political argumentation. The lacing suitable to the pamphleteers Langley Curtis, Henry Care, and scandalous Dick Janeway, was such as shortly afterwards, in 1685, tickled the catastrophe of the peripatetic unphilosophers, Dangerfield and Oates, at the cart's-tail. We are no declaimers against any amount of "tight lacing" required to bring *their* bodies into shape. *Palman*



qui meruit ferat : better than Swanbill corsets. They had been used to back-biting of another sort, and deserved all they got in requital.

*Spectatum admissi risum
teneatis, amici ?*



Pamphleteers had an uneasy time of it, amid turns and vagaries, for whatever was popular and rewarded to-day became libellous to-morrow ; either punished by parliament as breach of privilege, or by judges shown to be treasonable, involving fine, imprisonment, and pillory. While the Popish-Plot mania perverted reason, every word whether spoken or printed against the perjurer Oates had been dangerous utterance. There were miscrants like Dangerfield lurking ready to hide treasonable documents in the houses of innocent men, who might be charged with a guilty knowledge ; and there were spies and libellers like Everard, false to both sides, who were paid to produce or to forge evidence against obnoxious persons. Sir William Waller the busybody was perpetually searching for incriminatory papers ; although he preferred “ portable property ” of value : very seldom accounted for, when once it had fallen into his clutches.

After Coleman's death, rumours floated that the Jesuits had hidden treasure in the Savoy, therefore Waller searched it assiduously. Among the discontented flitted Charles Blount, the reputed author of an *Appeal from the Country to the City*, late in 1679 (see *Bagford Bds.*, p. 761, note). Others attribute it to Robert Ferguson, whose new edition of *The Growth of Popery* was used to increase a dread of the Duke of York's succession to the Crown. Frank Smith and Jane Curtis were tried at Guildhall on Feb. 7, 1680, for publishing scandalous libels, he having printed for the Whigs a paper of their *Association*. Ben Harris, after long detention, was fined £500, and had to give security for good behaviour, for publishing the above *Appeal from the Country*; but his gang of sympathizers would not allow anything to be thrown at him, while he stood in the pillory. They took opposite measures afterwards, when Nathanael Thompson got into trouble, more than once. He suffered severely both in person and pocket, but consistently held on, as a loyal Tory, and must have found support somewhere, or he would have been absolutely ruined. Along with John Farewell and William Paine he underwent trial at Guildhall on the 20th of June, 1682, "for writing, printing, and publishing two scandalous libells entituled *Letters to Mr. Miles Prance*, insinuating that Sir Edmondbury Godfrey killed himself, thereby defaming the justice of the whole nation" (*i.e.* that to disguise the suicide and avoid confiscation of his property his relations had transpired the body and removed it to Primrose Hill; compare p. 169). They were convicted, as the Whigs arranged, and Mr. Justice Jones gave sentence on July 3rd, each being fined £100, while Thompson and Farewell were also condemned to the pillory. This was at the very time of the Dubois and Papillion commotion. A few months later, Dryden thus wrote in his *Prologue to the Duke of Guise*, December, 1682:—

Make *London* independent of the Crown
 A realm apart, the kingdom of the Town;
 Let *Ignoramus* Juries find no Traytors,
 And *Ignoramus* Poets scribble Satyrs: [Shadwell and Settle.
 And, that your meaning none may fail to scan, }
 Do what in *Coffee-Houses* you began, }
 Pull down the Master, and set up the Man! }

This was, in short, to play "the Eutopian Game" that had hitherto been in fashion, like ancient Saturnalia revived; as alluded to in our ballad of "Tom and Will" (Vol. IV. p. 200), and in the following verse from the Loyal Song of *The Plotting Cards Revived*:

This is like some *Eutopian Game*,
 Where Servant-Maids controul their Dame,
 And Kings are Servants made;
 Felons their Judges do indict,
 And he a Traytor is down-right
 Who falsely is betray'd.

For a world of Topsy-Turvey this suited well enough, occasionally, but our English nation has always grown weary betimes of such anarchy. Revolutionists, Reformers, and Radicals love destruction for its own sake, and never get enough of it until their own nests are feathered. Of this same year 1682, and to the tune of *Would you be a Man in Fashion?* (see Vol. IV. p. 349), is another complete

New Song.

Would you have at your Devotion
 Young Fop Whiggs that love to prate?
 Take a dram of Tony's Notion
 In a Coffee Dish of State.
 If that poison will not warm ye,
Richard's Tea will do the Thing;
 There are Statesmen will inform ye
 How to live without a King.

(Compare p. 196: probably William Richards, who is addressed in *An Epistle from Mrs. Matthews to Will Richards*, beginning "Dear, sweet Richards William.") Although at the date of the Duke's return most of the Coffee-houses were in the pay of the Whigs, and chiefly encouraged by the seditious, one "Sams" Parson is mentioned as "a Coffee-House where the inferior Crape-gown-men meet with their guide Roger [*L'Estrange*], to invent Lies for the farther carrying on of the Popish Plot." (Shadwell's *Medal of John Bayes*, p. 23.) The Luttrell Collection (II. 146), preserves a poem entitled

News from the Coffee-House;¹

*In which is shewn their several sorts of Passions,
 Containing Newes from all our Neighbour Nations.*

A POEM.

YOU that delight in Wit and Mirth, and long to hear such News,
 As comes from all parts of the Earth, *Dutch, Danes, and Turks and Jews*,
 P'le send you to a Rendezvous, where it is smoaking new:
 Go hear it at a *Coffee-house*,—*it cannot but be true.* 8

There Battles and Sea-Fights are fought, and bloody Plots display'd;
 They know more things than e'er was thought, or ever was betray'd.
 No money in the Minting-House is halfe so bright and new,
 And, coming from a *Coffee-house*, *it cannot but be true.* 16

Before the Navyes fall to work, they know who shall be winner;
 They there can tell ye what the *Turk* last Sunday had to Dinner;
 Who last did cut *De Ruiter's* corns, amongst his jovial Crew,
 Or who first gave the Devil horns: *which cannot but be true.* 24

A Fisherman did boldly tell, and strongly did avouch,
 He caught a shoal of Mackarel, that parley'd all in *Dutch*;
 And cry'd out *Yaw, yaw, yaw, Myn Here*; but, as the Draught they drew,
 They stunk for fear that *Monck* was there: *which cannot but be true.* 32

¹ Spelt "Coffe" throughout the Poem, and in its title.

- Another swears, by both his ears, *Monsieur* will cut our throats ;
The *French King* will a Girdle bring, made of flat-bottom'd Boats,
Shall compass *England* round about—which must not be a few—
To give our *Englishmen* the rout: *This sounds as if 't were true.* 40
- There's nothing done in all the world, from *Monarch* to the *Mouse*, [Cf. p. 165.
But every day or night 'tis hurl'd into the Coffee-House.
What *Lillie* or what *Booker* can by Art not bring about,¹
At Coffee-House you'l find a man *can quickly find it out.* 48
- They 'l tell ye there what Lady-ware of late is grown too light,
What Wise man shall from favour fall, what Fool shall be a Knight.
They'l tell ye when our fayling Trade shall rise again and flourish,²
Or when *Jack Adams* shall be made Church-Warden of the Parish. 56
- They know who shall in times to come be either made or undone,
From great St. *Peter's Church* at *Rome* to *Turnbull-street* in *London* ;³
And likewise tell at *Clerkenwell* what *saoua* hath greatest gain ;
And, in that place, what Brazen-face doth wear a Golden Chain, 64
- At Sea their knowledge is so much, they know all rocks and shelves,
They know all Councils of the *Dutch*, more than they know themselves ;
Who 'tis shall get the best at last, they perfectly can shew,
At *Coffee-House* when they are plac'd, *you'd scarcee believe it true.* 72
- They know all that is Good or Hurt, to unwee ye, or to save ye ;
There is the Colledge and the Court, the Countrie, Camp and Navie ;
So great a Universitie, I think, there ne're was any :
In which you may a Scholar be *for spending of a Penny.* 80
- A Merchant's 'Prentice there shall show you all and every thing,
What hath been done, and is to do, 'twixt *Holland* and the King ;
What *Articles of Peace* will be, he can precisely show ;
What will be good for Them or We, *he perfectly doth know.* 88
- Here men do talk of every thing, with large and liberal Lungs,
Like women at a Gossiping, with double tyre of Tongues ;
They'l give a Broadside presently, soon as you are in view,
With Stories that you 'l wonder at, *which they will swear are true.* 96
- The drinking there of *Chockalat* can make a Fool a *Sophie* :
'T is thought the *Turkish Mahomet* was first Inspir'd by *Coffee*,
By which his Powers did over-flow the Land of *Palestine* :
Then let us to the *Coffee-house* go! 't is cheaper far than Wine. 104
- You shall know, there, what Fashions are ; How Perrywigs are curl'd ;
And for a Penny you shall heare all Novells in the world ;⁴
Both Old and Young, and Great and Small, and Rich and Poore you 'll see :
Therefore, let 's to the *Coffee* all, Come all away with me. 112

FINIS.

London : Printed by *E. Crouch*, for *Thomas Vere*, at the Cock in *St. John's Street*, 1667. With Allowance.

¹ Astrological Almanack-makers.

² See extract from *Slingsby Bethel*, p. 198.

³ See Bagford *Amanda-Group*.

⁴ Novels = Novelities. See p. 42, note 2.

We read in Tom D'Urfey's Epilogue to the comedy of *The Royalist*, of the present date, 1682 (referring to the Duke of York in Scotland),

For who are these, among you here, that have
Not in your Rambles heard of *Tory Cave*,
That roes in *Coffee-house*, and wastes his wealth
Topping "the Gentleman in *Scotland's Health*"?

The prevalence of libels, in the form of Satires, Lampoons, "Advice to the Painter," and interminable "Litanies," was marked by Thomas Otway in his Ode, "A Poet's Complaint of his Muse:"

About him nothing could I see
But parti-colour'd Poetry:
Painter's Advices, Litanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious excess
Of ills that Malice could devise,
Or ever swarm'd from a Licentious Press,
Hung round about him like a spell:
And in his own hand too was writ
That worthy piece of Modern Wit,
The Country's late Appeal.

But from such Ills when will our wretched State
Be freed? and who shall crush this Serpent's Head?

Although a large proportion of early ballads has utterly perished, of those registered in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and even many belonging to intermediate years preceding the Civil Wars of Charles I., there are not many of the printed satires, songs and ballads of political import during the time between the Restoration and the Whig Revolution but remain extant in some exemplar, whether in public or private libraries. One diligent collector of such wares, who was a Diarist, carefully observing what passed, but with an evident bias towards the Whig interest, notes at the end of June in this year, 1682:—

"About this time the Presse abounds with all manner of libells; some on one side reflecting on severall Ministers of State; others against the late parliaments, and ridiculing their proceedings, turning the Popish Plott into a shamm, and crying out 'Forty and 'Forty-one: of these latter *Heraclitus* [*Ridens*] and the *Observer* are famous.

"It has been the endeavour of late of some persons to run things up to a strange height, creating fewds and differences, and dividing the interests of Protestants: now no other names are known than Whig and Tory, Church Papist, tantivee, fanatick, &c., so that all things are come to that passe, that they judge by the men, and not by the meritt of the cause: if any thing of Whig or Tory comes in question, it is ruled according to the interests of the party; if in the city of London, against the Tories; if in any of the counties, against the Whiggs; so that neither side will believe either of the contrary parties."—(N. Luttrell's *Brief Relation of State Affairs*, i. 199.)

Let us take in due succession a few of the libel cases belonging to the time when such seditious sheets were most numerous.

On the 17th May, 1680, came out a proclamation "for suppressing the printing and publishing *unlicensed* news books, and pamphlets

of news." Matthew Turner, "a Popish bookseller," was fined a hundred marks, on 18th June, for publishing *The Compendium of the Plott*. Letters on the "Black Box" imposture had appeared, about April, and another pamphlet in favour of Monmouth's legitimacy came out in July, *A Letter to a Person of Honour concerning the King's Disavoweing the having been married to the Duke of Monmouth's mother*. This was characterized as a most virulent libel. On September 11, Mrs. Cellier, "the Popish Midwife," who had been acquitted of former charges, was convicted of having libelled certain persons in her account of the previous trial, entitled *Malice Defeated*. (We give a sketch from a contemporary picture of her sitting at the pillory, not *in* it, with her screen, on p. 190.) She was to be thrice pilloried, pay a fine of £1000, continuing in prison until it was paid, and give security for behaviour during life. Frank Smith was again entangled, in January, 1681, about publishing the print of a seditious speech made by Shaftesbury (one that was burnt by the common hangman): but he got off through an Ignoramus of the jury. Printed papers of a pretended miraculous cure worked by Monmouth's sister, Mrs. Fanshawe, and, per contra, a squib from the Tories, *A Relation of an Apparition which appeared to the Lady Grey*¹ (with whom Monmouth was notoriously on terms of evil intimacy), were being circulated at the same time. Also the fraudulent tale of Elizabeth Freeman, the "Maid of Hatfield," having previously seen an Apparition that commanded her to wait on his Majesty, warning him of dangers and against calling his parliament to Oxford. Such were the silly tricks which Shaftesbury and the Whigs employed to work on the "Protestant" populace. In February appeared "a blasphemous pamphlet" called *The Presbyterian's Pater Noster, Creed, and Decalogue*, written by "one parson Ashington," (*i.e.* Rev. Thomas Ashenden, Rector of Dingley,) of Northamptonshire: for that neighbourhood even in his day had affection for irreligion, as it now grovels in blasphemy and atheism.

¹ Often alluded to in contemporary satires. First, from "*The Lady's March*":

The next fair Lady Grey appears,
Her charming eyes all bath'd in tears;
In such a pitiful condition
That most men thought it was her *Vision*.

In another manuscript satire, probably written by the same author, beginning "*Stamford is her sex's glory*," (tune, *If Dr. P. take exception*,) the fifth verse is:

Lady Grey, whose early merit,
T[remors] without number rais'd,
Was forewarn'd by *Hatfield Spirit*
That she might amend her ways:
But let the Devil leave contriving,
She'll rather unwee than not be *wiving*.

Nat. Thompson and Joseph Hindmarsh being indicted for this broadsheet, Ashenden publicly recanted at Peterborough. Pamphlets and libels abounded after the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament. Among them, in May, were Fitzharris’s *Treason in Grain*, and *An Answer to his Majesty’s late declaration* (by Sir Wm. Jones). On the other side appeared *An Apostrophe of the Loyall Party to his Majesty* against Parliament. Ben Harris was detained in prison nearly two years (as already shown) for publishing the *Appeal from the Country*; in September, 1681, the authorship of several scandalous pamphlets, which he had formerly published, was revealed by him in the hope of regaining his liberty.

On the last day of August, 1681, the London Grand Jury presented the publishers of the *Observer*, *Heracitus Ridens*, and *The Loyal Protestant Domestic Intelligence*; weekly pamphlets “that design to divide his Majesty’s true protestant subjects, and much reflecting on the magistracy of the city of London.” They had been somewhat bitter against the absurdities and arrogance of the Commons, and of the dissenters. Also “many Popish pamphlets and ballads are dispersed about this time (October), tending to create a disbelief of the Popish Plot.” These included republished parts of the four-fold *Narrative of the Popish Plot*, beginning, “Good people, I pray, give ear unto me,” given complete among the *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 670 to 692. Nat. Thompson, Benjamin Took, and Joanna Brome, were summoned for some of these, and, on the opposite side, Vile, Janeway, Richard Baldwin, Vade, etc., were before the Council, ordered to be prosecuted, for publishing false news and libels. Others were rebuked by the Lord Mayor, in January, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, and dismissed on promise of better behaviour. On 3rd May, 1682, Nat. Thompson was up again at King’s-Bench, with John Farewell and William Paine, about the pamphlet alleging Godfrey committed suicide. Harris and Richard Janeway were acquitted, 16 May. Having paid his fine of £100, after having been again pilloried, Nat. Thompson was arrested anew, March 14, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, and committed to the Gatehouse, “for printing scandalous and seditious news.” After the Rye-House Plot, and when Hugh Speke had been remanded on 6th November for scandalous speaking, Samuel Johnson, Minister, pleaded not guilty to an indictment against him for “writing a scandalous libell called *Julian the Apostate*.” Found guilty on the 20th, he was not sentenced until February following: fined 500 marks, to find sureties, and the book to be burnt by the hangman.

This Sam Johnson was chaplain of Lord William Russell, his “Master.” So we can guess what inspiration he received, and what hopes of reward he cherished. He desired to influence people against the King’s brother, and exclude him from succession to the throne, by insisting on the danger to a national religion when a

sovereign of opposite faith was in power. In *Julian the Apostate* there was also a lurking suggestion that it was expedient to rebel, and even to assassinate; giving the example of the emperor being slain by one of his own soldiers who is a Christian—of Johnson's sort. The chaplain has been described by Dryden himself, in Nahum Tate's second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, 1682, under the name of Ben Jochanan, and the portrait seems faithful, without flattery. We give it on our next page. This same Samuel Johnson is mentioned in the seventeenth verse of a grim satire called *The Assembly of the Moderate Divines*, which begins, "Pray, pardon, John Bayes [*i.e.* Dryden], for I beg your excuse:"—

There's Johnson the Apostate, who deserves to be hemp'd,
 For he alone (were all others exempt)
 Were occasion enough for the Clergy's Contempt.
 There's Colchester Hickeringill, the Fanaticks' delight,
 Who "Gregory Gray-Beard" and "Meroz" did write: [See Vol. IV.
 You may see who are Saints in a Pharisee's sight.
 There's Titus the Witness, the Nation's trite Theme, [T. Oates.
 Who for Satan and Hell hath so great an esteem
 That uſurp'd would be a Preferment for him.

We quoted as a motto on p. 171 a few lines from Woolnoth's pasquinade, *The Coffee Scuffle*, occasioned by a Contest between a Learned Knight and a Pitiful Pedagogue: with the Character of a Coffee-House. London, printed and are to be sold at the Latine Coffee House near the Stocks, 1662. It is in 4to. and begins, "Of Gyants and Knights, and their terrible fights." Sir A. Langham and one Evans a schoolmaster are understood to have been the persons lampooned. Another pamphlet to be noticed is *Coffee-Houses Vindicated. In answer to the late published Character of a Coffee-House*. Asserting from Reason, Experience, and Good Authors, the excellent Use and physical virtues of that Liquor; with the grand conveniency of such civil places of Resort and ingenious Conversation. London: Printed by J. Lock, for J. Clarke, 1675.

In short, libels were innumerable. Langley Curtis, convicted of printing and publishing a scandalous pamphlet called *The Night-walkers of Bloomsbury*, was sentenced along with Lawrence Braddon (who had tried to represent on inconclusive evidence of children that the Earl of Essex was murdered in the Tower), and with Hugh Speke again on 21st April, 1684. Curtis was fined heavily, and condemned to the pillory, which he well deserved, as did most of the pamphleteers on his side of the controversy.

In the Stationers' Company's Registers (G. fol. 80 verso) we read, under date of 8th or 9th September (blotted), 1683, to Mr. John Grantham, is "Entered then for his Booke or Copy entitled *The Night-walker of Blumsbury*, being the Result of severall late consultations between a Vintner, Judge, Tallow-chandler, and a brace of Fishmongers and a Printer: In a Dialogue between *Ralph and Will*." The mark of Mary Davis is added. Witness, Martin Newton, vj*d.*

We need not pursue the story. These cases will show the nature and frequency of the libels and seditious gossip that circulated in the Whig Coffee-houses during the reign of Charles the Second.

It may be interesting to notice, in the twenty-fourth line of the following *Satyr against Coffee*, that the publicans had two centuries ago anticipated the modern Coffee Tavern, by adding this beverage to their other attractions, to *earn a crust*. Most people drink too much, even of non-intoxicants. The truly temperate man knows when to stop: and does it, without processional rant or cant, wearing of blue-ribbons, beating of drums, or blowing his own noisy trumpet.

* * It would be culpable to omit this representative portrait of Samuel Johnson by Dryden. It follows after one describing *Phaleg* (i.e. James Forbes, another Scotchman), who is mentioned separately on our later p. 217, with extract from the same poem, Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*:

—But leaving famish'd *Phaleg* to be fed, 350
 And to talk Treason for his daily bread,
 Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a man [Hebron = Scotland.
 So made for mischief as *Ben-Jochanan*.
 A *Jew* of humble parentage was he,
 By Trade a *Levite*, though of low degree; [Levite = Priest.
 His pride no higher than the Desk aspir'd,
 But for the drudgery of Priests was hir'd
 To read and pray in linen Ephod brave,
 And pick up single shekels from the grave.
 Married at last, and finding Charge come faster, 360
 He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Master.
 Inspir'd by want, was made a factious Tool,
 They got a Villain, and we lost a Fool.
 Still violent whatever cause he took,
 But most against the Party he forsook;
 For Renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in conscience to be double Knaves:
 So this Prose-Prophet took most monstrous pains
 To let his Masters see he earn'd his gains.
 But, as the Devil owes all his Imps a shame, 370
 He chose th' *Apostate* for his proper theme;
 With little pains he made the picture true,
 And from Reflexion took the Rogue he drew.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 831.]

A Satyr against Coffee.

A	Void, <i>Satanick Tipple!</i> hence, Thou Murderer of Farthings, and of Pence; And Midwife to all <i>False Intelligence</i> .	3
	Avoid, I say, of Hell thou art; For God no liquor doth to man impart But that which quenches Thirst, or cheers the Heart.	6
	Bak'd in a pan, Brew'd in a pot, The third device of him who first begot The <i>Printing-Libels</i> , and the <i>Powder-Plot</i> .	9
	A <i>Swill</i> that needs must be accurst, And of all sorts of drink the very worst, By which the Devil's Children (<i>Lies</i>) are nurst.	12
	Now, if I fancy not amisse, <i>Vespasian</i> , ¹ who [drew Tax from nastiness], Would for no <i>smell of Lucre</i> suffer this.	15
	The Sister of the common Sewer, That passes through the Reins with streams impure, That robs the Vintner, and undoes the Brewer.	18
	For by this poor <i>Arabian Berry</i> Comes the neglect of <i>Malago</i> and <i>Sherry</i> , And sooty Surges rise to <i>Charon's Ferry</i> .	21
	The Sweat of Negroes, Blood of Moores, The Blot of Sign-post, and the Stain of doors, And the last shift of Publicans and seroum.	24
	Give o're, you <i>Whiffers</i> , then, enough! Convert your Powder into <i>Irish Snuff</i> , And lay your <i>Lace</i> upon some other <i>Stuff</i> .	27

[FINIS.]

[In White-letter. No printer's name, woodcut, or date, but it possibly belongs to 1675-76; when Charles II. sent out a proclamation against Coffee-Houses, as nests of "False-Intelligencers," and the circulation of seditious pamphlets.—Compare our introduction to "*Mug-House Loyalty*," pp. 171, 172.]

¹ An allusion tolerably well understood, and to a transaction that may have afforded a precedent to a modern Chancellor of the Exchequer, who went so low as to level a tax against his own Lucifer's matches. The Text reads "impos'd Excise on [th]is." With King Lear (iv. 6) the Satyrist should ask, "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary! to sweeten my imagination:" but he needed a cwt.

The Norwich Loyal Litany.

“ There 's not a soberer dog, I know, in *Norwich*.
 What, wou'd ye have him drunk with porridge?
 This I confess, he goes a round, a round,
 A hundred times, and never touches ground.”

—Matt. Stevenson's *Norfolk Drollery*. 1673.

AMONG the numerous *Loyal Addresses*, either expressing thanks for the King's Declaration, or “ abhorrence ” of Shaftesbury's proposed Association, there was one sent to King Charles II. “ from the single men and apprentices of the city and county of Norwich.” This was early in October, 1681, soon after which date and occasion we attribute the following Litany. By internal evidence, we believe it to have been issued before the death of Shaftesbury (January, 168 $\frac{2}{3}$); even before the return of Monmouth from Gloucestershire in the previous December; we suppose it to belong to the time when Shaftesbury was newly out of the Tower. In August or September, 1681, some conventicles had been suppressed at Norwich, and proceedings commenced against the preachers. Capital had been sought to be made out of these cases, which provoked a loyal reaction. “ This town I find divided into two factions, Whigs and Torys; the former are the more numerous, but the latter carry all before them, as consisteing of y^e Governing part of the town, and both contend for their way with the utmost violence.” Thus wrote Dr. Humphrey Prideaux, on August 17th, 1681, from Norwich, where he had accepted a prebendal stall, worth from a hundred to two hundred a year. He found that the place “ swarms with alchouses, every other house is almost one, and every one of them [*query*, the houses, or only the alchouses?] is alsoe a bawdy house. The brewers of late [mostly Whigs] haveing several of them succeeded in the Mayor's office, have increased the number of those houses for their own advantage; which, proving of very mischievous consequence to the place, this Mayor [Hugh Bokenham, a gentleman of good family in Suffolk, his estate reputed worth 15,000*l.*: who became in 1689-94 the M.P. for Norwich,] hath set himselfe to redresse it . . . and hath reduced them to a more tolerable number.” The Brewers made an outcry and complained to the Commissioners of Excise and to the King in Council. So hard is it to set crooked things straight.

The “ Loyal Addresses ” came in, with enthusiastic persistence, and were received by the King with his usual pleasant courtesy. It was a very different piece of work to come before him, glowing with affectionate reverence and being knighted or otherwise rewarded for one's pains, instead of meeting a distasteful frown for an impertinent, ill-worded and worse delivered “ Petition ”—a scarcely disguised *Demand*, for the immediate issue of writs to call a new

Parliament, or a Remonstrance and Resolution against it being moved from disaffected London to loyal Oxford. The seditious language had become so threatening, and the mastery over the Crown so vehemently attempted by "the Country party," that few could have expected the King's firm resistance to its demands would have passed successfully without a Civil War. But the Whigs had shown their hand too plainly. From nearly every shire were forwarded assurances of loyal support to his Majesty, and thus strengthened at heart, with sufficient temperance to enable him to avoid any palpable breach of Constitutional Law, such as had made his father imperil the allegiance of many who would otherwise have shielded him from the rebellious Commons, Charles the Second became master of the situation. He not only won the victory, by skill and courage, at Oxford, but he continued to advance in popular affection, beside regaining the power which had seemed about to be wrested from him. One Loyal Poem is *The Case is Altered now; or, The Conversion of Anthony, King of Poland* [Shaftesbury], published for satisfaction of the Sanctified Brethren, beginning "Ev'n as a Lyon, with his paws uprear'd." It tells that,

Thus for a while I danc'd to my own Pipe,
 Till I was grown *Association* ripe.
 But then *Addresses* from each County came,
 And *Loyalty* did soon put out the flame.
 Then was the time that *Tyburn* claim'd its due;
 But had it not, for want of such as You:
 Yet it had some small satisfaction giv'n,
 By the deserved Death of Traitor *Stephen*. [Stephen College.
Cabals and factious Clubs so rife were grown,
 And old *Rebellious Seed* so thick were sown,
 I hop'd ere this the day would be my own. }

November, 1682.—"The Mayor and several of the citizens of *Norwich* have waited on his Majesty, and surrendered up their Charter to him, and presented him also with a Petition, wherein is this remarkable: that whenever his majestie shall please to grant them a new one, they humbly pray him to reserve to himself the approbation of the Mayor, Sheriffs, aldermen and common-council, and that none shall be sworn into those places without the said approbation."—Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, i. 236. The loyalty of Norwich was rewarded, King Charles granting a new Charter in April, 1683. In 1671 the King and his Court had been sumptuously entertained there.

Although the Virtues habitually dwell with the Bishop of Norwich, Fuller in his *Worthies* mentions certain litigious propensities of Norfolk, which contributed many pilgrim step-fathers to America: "Whereas *pedibus ambulando* is accounted but a vexatious suit in other Counties, here (where men are said to study law as following the plough-tail,) some would persuade us that they will enter an action for their neighbour's horse but looking over their hedge." This is the spirit of factious Whigs denounced by Dean Prideaux.

[One Hundred and Twenty *Loyal Songs*, 1684, p. 195.]

The Portwich Loyal Litany.

[SUNG TO THE TUNE OF, *Chevy Chase*.]

Defend us from all *Popish Plots*,
That to the People 'tray,
And eke also from Treacherous *Scots*¹
As bad or worse than they.

From Parliaments' long *Rumps* and *Tails*,
From *House of Commons Furies*,
Defend us eke from *Protestant Flayls*,²
And *Ignoramus* Juries.

Protect us now and evermore
From a white sheet and *Proctor*,
And from the *Noble Peer*³ brought o're
The *Salamanca Doctor* :

A *Doctor* with a *Witness* sure,
Both in his rise and fall,
His *Exit* is almost as obscure
As his Original.

Designs and Dangers far remove
From this distressed Nation,
And unweep the *Trayterous Model* of
Bold *Toney's Association*.⁴

And may the *Prick-ear'd Party* that
Have Coyn enough in Cupboard,
Forbear to shiver an Estate,
And splinters mount for *Hobart*.⁵

From sixteen self-conceited *Peers*,⁶
Protect our Sovereign still ;
And from the p,unweep *Petitioners*
For the *Exclusive Bill*.⁷

Guard (Heaven) great *JAMES* and his
'Gainst *Toney* upon *Toney* ; [Estate,
And from the *House of Commons* that
Will give the King no Money.⁸

From those that did design and laugh
At *Tangier* in distress,⁹
And were *Mahometans* worse by half
Than all the *Moors* of *Fez*.

From such as with Usurping hand
Drive Princes to extreams,
Confound all their Devices, and
Deliver *Charles* and *James*.

But may the beauteous *Youth*¹⁰ come
And do the thing that 's fit ; [home,
Or I must tell that *Absalom*
He has more Hair than Wit.

May he be wise, and soon expell
Th' *Fox*,¹¹ th' old *Fawning Elf* :
The time draws nigh *Achitophel*
Sha' n't need to hang himself.¹²

This Jury I've empanel'd here
Of honest Lines and true ;
Whom you I doubt at *Westminster*
Will find *Ignoramus* too.

[Probably by Richard Gibbs, M.D., of
Norwich ; see our page 46, and the
Note on his *Fitz-Harris's Farewell*.]

[White-letter. No woodcuts. Earliest dated copy is the above reprint, 1684. But we see no reason to doubt that the true original date had been the end of November, 1681. The mention of *Achitophel* may refer to Shaftesbury having been already described in Dryden's poem, which appeared on 24th November, 1681. Nevertheless, the name had been similarly applied by previous writers.]

¹ Robert Ferguson and Samuel Johnstone, allies of Monmouth. See later pages, on the Rye-House Plot for account of Ferguson, supposed continuator of *The Growth of Popery* ; and pp. 181 to 183 for Sam Johnson.

² Stephen Colledge's murderous invention. See p. 35. He had been executed at Oxford, 31st August, 1681, after being saved by an *Ignoramus* Jury in London.

³ Shaftesbury, and Titus Oates, with his pretended degree as Doctor, obtained at Salamanca ; an "invisible" and bogus distinction. He was turned away from Whitehall in August, 1681, forbidden the Court, and deprived of weekly pension.

⁴ Shaftesbury's proposed Protestant Association, of which an account was found among his papers; but not in his own writing.

⁵ Sir Henry Hobart, whose seat was in Norfolk. He was killed in a duel by Justice Le Neve, 1698.

⁶ As shown on p. 27, first note, *The Sixteen* who had presented a remonstrance to Charles II. early in the year, against assembling the Parliament at Oxford instead of at Westminster. They were, the Earl of Essex, their spokesman; the Duke of Monmouth, the Earls of Kent, Huntington, Bedford, Salisbury, Clare, Stanford and Shaftesbury; the Lords Mordaunt, Eure, Paget, Grey, Herbert, Howard of Eserick, and De la Merc.

⁷ To bar James from the succession. They were chiefly Lord Wm. Russell, Sir Henry Capel, Colonel Titus, Sir Francis Winington, Sir Thomas Player, Sir William Jones, Colonel Sidney, Thomas Bennet, John Trenchard, Boscawen, and Montague, in the Commons. Essex and Shaftesbury in the Lords.

⁸ But Charles's last factious set had been dissolved in previous March, 1681.

⁹ King Charles had conferred the government of Tangier on Colonel Sackville at beginning of November. We cannot here spare space to tell the story of mis-used Tangier with its destroyed forts: the Queen's dowry. The brave Ossory, the Duke of Ormond's son, was about to depart thither when he died. We disbelieve the story of Mulgrave having been intentionally consigned to a leaky vessel bound for Tangier in 1680; and he evidently disbelieved it himself.

¹⁰ Monmouth: by December he was at his house in Hedge Lane, back from Gloucestershire, where he had visited Sir Ralph Dutton's in November. He had spent the summer at Tunbridge.

¹¹ The Fox, the Elf, and Achitophel, all refer to Shaftesbury.

¹² A delicate hint that the operation would be voluntarily performed for him, *con amore*. "May we ne'er want such a Friend, or a Halter to give him!"

** The woodcut of an early Printing-office, with adjacent type-foundry or stereotype cauldron, appropriately illustrates these abusive Litanies.



Litanies against St. Omer's and Geneva.

“Twenty from St. *Omer's* all prov'd me perjurd,
 And fifty from *Staffordshire* made it as plain;
Ireland dy'd wrongfully to my Soul's hazard,
 And all that I swore against dyed the same;
 Besides, my own Evidence came in against me,
 Call'd me Rogue, and Spiller of innocent blood:
 Yet still I'll deny all, to save those w' advanc'd me,
 Whose party maintains me with gold, drink, and food.”

—*Oates's Lamentation, and Vision, at the King's Bench.*

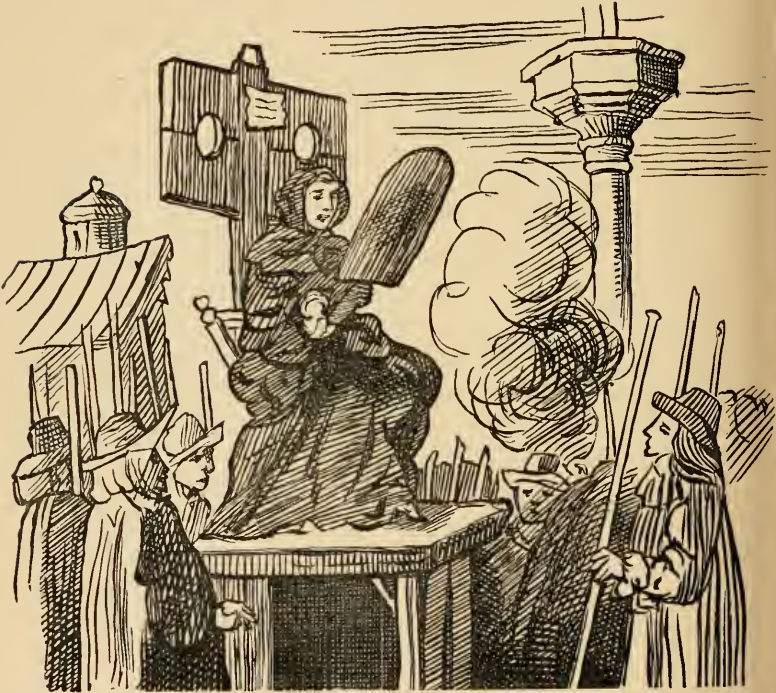
THE fraudulent “Narratives” of the sham “Salamanca Doctor” Titus Oates had familiarized the ears of the rabble with the name of St. Omer's, as the great Jesuit Seminary in which he had for awhile been allowed to reside, until his own infamous conduct made his absence be enforced in a manner more summary than pleasant. While their frantic fears of a Popish Plot unsettled the minds of those who belonged to a better class of citizens than the debased populace of Wapping, Shaftesbury's “ten thousand brisk Protestant Boys,” the solemn oaths tendered in a Court of Justice by any of these Jesuit priests, or their scholars from St. Omer's, were found insufficient to save the lives of the falsely-accused martyrs, whom the perjuries of Oates doomed to the most horrible of tortures in death. Even so late as the spring-time of 1682, when sanity had returned to most people who had been deluded and terrified, the name of St. Omers was still deemed of sufficient potency to be used as a catch-penny title to the rare *Litany*, printed on both sides in double-columns, which is here reproduced as one more specimen of what the rabid Exclusionists delighted to receive instead of poetry. Their cause was already lost, but Error always dies hard. It may be useful once more to examine the literary garbage which they found nutritious.

That the “Litany from St. Omer's” would be speedily answered, at such a time as 1682, might be safely reckoned. We add the rejoinder, much shorter, more pithy, and more stinging, than the verbose railing that provoked it to be issued as “A Litany from Geneva: in answer to that from St. Omer's.” We deem it unnecessary to reprint the dreary “*Second Part of the Litany for St. Omer's*,” which followed as a supplement; possibly issued after the “*Litany from Geneva*.” Compare p. 196. It is wholly without literary value or political importance, and died still-born.

On the next page we introduce a picture of Mrs. Cellier, “the Popish Midwife,” mentioned on pp. 180, 195, as undergoing her sentence of the pillory, for writing the libel called *Malice Defeated*.

[Ebsworth Collection, V. 45.]

A Litany for St. Omer's.



From *Antichrist*, both East and West ;
 And Cardinals so madly drest,
 Who bear a Wooden-Cross for crest ;
 And also from a *Northern Test* :¹

Libera nos, Domine !

From *Saul*,² of very strange ambition ;
 And *Demas*,³ of the like suspicion ;
 From *Judas*,⁴ with his false contrition ;
 And from the *Spanish Inquisition* :

Libera nos, Domine !

10

¹ That tript up Argyle. ² Duke of York. ³ Peyton. ⁴ Turberville, see p. 77.

From *Hallifax*,¹ with *Hull* and *Hell*;
 From Papal Candle, Book and Bell;
 From all who Souls and Bodies sell;
 And those who cannot Powder smell:²
Libera nos, Domine!

From *Observers* that so bite us,
 From *Thompson*, and from *Heraclitus*,³
 Who with their *Satyrs* so benight us,
 And with their *Libels* so bes[m]ite us,
Libera nos, Domine! 20

From that vile Vermin of Aggressors,
 With Persecutors and Oppressors;
 From all *Abhorrrers* and *Addressors*,
 Who lead the Van of all Transgressors:
Libera nos, Domine!

From Satan's *Reuben* in the West,⁴
 Most truly styled *Europe's* pest;
 From him that cannot be at rest,⁵
 Unless that he be made his Guest:
Libera nos, Domine! 30

From all that do his *Slipper* kiss,
 And so his [kicking] sweetly miss,
 From all will not his *Grandeur* hiss.
 And then [cram] into his slipper [th]is:
Libera nos, Domine!

From all who write him "Holiness,"
 And slowly lay on him the stress:
 Who should be in a *Tyburn*-dress,
 For Burning of our *English Bess*:
Libera nos, Domine! 40

From all the *Popelin*[g]s⁶ in the *Tower*,
 Who there Plot Murder every hour;
 And there may be till *England's* Power
 Shall bring on them a bloody show'r:
Libera nos, Domine!

From every one that falsely limps;⁷
 From foreign and domestic Pimps;
 From all the Fatal *Newgate* Imps,
 Who go for Whales, yet are but Shrimps:
Libera nos, Domine! 50

¹ Henry Savile. ² Sham Powder Plots. ³ *Heracl. Ridens.* ⁴ Louis XIV.?
⁵ The Pope. ⁶ Catholic Lords. ⁷ Duchess of Monmouth?

From *Popes*, the Greater and the Lesser ; [2nd col. begins.
 And from a Catholic *Successor* ;
 From vile *Le Chese*,¹ the *French* Confessor,
 Who hates a Protestant Professor :
Libera nos, Domine !

From *Beelzebub* and [all] his flies,
 From *Lud's* great Rector, and his *Ties* ; [Qu. Tythes.
 From *Fetter-Lane* ² and *Holbourne* Lies,
 And from all *Irish* Perjuries : ³
Libera nos, Domine ! 60

From all those who make Gold their Hope,
 And turn all truth into a *Trope* ;
 Yea, from a canting, cursed Pope,
 And [they] that with him deserve a Rope :
Libera nos, Domine !

From all espousing Canting *Notes*,
 And from all Cutters of our Throats,⁴
 From leaky and tremendous Boats,⁵
 And from all enemies to *Oats*,
Libera nos, Domine ! 70

From all that falsifie their stiches,
 And from all that which so bewitches ;
 From *Women* that will wear the *Breeches*,⁶
 And from all sordid *Polish Itches*,
Libera nos, Domine !

From Enemies unto the Nation,
 Who long to see its Desolation ;
 From all who wish not our Salvation,
 But imprecate their own damnation :
Libera nos, Domine ! 80

From all who cannot sleep with *Homers*,
 Unless they Sin to serve the *Romers* ;
 From all the beardless Boys at *Omers*,
 And also from all *Bedlam* foamers :
Libera nos, Domine !

From the *Tantivy* and the *Tory*,
 Who may not live till they be hoary ;
 All Truth they turn into a Story,
 And in their wickedness do glory :
Libera nos, Domine ! 90

¹ Père la Chaise.² Dryden's house.³ The two Macknamarras, etc.⁴ The Arnold Case.⁵ The Gloucester.⁶ Lady Powys and Mrs. Chier.

From all the stiflers of the *Plot*,
 And from a cursed pimping *Scot* ;
 With every filthy foreign *Sot*,
 Who meriteth St. *Tyburn's* Knot,
Libera nos, Domine !

From all that like to Rowers be,
 Who one way Row, another See ;
 Like those once at the Isle of *Ree*,¹
 And from a Gospel-Index flee :
Libera nos, Domine ! 100

From *Frenchified* Flouts and [*Spanish*] Flams, [*Verso.*
 From *Romish* Tygers and their Dams ;
 From vile Projectors of the *Shams*,
 Who act like Wolves, but not like Lambs :
Libera nos, Domine !

From *Godfrey* that Himself did kill,²
 A Popish malice to fulfil,
 And then went to *Green-Bury-Hill*,
 To pierce his heart, but no blood spill :
Libera nos, Domine ! 110

From bloody *Cain* who *Abel* slew,
 And little reason for it knew ;
 Yea, from an *Arnoldizing* Crew,³
 Who would in blood their hands imbrue,
Libera nos, Domine !

From those that like the Spider spin,
 And also think they have no Sin ;
 From *chastity* in Orange *Gwyn*,
 And bloody *Bonnors* of Squire *THYIN* :⁴
Libera nos, Domine ! 120

From all upon a Papal Bench,
 With all the Masquerading *French*,
 And also from that foreign *WENCH*,⁵
 Who leaves behind her such a stench,
Libera nos, Domine !

From Jesuits and Monks and Friars,
 Long unto *Europe* pricking Briars ;
 Who always are such cruel *Tryers*,
 And of Mankind the greatest Liars :
Libera nos, Domine ! 130

¹ *Rhé*, 1628. ² See p. 176. ³ *Giles*, etc. ⁴ P. 102, etc. ⁵ *D.* of *Portsmouth*.

From all the Fury of the Stags,
 And from a Fire that's made of Flags;
 From them who give to Children *Bags*,
 And after go themselves in Rags: ¹
Libera nos, Domine!

From every flagitious *Ish*,²
 That Ruine unto others wish,
 And cannot sit down with one Dish,
 Nor yet distinguish Flesh from Fish,
Libera nos, Domine! 140

From all that dread a Parliament,
 Lest they be called to repent,
 And then be unto *Newgate* sent,
 There (*Romishly*) to keep a *Lent*,
Libera nos, Domine!

From *Bedlam* and from *Billingsgate*,
 From Almanacks now out of date;
 From *Irish-Evidence* so late,
 And also from a *Newgate-Grate*,
Libera nos, Domine! 150

From *Pentioners*, those spurious Elves,
 Who others sell to keep themselves;
 In danger are of rocks and shelves,
 And may be brought before their *Twelves*:³
Libera nos, Domine!

From that prodigious *Swedish Count*,⁴
 Who did escape a *Pall-Mall* Mount,
 And turn['d] his guineys to account,
 [When *Vratz* and *Stern* did bear the brunt]:⁵
Libera nos, Domine! 160

From every *May-Pole* house of slaughter, [Fourth Col.]
 And that Just-Ass (a Man of Laughter);
 That none like him may be hereafter,
 To be a Pimp unto his Daughter:
Libera nos, Domine!

From every one within the Land,
 With *Jacob's* voice and *Esau's* hand,
 Who unto others gives command,
 But doth himself not understand:
Libera nos, Domine! 170

¹ Cf. p. 203; *King Lear*, ii. 4. ² *Papishes*, p. 169. ³ *Juries*. ⁴ *Königsmark*. ⁵ *Dropt*.

From every daring dreadful *Switzer*,
 Not drinking in a Pint but Pitcher;
 From *Gadbury*, a lousy Stitcher,¹
 But now of *Nabals* the Bewitcher;
Libera nos, Domine!

From foreign and Domestick Paws,
 With Trucklers unto *Romish* Laws;
 From all *Maggies*, *Rooks*, and *Jack Daws*,²
 That spends much time to gather straws,
Libera nos, Domine!

From all who Vices vilely link,
 That one thing *speak*, another *think*;
 These stand upon a fatal Brink,
 And Healths to *Pope* and *Devil* drink;
Libera nos, Domine!

From every *Romish* pain and pang,
 With all that from the Devil sprang;
 From *Madam Powis* and her gang,³
 Who *Plot* till they at *Tyburn* Hang:
Libera nos, Domine!

From all that Light for Darkness put;⁴
 From *Gammer Gibson* and her Glut,
 From *Celliers*, that Midwife-Slut,⁵
 Who *Dangerfield* doth so besquirt:
Libera nos, Domine!

From all who live Epitomized,
 And all that die Hyperbolized,⁶
 Who were with Treasons stigmatized,
 And are for Treason canonized:
Libera nos, Domine!

From all that put into the Boot,⁷
 Unto the loss of a Leg and Foot;
 Who at *Non-Cons* their Arrows shoot,
 And grow (like Toad-stools) without root;
Libera nos, Domine!

From every cursing, swearing Carter,
 And from *Roger*, the Crack-farter,⁸
 From all would burn the *City-Charter*,
 And unto *Whigs* would give no *Quarter*:
Libera nos, Domine!

¹ Astrologer John. ² See p. 219. ³ Countess *Powys*. ⁴ *Vice versa*.
⁵ See cut, on p. 190. ⁶ *Stafford*, etc. ⁷ Scotch torturers. ⁸ R. L'Estrange.

From bloody *Papists* without pity,
 Who were the *Burners* of the *City*; ¹
 From all who think themselves too witty,
 And will not *Buy* this (harmless) *Ditty*,
Libera nos, Domine !

London : Printed for *W. Richard*, 1682.

[In White-letter. Printed on both sides of folio sheet, four columns. No woodcut, but we prefix one of Mrs. Cellier, the popish Midwife, pilloried for Libel. Date, between March and May, 1682.]

*** The writer of A Litany from St. Omer's suffered under such a diarrhoea of words that we really cannot inflict on readers his other forty-six verses, issued under the title "*A Litany for St. Omers*, Part II., from the same Hand, and to the same Tune." London: Printed for W. Richard, 1682 (compare p. 177). It begins,

From all that like the Triple Crown,
 And worship *Marie's* silken Gown;
 From every *Corydon* and Clown,
 Who now are in or out of Town:
Libera nos, Domine !

Instead of these wearisome and pointless verses, we give the reply from our opposite camp: A Litany from Geneva, *in Answer to that from St. Omer's*. But the libel was not "*from St. Omer's*," it was an attack directed against the Catholics.

[Wood's Collection, 417, fol. 89; Trowbesh's, V. 46.]

A Litany from Geneva ; In Answer to that from St. Omer's.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cavalilly Man*.

FROM the *Tap* in the guts of the Honourable Stump,²
 From which runs Rebellion, that stinks like the Rump,
 On purpose to leaven the Factious Lump;
Libera nos, Domine !

From him that aspires as high as the Crown,³
 And vows to pull Copes and Cathedrals down,
 Fit only to govern the World in the Moon;
Libera nos, Domine !

From the prick-ear'd *Levite*,⁴ that can without pain
 Swear Black into White, then *unswear* it again;
 Whose name did design him a Villain in *Grain*;
Libera nos, Domine !

8

¹ 1666 calumny.

² Shaftesbury.

³ Monmouth.

⁴ Titus Oates.

From his *Black-Bills*, and *Pilgrims* with Sticks in their hands,
That came to make up a Religious Band,
Then ravish our Wives and inhabit our Land ;
Libera nos, Domine ! 16

From the *Mouth* of the City,¹ that never gives o're
To complain of Oppressions unheard of before,
And yet for his Letchery will not quit score ;
Libera nos, Domine !

From the *Cent per Cent* Scrivener,² and ev'ry State trick,
That rails at Intemp'rance, who yet will not stick
To clear a young Spendthrift's Estate at a lick ;
Libera nos, Domine ! 24

From the force and the fire of the insolent Rabble,
That wou'd hurl the Government into a *Babel* ;
And from the nice Fare of the Mouse-starver's Table ;³
Libera nos, Domine !

From the Elder in *New-street*, that does goggle and cant,
Then turns up his Whites, to nose it, and pant,
And at the same time plays Devil and Saint ;
Libera nos, Domine ! 32

From *Jenkins's* ⁴ *Homilies*, drawn through the Nose ;
From *Langley*, *Dick*, *Baldwin*, and all such as those,
And from brawny *Settle's Poem* in Prose ;
Libera nos, Domine !

From a Surfeit occasion'd by Protestant Feasts,
From Seditious sauce, and Republicks for Guests,
With Treason for Grace-Cup, and Faction at least ;
Libera nos, Domine ! 40

From the Conscience of Cits, resembling their Dame,
That in publick are nice, but in private so tame
That they will not stick out for a Touch of that same ;
Libera nos, Domine !

From the blind zeal of all Democratical Tools ;
From *Whigland*, and all its Anarchical Rules,
Devised by Knaves, and Imposed by Fools ;
Libera nos, Domine ! 48

From the late Times Reviv'd, when Religion was gain,
And Church Plate was seiz'd for *Reliques prophane* ;
Since practis'd by Searching Sir *William* ⁵ again :
Libera nos, Domine !

¹ Sir T. Player. ² Sir R. Clayton. ³ Bethel, p. 165. ⁴ Wm. J., p. 231. ⁵ Waller.

From such *Reformation* where Zealots begun
 To preach Heaven must by firm Bulwarks be won,
 And *Te Deum* sung from the mouth of a Gun,
Libera nos, Domine !

56

From *Parliamentarians*, that "out of their love
 And care for his Majesty's Safety," wou'd prove
 The seurest way were His Guards to remove,
Libera nos, Domine !

From sawey *Petitions*, that serve to inflame us,
 From all who for th' *Association* are famous,
 From the Devil, the *Doctor*, and the pꝛince *IGNORAMUS* :
Libera nos, Domine !

64

London, Printed for the Use of all true Blue *Brimighams*, 1682.

[White-letter. No woodcut or printer's name. Date, soon after May 4, 1682.]

** It may be well here to add a few words more regarding Slingsby Bethel, who is so often mentioned in our pages, and who seems to be especially marked out as the subject of the *Iter Borcaie* of our p. 207.

Slingsby Bethel and Henry Cornish, being the Sheriffs in Dec. 1680, when Wm. Viscount Stafford was condemned to death, remonstrated against a commutation of the hanging into beheading, and had to yield when told by the Lords that the cavil might cause a total remission of the capital punishment. This alone quieted them, so anxious were they to secure his death. Even at his last hour, when Stafford asked that the rabble might be silenced to allow him to die in peace, Slingsby Bethel answered brutally, "We have orders to stop no one's breath but your's!" (*Lord Somers's Tracts*, viii. 317, Note.)

We find on p. 178 a reference to the decay of Trade in England. In connection with which, and as giving a favourable specimen of Slingsby Bethel's style of writing, one year later, when he was inclined to *Trim* between his Republican Independentism and Court policy, here are his opinions given at conclusion of his tract, *The World's Mistake in Oliver Cromwell*, 1668 (p. 20) :—

"I am wholly ignorant of any one action, in all his four years and nine months' time, done either wisely, virtuously or for the interest of this Kingdom, and therefore that I am none of his Admirers, I ought to be pardoned by my readers. Much more might be said upon this subject, but this may suffice to shew, that if [Cardinal] *Mazarine* (at the hearing of *Oliver's* death) thought he had then reason for calling him a Fortunate Fool, if he were now living he would find more cause for it: *Cromwell's* lot, as to Reputation, having been exceedingly much greater since his death than whilst he was in the world. And that from forgetfulness of his impolitick Government (*from whose Entrance we may date the commencement of our Trade's decay*). And, through want of memory, in men's giving to him the [report of being] the Cause of our former wealth and prosperity, which truly belongeth to others. But what opinion soever *Mazarine* may have had of *Oliver*, he was without all peradventure a person of more than ordinary wit, and no otherwise a Fool than as he wanted Honesty, no Man being wise but an Honest Man."

Thus Slingsby Bethel ends it. Did he reckon of his own rede in after-years?



A New Ignoramus.

“Lay by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding,
 Burn all your studies down, and throw away your reading ;
 Small power the Word has, and can afford us
 Not half so many privileges as the Sword has :
 It fosters Impostors, it plaisters disasters,
 And makes your servants quickly greater than their Masters ;
 It ventures, it enters, it circles, it centers,
 And makes a 'Prentice free in spite of his Indentures.”

—*Cavalier Song : The Power of the Sword.* 1656.

IN the present Editor's Boston reprint of the 1670 *Merry Drollery*, p. 191, he gave the words of the rare and spirited song of “Love lies a Bleeding” : ten verses, the first of which is this:—

Lay by your pleading, Love lies a bleeding,
 Burn all your Poetry, and throw away your Reading.
 Piety is painted, and Truth is tainted,
 Love is a reprobate, and Schism now is Sainted ;
 The throne Love doth sit on, we dayly do spit on ;
 It was not thus, I wis, when *Betty* rul'd in *Britain* :
 But Friendship hath faulter'd, Love's Altars are alter'd,
 And he that is the cause, I would his neck were alter'd.

In 1681 the tune regained popularity, and was used anew for a Loyal Song, known (from the last word in its burden) as *Ignoramus*. It refers, of course, to the trick too often used by the Whig Sheriffs, who packed Juries with their own creatures, often unqualified by law to serve, and thus prepared the condemnation of any Tory who might be on his trial, while they secured the virtual acquittal of any Whig criminal by refusing to find a *Billa Vera* ; throwing it out with “*Ignoramus*” written on the back. Thus John Rouse escaped punishment ; and so would Stephen College also, had it not been that, some of his offences having been perpetrated at Oxford, he was removed thither, tried, condemned, and executed, after having obtained the *Ignoramus* of the London Grand Jury. Lord Shaftesbury's case was the most important of all thus decided.

After some sharp practices, employed to defeat equal unjust straining of the law, “the whirligig of Time brought about its revenges.” A Tory Lord-Mayor favoured the election of Tory Sheriffs. Tory Sheriffs followed the evil precedent set by their political foes, and, as they were expected, carefully packed the Jury-box with unhesitating partisans, who gave verdicts in accordance with their bias. A fresh song signalized the triumph, and this is “The New Ignoramus: being the Second New Song to the same old Tune of *Law lies a Bleeding*.” Before giving it here, we revive the original Tory “*Ignoramus*” ditty of 1681.

Ignoramus, An Excellent New Song.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Lay by your Pleading.*

- SINCE Reformation with *Whig*'s in fashion,
 There's neither Equity nor Justice in the Nation
 Against their Furies, there no such cure is
 As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus Juries*.
 Compaction of Factions, that breeds all distractions,
 Is at the Zenith point, but will not bear an action.
They sham us, and flam us, and ram us, and wump us,
And then, in spite of Law, come off with Ignoramus. 8
- Old *Tony* Plotted, *Brimighams* Voted,
 And all the *Mobile* the *Holy Cause* promoted ;
 They preach'd up Treason, at ev'ry season,
 And taught the multitude Rebellion was but reason.
 With Breaches, Impeaches, and most disloyal Speeches,
 With Royal Blood again to glut the thirsty Leeches,
They sham us, and flam us, and ram us, etc. 16
- 'Tis such a *Jury* wou'd pass no *Tory*,
 Were he as Innocent as a Saint in Glory :
 But let a " Brother " ravish his Mother,
 Assassinate his King, he wou'd find no other.
 They shamed and blamed, at Loyalists aim'd,
 But when a *Whig*'s repriev'd the Town with Beacons flam'd.
They sham us, and flam us, Etcetera. 24
- This *Ignoramus*, with which they Sham us,
 Wou'd find against a *York*, to raise a *Monmouth* a'mus ; [=animus.
 Who clears a *Traytor*, and a King-hater,
 Against a lawful Prince wou'd find sufficient matter ;
 They sought it, and wrought it, like Rebels they fought it,
 And with the price of Royal *Martyr's Blood* they bought it.
They sham us, and flam us, Etcetera. 32
- At the *Old Bailey*, where Rogues flock daily,
 A greater *Traytor* far than *Coleman*, *White*, or *Staley* :
 Was late indicted, witnesses cited,
 But *Tony* he was set free ; so the King was righted !
 'Gainst Princes, Offences prov'd in all senses,
 " But 'gainst *Tony* there's no truth in *Evidences* !"
They sham us, and flam us, Etcetera. 40
- But wot you what, Sir ! They found it not, Sir ;
 'Twas ev'ry Juror's case, and there lay all the Plot, Sir.
 For at this season, shou'd they do reason,
 Which of themselves wou'd 'scape, if they found it *Treason* ?
 Compassion in fashion, " the Int'rest of the Nation,"
 Oh ! what a Godly point is self-preservation !
They sham us, and flam us, Etcetera. 48
- 'Las, what is Conscience, in *Baxter's* own sense ?
 When Int'rest lies at stake, an Oath and Law is Nonsense !
 Now they will banter *Quaker* and *Ranter*,
 To find [" guilty "] a Royalist, and clear a *Covenanter*.
 They'l wrangle and brangle, the Soul entangle,
 To save the *Traytor's* Neck from the old Triangle.
They sham us, and flam us, Etcetera. 56

Alas! for pity of this good City,
What will the *Tories* say in their drunken Ditty?
When all *Abettors*, and *Monarch-haters*,
The *Brethren*, p,uuup their Souls to save Malieious *Traytors*.
But mind it, long-winded, with prejudice blinded,
Lest what you now reject, another Jury find it.

*Then sham us, and flam us, and ram us, and cram us,
When against King and Law you find an Ignoramus!*

64

LONDON : Printed in the Year MDCLXXXI.

[White-letter. No cut or printer's name, but from Nathanael Thompson.]

We have already commented on the subjects here incidentally mentioned, such as the "Brimighams,"=impostors, properly base-coin; the "Mobile" or Rabble, hence called "Mob;" the "*Good Old Cause*" of a rebellious commonwealth. Also, in previous volume, IV., on Coleman with his letters to Père la Chaise; on White the Jesuit, and on William Staley (see pp. 132, 203). Richard Baxter is mentioned in line forty-ninth. He did not find a Saint's everlasting Rest, for his polemical tendencies embroiled him in pamphlet warfare, and he was yelled at and bullied from the Bench as "an old knave." One Loyal Song arranges its programme with "Let *Baxter* preach sedition." Shaftesbury (p. 230) bequeaths to him his venomous teeth, quite unnecessarily, since Richard was not fangless.

Two other Loyal Songs to the same tune are of later date; one, "The Loyal Conquest; or, Destruction of Treason," belonging to the summer of 1683, after the Rye-House Plot was discovered: it begins, "Now loyal *Tories* may triumph in Glories:" seven verses. It was printed for J. Dean, Bookseller in Cranbourn Street, near Newport House. Another is after the beginning of August, 1684, and entitled, "The *Newcastle Associators*; or, the Trimmers' Loyalty." It begins, "Lay by your Reason, Truth's out of Season, Since Treason's Loyalty, and Loyalty is Treason." These will follow. But of earlier date, and extremely rare, is the second song of the series (the first being "Since Reformation with *Whig*'s in fashion"): "A New Ignoramus," beginning, "Since Popish Plotters join'd with Bog-Trotters." *It is a Whiggish Answer to the Tory Song of "Ignoramus" which we have given on previous page.*

The aforesaid Bog-Trotters are the Irish "Evidences" or professional suborned-witnesses, who had ensured the condemnation of Archbishop Plunket, and afterwards turned upon their employers, swearing against Shaftesbury. We gave a list of these "Knights of the Post," on p. 77, exclusive of Eustace Comyns.

** Let it here be added, that the libellers mentioned on p. 197, in line 34 of *A Litany from Geneva*, were duly considered on our pp. 181, 182, viz. Langley Curtis, "seditious Dick" Janeway, and Richard Baldwin. Elkanah Settle's *Absalom Senior*; or, *Achitophel Transposed*, is alluded to in next line. Thus Dryden writes of Settle, "For to write verse with him is to transprose!"

[Trowbesh Collection, on the Popish Plot.]

A New Ignoramus.

BEING THE SECOND NEW SONG, TO THE SAME OLD TUNE,
Law lyes a bleeding.

SINCE *Popish* Plotters join'd with *Bogg-Trotters*,
Sham-Plots are made as fast as Pots are form'd by *Potters*,
 Against these *Furies* there no such cure is
 As what our *Law* provides, our *True* and *Loyal Juries*.
 The action and paction, that breeds our *Distraction*,
 Is secretly contrived by the *Popish Faction*,
Who sham us and flam us, trepan us and unwp us,
And then grow enrag'd when they hear Ignoramus. 8

Traytors are rotten, yet not forgotten,
 Nor *Meal-Tub* Devices, which never well did *Cotten*. [N.B.]
 At ev'ry Season inventing *Treason*,
 And *Shams* that none believ'd that had or *Sense* or *Reason*.
 With fetches and stretches, these notorious *Wretches*
 Would get *Loyal Subjects* into their bloody *Clutches*.
They sham us, and flam us, &c. 16

If wicked *Tories* could pack *their Juries*,
 That would believe *Black, White*, and all their *Lying Stories*,
 Then, by *Art Stygian*, *Whigg's* prov'd a *Widgeon*,
 And should be *Hang'd* for *Plotting* against the *Pope's Religion*,
 They'd hear-a, and swear-a, thing that was as *meer-a*
Gross Lye as e'r was told, and find it *Billa Vera* :
Then sham us, and flam us, &c. 24

This *IGNORAMUS*, for which they blame us,
 And to the *Pit of Hell* so often curse and unwp us,
 Are men by *tryal* honest and loyal,
 And for their *King* and *Country* ready are to *Die* all :
 They show it, and vow it, *Honest men* do know it,
 Their *Loyalty* they hold, and never will forgoe it.
They sham us, and flam us, &c. 32

At the *Old Baily*, where men don't dally,
 And *Traytors* oft are try'd, as *Coleman, Whitebread, Staley*,
 Was late *Indicted*, *Witnesses cited*,
 A *Loyal Protestant*, who *spight of Rogues* was *Righted*.
 Offences commences 'gainst all men's *Senses*,
 'Cause the *honest Jury* believed not *Evidences*.¹
They sham us, and flam us, &c. 40

¹ These self-same 'Evidences,' Bog-trotters, had now turned against the Whigs.

For which a Villain, who for Ten Shilling
To Hang a Protestant shall be found very willing,
Now at this season, and without reason,
Shall call the Jury Traytors, and the Law make Treason.
In fashion is Passion, Curses and uouuuaaD ;
How quiet should we be, were Rogues sent to their station.
They sham us and flam us, &c. 48

'Las what is Conscience i' th' *Jesuite's* own sense ?
For the Church one may lye, and forswear without offence.
Now what a Lurry keeps barking *Tory*,
'Cause he is not able the Innocent to worry,¹
Doth wrangle and brangle, 'cause he cannot intangle,
Nor bring honest *Tony* to the Block or Triangle.
They sham us, and flam us, &c. 56

I'le tell you What, Sir ; You must go Plot, Sir,
And get better Witness e'r Wise Men go to Pot, Sir.
When such abettors, *Protestant* haters,
Would uuep their Souls to Hell to make them wicked Traytors,
We mind it and wind it, and are not now blinded ;
For what we now reject, no honest *Jury* 'll find it.
They sham us, and flam us, they ram us, and uuep us,
When, according to the Law, we find IGNORAMUS. 64

London, Printed for Charles Leigh, 1681. [White-letter : no woodcuts.]

¹ The erudite belauder of Ignoramus Juriespells this “whorry.” He belonged to some Spelling-Deform Shaftesburian Association. Ante nos vixerunt, etc. He borrows all his ideas from the earlier ballad, as this sort of gentry often do.

* * Students of the language of impertinence, commonly called *Stang*, may here find in the tenth line of the Whiggish song an employment of the phrase “to cotton” to something, so early as 1681, believed by many to be modern. “Is there any thing whereof it may be said, ‘See this is new’? It hath been already of old time, which was before us.” Allusions are also found, in thirty-fourth line, to the executions of Edward Coleman, Thomas Whitebread the Jesuit, and William Staley (on whom see p. 132, Note 10), following after Titus Oates’s false accusations of them for high-treason. Concerning these executions, see the *Anti-Papal Group* in our previous Vol. IV. of *Roxburghe Ballads*. Also, see pp. 678, 680, 696, and 701, of our *Bagford Ballads*, concerning Thomas Whitebread, Provincial of the Jesuits, accused by Titus Oates and Dugdale ; acquitted, when tried in December, 1678, but condemned in June, 1679, and executed on the 20th. (On pp. 680, 688, of the same work we gave the fourfold *Narrative of the Popish Plot*.) We here add the scrap from *King Lear*, Act ii. sc. 4, for comparison with the imitation of it on our p. 194 :—

Fathers that wear bags, do make their children blind ;
But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.

On the same page, “The Fury of the Stags” alludes to Sir R. Howard’s Poem, *Duel of the Stags*, beginning, “In *Windsor* Forest, before War destroy’d.”

Another Iter Boreale.

“What, shall a glorious Nation be o’rethrowu
 By troops of sneaking rascals of our own?
 Must Civil and Ecclesiastick Laws
 Truckle once more under the *Good Old Cause*?
 Shall the ungrateful Varlets think to live
 Only to clip Royal *Prerogative*?
 Shall all our blood turn whey, whilst we do see
 Men both affront and stab the Monarchy?”

—*The Dissenter truly Described*. 1682.

IN the introduction to our former *Iter Boreale* (p. 153), on the Duke’s Return from Scotland we mentioned the present poem, which seems to belong to a date soon after, and in the same year; probably December, 1682. The other poem celebrated an arrival; this, on the contrary, hails a flight. Both are from a writer in the same camp, and possibly one hand manufactured both.

It is not indisputably clear which of the five following persons, if any, is here intended by the name “Brutus;”

1.—Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury (probably); or

2.—Slingsby Bethel, the Whig Sheriff; or

3.—James, Duke of Monmouth. All three of them successively fled to Holland, and one of them seems to be intended. If we give any preference to Monmouth, we admit that objections may be urged, on the same grounds, as to the identification of either of the others. The mention of Monmouth in line 40 as “Perkin” (*i.e.* Sham-Pretender to sovereignty) might seem to invalidate his claim to be “Brutus.” But so would the distinct naming of “St. Tony” with his Tap, in line 42, exclude Shaftesbury; and the nickname of “Sneaksby” for Slingsby Bethel (pointed, moreover, by the ridicule of his notoriously miserly habits and Whig rancour), no less imperils him as a claimant.

4.—The signature “your Friend and Servant *Junius Brutus*” was appended to *An Appeal from the Country to the City, for the preservation of his Majesty’s person, liberty, property, and the Protestant religion*, 1679. It is scarcely probable that the anonymous writer of this seditious pamphlet (whether he were Robert Ferguson or Charles Blount) could have been intended by the Brutus of the Poem (although Robert Ferguson did actually flee to Holland about the same time as Shaftesbury, who soon afterwards died in his sight). It was scarcely likely that the author of this *Iter Boreale* knew accurately that Ferguson was the author of the *Appeal*: but if so, the identification might be deemed nearly complete. “Brutus” is described as a venomous Demagogue, “the People’s Ear” (or spying listener), “the People’s Mouth” (preacher and libel-writer, who kept a private press for the printing of seditious broadsides, to

be dispersed lavishly). Every word applies well enough to Robert Ferguson: if fixed on him we avoid all the difficulty of other claims.

5.—Sir Thomas Player also was “the People’s Mouth,” being Civic Chamberlain; so designated on p. 197. Compare p. 206.

1.—Shaftesbury fled from his residence, Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, at Michaelmas, 1682, and for weeks lay concealed, sometimes in Wapping, sometimes in the City, until near the end of November, when he took ship *via* Harwich for Amsterdam. Previously he may have “gone North” to Newcastle, to found something of an Association there; but we believe “the North” was intended here to represent Holland.

2.—Slingsby Bethel, the Whig Sheriff, conjoined with Henry Cornish, introduced the practice of packing juries with “true-blue Protestants,” who convicted or acquitted, or wrote “Ignoramus” instead of returning true bills, in total defiance of justice, but obedient to the dictation of these Sheriffs: an evil practice that was afterwards turned against themselves, causing the well-deserved exile of Bethel, and the execution of Cornish on some doubtful evidence. As to the niggardliness and sordid grasping of Slingsby Bethel, contemporary testimony is unanimous. Compare pp. 156, 165.

We have already on p. 198, given an extract from one of his earlier books. Another of his pamphlets is *The Providences of God, observed through several Ages, towards this Nation in introducing the True Religion*; and then, in the Defence of that, preserving the People in their Rights and Liberties, whilst other Kingdoms are ravished of theirs, as our Counsellors designed for us. Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane, 1691. He also wrote *Observations on a Letter written by the D[uke] of B[uckingham]*, and *The Interest of the Princes and States of Europe*, 1694.

3.—Monmouth is designated “Brutus” in State depositions, and in *A Pindarique Ode on the Whiggish Plot*, wherein Cæsar is meant to represent Charles II. (as often had been before, compare Vol. IV. p. 389), and with a supposition of the original Brutus having been an adopted son of Julius Cæsar whom he afterwards murdered. To quote the exact words, “Cæsar was suspected of having begotten *Brutus*;” thus, like the relationship of Mordred to King Arthur, sin brought about retribution:—

Methinks the dark *Cabal of Six* I see,
 Double-Triumvirate of Villainy,
 Exceeding that which went before
 In numbers much, in mischief more.
Cæsar’s adopted Son does first appear,
 “Art thou, my *Brutus*, there?
 Thou that wert once so great and good, etc.

The name is certainly applied by implication to Monmouth with thinnest disguise in this *Ode to Brutus*, beginning, “’Tis said that favourite, Mankind, was made the Lord of all below.” The author

was John Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave, already so often named. These are the concluding lines, and the application to Monmouth is forcible, as is the irony of the passage about his filial ingratitude :—

From mighty *Cæsar* and his boundless grace
 Though *Brutus* once at least his life receiv'd ;
 Such obligations, though so high believ'd,
 Are yet but slight in such a case,
 Where friendship so possesses all the place.
 There is no room for gratitude, since he
 Who so obliges is more pleas'd than his sav'd friend can be. 130
 Just in the midst of all this noble heat,
 While their great hearts did both so kindly beat,
 That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
 And forc'd them to suspect a father and a son,*
 (Though here ev'n Nature's self still seem'd to be outdone)
 From such a friendship improvok'd to fall
 Is horrid, yet I wish that fact were all
 Which does with too much cause 'ungrateful' *Brutus* call.
 In coolest blood he laid a long design 140
 Against his best and dearest friend ;
 Did even his foes in zeal exceed,
 To spirit others up to work so black a deed ;
 Himself the centre where they all did join.
Cæsar, meantime, fearless, and fond of him,
 Was as industrions, all the while,
 To give such ample marks of fond esteem
 As made the gravest *Roman* smile,
 To see with how much ease Love can the best beguile.
 He, whom thus *Brutus* doom'd to bleed, 150
 Did, setting his own race aside,
 Nothing less for him provide
 Than in the world's great Empire to succeed :
 Which we are bound in justice to allow,
 Is all-sufficient proof to show
 That *Brutus* did not strike for his own sake :
 And if, alas ! he fail'd, 't was only by mistake.

Line 151, "setting his own race aside," refers to the abortive Exclusion of James Duke of York, for advancement of Monmouth.

Although we have indicated four possible claimants of the questionable nickname "*Brutus*," viz. Shaftesbury, Slingsby Bethel, Monmouth, and Ferguson, it is within probability that the person intended may have been the equally obnoxious and more disreputable Whig, Sir Thomas Player, who had been Lord Chamberlain of London, and bore a very evil repute in connection with the old procuress Mother Cresswell: she seems to be alluded to under the name of "*Nesswell*" as a disguise, at the close of this *Iter Boreale*. Clayton was another of those who in 1682 retreated to Holland.

* *Original Note*.—"Cæsar was suspected to have begotten Brutus."

Iter Boreale.

1682.

After long-practis'd Malice in the South,
Brutus (the People's Ear, the People's Mouth ¹
 At length most prudently has sally'd forth,
 And cautiously retir'd to his North.
 His poyson he has left behind in *London*,
 By whose infection *Whigland's* chiefs are undone.
Charter lies bleeding, echoing Orphans' crys
 Reach Heaven, whilst the guilty Causer flies.
 Whole Corporation suffers for believing
Sneaksby,² who but one Garret had to live in : 10
 Yet, had he had his Arbitrary swing,
 Wou'd all our Nobles to his Nine-pence bring.
 Wou'd curtail Monarchs, and by grand Debate
 Reduce Great *Britain* to a *Hamburg-State*,
 For 'Eighty-Two shou'd be as 'Forty-Eight. }
 But since great ends by Providence are cross'd,
 And *Jesuit-Whig* Design's in blanket's toss'd ;
 Since Jurors must no longer be forsworn,
 Nor private sense 'gainst solemn Oath suborn ;
 Since *Oates'* Deposals are Immortaliz'd,³ 20
 And *Elliot* still remains uncircumciz'd ;⁴
 Since Loyalty must take, and All are for 't,
 Since *Pomfret*-eloquence won't take at Court ;⁵ [i.e. Patience
 Ward's.
 Since Ryots for the Publick-Weal can't be
 Seure without invading Royalty ;⁶
 And legal bearings-up against the Power,
 In Peoples'-Right, force Demagogues to th' *Tower* ;
 Since all the juice of *Tony's* Tap's quite spent
 Which suckled long both *Good Old Cause* and *Trent*,⁷ }
 (For some, who this-way look, are that-way bent) ; 30
 Since *Bacon's* Brazen Head, fix'd on his shoulders,
 " TIME WAS ! " can only say to Property Upholders ;⁸
 Since Legal Monarehy must rule the Roast,
 And Care determin'd is to keep his post ;⁹
 Since Envy, Hatred, Malice do small feats,
 Party detected in all holy Cheats :
 Thousands of guineas can't have influence
 On him who hath of Loyalty due sense :
 Since neither *Wapping* Treats, nor *Whigs'*-Head Clubs,¹⁰
 Assert the right of *Perkin* or the Tubs ; 40
 Since Truth and only Truth must now prevail,
 Maugre St. *Tony's* Tap, or *Stephen's* Flail ;

And *Brutus*, lately *London's* Demagogue,¹¹
 No office has but where men disembogue :
 'Tis time, high time to quit that hated place,
 Where nought but Loyal must dare show its face.

So Fiends associate Wizards still forsake,
 Cajoll'd with hopes untill they come to stake ;
 Thus inmate Rats, who first espy the flaw
 In ruinous Buildings, prudently withdraw.

[= avoid

*Neswell's*¹² *Whig-Babell's* fall, and parting seem to say,
 "Perish ye with your *Cause*, so I be out o' th' way !"

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Probable date, December, 1682.]

Notes to the foregoing "*Iter Boreale*."

¹ See preceding pages of Introduction as to *Brutus*.

² Probably quibbling on the name of Slingsby Bethel, the Whig Sheriff renowned for miserliness. Compare the *Mouse* extract on our p. 165.

³ Titus Oates, the "Salamanca Doctor," his Depositions.

⁴ The *Elliot* mentioned is Adam Elliot, Master of Arts, and a Priest of the Church of England, known as "Parson Elliot;" who in January, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, caused Titus Oates to be arrested for having spoken scandalous words against him. Elliot laid his action at 500*l.*, and had Oates committed to the Compter Prison, whence he was set free on bail. Elliot wrote *A Modest Vindication of Titus Oates, the Salamanca Doctor, from Perjury; or, An Essay to demonstrate him only forsworn in several instances*. The same Elliot on the 16th February, 168 $\frac{2}{3}$, at Guildhall submitted himself to Charles Lord North and Gray, who had brought against him an action of *scandalum magnatum* for this libel, the *Modest Vindication*, published by Joseph Hindmarsh; wherein Lord North had been shown up to ridicule. Having asked pardon in open Court, Elliot obtained forgiveness. We possess in our private collection the *Modest Vindication*, and esteem it highly, as a clever biting satire, although rambling and long-winded, in prose, of fifty-six pages, folio. He himself jests about Oates having declared "that I was a *Mahumetan*, and had been thereupon circumcised, and also that I was a *Popish Priest*, having received Orders from the See of Rome." A Dr. Elliot was impeached by the Commons in July, 1689, for dispersing King James II.'s *Declaration*, and was probably the same person. His talent and adventurous spirit deserved a happier fate. He is mentioned in *Midsummer-Moon; or, The Livery-Man's Complaint*, 1682 (which begins, "I cannot hold, hot struggling Rage aspires"). Preceding lines refer to the Duke of York's escape from shipwreck in the Gloucester Frigate (Sir John Berry, Captain: see his Letter), 8th May, 1682; the poem is a virulent satire on York, in blind rage and spitefulness:—

Tho' Heav'n in anger sometimes may relieve,
 Pardons still do not follow a Reprieve.
 Not fell *Charibdis*, *Godwin's*, and the *Ore*,
 If Fate ordain 't, shall keep a Prince from shore ;
 Since he, that would by *Brother's Blood* be crown'd,
 Shall (tho' in Egg-shell Frigat) ne'er be drown'd . . .
 When nothing else the desperate Game retrieves,
 You'l chuse the City circumcised Shrieves :
 To whom, if you would take Advice from me,
 Good Father *Elliot* should a Chaplain be.

⁵ George Villiers (son of Barbara), Baron of Pomfret *vel* Pontefract, 1674. .

⁶ Perhaps the Guildhall Riot, at election of Sheriffs, is here meant.

⁷ For the Republican *Good Old Cause* of Rebellion and anarchy see previous Monmouth Group in vol. iv. pp. 263, 598 to 603, etc. Trent is here mentioned as an equivalent for "the Power of Rome," of course, in allusion to the Council of Trent, 1563. That people who became disgusted at the extreme bigotry of "True-Blue Protestantism" went over to Rome is illogical, but not surprising.

⁸ The old story of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay having constructed a Head of Brass, which they expected to speak, yet left it to be watched by a silly clown, who failed to awaken them when it intermittently spoke, "Time is!" "Time was!" and "Time is past!" has always been a favourite subject with our poets. Robert Greene (whose works have been at last collected and edited in thirteen quarto vols. of the valuable *Huth Library* by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Balloch Grosart, of Blackburn, Lancashire,) introduced it in his play of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594. Byron alluded to it in *Don Juan*, Canto Ist, stanza 217,

Now like Friar Bacon's Brazen-Head I've spoken,
 'Time is!' 'Time was!' 'Time's past!' a chymic treasure
 Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes,
 My heart in fancies, and my head in rhymes.

W. M. Praed intended to make use of the myth in a serial, but unfortunately never continued into a second attempt his "Chant of the Brazen Head." We find the anonymous author of *The Court Burlesqued* thus employing the allusion, when mentioning the second Duke of Buckingham's fopperies of chymistry:—

Or else he would have bless'd the Nation
 With the strange art of Transmutation :
 Taught us to 've metamorphos'd metals,
 And into gold turn brazen kettles ;
 Which would have sure surpriz'd us more
 Than *Bacon's Head* had done before.
 But this great project, like the rest,
 (Tho' pity 't was) became a jest,
 And all the secrets that the Bubble
 Found out, to recompense his trouble,
 Instead of turning lead or brass
 To gold, that would for standard pass,
 Was to change metals to his loss
 And bring his Gold to worthless dross :
 The only costly generous Art,
 At which himself is most expert.

⁹ Post equitem sedet atra Cura.—*Hor. Od.* III. 40.

¹⁰ Shaftesbury's predilection for the unsavoury district of Wapping, where his "ten thousand brisk boys" lurked, ripe for mischief, ought by this time to be as well understood as the frequent allusions to the silver "Tap," *i.e.* the issue in his side. The Whigs' Calf's-Head Clubs, on 30th January, in brutal mockery of the Execution of Charles I., date from Cromwellian days, and like most evils of the Commonwealth descended to modern time. Stephen College and his Protestant Flail were already noticed on pp. 35, 36. Perkin = Monmouth.

¹¹ Brutus, as already shown, might be disguise for Slingsby Bethel, or the Duke of Monmouth. The place of refuge is Holland, whither they retreated.

¹² Probably, this *Neswell* is intentional *disguise-misprint* for *Mother Cresswell*, with whom the Chamberlain Sir Thomas Player had evil connection (p. 246).

Monmouth's "Foolish Fancy."

"Let 'em in Ballads give their Folly vent,
And sing up Nonsense to their Hearts' content."

—*A Lenten Prologue refused by the Players.* 1682.

WHILE the months of 1682 were rolling swiftly away, the position of James Duke of Monmouth showed the reverse of improvement. He had lost all his public offices, but felt no immediate pressure on the score of money, since for twelve years he drew the bulk of his wife's annual income, leaving her less than a bare hundred out of her own thirteen thousand, which he felt no compunction in spending on his loose companions of both sexes. From a contemporary Satire, *The Court Burlesqued*, we draw this unflattered likeness of her husband James Scott, Duke of Monmouth :

Another Duke, the spurious Son
Of him that tamely rules the Th[ron]e,
The only Darling of the Court,
From Prince to puny, of every sort ;
The factious bubble, and the tool
Of those that would usurp the rule ;
The dancing, fencing, riding bauble,
That bows and cringes to the rabble ;
The brainless, fawning, pretty thing,
That hopes ere long to be a King,
Enters the list among the rest,
With his Star shining at his breast :
And none but crafty knaves about him,
Who, tho' they court him, yet they flout him.
Gay as a Peacock at a Ball,
Très humble Serviteur to all ;
A busy Fop among the Ladies,
To show 'em what an am'rous blade he 's.
Forward to fight, in battle warm,
Altho', poor thing ! he means no harm—
Except it is to his own Father,
Or to his *Popish* Uncle rather ;
Ready in all things to oppose
His country's friends, instead of foes.
The only idol of the town,
That struts and rattles up and down,
That all the factious fools, who hope it
Will one day reign, may view the puppet :
That they may fill his empty Grace
With noisy shouts and loud huzzas,
And make him use his worst endeavours
T' abuse his King, the best of fathers ;
In hopes he may, by usurpation,
In time, reign Tyrant o'er the nation.
But, Oh ! remember, *J[enn]y Se[ot]t*,
Thy arms have such a bastard blot,

☞ That many think thou may'st as soon
Expect a Scaffold as a Crown.
For he that is so vainly proud
O' th' flatt'ries of a factious crowd,
Of ruin very seldom fails,
When Fortune turns the ticklish scales.
Then shake off the rebellious crew,
Or else prepare to have thy due;
For tho' thou hast been twice forgiven,
Thou still retain'st the ancient leaven :
But, *Jemmy Frog*, beware the Stork,
Thy father has a brother, *York* !

He tried to forget the aforesaid "bastard blot," and it was noticed that, when he rode in his carriage after return from Holland, he bore on the panels the Royal Arms, but with the *bend-sinister* carefully painted out. Like Buckingham and Shaftesbury, he had turned to curry favour with the citizens, Aldermen and Shrieves, after being forbidden to present himself contumaciously at Court. With wealth at his command, his wife's money, and what the rich merchants were willing to advance for the help of his pretensions as the possible Protestant Heir to the Crown, he found no difficulty in attracting towards him his own little Court of flatterers, revellers, and libertines. Grave plotters looked askance at the gaudy butterflies whom he chose for his associates. But since each set only used him selfishly to further their own ends, there was no open quarrel. Nevertheless, a coolness began to show itself between Monmouth and Shaftesbury.

The following ballad rebukes Monmouth for having yielded himself trustfully to the guidance of "Tony Shaftesbury. He had certainly been flattered and "fool'd to the top of his bent," by the wily Achitophel; in whom the ambition of thereafter pulling the strings of this weak but handsome puppet, "England's Darling," had been mingled with the strongest personal hatred towards the "Popish Successor," James Duke of York. There is no certainty, and scarcely a probability that Shaftesbury had ever really felt any loving friendship for Monmouth. Their mock reverence for austere Protestantism was the most bare-faced imposture. Shaftesbury admitted that the only religion he held by was that which suited intellectual self-guided men; and he skilfully avoided committing himself dangerously, after such unusual candour, by explaining that they kept this secret unspoken. He became willing to abandon Monmouth as problematical Heir, and take instead the eldest son of "Madam Carwell," the young Duke of Richmond, Charles Lennox.

As a competitor for the Crown of England, in succession to their putative father Charles II., Richmond was an equally good-looking favourite of the crowd. We believe that Aphra Behn describes him faithfully, in the Poem entitled *Bajazet to Gloriana*, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$:—

Yet if by chance m' Ambition meet a stop
 With any Thought that check'd th' advancing Hope,
 This new one straight would all the rest confound,
 "How ev'ry Coxcomb aim'd at being crown'd!"
 The vain young Fool, with all his Mother's parts,
 Who wanted sense enough for little arts;
 Whose composition was like *Cheder-Cheese*,
 (In whose production all the Town agrees)
 To whom from Prince to Priest was added stuff,
 From great King *Charles* e'en down to Father *Goff*. [= *Gough*.
 Yet he with vain pretensions lays a claim
 To th' glorious title of a Sovereign;
 And when for Gods such wretched things set up,
 Was it so great a crime for me to hope?

The authorship of the poem is not avowed, but (as shown on our p. 562 of Vol. IV.) its chief object is to represent the passionate love of Bajazet (= John Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave) for Gloriana, who is intended for the Princess Anne, before her marriage to Prince George of Denmark.

Thanks to a contemporary manuscript we are enabled to give the correct text of the following ballad (which when reprinted as a *Loyal Song* in 1685 was without title, and marked indecisively as sung "to an excellent new tune"). It reported itself to be "From Sir Roger Martin to the Duke of Monmouth," and to the tune of, *Have at thy Coat, Old Woman!* Of this tune, possibly much older than 1625, the music is preserved in all the known editions of Playford's *Dancing Master*, and in *Musick's Delight on the Cithern*, 1666: whence it has been copied into the great treasury of our National Melodies, Mr. William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 366. It appears to have been earlier known by the title, *Stand thy ground, Old Harry!* from a ballad that has otherwise faded from memory. To the same tune went the Pepysian ditty (Pepys Coll., I. 282) beginning, "Come, Hostess, fill the pot!" and the ante-Commonwealth ballad which gives our present tune-name, *Have at thy Coat, Old Woman!* This is (Pepys Coll., I. 284) declared to be

"A merry new song of a rich widow's wooing,
 Who married a young man to her own undoing."

Printed at London for T[homas] Langley, 1633, or earlier. It begins,

I am so sick for Love, as like was never no man,
 Which makes me cry, with a love-sick sigh,
 Have at thy coat, Old Woman!
Have at thy Coat, Old Woman; Have at thy Coat Old Woman!
Here and there, and everywhere, Have at thy Coat, Old Woman!

As already mentioned, Nat. Thompson gives no specification of the tune, nor any reference in the title to Sir Roger Martin.

It dates itself clearly to the year 1683, either before the discovery of the Rye-House Plot, or soon after. Shaftesbury's flight and death

are indicated: therefore it was after January, 1683. The prominence given to Lord Grey and Sir Thomas Armstrong do not prove that the date was later than June, 1683, but indicate the contrary.

Frank Newport, son of Lord Francis, first Viscount, is frequently confounded with Francis Villiers, who was designated “ Villain Frank ” in the squibs and satires of the day: a gallant, enamoured of the Duchess of Mazarine. Thus in 1679, in the satire entitled *Cullen with his Flock of Court Misses*, their names are associated,

Then in came Dowdy *M[aza]rine*,
That foreign antiquated Quean,
Who soon was told the King no more
Would deal with an intriguing *αουα*. . .
Her Grace at these rebukes look'd blank,
And sneak'd away to Villain *Frank*.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, rail'd at him, in *A Satyr*, beginning,

Must I with patience ever silent sit,
Perplex'd with Fools who will believe they've wit?
Must I find every place by Coxcombs seiz'd,
Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?
Must I meet *Hen[ningha]m* where'er I go?
Arp, *Arran*, Villain *F[rank]*, nay *Poultney* too?
Shall *He[rber]t* pertly crawl from place to place,
Shall *H[owe]* and *B[rando]n* Politicians prove,
And *S[utherland]* presume to be in love?

(Most of these “ Coxcombs ” are mentioned elsewhere in our pages, and were associates of Monmouth. Harry Henningham courted the Muses as a versifier, so awkwardly that it was said, “ His Mistress ne'er knows—so odd 'tis express'd—Whether he means to make love or a jest.” We cannot identify “ Arp; ” next is ‘ sot ’ James, Earl of Arran, the Duke of Hamilton's son, married to the Lady Anne Spencer; Mr. Poulteney, son of Sir William; probably Henry, fourth Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who married Lady Catharine Newport, Frank's sister “ Katy; ” Jack Howe, who had some facility of verse, is here meant, brother of Sir Jervois Howe, and boastfully familiar with Frances Duchess of Richmond, 1679; Charles Gerard, Lord Brandon, son of the Earl of Macclesfield, who entertained Monmouth in Cheshire, with races, in September, 1682; also George, 14th Earl of Sutherland.)

In *Satyr Unmuzzled* Frank Newport is complimented, but scurvily:

Search the whole Court, in all that blessed Race
Not one man's planted in his proper place;
Scarce one man just or faithful found to be,
Only *Frank N[ewport]*, *Henry K[illigrew]*.
Why did I name 'em, since ye all well know
When we say “ faithful ” it implies them two?
Once faulty Men, but now as just are known,
They mortgage Oaths, and lay their Honour down }
To every Footman lends them half a Crown. }

In *The Lovers' Session* (after June, 1685) he is classed with actors, Jevon and Joe Haines, also with "Villain Frank" Villiers:—

But if so low buffooning can merit our praise,
Frank Newport and *Jevon* and *Haines* must have praise . . .
 Villain *Frank*, well advis'd by a small pocket-glass
 Of his p^ump disagreeable Vermin-like Face;
 And knowing what juster pretensions would be,
 Brought the Bench a Mandamus subscrib'd *S.P.*

(So Father Godwyn, after 1682, is said to have "brought a Letter signed *S. P.*")

In a *Satyr on the Players*, 1682, Jevon is mentioned, along with Nokes, Cave, and Tony Lee (who is probably meant in our Vol. IV. p. 662, instead of Nat. Lee, actor and dramatist):

Jevon's chief bus'ness is to swear and eat,
 He'll turn procurer for a dish of meat;
 Else the poor hungry ruffian must, I fear,
 Live on grey-pease and salt for half the year.

The most laboured and continuous attack on the elder Frank Newport is in a satire erroneously attributed to Samuel Butler (in the fraudulent *Posthumous Works* in 1720, reprinted by R. Reilly, third edition, 1730). It is merely an imitation of his Hudibrastic vein, and is entitled "The Quarrel Between *Frank* and *Nan*," 1680, beginning "Of civil dudgeon many a Bard has sung, and tales have oft been heard;" with this Verse-Argument:—

Nan and *Frank*, two quondam Friends,
 In which they'd both their private ends,
 Fell from love to sudden wrath;
 Much ado is 'twixt 'em both:
 Many a *scourge* and Rogue is call'd,
 But oh! brave *Frank!* the bawd is maul'd.

One manuscript copy marks that it referred to "Lord Newport and Nan Capell the Orange Woman." There was an infusion of spite in Frank's nature; it was congenital, hereditary, for immediately after the Revolution his father, Lord Newport, who had been Treasurer in 1684, made himself busy by kicking at the overthrown Jacobites. Thus on January 28, 1688, "My Lord Newport informed the House, that my Lord *Castlemain* was in Shropshire; and so setting forth how dangerous a man he was, that he had been ambassador at Rome, etc., he moved he might be brought up in custody: which was ordered. See the Journal."—*Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon*, ii. 255. He also pertly stigmatized a communication from James II., mentioned in the Lords, by saying that "he hoped the House would not read every private man's letter: for he was no more King."—*Ibid.* ii. 259. Frank Newport died unmarried in November, 1692. On pp. 218–220 we rejoin Frank Villiers. Other persons named are separately annotated.

[From an early Manuscript.]

From Sir Roger Martin to D. of Monmouth.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Have at thy Coat, Old Woman.*

T was a foolish fancy, *Jemmy*,
 To place your trust in *Tony*;¹
 He dip'd you all in Treason,
 Then humbly dyed in season :
 When his *Spiggot* dropt out,
 The Plot ran about,
 Far beyond your *Grace's* reason. 7

'Twere fit you'd mind these matters,
 And help your Brother Traytors ;
 You left your friends together
 To stuff for one another :
 While you, we all know
 Were in *Portugall-Row*
 With a Lady and her Mother.² 14

When you went from *Jermin* street, Sir,
 Where friends you went to meet, Sir,
 Poor *Betty* was much greived, Sir,³
 You could not be beleived, Sir ;
 Had she been in the way,
 You had carry'd the day ;
 But alas ! you were deceiv'd, Sir. 21

Frank Newport's wondrous hearty,⁴
 and argues for your party ;
 His parts are most inviteing,
 And lately shin'd in writing ;
 And he bears in his face
 As much wit as your Grace :
 Which, to tell the truth, is biteing. 28

Thus, Sir, while you're attended,
 Your troubles will be ended ;
 Keep *Frank* still for your writer,
 And *Poultney* for your fighter ;⁵
 And to add to your sway,
 Turn *Foster* away,⁶
 And make poor *Harrriot* fright her.⁷ 35

Let *Forbes* have a place too,⁸
 About your mighty Grace too ;
 And *Charleton* has great reason⁹
 To look out sharp in season ;

Give *Gibbons's* place¹⁰
 To the nobler race,
 And take Sir *Richard Meason*.¹¹ 42

For he has more ways than any,
 To turn and wind the Penny;
 He'll lie beyond all measure,
 And pimping is his pleasure,
 And for his part
 he's more Rogue in his heart
 Than *Grey* or *Armstrong* either.¹² 49

May friends like these protect you,
 And none but these respect you,
 May halters, chains, and fetters
 Crown all rebellious natures;
 then in a short space
 I'd wait on your Grace,
 With a list of all your creatures. 56

[Date, probably early in January, 1682.]

Notes to the foregoing Ballad.

¹ Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, who had died at Amsterdam, in January. For the ungenerous "Spiggot" allusion to his malady, see previous volume, on the *Wine-Cooper's Delight*, p. 53.

² Monmouth's favourite mistress (after Eleanor Needham), Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, by this time supreme, and her mother Lady Wentworth. Compare later pages, in next Group, on "Monmouth at Toddington." His mistresses were singularly in the Plural.

³ Can this allude to Lady Elizabeth, Frank Newport's sister (first married to Sir Hy. Littleton, and secondly, to Edward Harvey of Coombe)?—or was it Lady Betty Jones who afterwards married Lord Kildare? Probably not Lady Betty Felton. In 1680 she was mentioned disparagingly in connection with the lewdness of the Duchess of Mazarine, in *Rochester's Farewell to the Court*:

While *Sussex*, *Broghill*, *Betty Felton* come,
 Thy $\alpha\theta\alpha\upsilon\mu$ of Honour to attend thy throne;
 For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
 Than be anointed the Imperial $\alpha\theta\alpha\mu$?

She is still worse treated in a manuscript song beginning, "Of all Quality $\alpha\theta\alpha\mu$ *Betty Felton* for me!" Barbara, Countess of Suffolk, her mother, died suddenly, after an apoplectic seizure, on the 13th December, 1681. Lady Betty Felton "was seized also with a fit of the same the next day, and died of it." They were buried on the 28th in great state, at Saffron Walden, Essex. Lady Betty's marriage had displeased her parents in July, 1675. Henry Saville noted, in a letter to Viscount Halifax, that "Mr. Felton has at last got my Lady *Betty*, and has her at lodgings at the *Mall*. Her parents are very disconsolate in the point, and my Ld. *Suffolk* swears all manner of oaths never to be reconciled."

⁴ Francis Newport, third son of Francis, first Viscount Newport, of Bradford, and Lady Diana Russell: See Introduction, pp. 213, 214.

⁵ Mr. Poulteney; second son of Sir William Poulteney, who had been removed from the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, in 1681. The son fought a duel, in July, 1682, with one Mr. Howard, and gave him a mortal wound causing death soon after. The cause was “a gentlewoman which the said Mr. Poulteney hath married.” In September, 1689, he displaced Dr. Wynne, who had been Secretary to the Lord Shrewsbury (as Secretary of State).

⁶ One Forster (male) is connected with Lady Henrietta, in a MS. *Satyr* :

Harriot will doe the thing, what e'er it cost her,
But first intends to get the sneaking Forster.

Probably Forster of Dotayl, Shropshire.

⁷ “Earl Barkley’s daughter Harriot” is the notorious Lady Henrietta, sister of Lucy and of Mary (the wife of Ford Lord Grey of Werk), who intrigued with her sister’s husband. See Howell’s *State Trials*, ix. 127, and frequent references in our pages. “Liberal” Grey coveted his *undeceased-wife’s-sister* “Hen.”

⁸ James Forbes, a Scotchman, is Dryden’s Phaleg, *Absalom and Achitophel* :

Here Phaleg, the lay *Hebronite*, is come,
'Cause like the rest he could not stay at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer even of *Hebronitish* grain. [i.e. *Scottish*.

Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injured subjects, alter'd property.

An emblem of that buzzing insect just
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.

Can dry bones live, or skeletons produce, etc. . . .
A waiting man to travelling Noble’s chose, [E. of *Derby*.

He his own laws would saucily impose,
Till bastinadoed back again he went [tost in a blanket.

To learn those manners he to teach was sent.

Chastis’d, he ought to have retreated home,

But he reads politics to Absalom;

For never *Hebronite*, though kick’d and scorn’d,

To his own country willingly return’d

But leaving famish’d Phaleg, to be fed, 350

And to talk Treason for his daily bread. Etc.

James Forbes, clerk of the green cloth, was knighted by Dutch William in 1689, as reward for his former factiousness. Such doings were quite *en règle*.

⁹ This Mr. Charlton was a gentleman of £2000 per annum, against whose serving on the jury Sir George Jeffereys took exception, at Hicks Hall Sessions, October 10, 1681. The Sheriff resisted the order of Jeffereys; altercation and adjournment followed. Charlton was one who proffered bail for Shaftesbury, in November. Probably the same person as the Francis Charlton, who was afterwards taken at Oxford, for the Rye-House Plot, in August, 1683; and again summoned by proclamation in 1685. His outlawry was reversed in April, 1689. There was a John Charlton, informed against by Lord Grey and Goodenough, but the accusation came to nothing.

¹⁰ John Gibbons was Monmouth’s “man,” valet or page, who on the 20th of February, 168½, arrested Count Königsmark at Gravesend (see p. 115). Gibbons was implicated in the Rye-House Plot, being privy to the assassination scheme, and thus compromising his master, Monmouth.

¹¹ Sir Richard Mason of Worcester Park, near Epsom, who in 1688 “married his daughter to one Mr. Brownlow of the Temple; the lady having 1600*l.* portion, and the gentleman giving 300*l.* a year pin-money, and 2000*l.* a year jointure.”

¹² Ford Lord Grey of Werk, and Sir Thomas Armstrong. See Note 7, also pp. 28, 75, 102, and the pages devoted later to the Rye-House Plot.



More Advice from Sir Roger Martin.

" His neighbour *Fenc[ick]*, with his antick face, }
 These forty years has studied *French* grimace ; }
 In ogling *C[art]wright* his delight does place. }
 Yet, so unhappy does his passion prove,
 She takes it all for dotage, not for Love :
 While poor *Frank Villiers*, full of awful fears.
 And tender Love, has follow'd many years,
 Yet no reward his constant Passion claims,
 But that he may enjoy her in his Dreams.
 His Sister does him service with her Friend,
 But Mistress *Nancy* to her cost does find
 Her feeble charms are by her Friends out-shin'd ;
 Yet strives by Art her comrade to out-do,
 Counterfeit Beauty must give place to true :
 And yet the meanest Beauty claims a part,
 E'en *Swan* can move with her old rotten heart."

—*Satirical Letter to C. W.*

HAVING given Sir Roger Martin's Remonstrance to the Duke of Monmouth, from an early manuscript, we owe it to the enlightened reader of Court Scandals in the olden time to here subjoin another piece of hitherto unprinted "Advice" from the same *Censor Morum*; but without pledging ourselves to any declaration that he and he alone was the responsible author. Children and lampoons were of doubtful parentage, both within the lustre of Whitehall and in more dusky purlieus. If we conscientiously weeded out all spurious growths, our English garden of life and literature would show many bare places. An expurgated Burke or Debrett would be of as little value as a Mason-College certificate of merit in Art or Letters. Our present business is to "trot out" the associates of Monmouth, whose characters were, unfortunately, for the most part "shady": he having chosen them sympathetically for that qualification.

In the following musical squib, to which Sir Roger Martin's name is attached in our manuscript, mention is made of Frank Villiers's lively sister Nancy; of "King John" Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave; of Phil Kirke (see p. 219); of Katy Newport (not Kate Brett, who died earlier); of Berkeley (the "Harriot" of our Monmouth's "foolish fancy"); of Jack D'Arcy, Lord Conyers Darcy's son, who dangled after Lady Betty Kildare, *née* Jones, had a weakness for old Guy's young wife, if not an actually criminal intrigue with her, and was accused of having designs on the Duchess of Grafton. These small impeachments did not disturb the fellowship with the respective husbands. Lady Cartwright also is here mentioned (whom we believe to be Sir George Cartwright's widow); and "the old Italian Dutchess," Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarine, on whom a life of excitement in gaubling and gallantry brought

premature grey hairs. "Dimple" represents Henry Herbert; Bellingham is assigned as lover to Kate in a satirical *Letter to Julian*;

O that kind Fate would order 't so, that *Bellingham* might do so too, [*i.e.* marry. And, with his folly and estate, oblige the world and marry *Kate*!

How many then full sail would enter, that in that port now dare not venture :

But tho' he's Fop enough to woo, present, and treat, and keep ado,

When he should wed—he won't come to.

The tune known as *Here's a Health to Betty* belonged to a Country Dance, but we have not yet found the original words. Tom D'Urfey set fresh lines to the tune, and printed them with the music (which is in *Popular Music*, p. 367). His verses are entitled, "The Female Quarrel; or, a Lampoon upon Phillida and Chloris." Phillida had exposed the frailties of her friend Chloris. It begins,

Of all our modern stories, To minuets sung, or Borees,

None stir the mood, as late the feud, 'Twixt *Phillida* and *Chloris*.

The same tune was used for the Pepysian Ballad, "One morning bright," with its burden and title of *Fourpence half-penny farthing*.

Note on "Magpies, Rooks, and Jack Daws," on p. 195.

A ballad on "The Magpies" gave its name to the tune of *Dumb, dumb, dumb*, or *I am the Duke of Norfolk*, in "Some Nonsense" (see Vol. IV. p. 564).

"Rook and Jack Daw" refer to a frustrated alliance of the little Nancy, whom Charles Sackville Earl of Dorset thus satirized:—

Mrs. Anne Rooke, when she lost Sir John Dawe.

L
Like a true *Irish* Merlin yt has lost her flight,
Little *Nancy* sate mumping and sullen all night,
Tho' if *Jack Daw* escap'd her, ye loss is not great,
She may yet catch a *Woodecock*, and yts better meat.

An early note in the manuscript Epigram adds "she was married after to Lord Dorset." But this appears to be an error. Dorset's first wife was Elizabeth, widow of Charles Berkeley, the Earl of Falmouth (killed in 1665); she was daughter of Colonel Hervey Bagot. Mulgrave describes her as "a teeming widow, but a barren wife." Nor can it be Dorset's second wife, for she was Mary Compton, second daughter of James, the third Earl of Northampton.

Thus *Dorset*, purring like a thoughtful Cat,
Marry'd, but wiser Puss, ne'er thought of that;
And first he worry'd her with railing rhyme,
Like *Pembroke's* mastiffs at his kindest time,
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.

Note to second verse of the Advice, on next page.

The close sequence of Phil Kirke after Mulgrave's nickname is ominous. Mrs. Kirke protested her innocence, but before July 8th her husband had severely wounded Mulgrave on her account, and "she was turn'd out of St. James's," and took "a very private sanctuary in Whitehall." Moll Kirke was in Paris married to Sir Thomas Vernon. Probably it was the same Kirke who (as second) dangerously wounded Captain Par in a duel, 6 Dec., 1681. Phil Kirke is not the Colonel Kirke, governor of Tangier in 1680^o, whom we shall meet at Bridgewater, the Shepherd of "Kirke's Lambs:" his name being Percy.

[From an Early Manuscript, Trowbesh Collection.]

Advice in a Letter to Mr. Frank Villiers.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Here's a Health to Betty.*

L Eave off your ogleing, *Francis*,
 And mind your sister *Nancy* !
 She's quite undone, if once *King John*
 Should get between her sœqœunœy. 4

I hear *Phil Kirk* does thrum, Sir,
 Your Brother's Lady [M]um, Sir ;
 'Tis ten to one he'll get a Son,
 May stand 'twixt you and home, Sir. 8

Katy's joy commences
 At ev'ry Fop's pretences ;
 Should *Dimple* bring a priest and ring,
 She'd lose her little senses. 12

My worthy friend his Brother
 Has got just such another ;
 A hopefull Imp, whose sire's a duuid,
 And a common œœœœœ her mother. 16

Barkley ne're will leave it ; [Lady *Henrietta B.*
 Propose, and she'l receive it ;
Jack Darcy knows where 'tis she blows,
 And will make affidavit. 20

Dear *Frank*, you ha'n't the art right
 To please my Lady *Cartwright* :
 Yet don't despair, for one so fair
 In time may play her part right. 24

But tho' her beauty much is,
 Contempt's a thing that touches ;
 And, if she scorn, you'd best return
 To your old *Italian* Dutchess. [*Mazarine.* 28

Now to conclude, at parting,
 All I have writ is certain,
 And so I end, your faithfull friend
 And servant, *Roger Martin.* 32



The Whigs' Downfall.

“There are a Crue of Rogues infest the Town
 would undermine the Crown,
 The *Whiggs*, the *Whiggs*, the *Whiggs*,
 The *Whiggs* I mean : Let all true *Britains* sing—
 ‘They may be hang’d, may be hang’d, may be hang’d,
 May be hang’d, and so God save the King!’”

—New Catch, to the Tune of, *There dwells a Pretty Maid*.

WE have written concerning the never-exhausted popularity of the tune, *Hey, Boys, up go we!* (Vol. IV. p. 260, etc.), but give other examples of its employment here on pp. 147 and 162.

“Wi. Williams” (see pp. 29, 224), is named in the following Loyal Song. Mr. William Williams, of Gray’s Inn, Counsellor-at-Law, and Recorder of Chester, had been Speaker of the Commons, in October, 1679. Soon after, Sir Robert Peyton became entangled in a mesh by Mrs. Cellier with Thomas Dangerfield, and was expelled the House. Peyton quarrelled with Williams, and challenged him, but only got into fresh trouble, since the other, instead of fighting, swore the peace against him, and had him arrested on warrant. That Peyton had actually caned or “batooned” him, as asserted in the song, is by no means improbable. In Whig Sheriffs’ elections Williams and Polloxfen were on their side. Having under orders licensed *Dangerfield’s Narrative*, he got into trouble, and was censured, with actions against him. Williams, like other “liberal”-minded men, ratted to the Court, and was made Solicitor-General in 1687. These self-elected Tribunes of Radical hot-beds are always the same: the noisiest Demagogues are greedy of place and plunder. They turn their coats, when bribed sufficiently, like Sir William Williams, late Speaker of the Commons.

While enjoying the lampoons that circulated in 1681 and 1682 against the factious Whigs, who in their opposition to the Court had indulged in the grossest personal attacks and seditious intrigues, we are by no means called upon to condone the faults of their enemies, when resisting or punishing them by straining the law against them in the very way which the Whigs had hitherto monopolized, by means of vexatious prosecutions, questionable testimony, and packed juries obedient to time-serving Judges. We only ask for fair remembrance that nearly every expedient which deserves censure had been previously employed against the Tories with mereless rigour and unprincipled selfishness. Whig tyranny brought about the reaction, many persons sincerely agreeing with the curt declaration of the contemporary Loyal Song, “Fanatick Zeal,”

The old Proverb doth us tell that *Each Dog will have his day*,
 And *Whig* has had his too; for which he’ll soundly pay:
 So a *Tory*, *I will be, will be, will be*, and a *Tory I will be*.

If anything beyond their former overbearing tyranny, whilst possessing a civic majority and command of mob virulence, were necessary to complete the condemnation of the party led by Shaftesbury, it would be found in their pusillanimity after defeat had fallen on them. Their victors were certainly not always generous, and the pamphleteers were quite as ready to calumniate or satirize them, in their downfall, as formerly to do their bidding against the Jesuits and Catholic Lords. Indeed, there was much more hearty detestation and humour expressed against them than had ever been displayed on their behalf. Here is one burst of satire :

The Character of a Whig.

A <i>Whigg</i> is a vermin of monstrous nature, 'Tis the Spawn of Sedition, the Devil of a Creature, That swims on the Land, and crawls on the Water.	3
Whose conscience is still at defiance with Law, Though he cringes to those that keep him in awe; Yet for King, or for Country he cares not a straw.	6
He makes it his business new brawls to create; Like powder, still upwards to fly in his face, And ne're in affection to jump with the State.	9
Three kingdoms already he once has undone, He murder'd the Father, and struck at the Son; And he'l ever drive on the designs he has begun.	12
When once he's engag'd in behalf of the Kirk, No villainy spares he, to drive on his work: He lives like a Traytor, and dyes like a <i>Turk</i> .	15
His Religious Rebellion, daub'd over and painted, Neither better nor worse than a Devil be-sainted; The Gallows and he should be better acquainted.	18
He's hot for Religion, though <i>his</i> be to choose; For Property bawler, having nothing to loose: We shall never be well, till his Neck's in a Noose.	21
<i>Which no body can deny!</i>	

Undated, as usual, we suppose the following ballad to belong to the same time of issue as "Religion a Cloak for Villainy" (see Vol. IV. p. 250), to which the last verse but one bears reference. It appeared, in white-letter, after the reaction set in, when the Plot-Evidences no longer found judicial support. Possibly it was after the discovery of the Rye-House Plot in June, 1683, but this is improbable. We incline to the date 1681. The allusion to the Habeas Corpus Act, passed in 1679, of itself might indicate that the ballad appeared not long afterwards.

On next page, line 34, "Priscian's a little scratched." The meaning is clearly, "Our present men are grown to be like old President Bradshaw of the evil days, 1641 to 1648." A quibble on *precedent*. We should have preferred to find,

Now our Presidents are grown Like him of *Forty-Eight*,
The Evil race of *Forty-One*: Ours balance them in weight, etc.

The Whigs' Down-fall.

TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go We.*

NOW, now the *Anti-Christian* Crew
 Shall all go down, because
 Our *Magistrates* do well pursue
 And execute the Laws :
 Those Rascals, who do always rail
 Against all Law with spight,
 Would make a Law against the Law :
 Great *York* should lose his Right. 8

To perfect which, they made their choice,
 Of *Parliaments* of late,
 Of Members that had nought but *Voice*,
 And *Megrims* in their Pate.
Wi. Williams he the Speaker was,
 And is 't not wondrous strange ?
 The Reason 's plain, he told it was
 Because they " would not change." [Cf. Epigram, next p.

He told you Truth, nor think it strange ;
 He knew well their intent,
 They never meant themselves to change,
 But change the Government :
 For now, cry they, " The King 's so poor,
 He dares not with us part ;
 And therefore we most Loyally
 Will break his Royal Heart. 24

" The *Habeas Corpus* Act is past,
 Then so far we are safe ;
 He can't imprison us so fast,
 But strait we have Relief :
 He can't deny us ought we ask,
 In so much need he stands ;
 And before that we do Money give,
 We 'l tye up both his Hands. 32

" The President of *Forty-One*,
 Which were till *Forty-Eight*, [See opposite p.
 Now our Presidents are grown :
 For why ? they had their weight.
 So weighty were they, they cut off
 Our *Royal Monarch's* Head ;
 The self-same reason bids us now
 To act the self-same deed. 40

“ And when we have a Martyr made
 Of anoth'r Gracious King,
 Then all the *Traitorous Plots* we 've laid
 We 'll to perfection bring :
 And, to protect our wicked Deeds,
Religion shall go down :
 We 'll rout out all the *Royal Seed*,
 Pretenders to the Crown. 48

“ Thus, having *Monarchy* destroy'd,
 We'll govern by Free-Will;
 The *Light of th' Spirit* shall be our Guide,
 Then what can Man do ill ?
 ☞ *Religion* is the surest Cloak
 To hide our Treachery ;
 The Rabble we 'll confine to th' Yoak,
 Pretending to be *free*.” 56

Therefore, my Country-men, trust not
 Where *Religion* 's the pretence ;
 For if you do, you 'll find a *Plot*
 To destroy your Innocence.
 For those who lead you to *Rebel*,
 You 'l find i' th' close to be
 Pure Instruments were sent from Hell,
 To foment *Treachery*. 64

We add the *Epigram*. Sir Trevor Williams, of Monmouthshire, and John Arnold, were fined £10,000, Nov. 1683, for slander. Also Barnardiston. *Cf.* p. 79.

On W. Williams.

Williams, this tame submission suits thee more.
 Than the mean payment of thy Fine before.
 Poor Wretch ! who after taking down thy arms,
 Has a Court-smile such over-ruling Charms ?
 Bankrupt in Honour, now art tumbled down
 Below the abject'st creature of a Crown.
 Is this the Man the wiser World did wait on ?
 Unworthy now the very [rod] of *Peyton*.
 What will Sir *Trevor Williams*, *Barnardiston*,
 And *Arnold* say, but that he should be [h]iss'd on ?
 Is this *Wi : Williams*, who made such a noise,
 Dreadful to all the lewd “ Abhorring ” Boys ?
 Is this *Wi : Williams*, Spark of Resolution,
 Who was so fierce for Bill of *pen* Exclusion ?
 Is this *Wi : Williams*, spoke the thing so strange ?
 “ *Great Sir, your Commons are not given to change !* ”
 Is this *Wi : Williams*, now at last set right ?
 Is't so ? Then, Drawer, light me down to [-night].

The Loyall Sheriffs of London.

“No more shall Shrieves *Whig-Juries* blind,
And Loyalists shall Justice find;
Nor *Ignoramus* Law prevail,
A curse o’ th’ Nation to entail.”

—*A New Year’s Gift to the Templars.* 168 $\frac{2}{3}$.¹

DEMAGOGUES revel in a theme that gives such opportunities for rant about Liberty, “the encroachments of Tyranny on chartered rights,” and the venal corruption of everybody who does not worship King Mob; but we are unable ourselves to feel much excitement over the contested election of July to September, 1682, in which the Court-party managed to secure the triumph of the two nominees desired, whom the sharp practices of the predecessor Sheriffs had vainly tried to overthrow. Dudley North accepted the distinction thrust upon him, but Ralph Box timidly shrank from the trouble and insults which threatened him, while party-spite was so unscrupulous and fanatical. Declining to serve, he in September paid the exemption fine (£400; in those days a heavy sum), and retreated into the seclusion which he better loved. Peter Rich took his place.

Although beaten in contest for the shrievalty by legal wiles, the favourers of Papillion and Dubois refused to accept defeat without another struggle. In this they were biassed by Shute and Pilkington (who was afterwards to be thrice Lord Mayor, and a zealous Orangeite: see *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 485, 486). Charges and counter-charges were freely bandied. For irregularly continuing or resuming the election of Sheriffs, after the Lord Mayor had adjourned the assembly, there was a committal of Shute and Pilkington, the penalty for contempt. Then followed a spiteful and ridiculous arrest of the Lord Mayor, on shallow pretences. This event forms the subject of another but later *Loyal Song*, entitled “Ryot upon Ryot; or, A Cant upon the Arresting the Loyal Lord Mayor and Sheriffs;” sung to the tune of *Burton Hall, Ignoramus*, or *London’s Loyalty* (by Tom D’Urfey, a song beginning, “Rowze up, great Genius of this Potent Land,” see p. 246). It thus commences:

Rowze up, great Monarch in the Royal Cause,
The great Defender of our Faith and Laws!
Now, now, or never, crush the Serpent’s Head,
Or else the poyson through the Land will spread.
The noble *Mayor* and his two Loyal *Shrieves*,
Bearing the Sword, ’s assaulted by usurping Thieves;
Who their rebellious Ryots would maintain by Law:
Oh, London! London! where’s thy Justice now? . . .

¹ See note on this ditty, of date January, 168 $\frac{2}{3}$, on p. 231, before “Dagon’s Fall.”

Was this the way your Ryots to repair,
 In spite o' th' *Charter* to arrest the *Mayor* ?
 And 'gainst the *Sheriffs* your sham Actions bring,
 'Cause justly chosen, and approv'd by th' King ?
 What call you this but *Treason* ? whilst the Fool,
 That did arrest the *Mayor*, expects to rule ;
 And, save his own, no other power would allow :
Oh, London ! London ! Where's thy Charter now ?

Another was entitled "Loyalty Tryumphant ; on the Confirmation of Mr. *North* and Mr. *Rich*, Sheriffs of London and Middlesex," to the tune of, *Joy to the Bridegroom and the Bride*. It begins

Fill up the Bowl, and set it round,
 The day is won, the *Sheriffs* crown'd,
 The Rabble flies, the tumults yield,
 And Loyalty maintains the Field.
 Saint *George* for *England* then amain,
 To Royal Healths the ocean drain.

The following ditty was sung to the tune called *The Riddle of the Roundhead*, so named from the ballad which commenced thus :—

Now at last the Riddle is expounded,
 Which so long the Nation has confounded,
 For the Roundhead
 Begins the game again
 Which so well they play'd in Forty-four ;
 Now with greater hope :
 For the fine Sham-Plots will ne'r give o'er,
 Till they piously have routed King and Pope.

** The Loyal Song entitled *London's Lamentation for the Loss of her Charter*, belonging to 1683, is necessarily separated from this ballad, which it logically follows. Before coming to it, we must consider the effects of all these defeats upon the prospects and the health of Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, now growing desperate at defections, pusillanimity, and divided counsels, where he had been hitherto the almost undisputed leader in all sedition.

Immediately preceding it, on p. 229, we give some of those promised transcripts from State-Papers, mentioned on p. 650 of our Vol. IV., which help to instruct us in the knowledge of the great cobweb which was catching so many small flies. Anticipating its own proper place (which is *after* the discovery of the Rye-House Plot), we give on p. 250 "London's Lamentation for the Loss of the City Charter."

The Jenkins of our p. 230 is not Sir Leoline, but a fanatic minister, William, who with Dr. Owen was proceeded against on the Five Mile Act, in December 1681 ; with Dr. Doolittle was carried to prison in October, 1684, and died in Newgate on the following January 29th. "From *Jenkins's* Homilies drawn through the nose," is one of the clauses in "*A Loyal Litany from Geneva*," 168½, demanding the emphatic *Libera nos, Domine !* (See p. 197, where it is given complete.)

The Loyal Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, upon their Election.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Now at last the Riddle is expounded.*

NOW at last the Matter is decided,
 Which so long the Nation has divided,
 Misguided
 By Interest and blind Zeal,
 Which so well in *Forty-Four* they acted ;
 Now with greater heat
 They again act o're, like Men distracted,
 To give to *Monarchy* a new Defeat. 8

Famous *North*, of noble Birth and Breeding, [Sir Dudley N.
 And in Loyal Principles exceeding,
 Is pleading
 To stand his Countrey's Friend,
 To do justice to the King and Nation,
 Some so much oppose,
 To renew the work of *Reformation*,
 And carry on again the *Good Old Cause*. 16

Next, renowned *Box*, as high commended, [Sir Ralph B.
 And of Loyal Parentage descended,
 Intended
 To do the City right,
 With true Courage, and firm Resolution,
 He the *Hall* adorns ;
 But the Heads were all in great Confusion,
 Such din there was and rattling with their Horns. 24

“ Prick up ears, and push for one another,
 Let not *Box* (an old *Malignant*), Brother,
 Nor t' other,
 Our Properties command.
 He's a King's-man, *North* is nothing better, [Al. lect. Malignant.
 They walk hand in hand :
 He, you know, is the Lord-Mayor's Creature,
 And therefore 'tis not fit that they should stand. 32

“ Where are now our *Liberties* and *Freedom* ?
 Where shall we find friends when we sho'd need 'em,
 To bleed 'em,
 And pull the *Tories* down ?
 To push for our Int'rest, who can blame us ?
 Sheriffs rule the Town.
 When we lose our darling *IGNORAMUS*,
 We lose the Combat, and the day 's their own. 40

“ Then let every man stand by his Brother,
Poll o're ten times, *Poll* for oue another ;
 What a Pother
 You see the *Tories* make ;
 Now or never, now to save your *Charter*,
 Or your hearts will ake ;
 If it goes for them, expect no *Quarter* :
 If Law and Justice rule, our heels must shake. 48

“ Rout, a rout ! joyn 'Prentice, Boor, and Peasant !
 Let the *White-hall* party call it Treason,
 'Tis but reason
 We should our Necks defend.
 Routs and riots, tumults and sedition,
Poll 'em o're again,
 These do best agree with our condition :
 If *Monarchy* prevail, we're all lost men. 56

“ The Lord *Mayor* is Loyal in his Station, [Sir John Moore.
 'Las, what will become o' the Reformation
 O' th' Nation,
 If the *Sheriffs* be Loyal too ?
 Wrangle, brangle, huff, and keep a clatter ;
 If we lose the Field,
Poll 'em o're again, it makes no matter :
 For tho' we lose the day, we scorn to yield. 64

“ Ten for *Box*, and twenty for *Papillion*, [Thomas P.
North a thousand, and *Dubois* a million : [John Dubois.
 What Villain
 Our Interest dare oppose ? ”—
 With those noble *Patriots* thus they sided,
 To uphold the *Cause* ;
 But the good Lord Mayor the Case decided :
 And once again two *Loyal Worthies* chose. 72

Noble *North* and famous *Box* promoted,
 By due course and legal Choice allotted,
 They Voted
 To be the City *Shrieves*,
 And may they both to *London's* Commendation
 Her Ancient Rights restore,
 To do that Justice to the King and Nation
 Which former *Factions* have deny'd before. 80

London, Printed for *N. Thompson*, 1682.

[White-letter Broadside. No woodcut. Date, July or September, 1682.]

A Note on Secret Intelligence. (See p. 229.)

From the veritable "Information" and secret intelligence that had been sent to Sir Lionel Jenkins (preserved among the State Papers, whence we copy them direct), a few specimens may serve to show into what a state of disquieted suspicion the country was fallen, thanks to the Shaftesbury policy exciting terrors of Popery and encouraging treacherous betrayals of neighbours or employers. His own adherents were now meeting retributive reprisals. Two are from records dated a few days after the Oxford Parliament was dissolved. One S.C. writes from Chichester, April 1st, 1681:—

There is a bold impudent young fellow in this City, his name is *James Landor*, who dares speak evill of dignities, both here and through^t this county, where he is made an Emissarie to do that mischief . . . When the news came to *Chichester* that y^e King had dissolved the Parliament, he came into a public house and boldly uttered these words, "What, has the King dissolved the parliament? Then lett all of us that voted for them goe our selves in person to *Oxford* to make good what wee have done:" or words to that purpose, and it is doubted by good men that if he be left at large, he may be sent abroad the second time to doe more mischief in the present juncture of affaires.—(*State Papers, Domestic, Car. II., No. I. 8.*)

Endorsed "*Advice, 13 Apr. 1681.*"—To the Rt. Honble. Sir Leoline Jenkins, Knt., his Mates Principal Secretary of State at Whitehall:

Doddington, April 11, 1681. Rt. Honble. There is one *Laurence Morris* comitted to *Ely Goal* [*sic*] by Sr. *Lio: Walden* for dispersing seditious pamphlets, and particularly a half sheet entituled *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, of which he had 1400, and has dispersed y^e greatest part of them. He saith that he had them from one *Brooksby* a Bookseller, who may be easily found out. . . . Etcetera. (Signed) *N.*

Joshua Bowes of *St. Andrew's Holburn*, in deposition 11th day of Nov., 1682, makes oath that *Elkanah Settle* gave him the Libell entituled '*Mae's Triumph*' in imitation of *The King of Poland's Last Will and Testament*. The first line of the said Libell beginning thus:—

My Game is won, then *Patrick*, tell me why.

And the last line ends thus:—

Then let my praise be tun'd to *Roger's* fidle.

Settle affirmed himself the author of *Mae's Triumph*, also of *The Character of a Popish Successor*, and of *Absalom Senior*; and that Speaker *Williams* sent five guineas to *Settle* for having written half a dozen lines in his favour in *Absalom Senior*.—(*State Paper Office, Ibid., No. 343.*)

This gives important evidenee, not merely of the wretched poetaster, hack pamphleteer, and double Turn-coat "True Blue Protestant Poet" *Elkanah Settle* (who became Romanist after the accession of James II., and "True Blue Protestant" again when Dutch William stept into supremaey); but establishes incontrovertibly the fact that the bitter satire on Shaftesbury, entituled *The Last Will and Testament of Anthony King of Poland*, was not a fiendish howl of exultation over the dead exile, but was a more excusable jest, anticipative of his decease and issued at the time of his fall from power, while he had still two months to live. It was a merry rehearsal of the dispersal of his effects (including his ears, his venomed teeth, his clothes, and his bowels): written to lampoon

his projected *Association*, by exemplifying the worthlessness of his chosen companions, Monmouth, Armstrong, Howard, Grey of Werk, Titus Oates, Richard Baxter, and the hireling scribbler Harry Care, who became a Romanist, and died not long after. It begins,

My *Tap* is run, then *Baxter* tell me why
Should not the good, the great *Potapski* dye?
Grim *Death*, who lays us all upon our backs,
Instead of *Scythe* doth now advance his *Axe*:
And I, who all my life in broils have spent,
Intend at last to make a *Settlement*.

Imprimis, for my *Soul* (though I had thought
To 've left that thing, I never minded, out),
Some do advise, for fear of doing wrong,
To give it *him*, to whom it doth belong.
But I, who all Mankind have cheated, now
Intend likewise to cheat the *Devil* too:
Therefore I leave my *Soul* unto my *Son*,
For he (as wise men think) as yet has none.¹ Anthony, 2nd Earl.

Then for my *Polish Crown*, that pretty thing,
Let *Mon*[*mouth*] take 't, who longs to be a King!
His empty Head soft Nature did design
For such a light and airy Crown as mine.

With my *Estate*, I'll tell you how it stands:
Jack Ketch shou'd have my *Clothes*, the King my *Lands*.

Item. I leave the *p_uuuep Association*
To all the wise disturbers of the Nation.
Not that I think they'l gain their ends thereby,
But that they may be hang'd as well as I

But first to *Titus* let my *Ears* be thrown, [T. Oates.
For he, 'tis thought, will shortly lose his own.

I leave old *Baxter* my invenom'd *Teeth*, [Richard B.
To bite and poison all the *Bishops* with

Let *Jenkins* in a *Tub* my worth declare, [Wm., see p. 226.
And let my *Life* be writ by *Harry Care*. Etcetera.

¹ W. D. Christie, who was quite incapable of relishing a joke, discharged some of his bile against Dryden for having mentioned Shaftesbury's heir as "that unfeathered two-legged thing, his son." Plato's man had not entered into his field of vision. Did the poor creature never once get outside of his dull coterie, into any feast of reason and flow of soul, where a witticism was welcome? Was he the descendant of a race of irrisible "Elect" Presbyterians, to whom Lyndsay, Dunbar, Allan Ramsay, Burns, Scott, Galt, Aird, Christopher North, and the immortal creator of "Bon Gualtier," "Firmillian," and "The Glenmutchkin Railway," were strictly prohibited, "banned and barred, forbidden fare"? One is puzzled to conceive of such a person's childhood. Play he could not, and it must have been difficult to be *always* picking and stealing, gormandizing and tale-bearing. To keep such an individual outside of Gartnavel, Morningside Asylum, or the Crichton Institute may have been somewhat meritorious in his countrymen, but was scarcely fair to us Englishmen, since it permitted him to insult "Glorious John" Dryden, by pretending to "edit" his works, without having the slightest comprehension of his genius, sympathy with his nature, or knowledge of his life and times. This is "what no fellow can understand," except the *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus*, who follows no general rule.



Dagon's Fall, 1682.

" Old *Tony's* fled, from Justice gone, and all his Shamming Plots are done ;
The Plague is ceas'd and gone away, then let us make a Holy-day.

And to great Charles, our gracious King, in joyful consorts let us sing.

" To *Amsterdam* the Traytor's fled, to save his false designing Head,
Thither the Holy Brethren crowd: a murrain scatter all the Brood !

That to great Charles, our gracious King, in joyful consorts we may sing.

" At *Hague* they keep their Rendezvou, like Crows this Carrion they pursue,
Waller and Willmore, all the crew, with *Starkey, Smith*, the chase pursue :

Whilst to great Charles, our gracious King, we'll in a joyful consort sing.

" But now the *Wolf* is gone astray, the harmless *Sheep* may sport and play ;
When *Traytors* dare not shew their face, then Honest men shall come in place ;

Who to great Charles, our gracious King, will in a joyful consort sing."

—*A New Year's Gift to the Templars. 1682.*¹

THE flight of Shaftesbury marked the turning-point of a great struggle. It was an absolute acknowledgement of defeat ; not only because the forces of the Court were at last found to be too strong for his resistance, but also because he saw that the divisions and incongruities of his own Camp certainly presaged approaching ruin. He, the Machiavellian Plotter, was accused of rashness. His advice was now disregarded, and he was over-ruled in council by the temporizing of the self-conceited half-duped Russell, the incurable frivolity of Monmouth, the secret treachery of Grey, and the cowardly procrastination of John Trenchard. Therefore, foreseeing the inevitable collapse of all that he had intrigued and plotted to secure, he avoided the impending fate of any glorious martyrdom, and selfishly sought his own safety by flight to Holland. He fled, moreover, in such chagrin and disgust as acted on his already enfeebled frame, and speedily brought death to him in his place of exile : to the relief of the Dutch statesmen and burghers, who began to fear lest they might be troubled on his account, and liked not his fellow-outlaws.

So far as we have evidence, and there must be much more remaining for study in the State archives of Holland, or in private families of Amsterdam, Shaftesbury was not in close intercourse

¹ This loyal outburst was written in honour of Sir Edmund Saunders being sworn in as Lord Chief-Justice of England, 23rd January 1682² : a great blow to the Whigs. The "New Year's Gift" was sung to the tune of Tom D'Urfey's "Joy to the Bridegroom fill the Sky !" a song of 1682 : not Thomas Randolph's "Joy to the Bridegroom and the Bride !" which was much earlier, *circa* 1633. The refugees named above are annotated on other pages, Sir William Waller, John Wilmore, John Starkey, and Aaron Smith : see pp 236, 79, 238, etc. "The Wolf" is one of Shaftesbury's many titles, others being Tapski, Potapski, King of Poland, Three-Names, The Cooper, Jehu, Achitophel, Little Machiavel, Sejanus, Dagon, the Badger, the Fox, and the favourite 'Tony. John Starkey, bookseller, had in 1682 reprinted Bacon's *Government of England* ; having been complained of, he absconded. See, more fully, the quotation on p. 236.

with the chief citizens. He had fallen into a disreputable coterie of Brownist sectaries. Those last weeks of his life were spent miserably, with petty annoyances, petty companionships, petty intrigues. No wonder is it that he rapidly fell away, and died within two months after his arrival in Holland.¹

Like the obnoxious busybody Sir William Waller, and the "pestilent Scot" Robert Ferguson (the *Arod* and *Judas* of Dryden's and Nahum Tate's *Absalom* and *Achitophel*), he had been made a citizen, on his own petition. It was not an unsolicited honour, if honour it can be reckoned. That he was forced to crave such protection against demands for his extradition from the States which he had once officially denounced, ten years before, in the words *Delenda est Carthago!* may have added little to his mortification. But it is none the less impressive as an instance of historical retribution.

O World, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin as 'twere in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour.
On the dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues.

But neither in the case of Coriolanus, nor in that of Shaftesbury, did the morning's reflection justify the evening's amusement of reconciliation. It is safer to keep constant to our friendships and also to our antagonisms. Wise men always do. Of course, when they have shot their foes, they can afford to love them ; but not before.

On arrival at Amsterdam, Shaftesbury had lodged for a week in Wann Street, at an inn ostentatiously called the Bible, and he died at the house of a broken Coffee-man, one Keck, a Brownist elder. Robert Ferguson delivered his interminable harangues at the Brownist meeting-house, and must have been a noisy companion : but Shaftesbury left him forty pounds in the will which he made four days before death closed the weary struggle. The end came on Sunday forenoon, the 21st of January, 1683.

Massal, an Italian spy and self-elected correspondent of Archbishop Saneroff, reported Shaftesbury's movements. His papers are preserved in the Record Office. His affectation of piety sits ill on him, he being an unscrupulous adventurer, who offered to assassinate

¹ He had left Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, at Michaelmas, 1682, and lurked in obscure places, chiefly in his favourite Wapping, sending messages to his fellow-plotters, till their procrastination made him despair. He left England so late as November 28th, and sailed from Harwich. A list of his associates is on pp. 236 and 237, while p. 240 gives satirically the *Last Association* of all.

William Waller, "for the good of man and glory of God." But he thought that a sanctimonious phrase would be acceptable when writing to a Prelate: even to so blameless a man as Sancroft, who had protected him in London, having known him as a Turin pervert from Romanism. Massal wrote: "The pride of man comes sooner or later to be punished by Divine Justice. [Which no body can deny.] *The Earl* was confined to his bed very ill since the first days of his fatal arrival in this city; the Gout, to which he was constitutionally subject, having seized him in the stomach; and being attended by so much grief, which his intrigues, so pernicious for all *England*, caused him. In fine, all natural causes, assisted by God's providence, made him pay the tribute to Nature, in spite of himself and his extraordinary ambition."

It was a worse than untended death-bed, for the presence of the secret traitor Ferguson, and the illiterate illiberal rabble of a Brownist conventicle must have made death itself a pleasant exchange. Macaulay writes of it:—"Shaftesbury, indeed, had escaped the fate which his manifold perfidy had well deserved." But we are by no means inclined to tolerate any exultation over the death in exile, defeat, and humiliation of the one man who had hitherto for many long years displayed unconquerable courage, inexhaustible resources, cheerfulness, far-reaching vision, and self-reliance. Surely in him was combined a large proportion of the qualities that not only lead a hero to distinction, but, if wisely directed, confer lasting benefit on mankind. This wise direction was generally lacking. To a far greater degree than that deep thinker, Burke, of whom the words were long afterwards written, Shaftesbury "to party gave up what was meant for mankind," and reaped the punishment. All the powers that wait on man seem to have conspired at his birth to bestow their separate gifts upon him. But the one best gift of all had been withheld: the knowledge how to turn the others to account, in purity, in honesty, in faithfulness and love. In the course of these pages we have not scrupled to dissent from his views and rebuke his actions. Unseen or manifest he had been the wire-puller, the *Deus ex Machinâ* of every intrigue and wickedness, either in original wrong-doing or in the evil which came as reprisal and consequence. But while we remember the paltry tricksters that remained, when *he*, who had guided them, had gone away to die like a poisoned rat in the land he had long hated, we cannot help revering his better qualities, his intellect, courage, and ambition. Instead of adding a flint-stone to his cairn, we lay our humble tribute on his grave.

Dagon's Fall.

[Being a Loyal Song of Exultation ober Shaftesbury's Flight.]

TO THE TUNE OF, *Philander*. [See Vol. IV. p. 38.]

A II, cruel bloody Fate! What can'st thou now do more?
 Alas! 'tis now too late, poor *Tony* to restore:
 Why should the flattering Fates persuade
 That *Tony* still should live,
 In *England* here, or in *Holland* there,
 Yet all our hopes deceive? 6

A noble Peer he was, and of notorious Fame;
 But now he's gone (alas!) a Pilgrim o'er the Main:
 The Prop and Pillar of our hope,
 The Patron of our *Cause*,
 The Scorn and Hate of Church and State,
 The Urchin of the Laws. [Urchin=hedgehog. 12

Of matchless Policy was this Renowned Peer,
 The bane of Monarchy, the People's hope and fear; -
 The Joy of all true Protestants,
 The *Tories'* Scorn and Dread:
 But now he's gone, who curst the Throne,
 Alas! poor *Tony's* fled! 18

For *Commonwealth* he stood, pretending *Liberty*;
 And for the Publick Good would pull down Monarchy;
 The *Church* and *State* he would divorce,
 The Holy *Cause* to Wed:
 And in time did hope to confound the *Pope*,
 To be himself the Head. 24

A *Tap* in 's side he bore, to broach all sorts of Ill,
 For which Seditious Store the Croud ador'd him still :
 He spit his venom through the Town ;
 With which the Saints, possess,
 Would Preach and Prate 'gainst Church and State,
 While he perform'd the rest. 30

When any change of State or Mischief was at hand,
 He had a working Pate, and Devil at command ;
 He forg'd a *Plot*, for which the heads
 Of Faction gave their Votes :
 But now the *Plot* is gone to Pot,
 What will become of *Oates* ? 36

Under the fair pretence of *Right, Religion, Law*,
 Exeluding the true *Prince*, the Church h' would overthrow :
 With such religious Shams he brought
 The Rabble on his side,
 And for his sport, the *Town* and *Court*
 In parties would divide. 42

Now, what 's become of all his squinting Policy ?
 Which wrought your *Dagon's Fall*, from Justice fore'd to flie.
 Old and decrepid, full of pains,
 As he of Guilt was full,
 He fell to Fate, and now (too late)
 He leaves us to condole. 48

Now, learn, ye *Whigs* ! in time, by his deserved fall,
 To expiate his Crime, e're Fate revenge you all ;
 For *Rights, Religion, Liberty*,
 Are but the sham pretence
 To *Anarchy* : but *Loyalty*
 Obeys the Lawful Prince. 54

FINIS.

[In White-letter. Printed for Nat. Thompson. No woodcut, but we add a rough old cut which was intended to represent Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, the 'Tony of this ballad. Date, December, 1682, before his death.]

** A quite distinct composition, April, 1680 (in the Editor's private collection), is *Dagon's Fall: or, Sir William Waller Turned out of Commission*. It begins,

Good God ! what means this sudden alteration ?
 The Fop that has so long disturb'd the Nation,
 By 's pride and pomp and power, is now *turn'd out*,
 And hardly pity'd by the silly Rout.
 He was as stout and lofty as old *Hector*,
 Usurp'd the power of our puny *Protector*,
 As fierce and cruel as a Tyger's whelp.
 He wanted neither strength, nor art, nor help
 To do and undo ; he was grown so great
 That the Creation was amaz'd to see 't.
 He had his Coach and Horses, Footmen too,
 And into the City rode, to make a shew ;
 But little thought, when drawn by *Whitaker*, [Edw., see p. 79.
 His fatal downfall it had been so near. *Etcetera*.

There followed, *An Answer to Dagon's Fall; or, The Knight turn'd out of Commission* : being a Vindication of Sir *W[illiam] W[aller]*. It begins thus,

He that lately writ the Fall of *Dagon*
 Is a rigid *Papist* or a *Pagan*.
 But over-ruling Providence, that must
 With humane projects play, as Wind with Dust,
 From whose all-seeing Eye no clandestine
 Plots or Conspiracies to undermine
 Prince, Church, or State, there's none so well can hide, etc.

No printer's name or date mentioned, but April 1680. There was a third pamphlet bearing the same title, *Dagon's Fall, or the Charm Broke*. It is a single sheet printed on both sides, in prose, commencing thus: "So now things begin," etc. London: Printed for John Smith, 1681.

Sir William Waller has often been mentioned in these pages, but merely incidentally. He comes not prominently into the foreground, but deserves the hearty contempt he excited among his political antagonists. He preceded Shaftesbury in his flight to Holland. His pecculations, malignity, and hypocrisy were well known, but he was a useful man to do dirty work, and took care to enrich himself during its performance. We endorse the character of him given by the spy Massal, a few days after the Earl's death, although the cool offer to arrange for Waller's assassination is atrocious, of course, but a noteworthy incident of the time:—"If it is necessary to get rid of the Knight, inasmuch as he is a perpetual firebrand, I know very well the most infallible means of doing it, which I will put in execution when it is wished, and there will be opportunity of putting the wife to bed without making her cry, as is said in the proverb; for he is very debauched in wine and women. I know him too well not to know his hypocrisy and natural malignity; and this is why I should think I did nothing wrong in contributing to the death of a man who desires to ruin a kingdom." This benevolent offer was declined, let it be written to the credit of government: Waller was left to his natural death in 1699, but was not hanged.

Of Sir William Waller and the other refugees in Amsterdam, when Shaftesbury arrived, the following account is from our private Collection at Molash:—

"His Lordship found but very cold entertainment there, for the *Delenda est Carthago*, which was by publick Order of the *States General* entred upon their Books of Journals, came fresh into their memories, so that he was neither Complimented upon his arrival, nor any notice taken of him by either the Magistrates or Ministers of the Establish'd Church there; nor indeed by any other sort of people than a few pitiful *Brownists*, the despised Dissenters of *Holland*, such persons being his companions as had either fled from Justice like himself, or were the sons of Traitors, and persons disaffected to the Person of his Majesty and his Government, such as Mr. [Richard] Cromwel, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Fenner, Mr. Medley, Alderman Freeman, Israel Hayes, Hayes's Son, Thomas Garret and John Starkey, who, for printing divers seditious and treasonable Pamphlets, was forced to leave the *Mitre*, and hang upon his Lordship for subsistence, but gave him little Reputation among the sober and discerning Protestants of that country, as will appear by a letter from thence to a worthy Citizen of London, and a Speech made to the Lords the *Burge-masters* by the late English Consul [on his departure, to be succeeded by Henry Bull, Merchant], which I here present the Reader with."—*Memoirs of the Life of Anthony, late Earl of Shaftesbury; with a Speech of the English Consul at Amsterdam concerning him, and a Letter from a Burger there about his [Shaftesbury's] Death*. London, Printed for Walter Davis. 1683.

The Dutch burger's Letter, printed and mentioned, is in answer to one concerning the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir William Waller, and Mr. Robert Ferguson. It relates the satisfaction felt at the Earl's death, as it relieved Holland from being compromised, and the hopes that it would "disperse the small inconsiderable Party he had with him in our City. When his Lordship first came to Amsterdam, his Agents Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Israel Hayes and others, endeavoured

to perswade us that there were several Noblemen, and above two hundred Rich Merchants of London that all designed to quit England, and, if possible, get themselves made Burgers of our City; all which proves very false, for I find that these great numbers of Rich Noblemen and Merchants are sum'd up in a Bankrupt Knight [Sir William Waller], a scandalous Scotch Independent Parson [Robert Ferguson], formerly Teacher of the Brownist-Church in Amsterdam, and about two or three miserable poor Printers and Booksellers [John Starkey, for one], who, now the Earl is dead, must either live upon the Poors-Box of the Brownist Church, or else, with Ropes about their necks, beg their Pardons of the mercifullest of Princes. And here give me leave to remark something you mention in yours to me, and that was where you say, *that certainly the turbulent restless soul of the Lord Shaftesbury could not long subsist and live amongst such a Rascality of People as his Lordship had to converse with*; the which I understand was one great cause that hastened his Death: for I am informed, that when he found that the Magistrates and Ministers of Amsterdam did not visit and court him, as was promised his Lordship by the English Phanatics at Amsterdam, especially being refused to be made an *Upper Burger*, as they term it here, and his Lordship receiving rather a discouragement from the Magistrates than otherwise, I say this was it which seemed to shorten his days, and so he died miserably in a Broken Coffee-man's House [by name *Abraham Keek*], one of the *Elders* of the *Brownists'* Church."

Shaftesbury's Farewell.

"No sooner was my Soul discharg'd of Clay,
But up it sprang, and pinion'd quick its way;
I pass'd the Orbs with wonder and delight,
And wa' n't took notice of all my flight;
At last, on Heaven's Battlements I stay'd,
And all that bright Imperian round survey'd;
Observ'd how the *Primum Mobile* did fly
Ten thousand times more swifter than the eye:
The vast Expanse did all with Glory shine,
A Gate of Pearl did on my right hand stand,
And *Peter* (as I guess, by th' Keys in 's hand)
Who ope'd the door, and all pure Souls receiv'd:
I thought to enter too, but was deceiv'd."

—A Congratulation of the Protestant Joyner. 168 $\frac{2}{3}$.

IN "Dagon's Fall" we had a Loyal Song of Exultation over Shaftesbury's Flight. In the following Loyal Poem we have a not ungenerous Elegie upon his death, from one of those who had been his political foes. There is more *heart* in it than will be found among the affected eulogiums and rhapsodies that came from the purchased hirelings, bidden to praise him when the extent of loss to the factious sectaries and conspirators began to be appreciated.

Charles II. felt no personal animosity against Shaftesbury, and did not permit any interruption of the funeral rites or honours paid to the corpse on its return to Wimborne St. Giles. Charles I. had acted less generously against Sir John Eliot's remains, in November, 1632: unjustifiably, except on the plea of timid policy, knowing that Pym would have worked mischief by some seditious display.

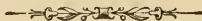
It was gratifying to ascertain (as shown on p. 229) that

- 1.—“The Last Will and Testament of Anthony King of Poland” was not a heartless rejoicing after his death, but a merry anticipation of it as a possibility. It begins, “My Tap is run.” We give extracts from it on p. 230, and here mention other poems.
- 2.—“*Sejanus*; or, the Popular Favourite in his Solitude and Sufferings,” belongs to the few weeks in Holland before his death. It begins, “Is this thy glory now? is this thy Pride?”
- 3.—“*Tony's Soliloquies*,” thus beginning, “When the Plot I first invented,” is of earlier date, but after the Ignoramus trial.
- 4.—“The Case is altered Now; or, the Conversion of *Anthony*, King of *Poland*; publish'd for Satisfaction of the Sanctify'd Brethren.” Begins, “Ev'n as a *Lyon*, with his Paws uprear'd.”
- 5.—“The King of *Poland's* Last Speech to his Countrey-men,” beginning “I know, you hop'd all once to be.”
- 6.—“The Politician's Downfall; or, *Potapski's* Arrival in the *Netherlands*, and the Congratulation of the Protestant Joyner at their Meeting.” Begins, “Is *Tapski* dead? Why then the States-men ly'd.”
- 7.—“A Congratulation of the Protestant Joyner to *Anthony* King of *Poland*, upon his Arrival in the Lower World.” Begins, “Welcome, my Lord, unto these *Stygian* Plains.” (See our motto, on p. 237, extracted from this poem.)
- 8.—“The King of *Poland's* Ghost; or, A Dialogue between *Pluto* and *Charon*, upon his Reception.” Begins “Hold! *Stygian* sculler.”
- 9.—“A Codicil to the former Will, added in *Holland* where he dyed.” It begins, “Mourn, *England*, mourn! Let not thy griefs be feign'd.”

There are also some few Epitaphs and Elegies, which need detain no reader long. One is entitled,

- 10.—“An Essay on the Earl of *Shaftesbury's* Death:” beginning, “Whenever Tyrants fall, the air and other elements prepare.”

Far superior to these is No. 11.—The poem in which we here take leave of one who is closely connected with the events of Charles the Second's reign; especially with those in which he did not always choose to show himself as director. It has the vigour of John Oldham the satirist, towards his closing days, and forms an appropriate Farewell to Shaftesbury.



[Trowbesh Collection, V. 70, and 121.]

Shaftesbury's Farewell ;

Or,

The New Association.

Greatest of Men, yet Man's least Friend, farewell !
 Wit's mightiest but most useless Miracle ;
 Where Nature in her richest treasures stor'd, [= Wherein.
 To make one vast unprofitable Hoard ;
 So high as thine no Orb of Fire can rowl,
 The brightest, yet the most excentrick Soul :
 Whom, 'midst Wealth, Honours, Fame, yet want of ease,
 No Power could e'er oblige, no State could please ;
 Be in thy grave with peaceful slumbers blest,
 And find thy whole Life's only Stranger, *Rest*. 10
 Oh, *Shaft'sbury* ! had thy prodigious Mind
 Been to thy self and thy great Master kind,
 Glory had wanted lungs thy Trump to blow,
 And Pyramids had been a Tomb too low.
 Oh, that the world, Great States-man, e'er should see
Nebuchadnezzar's Dream fulfill'd in thee !
 Whilst such low paths led thy great Soul astray,
 Thy Head of Gold mov'd but on Feet of Clay.
 Yes, from Rebellion's late Inhumane Rage,
 The crimes and chaos of that monstrous Age, 20
 As the old Patriarch from *Sodom* flew,
 So to great *CHARLES's* sacred Bosom thou ; [1660
 But Oh ! with more than *Lot's* Wife's fatal fault,
 For which she stood in Monumental Salt,
 Though the black scene thy hasting foot-step flies,
 Thy Soul turns back, and looks with longing eyes.
 Ah ! Noble Peer, that the records of Fame
 Should give *Erostratus* and Thee one name ; [See p. 246.
 Great was his bold atchievement, greater thine,
 Greater, as Kings than Shrines are more divine ; 30
 Greater, as vaster Toils it did require
 T' inflame Three Kingdoms, than one *Temple* fire.
 But where are all those blust'ring Storms retir'd,
 That roar'd so loud when *Oliver* expir'd ?—
 Storms that rent Oaks, and Rocks asunder broke,
 And at his *Exequies* in thunder spoke.
 Was there less cause, when *Thy* last Doom was giv'n,
 To waken all the Revellers of Heaven ?
 Or did there want in *Belgia's* humble Soil
 A Cedar fit to fall thy *Funeral Pile* ?

No; Die! and Heav'n th' expense of Thunder save,
 Hush'd as thy own Designs, down to thy Grave.
 So hush'd may all the Portents of the Skie
 With thee, our last great Comet's influence, die.
 May this one stroke our low'ring Tempests clear,
 And all the *Fiery Trigon* finish here.

With thee expire our Democratick gall;
 Thy sepulchre and *Lethe* swallow all:

Here end the poyson of that viperous brood,
 And make thy Urn like *Moses'* wondrous Rod;

50

So may our Breaches close in thy one Grave,
 Till *Shaftesbury's* last breath *Three Nations* save:
 And dying thus, t' avert his Country's Doom,
 Go with more Fame than *Curtius* to his Tomb.

But is he dead? How! cruel *Belgia*, say!
 Lodg'd in thy arms, yet make so short a stay.
 Ungrateful Country! Barbarous *Holland* shore!
 Cou'd the *Batavian* climate do no more,

Her *Shaftesbury's* dear life no longer save?

What! a Republick Air, and yet so quick a grave!

60

Oh! all ye scatter'd Sons of *Titan* weep,
 This dismal day with solemn mournings keep;
 Like *Israel's* Molten Calf your *Medals* burn,

And into tears your great *Lætemur* turn;
 Oh! wail in dust, to think how Fate's dire frown
 Has thrown your dear *Herculean* Column down.

[See p. 77.]

Oh, *Charon!* waft thy Load of Honour o'er,
 And land Him safely on the *Stygian* shore.

At his approach, Fame's loudest Trumpet call
Cromwell, Cook, Ireton, Bradshaw, Hewson, all;

70

From all the Courts below, each well pleas'd Ghost,
 All the *Republick Legions'* numerous Host,

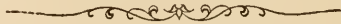
Swarm thick, to see your mighty Heroe land,
 Crowd up the shoar, and blacken all the strand;

And, whate're Chance on Earth, or Powers accurst,
 Broke all your Bonds, your Holy League all burst,

This Union of the *Saints* no Storm shall sever:

This *Last ASSOCIATION* holds for ever.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, January, 1683. In line 67, our second copy reads "Mischief" for "Honour."]



Monmouth's Chances after Shaftesbury's Death.

“ But hold! what makes the gaping Many run?
 Is *France* defeated, or is *Rome* undone?
 Is *Portsmouth* Nun, or *Kate* a Mother grown?
 Will conscientious *Comyn* swear for none?
 Have Poets quite forgot to smooth and glose,
 And lead admiring Cullies by the nose?
 Have we a War with *Monsieur*, Peace with *Spain*?
 Or, have we got a Parliament again?
 All in good time, when Heav'n and *Charles* shall please:
 But 'tis a Wonder greater far than these.”

—*Midsummer-Moon*; or, *The Livery Man's Complaint*. 1682.

HAD the Earl of Shaftesbury's death taken place two months earlier, the excitement in England would have been enormous, the eulogies and the exultations alike unmeasured. At the date when he breathed his last, half forgotten at Amsterdam (January 21, 168 $\frac{2}{3}$), had he been in his native land, imprisoned, or sacrificed on the scaffold (which was a most unlikely event), the outcry would then have been great, beyond all comparison, and the national remembrance of him might have refused to weigh his errors. But he had fallen out of favour, “the fickle reek of popular renown,” the proverbial ingratitude of commonwealths, and the fate of demagogues who have lost the ability to sway the rabble, were all to be exemplified in his downfall. His flight left many discontented. Achitophel had gone home and hanged himself.

We cannot excuse those adherents who had formerly been so loud in proffering their lives, their services, or their coffers, to enable him to overturn the government and bring back a triumph of the *Good Old Cause*, for the heartless neglect they showed in his last days, the lukewarmness of their affection or grief when news of his decease reached England. Scarcely any emotion seems to have been felt or expressed. They did not understand that their sole leader was overthrown, and their present purposes were hopeless. A bare mention of the event is all that Narcissus Luttrell thought due: “Letters from *Holland* inform, that *Anthony* Earl of *Shaftesbury* died at *Amsterdam*, to which place he retired since he left *England*, and made himself a burgher of that city.” Again, under 19th February, “Letters inform, that the body of the late Earl of *Shaftesbury* is arrived in *Dorsetshire*, in order to its interment at *Wimborne St. Gyles*.”—(*A Brief Relation*, i. 247, 250.)

There were factious riots and squabbles continually fomented by the disaffected of Monmouth's party in the City, involving several arrests, trials, fines and imprisonments; nearly always the loss falling on those who were opposed to the Court. Sir Patience Ward, formerly involved in the *Pilkington Scan. Mag.* trial (for

damage done to the Duke of York), being found guilty, fled into Holland, near the end of May. On the 12th of June the Court of King's Bench gave judgement for the King in the case of *Quo Warranto*, "that the liberties and franchises of the said city of London be taken into the King's hands." (See ensuing ballad on London's Loss of Charter.) A week later it was known that there had been discovered "a dangerous and treasonable Conspiracy against the person of his Majesty and the Duke of York, by some of those called *Whigs*." Full consideration of which will be given in our *Third Monmouth-Group*, on the Rye-House Plot and its consequences.

These commotions encouraged quiet men to become "Trimmers." That is, finding stormy winds adverse to the voyage they hitherto intended to make, they now "trimmed their sails," shifted their helm, and tried to get into port without shipwreck, acknowledging the change of current and of gale. Consequently, Monmouth's party suffered sore defection. Halifax was a noted expositor of this policy, which, holding somewhat of a pendulum oscillation, was never final. The following poem marks the time with sufficient accuracy; before the horror excited by the revelations of the Rye-House Plot for assassination and insurrectionary Civil-War had turned "moderate men" and "Trimmers" into reactionary Loyalists. The allusion to Shaftesbury's flight, but not his death, indicates the date as being November or December, 1682.

It may be superfluous to point out that the claim to be an *Impartial Trimmer*" is one of the barefaced frauds which the Revolutionary schemers used so freely. The advocacy is evidently against the Court, against moderation, against all but Russellite Revolutionary Whiggism. Their impartiality was on a par with their reciprocity; both being "all on one side." "Take everything greedily, but give nothing generously," was the well-understood Rule of Three constituting a popular Tribune, then as now. We take the following poem from our private Collection at Molash.

Note to final line of "The Impartial Trimmer" :—

* * George Legge, created Baron of Dartmouth on 2nd December, 1682, had been previously distinguished as a naval commander, as governor of Portsmouth, Master of the Horse and Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, colonel of a foot regiment and lieutenant-general of the ordnance, before being raised to the Privy Council. To him was committed the demolition of Tangier forts. He fell with James II., and died in the Tower of London, 1691. To Sir Thomas Armstrong we return hereafter. The description of Monmouth is truthful and severe: "his Dancing envy'd, and his Dressing prais'd," but too weak for a responsible Leader.

The Impartial Trimmer.

[November, 1682.]

SINCE there are some that with me see the State
 Of this declining Isle, and mourn its Fate;
French Counsellors and ελοϋΛ, *French* Education,
 Have chang'd our natures, and enslav'd our Nation:
 There was a time when Barons boldly stood,
 And spent their lives for their dear Country's good.
 Confirm'd our *Charter*, with a Curse to light
 On those that shou'd destroy that sacred Right,
 Which Pow'r with Freedom can so well unite: }
 The hated name of Rebel is not due
 To him that is to Law and Justice true.
Brutus' bold part may justly claim Renown,
 Preferring Right to Friendship and a Crown; }
 For 'twas not Treason then to keep our own.

10

But now the Nation with unusual need
 Cries "Help! where is our bold, our *English* Breed?"
 Popery and slavery are just at hand
 And every Patriot is a *S[underlan]d*. [See p. 135.
Shaftsbury's gone, another Change to try;
 He hates his Word, yet more the Monarchy. 20

☞

No Head remains our Loyal Cause to grace,
 For *Monmouth* is too weak for that High Place:
 More proper for the Court where he was rais'd,
 His Dancing envy'd, and his Dressing prais'd;
 Where still such Folly is so well protected,
 Those few that ha' n't it are oblig'd t' affect it:
 For Statesmen, King, and ελοϋΛ, and all have sworn
 T' advance such Wit and Vertue as their own.
 Degenerate *Rome* and *Spain* deserve t' outbrave us,
 If *Hyde* or *Halifax* can e'er enslave us; [Henry Hyde.
 Or he that kneels betwixt his Dogs and ελοϋΛ, [Charles II.
 Rul'd by a woman he can use no more; [Portsmouth.
 Whispers with Knaves, and jests all day with Fools,
 Is chid to Council like a Boy to School:
 False to Mankind, and true to him alone, [i.e. York.
 Whose Treason still attempts his Life and Crown.

Rouze up and Cry, "No Slavery, no *York*!"
 And free your King from that devouring Stork;
 Tho' lull'd with ease and safety he appear,
 And trusts the Reins to him he ought to fear. 40
 'Tis Loyalty indeed to keep the Crown
 Upon a Head that would it self dethrone!

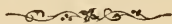
This is the case of our unthinking Prince,
 Wheedl'd by Knaves, to rule 'gainst common-sense :
 That we provok'd our Wrongs to justify,
 Might in his Reign his Brother's Title try.

Live long then, *Charles!* secure of those you dread,
 There's not five *Whigs* that ever wish'd you dead.

For as old men rarely of Gout complain,
 That Life prolongs, but soothes its wholesom pain : 50

So we with as small cause (God knows) to boast,
 Bear much with you, rather than with him roast ;
 For if a Subject does such Terror bring, [still *York*.
 What mayn't we fear from a revengeful King ?
 Both leud and zealous, stubborn in his Nonsense,
 He'll sacrifice Mankind to ease his Conscience.

O happy *Venice!* whose good Laws are such
 No private erime the Publick Peace can touch ;
 But we most wretched, while two Fools dispute,
 If *Leg* or *Armstrong* shall be absolute. [see p. 212.



London's Loyalty.

“ You *London* Lads rejoyce, and cast away your Care,
 Since with one heart and voice Sir *John* is chosen Mayor ;
 The famous Sir *John Moore*, Lord Mayor of *London* Town,
 To your eternal praise shall stand, a subject of renown,
 Amongst your famous Worthies, who have been most esteem'd :
 For Sir *John*, Sir *John* your Honour hath redeem'd.

Sir John he's for the King's Right, which Rebels would destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy ! ”

—D'Urfey's *Vive le Roy ; or, London's Joy*. 1682.

WE delay a few ballads of the present date, 1682 ; now removed into the next *Monmouth Group*. Among them are the eight-verse “ *Vive le Roy* ” whence we borrow our motto ; Tom D'Urfey's “ *Tony*, a Ballad made occasionally after reading a late speech of a Noble Peer ” (Shaftesbury : the ballad begins “ Let *Oliver* now be forgotten ”) ; and the same author's “ *Scotch Song*, sung at the Artillery Feast,” given in honour of the Duke of York, when the Whig Feast of April 21, 1681, was prohibited. It begins thus, “ *Woons!* what noo is the matter ! gude faith, 'tis wondrous strange.” They are extremely rare. Also another by Tom D'Urfey which has a history attached, his “ *Advice to the City*,” beginning “ Remember, ye *Whigs*, what was formerly done.”

Having on p. 224 mentioned Tom D'Urfey's Song of “ *London's Loyalty*,” which is of the present date, 1683, it is convenient to give it here complete. It was re-printed among *Several New Songs* by *Thomas D'urfey, Gent.*, (*sic*) in folio, with the music, 1684.

London's Loyalty.

TO A NEW TUNE, CALL'D *Burton Hall*.

Rowze up, great genius of this Potent Land,
 Lest Traytors once more get the upper hand;
 The Rebel crowd their former Tenets own,
 And Treasons worse than Plagues infect the Town.
 The Sneaking Mayor and his two Pimping Shrieves,¹
 Who for their honesty no better are than Thieves,
 Fall from their Sov'raign's side, to court the *Mobile*:
 Oh! *London, London!* where 's thy Loyalty? 8

First *Yorkshire Patience* twirls his copper Chain,
 And hopes to see a *Commonwealth* again;
 The sneaking Fool of breaking is afraid,
 Dares not change sides, for fear he lose his Trade;
 Then Loyal *Slingsby* does their Fate divine,
 He that abjur'd the King and all his Sacred Line,
 And is suppos'd his Father's murderer to be²
 Oh! *Bethel, Bethel,* where 's thy Loyalty? 16

A most notorious Villain³ late was caught,
 And after to the Bar of Justice brought;
 But *Slingsby* pack'd a Jury of his own
 Of worse Rogues than e'er made Gallows groan;
 Then *Dugdale's* Evidence was soon decry'd,
 That was so "just and honest" when Old *Stafford* dy'd,
 Now was "a perjurd Villain, and he ly'd:"
 Oh! Justice, Justice, where's thy Equity? 24

Now *Cl[ay]ton*⁴ murmurs Treason, unprovoak'd,
 First supp'd the King, and after "wish'd him choak'd;"
 'Cause *Danby's* place was well bestow'd before,
 He rebel turns, seduc'd by Scarlet $\alpha\sigma\mu$;

¹ Lord Mayor Sir Patience Ward, with his Sheriffs, Slingsby Bethel and Henry Cornish. See another note, 2, on p. 249.

² That is, Charles the First: of whom Bethel was reported to have volunteered the beheading in the fatal January of 1648, "sooner than want an executioner."

³ Shaftesbury, freed by the *Ignoramus* Jury. See pp. 75 to 79.

⁴ Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor in 1680, who retreated to Holland, like others who had made themselves unbearably obnoxious, in May, 1683. The text alludes to his "pious wish" that the civil banquet might choke the King, 8th March, 1678. That his factiousness was caused by disappointment at failing to be made Chief Treasurer, is amply borne out by contemporary documents.

His sawey pride aspires to High Renown,
 Leather-Breeches are forgot in which he trudg'd to Town,
 Nought but the *Treasury* can please the Scribbling Clown :
 Oh ! *Robin, Robin*, where's thy modesty ? 32

*Player*¹ now grows dull and pines for want of ελοϋΛ,
 Poor *Cresswell* she can take his word no more,
 Three hundred Pounds is such a heavy yoak, [June, 1683.
 Which not being paid, the worn-out ρλεϋ is broke ;
 These are " the Instruments by Heaven sent !"
 These are the Saints Petition for a Parliament !—
 That would, for Int'rest sake, destroy the *Monarchy*,
 Oh ! *London, London*, where's thy Loyalty ? 40

Heaven bless fair *England*, and its Monarch here ;
 In *Scotland* bless your High Commissioner ;²
 Let *Perkin*³ his ungracious error see,
 And *Toney*⁴ 'scape no more the *Triple-Tree* :
 Then peace and plenty shall our Joys restore,
 Villains and Factions shall oppress the Town no more :
 But every Loyal Subject then shall happy be,
 Nor need we care for *London's* Loyalty. 48

[By Tom D'Urfey.]

London : Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the *Black Bull* in
 Cornhill, 1683.

¹ Sir Thomas Player, the Civic Chamberlain, who had declared that the Great Fire of London in 1666 was caused by the Romanists, and idiotically persisted in affirming that he " expected to wake up some morning and find his throat cut by the murdering Papists." But people are accustomed to folly and disloyalty from a Chamberlain, and need not feel surprise. His evil connection with Mother Cresswell has been noticed on pp. 20, 209. We shall meet this procuress again. Player was fined 500 marks (about £333 6s. 8d.) on 26th June, 1683.

² York.

³ Mounmouth.

⁴ Shaftesbury, by this time dead.

* * P. 239, line 28, refers to *Erostratos* ; see annotation on p. 46. Oldham's *Ode*, beginning " Now curses on you all," alludes to the Ephesian sacrilege :—

How gallant was that wretch, whose happy guilt
 A name upon the Ruin of a Temple built !
 " Let Fools," said he, " Impiety alledge,
 And urge the no great fault of Sacrilege ;
 I'll set the sacred Pile on flame,
 And in its ashes write my lasting name :
 My name, which thus shall be
 Deathless as its own Deity."

London's Loss of Charter.

“ In *London* was such a Quarter, the like was never known,
About the forfeited *Charter*, betwixt the Court and the Town.”

—*Song in Praise of the Loyal Stationers.* 1682.

THE Writ of *Quo Warranto* against the Charter of London had been delivered to the Sheriffs near the end of December, 1681; but our ballad belongs to soon after June 12, 1683. It will be convenient to introduce it here, out of chronological order. Civic broils suddenly lost the zest of being waged between factions of nearly equivalent strength, when once they became mixed up with the stirring events of the Rye-House Plot (discovered on the following 19th of the same month).

It has been easy for radical Revolutionists, who sympathize with all opposition to constituted authority, so long as that authority is not held in their own hands, to rail at the recall of the Civic Charters in 1683. But like the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, in times of seditious outrage, or the temporary abrogation of Trial by Jury, when no just verdict can be won from any terrified or traitorous jurors, howsoever clear be the evidence of guilt, the pressure of circumstances has often been accounted sufficient justification for extreme acts at critical times. We may according to our humour take one or other explanation and excuse, for the King's party acting so sharply in curbing the City's privileges. But the root of the matter was this: the Revolutionary men had advanced defiantly towards rebellion, and had made preparations for Civil War, which if successful would have certainly overthrown the King and the Church, and been followed by judicial murder of the King, as in 1648, if he were not cut off by assassination. The system of *packing Juries* by Whig Sheriffs had been carried too far not to be met by the Court wresting from its foes the nomination of the Sheriffs. For this movement the fulcrum was gained of a “loyal” or Tory Lord Mayor. That unqualified and disqualified voters were pressed forward in order to secure a majority who might return Whigs for the Shrievalty is indisputable. On strict scrutiny the apparent Whig majority was declared to be a minority.¹ The privilege of nominating a Sheriff by drinking to him, which had been unchallenged by the Whigs so long as their own Mayors thus

¹ After the poll had been declared adjourned by the Lord Mayor, on July 5th, '82, the numbers illegally taken were, for Papillion, 2754; Dubois, 2709; Box, 1609, and North, 1557. After unsatisfactory debates at the Guildhall, an order was given by Council that the poll should begin *de novo*, and great care be taken to preserve the peace of the city. Then followed confused proceedings, but ultimately Sir Dudley North remained as Sheriff, Sir Ralph Box cried off and paid the fine for exemption, and Peter Rich held office in his place.

chose their own Sheriffs, was now indignantly repudiated, when Sir John Moore selected Tory North or Tory Box. The contest was severe, but the Court party at length triumphed. Papillion and Dubois not only fought hard to avoid defeat, but even braved the Law by promising to arrest the Lord Mayor, Sir Wm. Pritchard, while in office, aided as they were by the notoriously immoral Forde Lord Grey of Werk, and other Monmouthites of the True-Blue Protestant fraternity: viz., Player, Slingsby Bethel, Cornish, Rich. Goodenough, Pilkington and Shute. This was in April, 1683.

Matthew Taubman had satirized Ward's Sheriffs of 1680 in a short song (wherein *Philander* again represents Charles II.), entitled

Philander.

A Pox on the factions of the City,
 For choosing two Presbyter Shr[ieve]s,
 Alas! 'tis a great deal of pity,
 My heart for *Philander* grieves.
 He sent the Recorder of *L[ondo]n*,
 Who by the factious was run down;
 They are such Rogues they wish us undone;
 Hang up those Dogs, oh! *Billy Scroggs*.

8

They tell us of Plots and of wonders,
 To run Church and Monarchy down,
 Whilst still the loud Pa[rliame]nt thunders
 Against both Mitre and Crown.
 The Cof[mmo]ns to th' City are trotting amain,
 Where they sit plotting who next shall reign,
 Whilst we lye sotting; *Charles* to the Wain:
 'Rogue 'em again!

16

The Sheriffs were Pilkington and Shute; the Recorder, Jeffereys.

A Loyal Song called "Loyalty Triumphant, on the Confirmation of Mr. *North* and Mr. [*Peter*] *Rich*, Sheriffs of *London* and *Middlesex*," begins, "Fill up the Bowl, and set it round, The day is won, the Sheriffs crown'd." It is to the tune of D'Urfey's *Joy to the Bridegroom fill the sky*: as to which see pp. 231 and 271.

Another writer gave us, to the tune called *Tom Farmer's Maggot*,

A New Catch.

O *London!* O *London!* how comes it of late
 There's such debating on matters of State?
 Of talking, of warring, and jarring among your selves?
 'Tis the way to be quite all undon.
 A Pox on the politick Rogue that begun
 To rail, and to scribe, and put forth Libel,
 'Gainst Monarch, and matters beyond your view;
 In prying in things where you have nothing to do:
 'Tis wondrous pity, so great a City
 Should ever be pester'd with such a Crew.

For anything that we know to the contrary, the same author gave us also the following ditty, which he entitles similarly

A New Catch.

SOME say the *Plot* goes on, and some for Rebellion hope,
 But we'll combine, to drink good Wine, in spite of *Phanatick* or *Pope*.
Jack Presbyter huffs and dings, And dirt on the Church he flings;
 The Citizens swear they want but a Mayor
 To make them do wondrous things.

But a curse on all Rogues and Fools! sure we are not all such Owls,
 That twice in an age they can ever engage
 The Nation to weep their Souls.

Among Nat. Thompson's Loyal Poems one appeared recording "The Great Despair of the *London-Whigs* for the Loss of the *Charter*," in fifty-one lines, which begin thus:—

Then is our *Charter* (*Polexfin*¹) quite lost?
 Is there no aid from the new sainted *Post*?
 Are our Sham Plots and Perjuries all in vain?
 If not, we'll summon *Patience* back again.²
 Saints' Prayers to Heaven w' have found will not prevail,
 But more propitious Hell will never fail.

Therefore Titus Oates is exhorted to summon Shaftesbury "the once-great *Tapski's* Ghost," and with him his former agent Stephen Colledge the Protestant Joiner, "The proto-martyr for the last Good Cause." It is well that Satirists of old were no more trustworthy than the ancient Canidia and modern Spirit-Rappers; otherwise the *Night-Side of Nature* would be as choak-full of nuisances as a Revolution Club. The Protestant Joiner's Ghost disembodied appears to have been restless and unprofitable, as when it inhabited his insignificant frame. A broadside printed for A. Turner, 1681, is entitled "*Stephen Colledge's Ghost to the Fanatical Cabal*." It begins, "From the unfathomed Bowels of these cells."

Another Loyal Poem, entitled "The Charter: A Comical Satyr," begins, "As *Sampson's* strength up in his hair was ty'd, Rebellious strength was in the *Charter* hid." We give "The City Ballad," 1682, in the next group: "Prepare now, ye Cits, your *Charter* to lose."

¹ Henry Polloxfen, with Counsellor Richard Wallop, engaged on the case.

² Sir Patience Ward, convicted of perjury on 19th May, 1683, immediately afterwards retreated to Holland. He was answerable for the libel against the Papists, on the Monument, during his Mayoralty, 1680-81, but Slingsby Bethel was no doubt the chief offender, sheriff of the previous year.

[British Museum Collection, P.M. 1872, a. 1. fol. 45.]

London's Lamentation ;

Or,

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

On the Loss of London's Charter. 1683.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Paekington's Pound.*

YOU Free-men, and Masters, and 'Prentices mourn,
For now you are left with your *Charter* forlorn :
Since *London* was *London*, I dare boldly say,
For your Riots you never so dearly did pay.

In *Westminster-Hall*

Your *Dagon* did fall,

That caused you to Riot and Mutiny all :

Oh London ! Oh London ! thou 'dst better had none,
Than thus with thy Charter to vie with the Throne.

9

Oh London ! Oh London ! how could'st thou pretend
Against thy Defender thy crimes to defend ?
Thy *Freedom* and *Rights* from kind Princes did spring,
And yet in contempt thou withstaudest thy *King* ;

With bold brazen face

They pleaded thy Case,

In hopes to the *Charter* the King wou'd give place :

Oh London ! thou 'dst better no Charter at all,
Than thus for Rebellion thy Charter shou'd fall.

18

Since *Britains* to *London* came over to dwell,
You had an old *Charter* to buy and to sell ;
And whilst in Allegiance each honest man lives,
Then you had a *Charter* for Lord Mayor and Shrieves :

But when, with your Pride,

You began to backslide,

And *London* by Factions did run with the Tide,

Then London ! Oh London ! 'tis time to withdraw,
Lest the Flood of your Factions the Land over-flow.

27

When Faction and Fury of *Rebels* prevail'd,
When Coblers were Kings, and Monarchs were Jayl'd ;
When Masters in Tumults their 'Prentices led,
And the Tail did begin to make War with the Head ;

When *Thomas* and *Kate*

Did bring in their *Plate*,

T' uphold th' *Old Cause* of the *Rump* of the State :

Then tell me, Oh London ! I prithee, now tell,
Had'st thou e'r a Charter to Fight and Rebel ?

36

¹ Judgment was given against the City on 12th June, 1683, "That the liberties and franchises of the said City be taken into the King's hands." Charles, Louis, and York (Court-cards) walk in its funeral procession (see cut opposite).

When zealous *Sham-Sheriffs* the City oppose,
 In 'spight of the *Charter*, the King, and the Laws,
 And make such a Riot and Rout in the Town,
 That never before such a Racket was known ;

When Rioters dare
 Arrest the *Lord May'r*,

[April, 1683.

And force the *King's Substitute* out of the *Chair* ;
 Oh London ! whose Charter is now on the Lees,
 Did your Charter e'r warrant such actions as these ?

45

Alas for the *Brethren* ! what now must they do,
 For choosing *Whig-Sheriffs* and *Burgesses* too ?
 The *Charter* with *Patience* is gone to the pot,
 And the *Doctor* is lost in the depth of the *Plot*.

[Aldermen.

St. *Stephen* his *Flayl*
 No more will prevail,

[*Sir P. Ward*.

[*Oates*.

[*S. Colledge*.

Nor *Sir Robert's Dagger* the *Charter* to bail :
 Oh London ! thou'dst better have suffer'd by *Fire*,
 Then thus thy old Charter shou'd stick in the *Mire*.

[*Clayton*

54

But since with your *Folly*, your *Faction* and *Pride*,
 You sink with the *Charter*, who strove with the *Tide*,
 Let all the lost *Rivers* return to the *Main*
 From whence they descended ; they 'l spring out again :
 Submit to the *King*

In every thing,

Then of a *New Charter* new *Sonnets* we 'll sing :
 As *London* (the *Phoenix* of *England*) ne'r dies,
 So out of the *Flames* a *New Charter* will rise.

63

Printed by *N[athanael] T[hompson]*, at the Entrance into the *Old Spring-Gardens*.
 [White-letter. No woodcut ; this one belongs to p. 30 r. Date, June, 1683.]



J. W. E.

The Present State of England.

“And long might'st thou have seen
An Old Man wandering, as in quest of something,
Something he could not find: he knew not what.”

—Samuel Rogers's *Italy: Ginevra*.

LONDON'S Charter having been endangered or recalled, other cities either loyally submitted and were rewarded by renewal of privileges, or for their contumaciousness were punished. The Monmouth partizans, united with Republicans and anarchists, conspired and boasted of impending reprisal, while feeling daily their decrease of influence. They hoped to gain everything by a stroke of violence, such as was soon to be revealed in the Rye-House Plot, when Dissenting Jack Presbyter was once more to be set up to overthrow Mitre and Crown. Thus befittingly we end our present Group, in the temporary lull, after the death of Shaftesbury, whom his former sycophants regarded ungratefully as a removed encumbrance. While he led them on to victory, he had over-cowed their spirit; when he tried to organize rebellion in his defeat, they failed in obedience.

Another ballad is entitled “The Present State of *England*; containing the Poor Man's Complaint in a Land of Plenty, occasioned by the many abuses offer'd by the *Ingrossers of Corn*, and likewise Brandy-'Stillers, which makes a scarcity in a time of Plenty.” To the tune of, *O Folly! desperate Folly!* Printed for Charles Bates. It is in the Pepys Collection, ll. 77, and begins, “As I was musing all alone.”

The tune cited in our following ballad of “The Present State of England,” when reprinted as one of the *Hundred and Twenty Loyal Songs* (1684, p. 253), is “It was in the Prime of Cucumber time;” which probably marks the beginning of a lost or hidden ballad. Hidden for awhile from us, but assuredly not wholly lost, only “gone astray,” it is floating on some distant echoes into *Limbo Patrum*, where all rich treasures shall be recovered.

In the Elysian Fields, if all be well, we hope to meet hereafter the shade of the best Diarist who ever lived upon this earth of ours: that Samuel Pepys who secured John Selden's hoard of old Black-Letter Ballads, and supplemented them by his own loving industry. He kept them safely for posterity from foul contact of the vulgar-minded by wholesome rules at Maudlon College on the Cam; which rules, with other heirlooms, University-Commissioners peculatively will one day abrogate, and disperse the treasures at command of Brimingham œconomists, for cash payments from America:

Since these sharp practices must be,
When Raff's gain glorious victory!

Yes, in the quiet evening of our days we hope to meet him, "where beyond these voices there is peace." If not too much of change has come upon his genial spirit, we shall find him fraternize convivially, and listen to such tales as we convey of later times or their amusements. Avoiding unsafe ground of controversy, leaving unmentioned the small fry of critic fledgelings (some of whom irreverently pilfer from him, and traduce his character), Deformed Spellers, Dunbrowning Spinsters, boiled-down-extract bookmakers, who misuse their Morleys in the art of self-offence, and grimy resurrectionists of buried poetasters, whom we forgot without injury; we gladly tell of theatres that remain undesecrated by Salvation armies, with fair actresses that keep apart from any booth, General or particular: bewitching nymphs, such as our Pepys would have loved to prattle with, had he survived another brace of centuries. There are a thousand ties of sympathy uniting us, and we should not discourse on any topic that caused irritation. His heart might warm to us, as ours did long ago to him. Then, when in pure benevolence he smiles and speaks, with a soft chuckle, such as unadulterated nectar and ambrosia have mellowed perfectly, where Cumberland crotchet-mongers never can intrude to vex the Shades with local option, undoubtedly the words of Pepys to us would be, "Ask me, O Ballad-Editor! ask what you choose, and I will straightway give it to you!" Surely, ah! surely our request must be, from all the stores of unrestricted knowledge offered to our gaze, "Tell us, dear Samuel Pepys! straightway tell, if Lethe has not washed the whole away from you, what you can still remember of the tune and words belonging to that ancient ballad, sought in vain upon our upper crust, where Time still keeps a weary show of useless parliaments, more troublesome and talkative than when the Merry Monarch reigned,—that ancient ballad, mentioned once amid black-letter broadsides:

'It was in the prime of Cucumber-time!'"

Until which joyous meeting we must wait, and leave the line without due annotation. Forgive these tears!

Nevertheless, being of a charitable disposition (so long as political warfare is not waged hotly in "the *present* State of England"), we mention that some faint echoes of the far distant melody are to be heard vibrating in the *Temporary Preface*, p. xv, as "The Present State of a Lost Ballad." There they may be found by the Initiated or Illuminati, but no Philistines need apply; for to such people music will inevitably sound discordant. Let them rest content with the sober text, and consider themselves excluded from the comment.

[Trowbesh Collection, V. 91.]

The Present State of England.

TUNE, *It was in the prime of Cucumber time.*

Jack *Presbyter's* up, and hopes at one swoop
 To swallow *King, Bishops*, and all-a ;
 "The *Mitre* and *Crown* must both tumble down,
 Or the Kingdom," he tells you, "will fall a."
 Sure, 'tis a hard Fate, that to Prop up the State
 We must pull down the *State Religion* :
 But the Saints have a new one, more holy and true one,
 Compos'd of *Fox* and *Widgeon*.

8

An Engine they've got, call'd a pump *Popish Plot*,
 Which will bring in a *Thorough Reformation* :
 Which tho' 't be half *Fable*, it mads all the poor *Rabble*,
 And puts out of wits half the Nation.
 Thus their work's quickly done, for each Mother's Son,
 That to th' *Church* or the *King* is *Loyal*,
 Shall straight be indicted, or else be sore frighted
 To be brought to that *Piery Tryal*.

16

'Tis no more but pretend he's to *Pop'ry* a Friend,
 The *Brethren* cry aloud "he's a *Traitor!*"
 And their [hired] *Evidences* bring against him pretences,
 And all of a *Treas'nable* Nature.
 Th' *Impeachers* are such, so Honourable and Rich,
 That no Bribe can to Falsehood invite 'em ;
 Tho' they contradict themselves and ev'ry body else,
 A good lusty Vote can right 'em.

24

No matter for blood, their Oaths shall stand good,
 In despite of all circumstances :
 The *City-Cabals* say they cannot swear false,
 And each *Pamphlet* their Honour enhances.
 Who dares to deny but one single lie,
 Of the many they swear on their credit,
 Must down on his knees, is rebuk'd and pays Fees,
 And must cry *Peccari*, he did it.

32

If any's so bold their tricks to unfold,
 Or offers to prove them *Lyers*,
 Strait up steps another, and swears for *Rogue's-Brother*,
 And flings the poor wretch in the *Bryars*.

Thus Villains, about ten,¹ the worst scum of Men,
 (While the *Godly Party* maintain 'em :)
 All *England* do Govern, and each such a *Sov'reign*,
 The King must not speak again' 'em. 40

Old *Noll* and 's Dad *Nick* have taught 'm a trick,
 To make *Plots*, and then to reveal 'em ;
 Thus runs round the Jigg of a Politick *Whig* :
 Sure Pardon, if they don't conceal 'em.
 Then inspir'd they bring in, for sad men of sin,
 Any one that is Honest and Loyal :
 But if Pardon's deny'd, all flock on *Fitz-side*,²
 To *Hector* the Mercy-Royal. 48

Thus most men, for fears, dare not for their Ears
 But *Whig* and his Rout to second ;
 Which, if they refuse, they're far worse than *Jews*,
 And *Papists* and *Traytors* are reckon'd :
 And ev'ry poor *Ape*, who for changes does gape,
 And to be prefer'd by the *Party*,
 To help the *Good Old Cause* will stretch his lean Jaws,
 With loud lies to show himself hearty.
 Lies those *Worthies* three, *Care*, *Vile* and *Langley*,³
 Do publish as fast as they make them ;
 Their being in Print signifies something in't,
 And the *Rabble* for Gospel mistake them. 60

Mean while '*Pendant* laughs, and at '*Byter* scoffs,
 And at 's hot-headed Zeal does flout-a ;
 The *Coxcomb* to see thus shaking the Tree, [= *Monmouth*.
 While he's ready to gather the Fruit-a.
 Let *Papists* be hang'd, and *Presbyters* p.u.u.e.p,
 And may goggle-ey'd *Traytors* all perish ;
 But let *true hearts* all sing, " Long live *Charles* our King,
 The Church and the State to cherish ! " 68

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Original date, July, or August 1681.]

¹ No doubt who these were, in early days of the sham "Popish-Plot" madness. Titus Oates, William Bedloe, Stephen Dugdale, Edward Turberville, John and Robert Jennison, John Smith, Thomas Dangerfield, and the frightened tool Miles Prance, were chief; Eustace Comyns with the two Macknamarras, Ivy, Dennis, and Haines came later. Probably Oates is the "goggle-eyed Traitor" of sixty-sixth line.

² *i.e.* Edward, Fitz-Harris, executed on July 1, 1681 (along with Archbishop Plunket). The Commons, on pretence of impeachment, tried to shield him.

³ Pamphleteers, Henry Care, Thomas Vile, and Langley Curtis. See p. 181.

Here endeth

The Second Group of Ballads

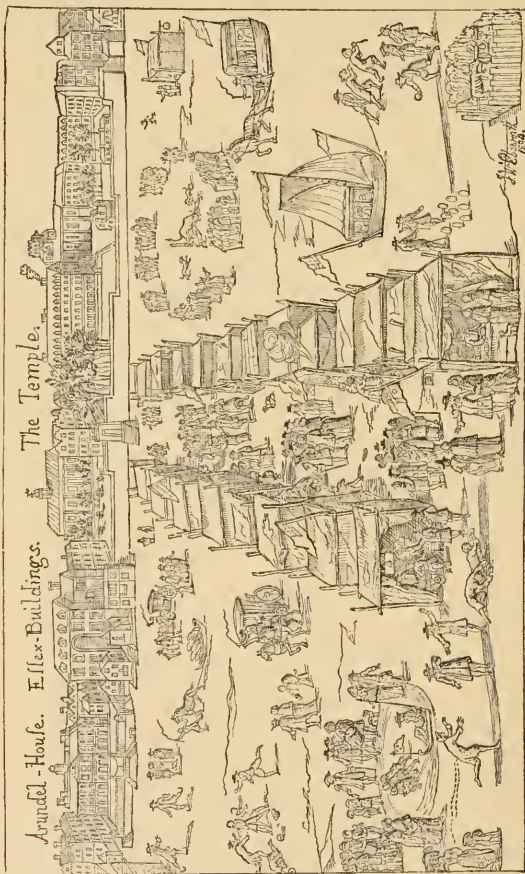
on the

Struggle for Succession

between

The Duke of Monmouth and the
Duke of York.

Roxburghe Ballads.



FROST-FAIR, ON THE RIVER THAMES, IN 1683-84.

(Copied expressly from a Contemporary Engraving: see p. 461.)

The
Roxburghe Ballads:

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED "DROLLERIES" OF THE RESTORATION,"
"THE BAGFORD BALLADS" WITH THEIR "AMANDA GROUP
OF POEMS," "THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600," AND
AUTHOR OF "KARL'S LEGACY; OR,
OUR OLD COLLEGE AT NIRGENDS."

WITH HIS COPIES OF ALL THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. V. Part II.

THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT, OF 1683.

HERTFORD:

Printed for the Ballad Society,
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1881.

25.

HERTFORD :
STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS, PRINTERS.

Temporary Preface.

Bottom.—"Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomasque Dance between two of the company?"

Theseus.—"No Epilogue, I pray you; for your Play needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed."

—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v.



SHORT is the interval between the completion of the present Part XIV. and the winding-up of *Roxburghe Ballads* Volume Fifth in our "*Final Monmouth Group*," belonging to Part XV. It is already completed in manuscript, and partly set-up in type. A Preface therefore might have been relinquished without national Lamentation. Nevertheless, here is one, piping hot, crying, "Come eat me!" As at the Cleikum Inn, near St. Ronan's Well, Meg Dodds used to ask, so may we demand, "And why for no?"

Although the chief interest of this entire Part XIV., or "*Third Group of Ballads on Monmouth and his Times*," is concentrated on the RYE-HOUSE PLOT, its origin, its discovery, and the punishment or dispersal of those persons who had joined in the two-fold conspiracy for insurrection and assassination, there are not lacking other topics of more than ephemeral interest: such as the contest over the Civic Charter, the siege of Vienna, and the Frost-Fair on the Thames. Indeed, scarcely any portion of the interest can properly be called ephemeral, for nearly all the growths are absolutely perennial: each act of villainy and folly in the past having been fully paralleled, if not exceeded, by later generations. We learn much that was quite unknown to our forefathers, about themselves; even as we may handle their bones, and study their internal defects, better than could the original proprietors, who nevertheless made shift to use their limbs efficiently at close quarters.

Acquaintanceship with the past, when not profound but shallow, is apt to degenerate into contempt and self-sufficiency. This danger never attends true students. It suits pert dogmatisers to write and speak flippantly about Old Ballads. This is done

from sheer ignorance. It was not thus slightly that they were valued by the one man of modern times (since Sir Walter Scott) who had the genius to make such dry bones of History live, and to raise before us a glowing picture of the times he had so deeply studied: the now-undervalued Thomas Babington Macaulay, who is sneered at by scribblers that are unable to compass one hundredth part of his attainments. Here or there he may have misinterpreted some details; he may have allowed his partizan prejudices to fatally influence many a statement of controverted points against the Tories, and erred in the estimate of character. Now and again, when on his guard about politics, the individual bias of his strong personality was too much for him; or he failed to escape from the fetters of early thralldom among Nonconformists and "The Clapham Sect." We acknowledge the love we bear towards him, Chief Warrior of the Philistine Camp, against whom every puny sumpter-boy would now sling stones. Despite objections, his position remains immeasurably superior to that of every assailant or rival. That he was a brilliant historical Essayist, rather than an Historian of the lofty standard reached by Edward Gibbon, may be admitted by Whig or Tory without discussion. Seeking to please the populace, writers are apt to forget the dignity of History. If he sometimes like inferior men descended to parliamentary rancour, and "to party gave up what was meant for mankind," he redeemed the fault by the wealth of his multifarious knowledge.

To Lord Macaulay, although his graver studies demanded many hours of a life too brief for his ambition and our needs, was fully known the value of these fugitive broadsides, manuscript lampoons, anonymous and libellous satires, or even the sorriest street-dogrel that amused an illiterate mob. The materials he loved to revel in, and used so skilfully, have been to the present Editor familiar for amusement and for study since his earliest boyhood. He holds some peculiar advantages connected with songs and ballads, their tunes and literature. With him must perish, if unrecorded, much that had been gathered by oral communication from those who have gone before us *ad plures*, whither we are soon to follow. Some portion may still be serviceable for later students of ballad-lore. This he hopes to set forth, from month to month, and from year to year, so long as he can wield a pen, a quarter-staff, or an engraver's burin. Not alone for the sake of any present members of our small Ballad Society: who seem oblivious of the danger of delay, or they would not thus neglect their payment of subscription, which *if doubled would increase rapidity of issue threefold*; since books are now delayed from being sent out, after being made ready, until fresh funds are gathered slowly. Life is but short.

Should death bid him quit the helm, a threefold substitute were needed, verily, a Cerberus tri-caputed, “three gentlemen at once.” Who is there that now loves ballads better than he does, among artists who can copy and engrave the pictures: or among those writers who know the secret history and current scandals of the time while Charles the Second bore the sway? These Roxburghe Ballads deserve his utmost care, and far more scholarship than he lays claim to. Who comes forward for the sceptre ere it is dropt? Other students may arise who, better than our contemporaries, will prize this ballad literature as relics, which bring them nearer to the men and women of the Stuarts’ reign.

By the time these sheets are issued every page of the succeeding Part XV. will likewise be ready: the entire history of Monmouth shown by ballads, songs, and poems of his own day, will then be complete. No such attempt had ever been made before; yet it is doubtful whether more than a dozen of the actual Ballad-Society Members on this side the Atlantic prize the labour bestowed for their benefit. It would be different with the more enthusiastic Villon Society. Some men will grumble and feel dissatisfied at every page which has not been filled with unannotated texts of Miscellaneous Ballads. Let them take heart of grace, even in Paisley or Old Jewry. They shall have such ballads in plenty, when once this consecutive series of Historical Ballads has been finished in next Group. As good fish remain still in the water, uncaptured, as any that have been netted hitherto in “Collections,” or that have been patiently angled for in fading manuscripts. Do they imagine that the Editor of *The Westminster-Drolleries* of 1671 and ’72 loves not mirth and melody quite as well as they do, and of different class from the satirical sheets that monopolize so large a share of our available space? Is he unmindful of sportive larks and quibbles, of convivial catches, quirks, and epigrams?—he, who brought to readers, for the first time also, the *Choice Drollery* of 1656; with *Merry Drollery* of 1661 and 1670; not to mention the extra gift of the additions from the original *Antidote against Melancholy*, as issued in the year after the Restoration? He had promised that there were “pippins and cheese to come.”

Well, Friends and fellow-countrymen, most potent, grave, and reverend Seignors, if you be willing, let it please you now to learn that there awaits you on demand “*The Final Group of Monmouth Ballads.*” Therein you shall see—what you can see. Pay your guineas like gentlemen, and do not breathe upon the glasses! The showman holds the string (pretty tightly too), an’ it like you; ’tis he alone regulates the music between the Parts. The free-list is entirely suspended. So no Hewlettes need apply: *They* never pay, even for their last cravats.

Look to the left, my little dears ! and there you shall see (beginning with p. 538) "The Coronation of King James the Second," with some processionizing, but a scanty outlay except on the Queen's jewels. In the background may be seen a crowd of discontented Noncons., with baffled Whigs, all trying to smile amiably for once, and appear innocent of evil, but not succeeding in their laudable endeavour.

Next, look to the Centre, your High Mightinesses ! and you behold the Land of *Hogen-Mogen*, somewhat damp, but thoroughly dammed in the orthodox manner to keep the floods from overflowing. There you find frogs and Ferguson, geese and Grey of Werk, Rumbold, and other republicans, the braw Duke of Argyle without his Post, and Monmouth himself, looking as if he could not help it. Also a variety of inferior characters, too numerous to mention. You see them plotting treason, which does not agree with them ; borrowing money from Mrs. Smith, widow, and pawning jewels of Lady Henrietta Wentworth : in fact, doing disreputably what conspirators are addicted to, when out at elbows, after having compulsorily "left their country for their country's good," but wishing to get back again. To help them, there are ships awaiting, ready to carry off the separate expeditions ; some to the Western Isles of Scotland, others *not* simultaneously to Western England. In the distance a storm is evidently brewing. Does everybody see it comfortably ? Then, by your leave, we pull another string.

Now look to the Right, my juveniles ! and do not tumble off the footstools, you who are short of sight or stature. There you see a view of Dorsetshire, by Lyme-light ; with a lot of skirmishing and vapour. Much waste of time, boats cast away, or seized with arms inside, while crowds on land are sent away for want of weapons to equip them, or stores to feed them. Those fugitives are Lord Grey's horsemen. Like other folks of old, we marvel "How they run !" That is Sedgemoor yonder, coming into view, betwixt the light and darkness. Much more smoke than fire, with galloping of chargers (Grey being in flight, as usual), but it is, remember ! the last civil-war battle fought on English ground—as yet.

There is one other picture, my little men ! you who are not tired. Well, *we* are, if you are not : we feel disinclined to dwell long on it, for it is a gloomy tableau, being "The Execution of James Scott, the Duke of Monmouth." There, ladies and gentlemen, it closes the performance. But to keep you all from weeping, and from indigestion, we add an epilogue or *L'Envoi* and *Finale*, showing how good Cavaliers mourned King Charles. The smallest contribution will be gratefully . . . Thank you, Sir !

Sufficiency of tragic incidents fill our new pages to form excuse, if any such excuse were needed, for our jesting here upon the door-mat with the Reader; unless he be impatient, either to enter in exultingly, or to turn his back in sullenness, and depart. The motto on our tessellated threshold reads, according to your humour, *Vale!* or *Cave Canem!* Grim Cynic, who art scowling at us Cavaliers, because we laugh and sing a jovial stave, or quaff the wine-cup in these Bowers of the Fancy: no one asks you to make one of the guests at our festive board, or lend your croaking voice to swell the Chorus. Is it not enough that you, and more of your complexion, have trodden down the flowerets with your hoofs, and desecrated every fane, in your intolerant and self-conceited Puritanism, since Queen Bess tried to curb you, in her sovereignty? Wearing a change of vizards, a change of names, a change of Shibboleth, as time wore on, you, the Fanatic Misanthrope, remained unaltered in your bitterness, in all your sanctimonious hypocrisy, foul heart, rude hands, and blighting breath. What innocent enjoyment have you left unassailed, unpolluted, in this our country, once called Merry England? Perils enough we have, present and future, chiefly from such as you. Many still rave as being "true Blue Protestants." But, sound Churchmen that we are, we admit no fear of Popery ever again enslaving us. Little we dread the noisy atheism, or smug self-conceit of the agnostics; the mock-valour of fools and cowards who gibber against Religion. Foreign domination would not be endured; home tyranny soon brings its own defeat. But who shall save us from the poisonous leprosy of *Cant*? The mobs of old were gulled by hypocrites and liars, by wretches like Titus Oates; there were swarms of sectaries, all declaring themselves pious, yet full of slanderous hatred against the Church; there were Slingsby Bethel, Ben Harris, Frank Smith, Elkanah Settle, Henry Care, Robert Ferguson, Wily Waller and Patience Ward. As they whined and cheated, two centuries ago, so can such sanctimonious sinners cheat men still. Religion suffers by their profanation of her Robes.

Not unneeded for their lesson now are given these *Roxburge Ballads*. Surely not in vain do they offer signatures and miniatures of the "Holy League" among the tricksters and sham-patriots who prepared the Revolution. What pure deed could come from such besmirched intriguers? What honest word ever fell from their lips? Not the virtues of his foes, but the marvellous folly, vice, and bigotry of James with his rash advisers soon brought defeat to him, and victory to the plotting William. Yet what was the first result of the struggle, and for many years, but a change of tyrants? from an incapable despot to a more inexorable and cunning alien. At present, however, we have only to do with the last Stuarts who reigned on English soil.

Before 1680, probably about 1673, the heartless and sarcastic John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, had written of King Charles the Second the memorable lines,

There reigns, and long may he live and thrive,
 The easiest Prince, and best-bred Man alive :
 Him no ambition moves to seek renown,
 Like the French Fool, to wander up and down, [=*Louis XIV.*
 Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.

During the few remaining years of life between 1680 and February 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, if it came to pass that Charles ceased to be "the easiest prince, and best-bred man alive," while he was forced to assert his prerogative of sovereignty, with somewhat of tyrannical usurpation, against men who continued to plot his ruin, surely the blame is deserved by them, far more than by "Old Rowley," who struck in self-defence.

We close the pages of our present Group with the death of Charles. To us it is a bereavement, the loss of a friend, and we shall miss his figure from the brief remainder of our story. The longer we have studied the secret and the public records of his day, the less we wonder at his failings; the more we prize his easy disposition, his tolerance of other people's weaknesses and errors. He never assumed to be a moralist for the rebuke of their sins, while continuing self-indulgent to his own. "Live and let live!" was his unspoken motto. If only people would have left him to his quiet! but they refused to do so, and in his last hours he felt contrite for omitted duties or neglected opportunities. We believe that our incidental portraiture of him will be pronounced just, by all those readers whose opinion we value. We show in these two companion-volumes only the closing years of his career, and were not called upon at once to examine in detail the circumstances that disastrously perverted him from what he might have been. This task is not neglected in our forthcoming *Ballads of the Civil-War, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration*. The hour is late: tarry till we meet you on the morrow. Gute Nacht! Schlafen sie wohl, Meine Herr'n!

Seine Freund',

Das ältliche Josephchen,

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MOLASH VICARAGE, BY ASHFORD, KENT.

27, xi. '83.



CONTENTS OF PART XIV.,

Being the Middle-Portion of Vol. V.



	PAGE
Second Temporary Preface	vii
Dr. Callcott's use of Anna Steele's verses on James Hervey .	xvi
Struggle for The Succession between York and Monmouth .	257
The City, before Discovery of Rye-House Plot	257
A Scotch Song, sung at the Artillery Feast, 1682	263
On the Loyal Apprentices' Feast, August 9, 1682	265
Tony: A Ballad, made on reading Shaftesbury's Speech	267
Loyalty Triumphant, On the Confirmation of North and Rich .	271
The City Ballad, 1682: from the Whig Side	274
Vive Le Roy; or, London's Joy (on Lord Mayor Moore)	276
Hue and Song after Sir Patience Ward.	279
Advice to the City: by Tom D'Urfey, from the Tory side	281
The Rye-House Plot	283
Discoverers Discovered: M. Taubman's Medley on the Plot	293
Five Years' Sham Plots discovered in a true One	294
A Song: "I told Young Jenny I lov'd her"	295
More of the Rye-House Plot	266
An Offering to the Reader (in Church)	299
On the King's Deliverance at Newmarket	300
Dr. Thomas Sprat's "Particular Account of the Rye-House" .	307
Murder out at Last, in a Ballad on the New Plot	308
The Conspiracy; or, Discovery of the Fanatick Plot	310
Whig upon Whig; Or, A pleasant dismal Song on the Old Plotters newly found out	315

	PAGE
An Elegy on the Earl of Essex, who cut his own Throat	318
Jack Ketch's New Song; or, A Warning to Conspirators	319
The Loyal Conquest; or, Destruction of Treason	321
Loyalty turned up Trump; or, The Danger Over	322
Russell's Farewell; to the Tune of, Christ-Church Bells	323
Lord Russell's Farewell: to the Tune of, Tender Hearts	326
The Debate: A Song	328
A Terror for Traitors; or, Treason justly Punished.	329
A New Song, by D'Urfe, Sung at Winchester to the King.	332
Justice Triumphant: in Commendation of Sir George Jeffereys	339
The Rye-House Plot Litany, 1684	340
Anticipatory Epitaph on Roger L'Estrange	347
The Relief of Vienna, September, 1683	348
On the Relief of Vienna: A Hymn for all true Protestants	352
The Loyalists' Encouragement	353
The Siege of Vienna, in 1683	355
Vienna's Triumph, with the Whigs' Lamentation, &c.	359
A Carouse to the Emperor of Austria, the Royal Pole and the much-wronged Duke of Lorraine	361
The Christian Conquest, at Vienna, 1683	369
On Refusal of Aid between Nations	371
The Christians' New Victory, at Barcan	377
A New Song, on Foes Foreign and Domestic	383
On King John Sobieski	384
Monmouth in Hiding at Toddington, Berks.	385
The Twin-Flame (Poem from Monmouth's MS.).	392
Samuel Rowley's Song on Sorrow	393
MS. Song: "With Joie we do leave thee"	394
" " "O how blest and innocent"	<i>Ibid.</i>
" " "All ye Gods that are above"	<i>Ibid.</i>
" " "Come, let us drink, and all agree"	395
Good News in Bad Times; or, Absalom's Return to David's Bosom.	399
Monmouth's Entanglement in the Plot	401
The Prodigal: Monmouth's Return to Favour	405
Monmouth Pardoned by King Charles	407
Monmouth's Entertainment at Court	413
A New Song of a Devonshire Lad	417
A Merry New Ballad on Prince Perkin (from Trowbesh MS.)	421
Nat. Lee's Love Song, 1680, from his Tragedy of Theodosius: " Hail to the Myrtle Shade!"	422
An Epitaph, on Algernon Sydney	423

	PAGE
Colonel Sydney's Overthrow; or, An Account of his Execution	426
Colonel Sydney's Lamentation and Last Farewell to the World	429
Hail to the Shades Plutonian!	431
Pluto, the Prince of Darkness, his Entertainment of Sydney	432
A Satire on the Reformadoes	433
The Reformation: a Satire.	436
Pindaric Ode on the Rye-House Plot	441
Petitions to save Lord William Russell	446
Congratulatory Pindaric Poem, by C. P. (summarized)	447
A New Song of the Times, 1683: by the Hon. Wm. Wharton	448
A 'New Song on the Old Plot,' issued in 1682	455
London's Wonder: The Great Frost, of 168 $\frac{3}{4}$	457, 463
The Whigs' Hard Heart for the Cause of the Hard Frost	461
Erra Pater's Prophecy of another Great Frost	466
Frost Fair in 1683	469
A New Song on Perkin-Monmouth's Disgrace	470
Tangier Demolished, 1684	471
Tangier's Lamentation, on the Demolishment	474
Sir Thomas Armstrong	477
Robert Ferguson's double Epitaph on Armstrong	479
On Sir William Jones: An Epitaph	481
The Bully Whig; or, Lamentation for Armstrong	482
Sir Thomas Armstrong's Farewell	483
"And There's an End of Bully!"	486
The Bully: A Song by Tom D'Urfey, 1683	<i>Ibid.</i>
Sir Thomas Armstrong's Ghost	487
Monmouth as a Wandering "Perkin"	489
The Newcastle Associators; or, The Trimmers' Loyalty	496
The Beginning of the End	499
A Catch: "Here's a Health unto his Majesty!"	499
A Catch, 1684: "Now happily met"	502
Tom Brown's Song in Praise of the Bottle	503
"The Best Bred Man alive" grown weary. (Compare p. xii.)	504
Loyal Poems on the Death of King Charles the Second	508
<hr/>	
Editorial <i>Entr'Acte</i> : The Watcher at Whitehall	510





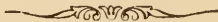
ALGERNON SYDNEY,

NATUS, 1622 ; OBIT, 1683.

(See pp. 423 to 434.)



“ F Orgive, blest Shade ! the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of Bliss !
No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of Night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of Day ! ”



THE
Struggle for the Succession
BETWEEN
Dork and Monmouth.

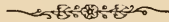
A THIRD GROUP OF ROXBURGHE BALLADS

ON

James, Duke of Monmouth.

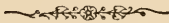
INCORPORATING, IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER,

The Rye-House Plot, with its consequent Trials and Executions; The Overthrow of the Turks at Vienna, 1683; The Great Frost-Fair on the Thames, 1683-4; and the Death of Charles the Second, 1684-5.



FOLLOWED BY FINAL GROUP, ON

The Western Insurrection of 1685, with the Fight at Sedgemoor, and Death of Monmouth.



Now first Collected, Annotated, and Reprinted for the Ballad Society,
BY J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

1883.

The Kye-House Plot Discovery.

Prinli.—“ We stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this City 's form'd a dark Conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends ; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes : nay, the hour too fixt ;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning : but, if we are Men,
Let 's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something
That may inform the World in after-ages
Our virtue was not ruin'd, tho' we were.”

—Otway's *Venice Preserved* ; or, *A Plot Discovered*. 1682.

Antonio [=Shaftesbury] *the Senator.*—“ Here 's a tickling Speech about the Plot. I'll prove there 's a Plot with a Vengeance. Would I had it without Book. Let me see—

‘ Most Reverend Senators,

‘ That there is a Plot, surely by this time no man that hath eyes or understanding in his head will presume to doubt ; 't is as plain as the Light in the Cucumber’—no, hold there ! Cucumber does not come in yet—
‘ 't is as plain as the light in the Sun, or as the Man in the Moon, even at noon-day. It is indeed a Pumpkin-Plot, which, just as it was mellow, we have gather'd it, prepar'd and dress'd it, shall we throw it like a pickled Cucumber out at the window ? No ! That is not only a bloody, horrid, execrable, æquæanep and audacious Plot ; but it is, as I may so say, a sawey Plot : and we all know, most reverend Fathers, that which is sawce for a goose is sawce for a gander. Therefore, I say, as those bloodthirsty Ganders of the Conspiracy would have destroyed us Geese of the Senate, let us make haste to destroy them ; so I humbly move for Hanging.’—Hah, hurry durry ! I think this will do ; though I was somewhat out at first, about the Sun and the Cucumber.”—*Ibid.* Act v.

“ It was in the prime of Cucumber-time.”

—*The Present State of England*. (See p. 254.)



J.W.E.

The City, before Discovery of Rye-house Plot.

“ Old *Tony's* fled, from Justice gone,
 And all his shamming *Plots* are done ;
 The Plague is ceas'd and gone away,
 Then let us make a holiday :
 And to great Charles, our gracious King,
 In joyful consort let us sing !

“ No more shall *Shrieves Whig-Juries* blind ;
 While *Loyalists* shall justice find :
 No *Ignoramus* Law prevail,
 A curse o' th' Nation to entail :
 But to great Charles, our gracious King,
 All shall in joyful consort sing.”

—*A New Year's Gift to the Templars, 1683.*



HERE is close connection, logical and chronological, between the intrigues of the short Oxford Parliament, dissolved on March 28th, 1681, and the Rye-House Plot of a year later (although not fully exposed until June, 1683). This makes it necessary that the successive steps or events should be carefully studied and clearly understood. Until the last Parliament of Charles was dismissed with a judicious promptitude which fatally defeated the plans of the conspirators (Shaftesbury, Russell, Macclesfield, Monmouth, Essex, Grey, Trenchard, and others), they had seemed to be steadily gaining ground. Intolerant, exacting, insolent, and almost reckless of consequences, they foresaw no defeat. Acting against Charles II. as though he were their enemy, they made the grave mistake of undervaluing him. They were especially blind to his real influence

over the nation, through its loyal affection for himself, and a bitter remembrance of the past rebellion. We have shown incidentally how both sides, loyalists and seditious sectaries, found it impossible to avoid the conviction that old times were returning: that 1641 was being renewed in 1682. Enough for a single generation had been one such experience as the anarchy which followed the death of Cromwell, or the grinding "Tyranny of the Sword," with the sanctimonious cant and hypocrisy of the Tub, from the Independent preacher-troopers who had earlier been his tools and bloodhounds.

The easy complaisance of the Second Charles, unlike the mingled obstinacy and vacillation of his father, misled the judgement of so acute an observer as Shaftesbury. When the King in self-defence began to exert himself, it followed inevitably that he must not only continue to direct his own affairs with energy, but that he would need to disarm and overpower those who had clearly doomed him with his brother to destruction. In 1682 he recalled from Ireland the brave James Butler, Duke of Ormond, having urgent desire that such a clear head and strong hand should be available. The great Duke "was entirely of opinion that his Majesty had better never have attempted to assert his authority than, after having gone so far in that way, to desist before he had established it; and that so unsteady a proceeding would make him more contemptible than ever." Charles must have felt the force of this, when recalling the vacillation of his own father, whose treacherous abandonment of the most zealous agents, and time-serving expedients to win over any irreconcilable enemies, had drawn total ruin on his cause.

Party-spite and the supposed interests of anti-monarchical faction have done their utmost to disguise the infamous perversion of justice by the Whig politicians of that day. We have seen how impossible it had been to obtain a fair trial for persons falsely accused of having murdered Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, or of their having conspired to assassinate the King; so long as Whig Sheriffs, under Whig Mayors, packed their Whig juries to give verdicts in accordance with the perjured testimonies of Oates, Bedloe, Dugdale, Turberville, and Dangerfield. It required skill and persistence to destroy the system, and we grudge not our admiration for the tactics employed by the Court in reprisal for past wrongs and for self-preservation. With certain untameable beasts of prey, alike ravenous and treacherous, even the bravest hunter cannot afford to stand on terms. Not the laws of sport, but the fatal necessities of self-preservation, are obeyed.

If wisdom had prevailed in the councils of the disaffected (as wisdom rarely does), the civic triumphs of the Tories might have been endured more patiently, and sincere patriots would have awaited the inevitable reaction, in case any overbearing and extortionate acts of the party in power exceeded the limits of lawful authority. But the leaders of sedition were wilfully blind to the general content. They refused to acknowledge that the present

loyal reaction was a natural consequence of their own former lawlessness. They listened only to their own voices, and deceived themselves, while asserting that the country was miserable in its slavery, and longing for Civil-War to again overthrow the monarchy. Even admitting the plausible statement that much was being transacted by the triumphant Tories which could scarcely be justified except by the *lex talionis*, there remained the certainty of a future reversal in store, if only the chief citizens of London should honestly believe that wrong had been done, and consequently that there was need to bestir themselves for redress.

In after-years it became the fashion among the Whig survivors of the Rye-House Plot sedition to boast themselves the true parents of their so-called "glorious Revolution"; not seeing that they were self-condemned by the vaunt. Their own culpable impatience under the punishment of their former blunders and crimes; their dark intrigues, in combination with reckless anarchists who befooled them to abet schemes of subornation, mutiny, and assassination; all directly provoked fresh measures of repression. It was only the stupendous folly and bigoted defiance of common prudence on the part of James II. which, as it were by accident, gave at last the lost game back into their hands.

To the great indignation of the Whigs, who had been prohibited on April 19th from holding their own Disloyal Feast on April 21st, 1682, a very different banquet was allowed to be held by the Loyal Apprentices of London, with the young Freemen, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, on the 9th of August following. Many of the nobility graced the entertainment. Sixteen stewards were chosen, the brave James Butler (the great Duke of Ormond), the Dukes of Albemarle and of Richmond, the Earls of Halifax, Sunderland, Craven, Berkeley, and Ranelagh (whose daughter had now entered the ranks of Royal Mistresses), Lord Finch, Sir John Earnely, Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster of the Forces, Mr. Godolphin (probably Sidney Godolphin), Sir William Pritchard (soon after to become Lord Mayor), Sir Thomas Beckford (who had been Sheriff in 1677), and two others. Narcissus Luttrell, enamoured of himself and his clique, as his name befittingly indreates, after enumerating them, allows his partizan spite to escape, at seeing his political foes enjoy their feast harmoniously, and declares in his *Diary*, i. 212, these three remarks "worthy consideration: 1st, they stile themselves *the loyall*, by way of eminency, as if no others were so beside themselves" [*Answer*: The others were *dis-loyal* on their own showing, and certainly "beside themselves" with rage and envy]; "2nd, the incouragement this gives to idleness and debauchery" [*Answer*: A very pretty objection, but how odd it is that we never heard this plea against idleness and debauchery of guttling and guzzling while the Whigs were previously arranging their own feast; but then it was to be preceded by a seditious sermon from the Rev. Thomas

Jekyl, at St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, as grace before meat, to help digestion and thirst after dry theology]; "3rd, that the Court thought fitt to prohibit the late feast of the Whig, yet allowes of this, and is countenanced by many of the chief ministers of state (fitt company for boyes and apprentices), for what design is worthy consideration." [*Answer*: Admitted, because circumstances alter cases. A government has no call to discountenance any such meetings if they be called and conducted by persons who are known to be loyal subjects; but it is very different when the so-called leaders are in open revolt against the State. To tolerate seditious assemblages would be suicidal, so long as power can be brought to support authority.]

We have already seen how bitter had been the disappointment of the Whigs when baffled in their attempt to hold a seditious banquet at the Halls of the Goldsmiths' and Haberdashers' Companies, on April 21, 1682.¹ It was more galling, because this demonstration had been organized expressly to overshadow and depreciate a rival banquet given loyally to welcome home the Duke of York by his admirers or adherents, on the 20th, which rivalry was for the first time sanctioned by the Court, through the Lord Mayor being left without interruption. Tom D'Urfey wrote the sham "*Scotch* song, sung at the Artillery Feast," and printed it next year (the year of the Rye-House Plot), but did not include it among his numerous reprints in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* of later years. It is consequently, like most of his ultra-political songs, extremely rare. In fact, he found it convenient during the usurpation of William and Mary, and also during the reign of Anne, to quietly

¹ See pp. 145 to 150. On the first of these we gave a copy of the quarto horizontal-oblong printed bill, or "Ticket," issued as an invitation and voucher for the Feast. *Read*, "Friday the 21th," and "bring this Ticket with you." Then follow two columns of names, in manuscript, of the appointed stewards, *viz.* John Wilmore, Peter Mortemore, John Burrough, John Wickham, Tho. Barnes, Zachariah Bourne, Tho. Wicks, Sim. Smith, Edward Partridge, Alex. Hosea, Edward Proby, Benj. Gerrard, John White, Sam Read, Peter Hagar, and Tho. King. Of these John Wilmore was chief. As shown on p. 77, he had been foreman of the Grand Jury that released Stephen College by rejecting the true bill with *Ignoramus*. John Wilmore soon felt the punishment, for he had kidnapped to Jamaica a boy of 13 years old, one Richard Siviter, and the matter was considered at the King's Bench bar in May, 1682, a writ *de homine replegiando* was delivered to the London Sheriffs, who did their utmost by quibbles of law to shield their associate. Wilmore was forced to send an express to Jamaica to bring back the boy, and thus mitigate his own fine; meantime he kept close, and a Mr. Dessigny was tried for a similar offence, convicted, then fined £500, and committed to custody until payment was made. Richard Siviter arrived back from Jamaica in January, 1682. Thus, incidentally, we see the commercial and social morality of the leading lights among the Revolutionary Whigs, who, like their modern imitators (to use the language of *Hudibras*),

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By Sinners those they have no mind to.

drop out of sight most of his violent Tory ditties. He had learnt to back the winning horse, elsewhere than at Newmarket. If he had been charged openly with having turned his coat, honest Tom would have had in readiness a score of excuses; but it might suffice to say, that he had only acted as aldermen, courtiers, statesmen, warriors, and lawyers had done before him, for their own personal profit under pretence of Protestant zeal; and also, that after having been a sincere Yorkist during the time when nefarious schemes for Exclusion were rife, he had not turned his pen or his back against James the Second until that monarch's own conduct had become outrageous, destructive of our national liberties, our Church of England, and every sound principle of constitutional government.

A Scotch Song, sung at the Artillery Feast, 1682.

W Oons! what noo is the matter! gud feth! 'tis wondrous strange,
 The *Whiggs* do keep such a clatter that nean can pass th' *Exchange*.
 They cry braid, 'it is pittie, their numbers are no more;
 The Duke does dine in the City!' and muckle they fear his power.
 They begin th' awd trick agen, and Cabal like awd *Nick* agen,
 Feast three hundred pound thick agen, sike a height they soar:
Ah, bonny London! thou'rt undone, if e'er thou art in their power. 7

The wise Old *E[arl]* with the Spiggot, that never knew rest or ease;¹
 Ods bread! is grown sike a Bigot, the Nation has his disease.
 More I think I could name ye, that makes this rare show,
 Bold *George*, and Politick *Tommy*, converted by Doctor *T.O.*²
 Both the Sheriffs there should ha bin, met for National Good agen,
 [And they seem'd a' richt *wud* agen,] as they were before,
Ah, bonny London! thou'rt undone, if long thou art in their power. 14

More, to show us what Ninnys are all such rebellious beasts,
 The Cuckolds sent in their guineys to make up this Godly Feast:
 Never caring or thinking what insolence was done,
 Or that their Plotting and Drinking should e're be oppos'd so soon.
 But when they knew they were barr'd agen, they sent out the Black Guard agen,
 'All our Bonfires were marr'd agen;' Slaves did shout and roar:
Ah, bonny London! thou'rt undone, if e're thou art in their power. 21

Right and Royalty governs, which Rebels would overthrow,
 They once were fatal to Sovereigns: Ah! let 'em no more be so.
 But, to baffle Oppression, inspir'd by Fate divine,
 Defend the Crown and Succession, and keep it in the Right Line.
 Every Soldier will fight for it, each bold Genius will write for it,
 And the *Whigs* hang in spite for it, losing Regal power:
*And bonny London, they're undone, that thought to usurp once more.*³ 28

[Date, November, 1682. We supply a dropt line.]

There had been a Loyal Feast given by the Artillery Company on 20th of April, 1682, to welcome the Duke of York on his return from Scotland: it was preceded by Dr. Thomas Sprat's Sermon at

¹ Shaftesbury. ² Sir George Treby, Sir Thomas Player, and Titus Oates.

³ Tom D'Urfeys has forgotten to keep up his Scotch dialect in this final verse.

Bow Church. But the present song, exulting over the Whigs having been baffled, belongs to seven months later, when another similar Feast was given by the Artillery Company, the Duke of York again being their guest, on the 28th November, 1682, at Merchant Taylors' Hall.

Once again, the Court was but adopting in reprisal the very system which the disaffected Whigs had often employed to gain popularity and power. Even at Oxford, during the "weeked Parliament" of March 1680, Shaftesbury, Russell, Monmouth, and Essex had kept open tables for all comers, to tempt their visitors into sedition by unpaid feasts and revelry.

Shaftesbury's policy of flattering the base vulgar, and making treats or banquets alike the bribe and the disguise of treason, is denounced in "The Loyal Scot; an excellent new Song, to a new Scotch Tune," beginning, "Bread of Gued! I think the Nation's mad." After naming him as "that machine of monstrous policy," and "the voice of all the geudly rabble *Mobile*," it continues; first on Shaftesbury, and next on Monmouth:

For, like *Roman Cataline*, to gain his pious ends,
 He pimps for au the loose Rebellious Fops in Toon,
 And with *Treats* and Treason daily crams his *City Friends*,
 From the Link-man to the Scarlet-Goon. [==Aldermen.
 And with high debauchery they carry on the *Cause*,
 And geudly *Reformation* was the Sham pretence:
 And religiously defie Divine and Humane Laws,
 With obedience to their Rightful Prince. 16

Then, as Speaker to this Grand Cabal,
 Old Envy 'Tony, seated at the head o' th' Board,
 His learn'd Oration for Rebellion makes to all,
 Applauded and approv'd by ev'ry Factious Lord.
 Cully *JEMMY* then they vote for King,— [i.e. Monmouth.
 Whom curse confound for being sike a senseless Loon!
 Can they, who did their lawful Lord unto the Scaffold bring,
 Be just to him, that has no Title to the Croon? 24

But they find he's a Blockhead fitted for their use,
 A Fool by nature, and a Knave by custom grown;
 A *Gay Fop-Monarch*, that the Rabble may abuse;
 And, their business done, will soon Un-throne.
 And *Jemmy* swears and vows, gin he can get the Croon,
 He by the Laws of *Forty-Ane* will guided be;
 And profane Lawn-Sleeves and Surplices again must doon,
 Then hey for auld *PRESBYTERY*! 32

To ridicule the seditious rant which found favour among such conventicle politicians some unidentified scribe wrote a poem of eighty-one lines, which is here given from our Trowbesh Collection, as a record of partizan warfare. We need not reproduce all the redundant capitals and italic type of the original.

On the Loyal Apprentices' Feast.

[Held at Merchant Taylors' Hall, London, August 9, 1682.]

THe busy Town grew still, and trait'rous *Whigs*
 Had lately chang'd their looks and periwigs,
 Left Envy's face behind, and sniv'ling Cant,
 And *Hectors* turn'd, with Loyalists to rant.
 I know not which it was, whether they thought
 Some Conventieling *sarouq* might there be brought
 By strict Devotion to meet a 'Brother ;'
 Or whether 'twas they scented out some other
 Warm zealous game, as pasty, pudding-pie,
 Not "Superstitious" now if *Whigs* be by !
 But something 'twas made "Godly'st Men o' th' Nation"
 Back-slide a little now for Recreation ;
 And here's a *Penitential Psalm* of one
 That tells his Brethren what himself has done
 "At Loyal-Feast in Merchant Taylors' Hall,
 'Mongst Coxcomb-Lords and worshippers of *Baal* ; [April 20, 1682.]
 Whither foolish King and Princes too had sent
 Fat Bucks, in Sacrifice to Idols meant !"
 Yet 'mongst such fools a *Whig* can eat and drink,
 Whilst h' one thing speaks, and doth another think. 20
 He in deceit can manage cunning slight ;
 Not so the *Tories*, they must be down-right,
 And naturally are so to all men's sight :
 But *Whigs* with Reservation speak and write,
 And far out-do the greatest *Jesuite*.
 Well ; "Fools" we must be then, the *Whigs* will have
 For their dear selves the other Sir-name, "Knave."
 Then let them hav't, we'll give the Devil his due,
Whig earns it better than *Papist*, *Turk*, or *Jew* :
 'Tis but re-counting in Phanatick strain
 The foulest crimes, and then they're *Saint* again.
 A fallen Star to-day, perhaps to-morrow
 May shine like *Lucifer*, and from him borrow
 A brand or two of his infernal light,
 T' intoxicate poor people in the Night.
 "New Lights" and new discoveries they bring,
 Dark-Lanthorn Counsels how to 'buse the King ;
 Make every thing ridiculous appear,
 That pleases him, or any Loyal Peer.
 "The Royal Fam'ly's but a Popish Crew,
 And Doctor Crape-Gowns are all *Papists* too ;" 40

A puny Prayer's the best thing, they can tell ye,
 Whilst their Devotion's fixed upon their Belly.

"*Loyal Addresses and Abhorrences*"——

(Quoth Turn-Coat *Whig*,) "are sottish flatteries;

The King delights in *Parasites*, we see,

And none but Fools can in his favour be;

Dissolving Parliaments deserves damnation,

For keeping *Publick Justice* from the Nation;

And th' Godly persecuted, 'Las! 'tis worse

Than Tyranny, or Arbitrary force.

*Poper*y is come already! Where be we?

Brethren, stand fast in Christian Liberty!

See how the Loyal Beagles of the Town

Flock from their shops, t' adore the Idol CROWN!

Those silly Curs, that sometimes us'd to help 's,

And foll'w our keen *Rebellious Blood-hound Whelps*,

They're now declaring for the Royal Cause,

Think Kingly Blood too sacred for our jaws.

Help! now or never, *Baxter, Curtis, Care*,¹

60

And all True Patriots of our *Holy War*!

The King and Court can't be more odious made;

Strike now! strike home! or all our *Plot's* betray'd."

Thus far the *Whigs*; for here the true sense lies

Of all their Libels, Rhithmes, and Forgeries:

And yet they're "Loyal still!" But, ye must know,

'Tis with a *Mental Reservation* though;

[*Elk. Settle.*]

As Brother Poet has at last confest,

Who, if he'd hid this truth, had spoil'd his jest.

Ay, we've experienc'd well what Loyalty

Since 'Forty-One his Brethren-brood and he

Are like to shew; which makes us think, and say,

Old *Nick's* as True and Loyal too as they.

But you, brave Loyal Youths (that "Fools and Fops"

Are nick-nam'd by the Rebel-rout), your shops

Shall be protected by the sovereign charms

Of *Charles* and *York*, and their victorious arms.

With Heaven's assistance, win your selves renown,

Redeem the credit of this Ancient Town;

Say, 'LONDON'S 'PRENTICES have done the thing,

80

Joyn'd *Zeal to God* with *Duty to the King.*'

¹ Richard Baxter, the Noncon. divine, was continually getting into trouble at this time, through not concentrating his attention on spiritual matters, but putting in his oar over-zealously where the political factions waged an inglorious boat-race near Billingsgate. The local dialect was employed "liberally." Langley Curtis, publisher of seditious libels, which Henry Care and others had written for hire and mischief; both mentioned already, see pp. 146, 174, 197.

[We need afterwards refer to the tune *Let Oliver now be forgotten* : which is virtually the same tune as *An old Woman cloathed in grey* (see *Popular Music* p. 456), and known by the name drawn from an unrecovered song called "*How unhappy is Phillis in love!*" We give here, in preparation, D'Urfey's song on Lord Shaftesbury ; printed in the rare *New Collection of Songs and Poems* by Thomas D'Urfey, Gent., 1683, on p. 52 : but it belongs to December, 1680.]

Tony : A Ballad

Made occasionally by reading a late Speech made by a Noble Peer.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *How unhappy is Phillis in love.*]

Let *Oliver* now be forgotten, his Policy's quite out of doors,
 Let *Bradshaw* and *Hewson* lye rotting, like sons of *Pharatical* εαροϋαα,
 For *Tony's* grown a Patrician, by voting *puuup* Sedition,
 For many years
 Fam'd Politician, the Mouth of all Presbyter Peers.

Tony, a Turncoat at *Worcester*, yet swore he'd maintain the King's Right ;
 But *Tony* did swagger and bluster, and never drew Sword on his side :

For *Tony*, like an old stallion, had still the pox of Rebellion,
 And never was sound ;

Like a chamelion, still changing shape, and his ground. 18

Old *Rowley* return'd (heaven bless him), from Exile and Danger set free,
 Sly *Tony* made haste to address him, and swore none so Loyal as he :

The king that knew him a Traytor, and saw him squint like a Satyr,
 Yet through his grace,

Pardon'd the matter, and gave him since the *Purse* and the *Mace*.

And now little Chancellor *Tony* with honour has feather'd his Wing,
 And carefully scrap'd up the Money, but never a Groat for the King.

But *Tony's* luek was confounded, the Duke soon smoak'd him a Round-head ;
 From head to heel,

Tony was sounded, and *I[or]k* put a spoke in his wheel. 36

But *Tony* that frets in his passion, like Boy that has nettled his breech,
 Did late in the House take occasion to make a most delicate speech :

He told the King like a crony, ' If e'r he hop'd to have Money,
 He must be rul'd ; '

Oh, fine *Tony!* was ever potent Monarch so school'd.

The King issues forth Proclamation, by learned and loyal Advice,
 But *Tony* declares to the Nation ' The Council will never be wise : '

For *Tony* rayles at the Papist, yet is himself an Atheist,
 Though so precise,

Sneaking and apish : like holy Quack or Priest in disguise. 54

But Destiny shortly will cross it, for *Tony* grows gouty and sick,

In spite of his spiggot and fawset, the Statesman must go to Old *Nick* :
 Yet *Tony's* madder and madder, and *M[ou]mouth* blown like a Bladder,
 And others too,¹

Who grow gladder, that they great *I[or]k* are like to undo.

But now let this Rump of the Law see a Maxim, and so we will part,
 Who e're with his Prince is so sawcy, 'tis fear'd, is a Traytor in's heart.

Then *Tony* cease to be witty, by buzzing 'Treason i' th' City,
 And love the King :

(So ends my ditty) or else may'st thou swing like a dog in a string. 72

¹ A later version reads " And *L . . . ce* too," meaning John, third Lord Lovelace.

We know not from whose active mind came the first idea of recalling the Civic Charter, unless it were Charles's own. Despite the allegations made by his enemies, of it having been long meditated, there is improbability of it being entirely foreseen as an ultimate consequence, either by himself or by any other. Robert Spencer, the Duke of Sunderland, alone could have had such prescience: the arch-plotter who held a dozen skeins of treachery within his unscrupulous mind, and cheated everybody with whom he had dealings, himself included.

It is more safe to trace back the links of the chain, than to have forecasted the end. Certainly, the inquiry into the legitimate exercise of civic rights, for the purpose of repressing and punishing abuses, extortions, and the assumed independence of all external controul, was not in itself an act of tyranny. We know that there had been many illegal acts perpetrated by the Whig Sheriffs, and it is not to be wondered at that such an inquiry should have been in time instituted by the Attorney-General in obedience to a suggestion from Whitehall. Hence the process *Quo Warranto*. It was intrinsically a question, "by what authority do you assert that you exercise your power, and amass wealth beyond the controul of a government which holds you in safety?" It took a long time for the tedious pleadings of the lawyers to be brushed aside, and the real truth discerned. Save for the litigious and seditious *animus* of certain demagogues, there would have been no tampering with the civil privileges either meditated or performed by the Court. But it was a fight *à la outrance*, and the *Quo Warranto* was of their own provoking. Whatever may be thought of the ungenerous spirit on one side, or the impolicy of special rejoinders, there can be no doubt that the steps taken by government were perfectly legal. It was only because the Judges were willing to decide in accordance with the wish of Royalty, that there was such an outburst of clamour, then and later. The Whigs had applauded Scroggs and Jeffereys while still their partizans, but railed at them and Pemberton in opposition.

We have written of Sir John Moore as a Tory, but perhaps this is accepting too literally the misrepresentations of his enemies. Had he been such, a greater effort would have been made to defeat him from becoming Lord Mayor. He was by no means so pronounced a partizan as his successor Sir William Pritchard, whose Toryism is indisputable. But neither was Moore in any respect a narrow-minded bigot and tool of the sectaries, as had been his own immediate predecessors Sir Robert Clayton and Sir Patience Ward. The verdict passed on Moore by Thomas Carte seems to be correct, *viz.* that he was "a very honest man, but timorous in some cases, and doubtful of exerting his authority. The Duke of Ormond was the person who inspired him with courage; he generally dined with him twice or thrice a week during the contest which now happened; and was the only person about Court employed on these occasions.

The first point gained in these elections was that of an Alderman in Sir *Joseph Sheldon's* stead, upon whose death Sir *Richard Howe* was chosen, notwithstanding all the efforts of the faction. This was the greater blow to their reputation, because it was in the very ward where Shaftesbury lived: Thanet House, his residence, being in Aldersgate Street. The next victory was at the election of the Sheriffs, "in which the [*Whig*] party proceeded with their usual insolence and violence." And so say all of us!

There had been hitherto no dispute regarding the privilege exercised by successive Lord Mayors of nominating one of the ensuing Sheriffs by drinking to him publicly on an appointed day. It was recognized to be an immemorial custom or right: decisive, as the choice of one churchwarden for the ensuing year, by the Vicar's own solitary nomination, is established in the parish vestries of England. Had Sir John Moore thus pledged some noted Whig, such as Papillon or Dubois, not one of the faction would for a moment have insinuated a doubt of the Lord Mayor's competency to nominate the new Sheriff. Nor would any of the Tories have made a riotous demonstration in opposition, for it is one marked characteristic of Conservatives to accept the inevitable and accomplished fact, for the time being, but to do their best to secure victory another time.

Having awakened to a knowledge of the danger to city and country if the aggressiveness of the fanatics continued to receive support, Lord Mayor Moore bravely encountered their anger by publicly drinking to Dudley North, "a man of very good character and interest in the City, and brother to the Lord Chief Justice of that name" [Francis North, Lord Guildford]. "This was deemed a designation of him to the office of Sheriff, according to the custom of the City, which had raised one hundred and fifty thousand pounds by the fines of persons who refused to [respond to the] pledge when the election came on." It is futile for Whigs and Radicals to defend the rebellious factiousness of 1682; which was illegal, as it was inefficacious. Out of sheer party-spite the Mayor's right of nominating by pledging was disputed. Thomas Papillon and John Dubois, the Whig favourites, were put up as candidates; while Ralph Box was named by the loyal party, and the Mayor voted for him alone, expressly declaring that Dudley North's position was already secured by his having been pledged. All others who voted for Box voted also for North. But the clerks had been tampered with, and were partizans, believing that the usual tactics would succeed. Therefore, the Lord Mayor adjourned the Court to another day, in order to get true lists of the liveries, and thus check the foul practices. He then left the hall, and was followed by six hundred of the loyal voters, who had not yet recorded their votes, because of the adjournment. Nevertheless, although illegally, Pilkington and Shute, whose Shrievalties were ending, presumed to carry on the polling with the one-sided remainder.

At the appointed time the Lord Mayor resumed the Court. But the riotously and illegally voting residuum of the previous day, supporters of Papillon and Dubois, came not to the poll, refusing on the plea that the matter was settled. The others, who voted for North and Box, then came forward, and gave them a majority, so that they were declared to have been duly elected.

Ralph Box, apparently, lacked nerve to withstand the persecution of the faction, and preferred to pay his fine of exemption, £500. This vacancy was to be filled. Therefore, Peter Rich, "a stout and wealthy citizen," was put up as candidate at the next Common Hall. Pilkington, Shute, and their partizans insisted that Papillon and Dubois were already in possession of rights, as elected formerly, and declared that it must first be debated whether they should proceed to a fresh choice. Lord Mayor Moore refused to consider as an open question the previous illegal polling, continued after he had adjourned the court, insomuch that without him no such Common-Hall could be held. He then

"ordered the common-sergeant to propose according to custom that whoever were for Mr. Rich should declare their consent by holding up their hands. Above five hundred hands were held up, and no negative being put, the Mayor being acquainted therewith by the Sergeant, came upon the hustings, and declared Mr. Rich chosen Sheriff. The old Sheriffs said, he was not chosen by the major part, who had not yet determined whether they would proceed to a new choice or no. The Mayor told them, they had nothing to do with holding or adjourning the court, and for their mistake in that particular had been latey sufferers; and therefore he hoped they would be wiser than to be guilty of the like mistake again: and thereupon, no poll being demanded, he adjourned the Court. It looks as if the [*Whig*] party had not agreed upon their measures, or doubted of their success in this point; for the Sheriffs [*Pilkington and Shute*] met in the afternoon, and opened books to confirm the election of Papillon and Dubois. The Mayor, hearing of it, sent to them to forbear, and go home. The Sheriffs returned for answer that it was none of his work but theirs, and still proceeded. The Mayor came himself at five o'clock to *Guildhall*, and commanded all persons to go to their houses, and then went away. The Sheriffs, not afraid of [committing] a second riot, continued the poll, and in the end declared Papillon and Dubois duly elected."—T. Carte's *Life of Ormond*, iv. 639. We use the 1851 edition.

This was an important contest, and victory here secured other triumphs to follow. The successful loyalists did not delay to sound their pæans, and could scarcely be expected to avoid exulting over the defeated Whigs. They felt no commiseration for the unscrupulous foes who had expected to be conquerors and tried their utmost to win—but failed. One of the ditties which celebrated the event may well be given here. It was sung to the tune of Tom D'Urfey's "Joy to the Bridegroom fill the sky!" i.e. an Epithalamium on the marriage of Lady *W*— (a broadside of which is preserved in the Pepys Collection, IV. 93, entitled "The Joys of a Vertuous Love; or, An Invitation to the happy state of Marriage;" and a duplicate in C. 22, e. 2, fol. 131). Compare our pp. 231, and 248 on the tune.

Loyalty Triumphant,

On the Confirmation of Mr. North and Mr. Rich,
Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

TUNE OF, *Joy to the Bridegroom* [*fill the sky!* See previous page.]

Fill up the Bowl, and set it round,
The day is won, the *Sheriffs* crown'd;
The Rabble flies, the tumults yield,
And Loyalty maintains the Field;
Saint *George* for *England!* then amain
To Royal *Charles* the ocean drain! 6

With Justice may it ever flow,
And in an endless circle go;
The brim with conqu'ring Bays be crown'd,
And Faction in the Dregs lie drown'd:
Then to the Queen and Royal *James*
Sacrifice your flowing *Thames*.¹ 12

Thanks to Sir *John*, our good Lord *Mayor*,
'Gainst *Sheriffs'* tricks he kept the Chair;
The Court and City's rights maintains,
While headstrong Faction broke the reins:
Then to the famous Sir *John Moore!*
May after-age that name adore. 18

What zeal (ye *Whigs*) to "the *Old Cause*"
Thus makes you act against the Laws,
That none for *Sheriffs* must contend
But your old *Ignoramus* friend? [*=Henry Cornish.*]
But now your hopes are all destroy'd,
And your two Champions laid aside. 24

Is this your love to Church and State
That no good man must serve of late,
While you can find one factious Rogue
To sway the *Poll*, and get the vogue?
By unjust means your Rights you claim,
And lawless force maintain the same. 30

¹ *Id est*, a river-full of wine to the Queen and the Duke, in bumpers, but a whole ocean-full to King Charles.

But brave Sir *John*, while th' storms increase,
 His wisdom made the tumults cease ;
 In spite of all illegal Poll,
 The routs and riots did controll :

When he shall gain a lasting name,
 And after-age Record his Fame.

36

Amongst the men of chiefest worth
 The Vote is given for Loyal North,
 In spite of *Pilk[ington]* and *Sh[ute]*,
Papillion, and the rabble rout :

Then to brave *North* a double dose,
 Who the strong Factions did oppose.

42

Now *Box* withdraws, *Dubois* contends,
 And noble *Rich* the stage ascends ;
 By legal 'gainst illegal Vote
 The Loyal Tribune they promote :

Then to brave *Rich* a help of hand,
 Who the loud tumults did withstand.

48

For Ropes and Gibbets the next year
 The *Whigs* (we hope) need not despair ;
 If *Rich* find Timber (give them scope),
 Brave *North* will never grudge them Rope :

Then, to conclude, we 'll crown the Bowl
 With a Health to the *K[ing]* and each Loyal Soul.

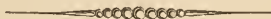
[In White-letter. Date, 29th September, 1682. When re-issued in 1685, the name of "Charles" was changed into "James," in the sixth line, as in other ditties, although confusingly. It was a way they had in Covent-Garden.]

The election of the Tory Sheriffs North and Box (the latter replaced by Rich) was in September, 1682. The next Court triumph followed swiftly on October 4th. The election of Lord-Mayor gave Sir William Pritchard, "the eldest alderman below the chair," his proper position, despite the opposition in favour of T. Gold, Sir H. Tulse and H. Cornish. Pritchard gained the show of hands, but a scrutiny was demanded on behalf of Cornish by his friends, Francis Jenks, Michael Godfrey, and ten others. Ultimately Pritchard was found to have 2138 votes, and Cornish only 2093. So success was again with the Court party, and a stop put thereby to the iniquitous *Ignoramus* Juries. We are told that "the carrying of these elections broke the spirits of the faction in the city, which, now there was an end of *Ignoramus* juries, *Shaftesbury* thought was no longer a safe place of residence. He retired privately from home, and having appointed a meeting of the chief persons of quality [*Russell*, *Grey*, and *Essex*] that were embarked in his measures, at *Cassiobury*, and there concerted what was best to be done, he made a retreat into

Holland." On this flight, and upon his death two months later at Amsterdam, we have already written (p. 233). In next Group we give a summary of three hitherto unprinted letters, dated February 168 $\frac{2}{3}$, from Abraham Keck, Thomas Sheppard, and Francis Prince to the Countess of Shaftesbury, on the decease of the Earl.

We need not linger over the legal proceedings against Pilkington and Shute, for continuing the Poll after Lord Mayor Moore had adjourned the Court; for which they were summoned before the Council, committed to the Tower, for misdemeanour-riot, and bailed by friends; who refused to renew the recognizances when they came before the King's Bench bar: so that Pilkington was obliged to be bound for Shute, and Shute bound for Pilkington, who "could not forbear uttering some passionate expressions of resentment for being, after all his services, deserted by his party; which now, giving up their game for lost in the City, soon dwindled away to nothing."—*Ibid.*, p. 640.

Secret plotting continued, however, but discovery came before the final judgment was declared against the City, and its Charter was surrendered. The ensuing ballad was issued by the faction when their defeat was imminent. It matters little by whom the ironical and malicious buffoonery was written. The interest is concentrated in the fact that these missiles from either camp were either applauded or howled at by the mob, according to their individual bias; and at the time in question the Whig was far from being popular or acceptable. Sensible men, who had been grumbling not unreasonably at some of the vices and mismanagement of the Court, had by this date, 1682, found a worse tyranny exercised by the Revolutionists. Easy-going citizens were disinclined to exchange King Log for King Stork. The threatened return of Puritanical tyranny had proved sufficiently hateful to cause the reconciliation of all truly moderate men in opposition against it. It was better to endure the wastefulness, the effeminacy, and even the brazen wantonness of courtiers, than to again feel the harsh travesty of priestcraft exerted by the Nonconformist *Jack Presbyters*, with enforced acceptance of their *Good Old Cause*.



The City Ballad, 1682.

Prepare now, you Cits, your *Charter* to lose,
 You're caught in a Noose
 That is laid ;
 You 're betray'd, you're betray'd,
 By those Lords you ador'd ;
 Your Sons shall be sold, and your Daughters be p¹⁰⁴Λ ;
 Your Wives turn'd to sp^æg : who is that will pity
 Such hungry Baboons, who have eat up a City ? 8

Now open your eyes, see your 'Prentices rise,
 Your Wives and your Daughters obey ;
 For the Bucks which they eat
 Were provocative meat,
 For a Brace more their God they'll betray.
 Hang ruling by Law, 'tis weak as a straw,
 When the Sword its sharp point shall advance ;
 Then off with your Coats, and put on your Boots,
 For *England* is modell'd by *France*. 17

A Catholick Prince with an Oath can dispence,
 Whenever his Measures shall alter ;
 Your Shrieves and Lord Mayor
 Shall each have a share
 Of a sanctify'd Popish Halter.
 Hark ! hark ! the time's come, sound trumpet and drum !
 Do you wonder ?
 'Tis the Guards who doe wait
 At the base City-Gate,
 And want but the Word for to Plunder. 27

London, Printed Anno Domini 1682.

[White-letter. No woodcut. Reprinted in 1689.]

Our *Roxburghe Ballads* show the gross folly and wickedness of those who conspired for an armed insurrection, with Russell, Trenchard, Essex, Hampden, and the few more of eminent station ; or for a cowardly murder of the King along with his brother the Duke of York, followed by a new Commonwealth republic, projected by such as Walcot, Rumsey, and their Cromwellian allies. Before reaching these ballads on Russell, Essex, Algernon Sydney, and Sir Thomas Armstrong, let us here give the earlier song of exultation on the Instalment of Sir John Moore, the Lord Mayor who was in power before the Rye-House Plot was discovered. The tune named, *St. George for England*, had been a favourite revival at the time of the Restoration. It was used for a burlesque ditty in licentious praise of Jane Shore, " Why should we boast of *Lais* and her Knights ? "

The original St. George ballad had began, "Why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights?" There was a political "Second Part" issued in 1660, in honour of George Monk, by the Cavaliers. But this, beginning, "Now the *Rump* is confounded, There's an end of the *Roundhead*," is to a different tune and burden, viz., *To drive the cold Winter away*. (See *Rump Songs*, 1662, ii. 159.) A veritable Second Part of "St. George for England" was written by John Grubb, schoolmaster of Christ-Church, Oxford, and sold there by Henry Clement, 1688. Entitled "The British Heroes," it begau,

The story of King *Arthur* bold is very memorable ;
 The number of his valiant Knights, and roundness of his Table.
 The Knights around his Table in a circle sate, d'ye see,
 And altogether made up one large hoop of Chivalry. &c.

The Tune of *St. George for England* is in *Popular Music*, p. 287.

Sir George Jeffereys is joined with Sir John Moore in the lively chorus, on account of the Civic Charter. Ex-Mayor Sir Patience Ward, with his former Sheriffs, Slingsby Bethel and Henry Cornish (all of them being unscrupulous Whigs of the most malignant type), are treated with no more clemency in the ballad than they deserved. "Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape Whipping?" asks our wise Dane. Why, certainly, not Patience Ward, or Slingsby Bethel, or Henry Cornish. "Sir Bob" Clayton, who had been Mayor in 1679, preceding Ward, and "Sir Tom" Player, the City Chamberlain, had fully earned the right of being well flagellated by the satirist, like this precious triumvirate: *Which no body can deny!* except the most prejudiced of wrong-headed politicians.

Every statement of Gilbert Burnet is coloured and distorted both by his personal dislikes and his sectarian or political bigotry, consequently not one word of his can be received *sine grano*. His account of Moore's election is darkened by his remembrance of the later movements in regard to North and Box, but is worth notice, if only for its admissions of party-tactics. We feel sure that where he admits Whigs to have been weak, they must have been very culpable. They left no individual freedom to their own partizans, thus they coerced Moore until they lost him as an ally. Burnet says,

"The Court had carried the election of Sir *John Moor* to be mayor of the city of *London* at Michaelmas 'Eighty-one. *He was the alderman on whom the election fell in course*. Yet some who knew him well were for setting him aside, as one whom the Court would easily manage. *He had been a non-conformist himself, till he grew so rich that he had a mind to go through the dignities of the city*: but though he conformed to the Church, yet he was still looked on as one that in his heart favoured the sectaries; and upon this occasion he persuaded some of their preachers to go among their congregations to get votes for him. Others, who knew him to be a flexible and faint-hearted man, opposed his election: yet it was carried for him. The opposition that was made to his election had sharpened him so much that he became in all things compliant to the Court, in particular to Secretary *Jenkins*, who took him into his own management."—*Own Time*, 347.

[British Museum Collection, Press-mark, 1872, a 1. fol. 40.]

Vive Le Roy: or, London's Joy.

A New Song on the Instalment of the Present Lord Mayor of
London [*Sir John Moore*, 29 October, 1681.]

TO THE TUNE OF, *St. George for England.*

YOU *London* Lads rejoyce, and cast away your Care,
Since with one Heart and Voice *Sir John* is chosen Mayor;
The famous *Sir John Moore*, Lord Mayor of *London Town*,
To your eternal praise, shall stand a Subject of Renown,
Amongst your famous Worthies who have been most esteem'd;
For *Sir John*, *Sir John* your Honour hath redeem'd.
Sir John he's for the King's Right, which Rebels wou'd destroy;
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy. 8

When with a Hide-bound Mayor¹ the Town was in distraction,
Sir John leapt in the Chair, and cur'd the Hall of Faction:
He to the People shew'd their Duty and Allegiance;
How to the Sacred King and Laws they pay their due Obedience.
Sir George unto the People a Loyal Speech did give;
But *Sir John*, *Sir John* your Honour did retrieve.
Sir John is for Allegiance, which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy. 16

When thou wast lost, Oh *London*, in Faction and Sedition,
By *Whigs* and *Zealots* undon, while they were in Commission:
When Treason, like Old *Noll's* Brigade, did gallop through the Town,
And Loyalty, a tired Jade, had cast her Rider down;
The Famous *Sir George Jeffreys* your Charter did maintain;
But *Sir John*, *Sir John* restor'd thy Fame again.
Sir John is for the Monarchy, which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy. 24

When th' Mayor with Sheriffs mounted, sad jealousies contriv'd,
And all the Town run after, as if the Devil driv'd,
Then famous *Sir John Moore* thy Loyalty restor'd,
And noble *Sir George Jeffreys*, who did thy Acts record;
Sir George of all thy Heroes deserves the foremost place:
But *Sir John*, *Sir John* hath got the Sword and Mace.
Sir John is for Justice, which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy. 32

¹ Moore's predecessor Sir Patience Ward, chosen at Michaelmas, 1680, with the Whig Sheriffs Slingsby Bethel and Henry Cornish. See p. 278.

Sir Pa[tience Ward] wou'd have the Court submit unto the City,
Whitehall stoop to the 'Change, and is not that a pity?

Sh[eriff Bethel] (save Allegiance) thinks nothing a Transgression :

Sir Tom rails at the lawful Prince, Sir Bob at the Succession :

While still the brave Sir George does their Fury interpose,

But Sir John, Sir John maintains the Royal Cause.

Sir John he's for his Highness, whom Rebels wou'd destroy.

Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

40

Sir Pa[tience] for a Parliament, Sh[eriff] Be[thel] a Petition,
Instead of an Address, cram'd brimful of Sedition.

Sir Tom he is for Liberty, against Prerogative,

[Player.

Sir Bob is for the Subject's Right, but will no Justice give, [Clayton.

And brave Sir George does all their Famous Deeds record ;

But Sir John, Sir John your Loyalty restor'd.

Sir John he's for the Int'rest which Rebels wou'd destroy.

Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

48

Sir Pa[tience] he calls for Justice, and then the Wretch will sham us ;

Sh[eriff] Be[thel] he packs a Jury well vers'd in Ignoramus :

Sir Tom wou'd hang the Tory, and let the Whig go free ;

Sir Bob wou'd have a Commonwealth, and cry down Monarchy.

While still the brave Sir George does all their Deeds record.

But Sir John, Sir John your Loyalty restor'd.

Sir John he is for Justice, which Rebels wou'd destroy.

Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

56

And may such loyal Mayors as honest Sheriffs find :

Such Sheriffs find a Jury will to the King be kind.

And may the King live long, to rule such People here ;

And may he such a Lord Mayor find, and Sheriffs every year !

That Traytors may receive the Justice of the Laws,

While Sir John, Sir John maintains the Royal Cause.

Sir John is for the King still, whom Rebels wou'd destroy.

Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

64

LONDON, Printed for ALLEN BANKS.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, 27th October, 1681.]

On the 28th October, 1681, Sir John Moore, being the Mayor elect, took the Oaths at Guildhall. Next day he was "sworn before the Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster, whither he went by water, accompanied by the late Lord Mayor [Sir Patience Ward], the Aldermen and Sheriffs of the city [Henry Cornish and Slingsby Bethel], and attended by the several companies in the Barges, and then returned again by water, and landed at Blackfryer's stairs, and from thence passed to Guildhall, with the usual solemnity. Their Majesties, attended with many of the nobility and persons of quality, were pleased to see the Show, and then went to Guildhall, and did the City the honour to dine there; their entertainment was very splendid and magnificent: and in the evening their Majesties returned to Whitehall very well pleased, amidst the repeated acclamations of the people, which were very great both at their entrance into the City, and departure."

Mention has been made frequently of Sir Patience Ward, the "Occasional-Conformist" (but sectary at heart, who hypocritically took the sacrament to qualify himself for holding the offices of Sheriff in 1670 and Lord Mayor in 1680). When sharp retribution fell upon those who in their plenitude of power had reviled and calumniated the Duke of York, the notorious offenders Clayton and Pilkington were not forgotten. Sir Patience Ward found a convenient memory, for what he choose to recollect, and a still more convenient forgetfulness of what might have been awkward to put in evidence. So he swore, among other things, that he had been present on a certain occasion, and had not heard—or could not remember to have heard spoken—the libellous words of Alderman Pilkington defamatory of the Duke of York as "a Papist, who had already caused London to be set on fire [in 1666], and would now return to cut all their throats."¹ Pilkington having been condemned to pay a ruinous fine, £100,000, Sir Patience Ward was put on his trial for open and premeditated perjury. Paying money was especially unpleasant to this friend of Clayton—who had raised a fortune by fleecing prodigal young spendthrifts, mortgaging their estates at usurious interest, and who only bestowed largesse on an hospital by way of nest-egg to obtain profitable controul of its finances, or reputation as a saintly benefactor among those whose votes might help him to some fresh investment. Not liking the prospect of pillory, imprisonment, or payment of the fine and costs, he fled in May, 1683, to that refuge for the destitute of moral worth or reputation, Holland. The following unmerciful piece of ridicule appeared as a Loyal Song in his dispraise. If it wearisomely rings the changes on the word "Patience," we must remember how deservedly hypocrisy was despised, after recent exposures.

The 5th verse names Pomfret, *vel* Pontefract, previously represented by Patience Ward in successive Parliaments. (Compare p. 207, "Pomfret eloquence" signifying Ward's harangues.)

¹ The Duke of York had proceeded against Sir Thomas Pilkington, the late Sheriff, for *Scandalum magnatum*, on the information of Sir William Hooker and Sir Henry Tulse, both aldermen. Pilkington's reported words were "He [the Duke of York] had burnt the city, and was now come [home from Scotland] to cut the citizens' throats." No wonder that the Duke resented the insult, and sought by legal process to punish his assailant. The case was tried on the 24th November, 1682, before a Jury of Hertfordshire, at the King's Bench Bar, and Pilkington was east for the full damages, the sum being one hundred thousand pounds. He surrendered in discharge of his bail on the 28th. Sir Patience Ward had been present at the time when the scandalous words were alleged to have been uttered, but he swore that, to the best of his remembrance, he did not hear them. Legal evidence having been accepted, of his presence, and of the utterance of the words before him, he in turn was prosecuted for perjury, with condemnation to fine and pillory; on which he took flight to Holland.

Hue and Song after Patience Ward.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades*. [See our later p. 422.]

All hail to *London's* fair Town! Hail to the *Mayor* and the *Shrieves*!
Hail to the *Scarlet Gown*! whose sentence our *Patience* grieves:
Justice and Law hath prevail'd, with *Patience* a Verdict to find,
'Gainst *Patience*, whose conscience fail'd; Oh *Patience*! why art so blind?

Patience, the joy of the Town, the comfort and hope of the crowd;
Patience, who got great renown, by *Perjury*, *Lies* and *Fraud*:
Patience who ne'er had the heart his Sovereign's rights to maintain;
But *Patience* he had the art to swear and forswear again.

Patience for Church and for State, and *Patience* for *Meeting* by stealth;
Patience, who would translate the State to a Commonwealth.
Whose *Zeal* has his *Patience* betray'd, to lie for the Saints in distress;
Nay, tho' he 's forsworn ('t is said), he *swore* he could do no less.

Patience whose *Zeal* did contrive the *Monument*, figures and spire,
That while there 's a *Papist* alive, we may not forget the *Fire*:
The *Pillory* now is his Lot, he has rais'd such a flame with his Crew,
That *London* is now too hot: Oh *Patience*! where art thou now?

Patience, for *Zeal* to the *Cause*, did preach to the Captives in gaol;
Patience, with great applause, gave large to an *Hospital*:
To *Use* now his Money may lend, for *Pomfret* he 'll no more stand,
Nor Warrants for *Thompson* send, to please *Titus* o' th' Perjur'd Band.

Patience, with Collar of Brass, to woful disasters did fall,
Patience, with Copper Face, and a Conscience worse than all;
To *Holland*, to *Holland* he goes; for plainly now it appears,
That (in spite of all *Whiggish* Laws,) *Ignoramus* can't save his Ears.

Some say that the Saints may not *Swear*, but *Lie* ev'n as much as
they can;

Yet *Patience* in spite on 's Ears, will swear and forswear again;
That *Patience* should be so far lost, Alas! who with patience can bear?
That a Saint should be *Knight o' th' Post*, and an *Elder* without an ear.

Let ev'ry good Subject with me, who *Patience* a Virtue doth praise,
Lest he fall into *Perjury*, with *Patience* pray for more grace.

But now I with *Patience* have done, lest with *Patience* I keep such
a rant,

That astray more with *Patience* I run, and weary your *Patience* out.

The influence of Shaftesbury (still alive at the date of both these ditties, "The Loyal Scot," and "The Artillery Feast,") is recognized in Tom D'Urfey's more celebrated "Advice to the City, sung to the King at Windsor," late in 1682, wherein we read, "And 'Tony their Speaker the Rabble leads on, For he knows if we prosper away he must run;" and his American estates in Carolina were plainly indicated as the only home remaining for him. His own thoughts had turned thither, when imprisoned in the Tower, and anticipating a fatal termination to his trial (see p. 76). This "Advice to the City" was the song which so interested the King that he himself held one end of the music-sheet along with D'Urfey, who sang it, and Charles rested his arm familiarly on Tom's shoulder. His Majesty held formal etiquette in contempt, and could always unbend cheerfully. His own well-bred ease and his unaffected kindness did much to retain the affection of his people. That he laughed heartily at the Whigs was natural, for they had always been full of hypocritical pretence of superior sanctity, and stood in opposition to his every wish. The time was drawing near when sharper weapons than melodious raillery would be needed for employment, against those who sought to deprive him alike of throne and of life.

Here, then, is Tom D'Urfey's "Advice to the City," so recently factious and rebellious, which was fast recovering its sober senses. Thus Narcissus Luttrell notes, early in March, 168 $\frac{2}{3}$, "The tempers of men are much altered to what they were within this twelmonth, most now seeming Tories." Luttrell was so strongly biassed towards Whiggery that he credulously accepted whatever statements told against the Court, howsoever void of truth they might be, and yielded faith to the plausible boasts of the "Liberty" clamour in the city. Therefore we may safely accept his concession as to revival of loyalty. It is unimpeachable testimony.

The music had been previously composed by Signior Opdar, and Tom D'Urfey was evidently more than usually proud of having written this particular ditty. Alluding to the incident already mentioned, he thirty-seven years afterwards continued to print a notice in his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 246, 1719:—"Advice to the City, a famous Song, set to a Tune of Signior Opdar, so remarkable that I had the Honour to sing it with King Charles at Windsor; He holding one part of the Paper with me." Like Browning's Peter Ronsard, quoting the third Satire of Persius, Tom D'Urfey might have said,

Veniēti occurite morbo !

With which moral I drop my theorbo.

Advice to the City.

[By Tom D'Ursey.]

Sung to the King at Windsor, to a Theorbo.

REMEMBER ye *Whigs* what was formerly done,
 Remember your mischiefs in *Forty-and-One* ;
 When friend oppos'd friend, and Father the Son.
 Then, then your *Old Cause* went rarely on :
 The Cap sat aloft, and low was the Crown ;
 The Rabble got up and the Nobles went down ;
 Lay *Elders* in Tubs rul'd *Bishops* in Robes,
 Who mourn'd the sad fate, and dreadful disaster,
 Of their Royal Master, by Rebels betray'd.

9

CHORUS : *Then London be wise and baffle their power,
 And let 'em play the Old Game no more ;
 Hang, hang up the Sh[rievs], those Baboons in power,
 Those popular Thieves, those Rats of the Tower,
 Whose eanting tale the Rabble believes ;
 In a hurry, and never sorry : merrily they go on :
 Fly for shame, we're too tame, since they claim
 The Combat :*
*Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarrararra, Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,
 The strong Militia guards the Throne.*

19

When Faction possesses the Popular Voice,
 The *Cause* is supply'd still with Nonsense and Noise,
 And *Tony* their Speaker the Rabble leads on,
 For he knows if we prosper that he must run ;
Carolina must be his Station of ease, [*South Carolina*, see p. 76.]
 And *London* be rid of her worst disease :
 From Plots and from Spies, from Treason and Lies,
 We shall ever be free, and the Law shall be able
 To punish a Rebel as cunning as he.

CHORUS : *Then London be wise, and baffle their power,
 And let 'em play the Old Game no more ; etc.*

38

Rebellion ne're wanted a Loyal pretence,
 These Villains swear all 's for the good of their Prince ;
 Oppose our Elections to show what they dare,
 And losing their *Charter* arrest the *Mayor* ;

Fool *Je[nks]* was the Captain of the Cuckoldy Crew,¹
 With *Ell[is]*,² and *Jea[kyl]*,³ and *H[oublon]* the Jew;⁴
 Fam'd Sparks of the Town for wealth and renown,
 Give the Devil his due! and such as, we fear,
 Had our Sovereign been there, had arrested him too.

CHORUS: *Then London, be wise and baffle their power,
 And let 'em play the Old Game no more; Etcetera.* 57

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, late in 1682: between the riotous arrest of Lord Mayor Pritchard by the ex-Sheriffs Papillon and Shute, 1st July, 1682, and the flight of Shaftesbury in November, the same year.]

¹ "Fool *Je*—" is the designation of Francis Jenks, who was fined three hundred marks on 26th June, 1683, for his connection with Thomas Papillon's riotous arrest of Lord Mayor Pritchard on 1st July, 1682; and for which violence Papillon was cast with 10,000*l.* damages, and went into the Marshalsea.

² Alderman Ellis, a merchant, of St. Paul's Churchyard, was one of the Whig inspectors of the disputed Poll, at beginning of October, 1682; along with Player, Leonard Robinson (chosen Civic Chamberlain in 1689), and Jenks, who met together and dined on the strength of the contest. He had been one of the rioters at Guildhall, with Henry Cornish and John Trenchard in the previous summer.

³ "*Jea*—" is intended for *Jekyl*: not the Rev. Thomas Jekyl, who was to have preached the Whig Feast Sermon at St. Michael's, Cornhill, on April 21st, 1682; but his kinsman, known as John Jekyl the elder, who was fined two hundred marks, on the occasion mentioned in Note 1, in the Court of King's Bench, along with Tho. Pilkington (500*l.*), Samuel Shute, Sir Thomas Player, Henry Cornish, Richard Goodenough (under-Sheriff and afterwards informer), Ford Lord Grey of Werk, etc.

⁴ "*H*— the Jew" is Aaron Houblon or Hoblon, one of the brothers Houblon, Abraham, Isaac, and James. In 1679 their house was in Winchester Street. Houblon is mentioned in a Loyal Song of October, 1682, called "*London's Triumph, or, the Instalment [= Installation] of Sir William Pritchard as Lord Mayor for the ensuing year;*" to the tune of *Tungier March*. It begins, "Let the *Whigs* revile, the *Tories* smile." The fourth verse is as follows,

Let *Ward* repent, and *Jenks* relent, their practice so malicious,
 Let *Hubland* rue, with all the crew, that they were so officious;
 Such *Jews* as these, who did deny their Saviour for a Tester,
 No doubt again would crucify their Sovereign Lord and Master.

Compare our p. 165 for the opening verse. Here is another, the third, from the same ditty, ridiculing the City Chamberlain, Sir Thomas Player:—

Let *Player Tom* receive the doom, so long due for his cheating,
 Who did purloin the City coyn, to keep up holy *Meeting*;
 To rob the Orphan and the Poor his great discharge of trust is,
 And run upon the Widows' score, to do the City justice.

He is elsewhere accused of having held an intrigue with Sir Robert Clayton's wife, and invited to renew it at Camberwell, instead of at Mother Cresswell's:—

Player may meet his Mistress here, sometimes Sir *Robert's* wife,
 They free from care in joys may share; it may prolong one's life.



The Rye-House Plot.

“Dost thou not feel thy counsels all laid open?
 And see thy wild Conspiracy bound in
 With each man's knowledge? Which of all this order
 Can'st thou think ignorant (if they will but utter
 Their conscience to the right) of what thou didst
 Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
 Whom thou didst call together, what your Plots were?
 O age and manners! this the consul sees,
 The senate understands, yet this man lives!”

—Ben Jonson's *Catiline's Conspiracy*, iv. 3. 1611.

IN pleasant Hertfordshire there are few places more tempting to the wandering student of history, the angler, or the idle lover of holiday-making, than the celebrated “Rye-House,” beside the river Lea, near Hoddesdon. Little of the ancient moated manor-house remains, and that little bears the mark of change, since the days when its name was first associated with the Assassination Plot of the maltster, Richard Rumbold, and his reckless companions. Discovery of their intentions caused a strong revulsion of national feeling, and gave an excuse for eight executions, including those of Lord William Russell and Sir Thomas Armstrong; also, through the treachery of Howard and folly of Monmouth, the death of the far nobler Algernon Sydney. Four years earlier, unchecked, and exulted over, had been the judicial murder of many Catholics, priests and laymen, innocent of all crime except an attempt to inform others with a knowledge of the faith they fully believed to be true: singly they were hunted down to death, or slain in batches, with all accompaniments of disgusting cruelty upon the scaffold. These men had been sacrificed on the worthless testimony of the basest perjurers and convicts, wretches wholly despicable, outcasts of jails, often framed in the pillories; for such were Titus Oates and Bedloe, “Don Dangerfeldo,” whose whole existence had been a warfare against society, and the dishonest debtor Stephen Dugdale, who sought the ruin of each former benefactor. These “Evidences” and “Knights of the Post,” these self-contradicting and forsworn denouncers of the Jesuits, had been encouraged in their hateful trade by the very demagogues who now had leagued themselves together for insurrection, and some few for murder. Three years before, the voice of Russell had been loud in demanding ruthless execution of the injured Stafford. Who but Hampden, Grey of Werk, Monmouth, with all his coterie under the guidance of the moribund Shaftesbury, had been clamorous for exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession; but later they were united with a gang of miscreants, whom accident alone had hindered from murdering at once both James of York and the King Charles his brother (known as “The Blackbird” and “The Goldfinch”): so

to bring back a triumph of *The Good Old Cause*, that props itself on Rebellion, Regicide, and a Republic.

The news flew fast through London that another Plot had been discovered ; a true Plot this time, not a lie, like that which had been laid in accusation against Jesuit Pickering, of making an attempt to shoot the King while he walked leisurely through St. James's Park. Pickering had never fired a gun or pistol in all his life, and the charge should have been dismissed as too ridiculous for belief, while unsupported by any credible witnesses or independent proof. But men who had begun to understand how mad and silly had been their credulity in regard to the sham "Popish-Plot," now found reason to believe that a worse conspiracy existed in their midst, and that the country had but narrowly escaped from a renewal of anarchy commenced by murder.

The first public notice was a proclamation for the apprehension of unimportant persons, with an old Cromwellian irreconcilable, Colonel John Rumsey,¹ who was believed to be brave and rash, even to temerity, but not hitherto accounted treacherous or dishonest ; Richard Nelthorp, a disaffected lawyer, of Republican principles ; Nathaniel *alias* Edward Wade, another barrister ; Richard Rumbold ; Richard Goodenough (former under-Sheriff to Bethel and Cornish), the person whom they chose to riotously arrest the Lord-Mayor Pilkington, a few months earlier ; Captain Thomas Walcot, an Irish gentleman, asserted to be worth a thousand a year, who had accompanied Shaftesbury to Holland, six months before, and had in February brought over his corpse for burial ; also three persons of less account, William Thompson, a carver, of Wapping, Whitechapel, James Burton, cheesemonger, of the same locality, with William Hone, the Joiner. They were accused of conspiring the death of the King. A hundred pounds reward was offered for the apprehension of each, in this first proclamation ; issued on the 23rd of June.

A few days earlier, some whispers had passed cautiously among persons friendly to the Court that one Josiah Keeling, a Salter, belonging to the Parish of St. Botolph without Aldgate, had been examined before George Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, and Sir Lionel Jenkins, Secretary of State. Keeling had sworn that some forty persons were banded together in conspiracy of Murder, and had named several lawyers, Wade, Nelthorp, and especially Robert West of the Middle Temple, barrister, beside the two brothers

¹ We retain the customary spelling of the Colonel's name as *Rumsey* : but he himself signed it "Romzey." We hold it to be mere pedantry to alter accepted compromises in regard to old appellations, otherwise we should certainly have used what appears to be the correct form, *Romzey*. In all except State-papers, the other form was employed, as it is now. Need it be said that spelling was still loose and unsettled ? Maxfield *vel* Macclesfield ; Gerrard, Gerard, or Gerald, taken indiscriminately. It was known who was meant, which was sufficient.

Rumball or Rumbold, Richard and William ; also that known fire-brand of mischief, the late under-sheriff, Richard Goodenough. Moreover, Josiah Keeling's single testimony being held lightly in esteem, while unsupported ; he had two days later confirmed the same by bringing his brother John Keeling, a Turner, of St. Anne's, Blackfriars. Together they had sworn informations against Goodenough, with implications against West. When next day the name of Lord William Russell was boldly mentioned, as one of the "persons of quality" concerned in the projected insurrection, the matter began to look serious. On the 23rd, Josiah Keeling was examined at Hampton Court before his Majesty, as was also lawyer West, who had now surrendered himself to Sir George Jeffereys. The first Proclamation was issued at this time. (See, more fully detailed, our later p. 303 ; and description of Richard Rumbold, p. 309.)

Next day Colonel Rumsey was brought in, to be examined by Sir Leoline Jenkins, and two days later judgment was delivered in the Pilkington and Shute case of riot, involving a fine of 500 marks to the otherwise incriminated Richard Goodenough. Lord Chief-Justice Saunders had died a week earlier, and Raymond was absent from this King's Bench decision. The numerous fines inflicted on Whig rioters were a sufficient subject of talk at the coffee-houses, but even this topic less excited the politicians than the intelligence that Colonel Algernon Sydney (elder brother of Robert Earl of Leicester and of Henry Sydney, our representative to the States) was already arrested. Algernon, with Major John Wildman, and Bedford's son, Lord William Russell, were committed to the Tower for High Treason. Boastful talkers, who had usually been noisy, were observed to look strangely nervous and affrighted, slinking out from back-doors, and with bated breath peering suspiciously round every corner, as though they feared a constable with his warrant there awaited them. Parties of men belonging to the London Militia, under the command of trusty officers, were going from house to house in search of arms ; and not without success, it was reported. When darkness fell, few persons cared to venture into the ill-lighted and dirty streets, ankle-deep in mud after some three weeks of incessant rain. But it was believed that several of the few were attempting to escape pursuit of justice. The taverns were nearly empty, and scarcely any of the seditious club-men dared to rally over their thin potations, who had been of late so swaggering and full of threats that "True-Blue Protestants were going to make a clearance in both Court and City." The noisiest of them were now seeking opportunity to gain reward and pardon by betrayal of companions.

It was noticed in the theatres that every word which spoke a loyal sentiment obtained a quick burst of applause, and that, though the audience might be few in number, they were more in harmony

with the actors than had been seen for a long time. The actresses did their best to look bewitching ; but mourned the absence of the Court, although the King had returned from Windsor to Whitehall. Some chill seemed to deaden the mirth, for everybody suspected that assassins were lurking in the lobbies, or arrests were threatened :

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper to the ear,
"The place is haunted!"

That such loyal subjects as the actors could not banish dangerous characters from their houses, coming there for mischief with pretence of seeking amusement, was understood, when the new Bull-fight Theatre in Red-Lion-field's artillery ground was at this date prohibited from being opened for performance of the Spanish butcheries, because they might gather crowds, whom conspirators would lead to insurrection.

Another proclamation, on the 28th of June, showed how widely spread were the seditious practices, since it offered 500*l.* reward for the apprehension of the Duke of Monmouth, of Ford, Lord Grey, of Sir Thomas Armstrong, and of Robert Ferguson, a man who had been engaged in every seditious plot of late, writing libels, *Appeals from the City to the Country*, an account of the *Black-Box* proofs of Monmouth's legitimacy, pamphlets on *The Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government*; yet who managed strangely to slip out of every imbroglio, and escape to Holland or back again, whensoever he pleased, through the fingers of those who were ostensibly commissioned to arrest him. He had in the November previous gone to Amsterdam with Shaftesbury, and written often to his wife in London, most effusively as his "dear heart," his "best beloved," "his soul's treasure," with an infinity of pious sentences, and expressions of anxiety about her safety, combined with medical recipes (probably as disguise, in case the letters were opened, which he addressed to be kept for her at certain coffee-houses). It was not likely that so zealous a plotter, who contrived always to leave his friends to bear the punishment of their association with his crimes, would be seriously endangered, and grace a gibbet yet awhile; although so highly valued with the rest "for conspiring the death of the King and the Duke of York, to levy men and make an insurrection." He must have felt it to be a delicate mark of flattery, the setting so large a sum as 500*l.* upon his clever plotting head. It felt steady on his shoulders, nevertheless. Others would fall, no doubt, but not Robert Ferguson's.

Men remembered already that he was the *Judas* of Dryden's lines, in the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, 1682. He had managed a private press for seditious papers, and was always engaged in feverish plots and pamphlet-writing. Greedy for money,

which never seemed long to benefit him, he bore many an *alias*, "Roberts" being one. He was ready to descend to any depth, and knew exactly what amount of virulence was sure to please the vilest politicians. He had manufactured accounts of ghosts, of portents, and of miraculous cures from the disease called King's-Evil, to bolster the cause of Monmouth, at the bidding of Shaftesbury. In his own plotting brain had been conceived and matured the story that Bess Freeman, the *Maid of Hatfield*, saw the apparition of Lucy Walter; how another Bess, Elizabeth Parcet, had received Monmouth's regal "touch," and had been cleansed satisfactorily; how Monmouth's sister, Mrs. Fanshawe, successfully imitated his walk and conversation! When Declarations were deemed necessary, on beginning a riot or Civil War, who so ready with his pen as Robert Ferguson? He possessed considerable literary ability, was accomplished in disguises, had a glib command of religious common-places, and canting vehemence that suited extreme Sectaries. But he was utterly unscrupulous, untrustworthy. We feel convinced that he was more than once playing a double game, deceiving his rebellious associates by revealing their schemes prematurely, and yet jockeying the Government with false information, more often than with true. Innumerable were his escapes, his disguises, his journeyings. His reappearance was, like that of a stormy petrel, a certain sign of bad weather to other voyagers. We have seen him as the comrade of Shaftesbury's last days at Amsterdam, assiduous at his death-bed, but drawing towards the exiled nobleman little favour and much suspicion from the Dutch citizens. After the Rye-House-Plot has destroyed many of the conspirators, we shall meet him again, as the tempter of Monmouth, to involve himself in Argyle's schemes; as the decoy of other Scotchmen; as companion to Lyme for the Western Insurrection, and writer of the infamous Proclamation which accused the reigning king of fratricide: thus making any pardon of the ill-starred "Perkin" impossible. After Sedgemoor, we shall see that Ferguson, instead of being hanged, obtains a free pardon: for reasons known to Sunderland and James the Second, whom he had ostensibly reviled and outraged. It is impossible to believe in his honesty, yet he was too noxiously restless to be nothing more than a betrayer of the men whom he continually excited to rebellion. At every shift of garments, at every turn of Fortune's wheel, at every shipwreck of his party, this wily nomad contrived to find a spar, and slip out from the whirlpool, carrying plunder to some place of safety: not long to abide there, or to rest. As already said, he was known as "*Judas*."

Shall that false *Hebronite* escape our curse;

[= Scotchman.

Judas, that keeps the Rebels' pension-purse,

Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,

Judas, that well deserves his name-sake's Tree?

The Hue and Cry description, in the *London Gazette* of August 2nd to August 6th, 1683, brings the schemer clearly to our view:—"Robert Ferguson, a tall lean man, dark brown hair, a great Roman nose, thiu jawed, heat in his face, speaks in the *Scotch* tone, a sharp piercing eye, stoops a little in the shoulders. He has a shuffling gait, that differs from all men, wears his periwig down almost over his eyes; about 45 or 46 years old." It needed a clever masquerader to overcome the blazonry of such peculiarities, but the *kenspeckle* Scot could double on pursuers and wear a lamb's-fleece when necessary. It is, however, declared authoritatively that the publicly naming Ferguson in the June 28 Proclamation was deceptive; for Legat the messenger who held the warrants had been ordered by the Secretary, Sir Lionel Jenkins, on no account to apprehend that wily Scotch conspirator, but to pass him by as if unseen wherever he might be met. There is good reason to believe this statement to be true; Ferguson being a serviceable Jackal, whose movements could only endanger those who associated with him.¹ If he did not actually betray them for reward (which may have been, for he was always needing money), he certainly indirectly guided pursuers. He was more useful to the Government while himself at large, seducing men into transparent plots with noisy demonstration, than he could ever have been if turned into an open witness or king's evidence, like his ambiguous countryman the

¹ Robert Ferguson confessed, or boasted, to Zechariah Bourne, that he was himself "the author of those two Libels, viz., *A Letter about the Black Box* [see our vol. iv. pp. 624 to 627], and *A Letter concerning his Majestie's Declaration* [that *Monmouth* was illegitimate]: that as he walked in the fields at that time [April, 1680], the Discourse was about the *Black Box*, it came into his mind to write about it, which he did in an Ale-house in *Chancery-Lane*, and that afterwards when his Majestie's Declaration came out concerning the Duke of *Monmouth*, he finding no body took notice of it in Print, resolved to write an answer to that, which he said he did as he lay in his bed one morning; and further told me, he got one [printed copy of it] thrown on his Majestie's Hat as he walked on the *Tarras Walk* at *Windsor*, and another laid under his pillar [*i.e.* pillow], but would not tell who it was had so disposed of them two for him; and farther told me that the Duke of *Monmouth* gave him fifty guineas for that piece of service, and so hath done every year since. Mr. Bethel that was Sheriff of London [at the time] was once at my house with *Ferguson*, and had some private discourse with him."—*Deposition sworn in July, 1683*, and signed *Zec. Bourne*. A paper was found in Mr. Charlton's custody, a printer's account for 56*l.* 10*s.* (whereof received 33*l.*) including the following: *The Black Box*, first impression, 1500 copies; ditto, second impression, with alterations, 1500; the *Answer to the Declaration*, three sheets, 3000 copies; the *Two Conferences*, five sheets, 2500; and *Reasons for the Indictment of the D. of Y.*, 1000; paper and print. Ferguson's name occurs twice, as having given the orders, and made large promises to him, unfulfilled. "This is a brief account of what past under Mr. *Ferguson's* Order, which shall be faithfully made appear to his face, if he dare stand the test."—*State Paper*. Robert Blane deposed that about November, 1682, "*Ferguson* was not then disguised, but in the habit he used commonly to wear, which was a russet colour *Campane* coat, and a brown short periwig."

sedition William Carstares. We believe Robert Ferguson to have been false to every one, from first to last.

Modern triflers, who help to carry on the Fiery-Cross of Falsehood from unscrupulous Revolutionists of two centuries ago, find it easy to declare glibly that *there was no Rye-House Plot at all*, except in the fabricated evidence of such scoundrels as Richard Goodenough and the Keelings. They simply prove themselves to have been too indolent to examine, or too unskilful to digest, the enormous mass of incontrovertible proofs still extant, proving the existence of a widely-spread conspiracy for insurrection; with an inner plot, little more iniquitous, of the desperate and murderous faction who preferred to *begin* with murder, and go on to anarchy or a Commonwealth. We decline to acquit Lord William Russell of responsibility for the worst schemes of his associates, simply because he chose to lead the country into rebellion, while intending to draw a chalk-line thereafter, as an imaginary Rubicon, saying to those who helped him to overthrow King and Government, "You must really go no farther; stop at this point, and let me be the sole dictator!" We can see clearly enough the utter worthlessness of such men as William Lord Howard of Escrick and Ford Lord Grey; whose testimony, nevertheless, sufficed to convict Russell of complicity to the full extent of Treason. But the main facts are incontrovertibly established, independently of the cowardice and selfish trickery of the two chief betrayers. Owing that Howard was a double-dyed traitor and renegade, a blasphemer and ingrate, fully deserving the contempt which was shown to him afterwards by Algernon Sydney, we must not forget that he had been trusted as a companion and fellow-plotter by Russell, Essex, Hampden, Monmouth, and the other arrangers of rebellion. They knew how despicable he was, and yet they associated with him: later they had to feel the smart of his betrayal. To those who now study his whole history, Ford Lord Grey should be equally infamous, yet he earned pardon and reward for his renewed treachery; especially from William of Orange, who made him Earl of Tankerville.

No unprejudiced searcher of State-Papers can possibly believe that Russell was innocent of treason-conspiracy. He was morally implicated in the guilt of rebellion. He had been intriguing and caballing for years past, before he became one of the "Council of Six" (Russell, Monmouth, Essex, Sydney, Hampden, and Howard). He had already done his petty utmost to embroil King, Lords, and Commons in mutual hatred. He was willing to aid avowed promoters of Revolutionary anarchy, in which he imagined himself to be fitted to "Play at Providence," and restore order by bringing everything to his own Bedford Level of mediocrity. This was what Russell's soul desired. That there were two distinct plots organized, each by a different group of seditionists, each willing to accept

cö-operation of the others, is indisputable. One was a treacherous and semi-aristocratic rebellion of the Whigs; that if successful would lead to the forcible banishment or exile of the King and his brother, but more probably to the death of both, for it was to be expected that they would resist civil war more vigorously than their father had done, and they were supported by an efficient army. None but fools or madmen could possibly be blind to the likelihood of some such black events ensuing on the projected Insurrection, as had been seen of old, *viz.* the judicial murder of Strafford, Laud, and Charles the First; if once the second Charles and James of York could be dragged down from power by those who now again proclaimed the *Good Old Cause*: which meant rebellion, overthrow of the monarchy, and the enforcement of fresh tyranny from an irresponsible sovereign mob who called themselves "the People." Shaftesbury, Essex, Russell, Monmouth, Trenchard, and Hampden, had laboured to hurry onward a successful Rising. They stirred up the ignorant rabble by Pope-Burnings, Progresses, Petitions, Pamphlets of *Appeals*, and *Speeches*, as also by the falsehoods of the Plot-Evidences, to make their demonstrations against any "Popish Successor," and all absolute authority of the monarch. They found everywhere the chief obstacles to be overcome were either the personal affection for Charles, or the national indifference to such stale devices of the wire-pullers.

Meanwhile, there was an inner circle of practical men, survivors of the old rancorous Republicans, "Fifth-Monarchy" fanatics, who used their pretended leaders as tools and masks. They meant to inaugurate rebellion with the crime of murder, which the more timid Whigs affected to deprecate, and said they could do without. To secure the death of the King and his brother, under the euphemism of "*Lopping*" them off, was the understood design. It is idle to protest that Russell did not deliberately plan the slaying of York, or of Charles. Russell and Shaftesbury had never felt any difficulty whatever in constructing some useful pretext for justifying to their own dulled conscience every possible measure that might thwart "the Popish Recusant;" and neither one nor the other would have hesitated to remove him by what they styled "legitimate means," while proceeding on their pathway of rebellion, step by step. They fired the train, and felt no responsibility for the fatal explosion.

Had he continued to live, Shaftesbury might have grasped with increasing rashness at power, beyond the compass of the others; but he would have been inevitably overthrown by still more violent men of 'extreme' opinions, until another military despotism came. Without him they lacked personal courage and generalship.

Russell was wholly deficient in genius, in true statesmanship. He possessed the pompous self-assurance of a Vestry Committeeman, and held the inordinate pride of family, belonging to a

race who imagine themselves born rulers of men. An aristocratic demagogue, he was neither generous in spirit nor discerning in judgement. Unable to read the minds, the capabilities, the trustworthiness of his avowed friends or his declared enemies, but with his thoughts concentrated on himself, it was impossible that he could succeed in any great undertaking. We behold his portrait, painted by Lely, a portrait deemed satisfactory by Russell’s Whig admirers, partizans who are blind to his every defect, solely because they choose to consider him a Martyr! instead of seeing him in the true light as a conceited and factious blunderer. To us, that pictured countenance of “Bedford’s Son” tells plainly its owner’s incapacity. Well built and tolerably regular, as to mere features, clear-skinned, sleek, puffed up with self-indulgent pride, ever well-trimmed in curl, ever neat, and closely shaven, it satisfied requirements of the public eye. But there was in it, to deeper observers, an over-weening sense of self-importance; an obstinate repugnance to admit the claim of merit in any thing or person if not conducive to his own plans of advancement; an utter inability to understand what was outside the squirrel-cage in which his thoughts went round. His sluggish nature held within it the latent cruelty which is generally found in such persons who have no generous imagination. Cold-blooded, vindictive, while disguising from himself and others by a semblance of patriotic ardour the secret malignity which was unsatisfied without the degradation of its victim, his conduct in reference to the aged Viscount Stafford, less than three years before, proved incontestably what lay under that masquerade of heroic dignity.¹

This is the boasted hero and political martyr, whose blood is supposed to have secured the after-triumph of the Revolution. We are indeed left at the mercy of strange devices, when jugglers try to carve a statue for our worship, in the semblance of this pretentious failure, William Lord Russell.

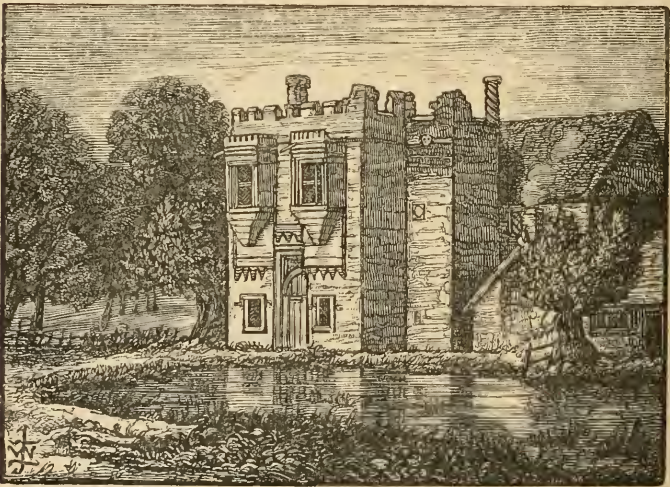
Wisely said Livy: *Nulla ingenia tam prona ad invidiam sunt, quam eorum, qui genus ac fortunam suam animis non æquant, quia virtutem et bonum alienum oderunt.*—*Lib. xxxv.*

¹ We attach no importance to the modern attempt (by one J. M., 1852, without courage to give his name, John Martin,) to invalidate old assertions that Russell found advantage in King Charles maintaining his privilege to change the punishment of high treason to beheading, although he had disputed that privilege in the previous instance of its exercise to favour Viscount Stafford. Dr. Thomas Sprat’s words in 1685 are these: “Upon the whole process he [Lord William Russell] was found guilty of High Treason. But in stead of Drawing, Hanging, and Quartering, the usual and legal penalty of that crime, the execution was by his Majesty’s clemency changed into that of Beheading. *Though it is well known, this very prerogative of the King’s having it in his power to alter the Punishment of High Treason had been vehemently disputed by the Party, and particularly by Lord Russel himself in the Lord Stafford’s Case.*”—*A True Account and Declaration of the Horrid Conspiracy against the Late King, etc.*, 1685, p. 120.

We have found an exact description of Captain Thomas Walcot in a State-Paper addressed to Sir Leoline Jenkins (the concluding part of one already quoted on p. 391, concerning Monmouth and "Mrs. Nedham" (*sic*); probably written by one of Oglethorpe's men, as a spy, if not by the Major Oglethorpe himself:—

"Upon discourse wth sev^{ll} about Capt. *Walcot*, he appears to be y^e most daring dangerous villain in the whole Gang. Highly *enthusiastique*, bold and malicious. He was a Captain of Dragoons under Sr *Hen. Ingoldsby*; and quitted that com^{and} for Capt. *L. St. Ludlow's* own Troope. Hee is a tall and somewhat slender man. His complexion (as described to mee) a darkish Brown, with some ruddy added to it. About 57 years of Age. *Edward* and *Mary* therefore [= thus] describe him. If this be [not] important, I humbly beg y^r Hon^{rs} Pardon."—(Hitherto unprinted MS. at Record Office.)

So many ballad-verses concerning Russell and the other plotters must speedily follow, in these pages, that it was expedient to give this introduction with a greater fullness than might have sufficed for a less important group. But let us here break off for awhile, and add two of the ditties which marked the Discovery of the Rye-House Plot. The first indeed had preceded it, being Matthew Taubman's "Medley on the Plot," issued with the music alongside of his *Heroic Poem on the Duke of York's Return from Scotland*, 1682. This was before the death of Shaftesbury; it was reprinted and became popular in 1683, on discovery of the Rye-House Plot.



[The Rye-House at Hoddesdon, Herts, from an old Drawing.]

The Discoverers Discovered.

A Medley on the Plot.

TO A NEW TUNE [probably composed for it].

Down *Discoverers*, who so long have Plotted
 With holy shams to gull the Nation,
 Both Peer and Prelate they useless voted
 By the old Babes of Reformation :
Property's all their cry, *Rights* and *Freedom*,
 Laws and Religion they pull down,
 With old intestine Lance to bleed 'em,
 From Lawn-sleev'd Prelate to purple Throne. 8

Confound the Hypocrites, *Brumighams* Royal,
 Who think Allegiance a transgression ;
 Since to oppose the King is counted Loyal,
 And to rail high at the Succession :
 Monarchy's "tyranny !" Justice is cruel,
 Loyalists, "*Tories* and *Rory* Knaves !"
 And *Dagon's* Liberty's a Jewel, [Dagon = Shaftesbury.
 That we may again be *Brewer's* slaves. [Id est, Nol Cromwell's.

Drink, drink my Boys, since Plotting 's in season,
 And none *Loyal* call'd but busie Brats of Fashion ;
Rome, Rome, no more of thy Holy Treason :
 We have those at home of more Divine Extraction.
 We have Peers and Parsons, *Smiths* and *Coopers*, too, [Ant. Ashley C.
 Carpenters and *Joyners* of the *Reformation*, [Stephen College.
 All your brood of cloister'd *Jesuits* out-do,
 To reduce to Duty a divided Nation. 24

Let *Whigs* and *Zealots* dabble deep in Treason,
 And suck from the *Spiggot* Heavenly Revelation ;
 We in the Glass will find more solid Reason,
 And our hearts inflam'd with nobler inquisition.
 Let them boast of honest *Brumighams* and true ;
 And with those wh' compose the Kirk and Separation,
 We have honest *Tories*, *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Hugh*,
 We'll drink on and do more service for the Nation. 32

By Matt. Taubman.

* * The following Loyal strain indicates the notable frauds and bare-faced lying narratives of Titus Oates (his disproved stories about Pilgrims of St. Iago, invading armies armed with Black Bills, unseen by all but himself), and that Don John of Austria was "a tall black man" (in answer to King Charles II., who well remembered that Don John was short, fair, and fat). In contrast to these fables of Oates, it shows that a real Plot was now discovered, framed by the Whigs.

Five Years' Sham Plots discover'd in a True One.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I told young Jenny* [*I lov'd her.* See p. 295].

NOW Innocent Blood 's almost forgot,
 We have found the original grounds of the *Plot* ;
 Now every Moon-blind Rebel may know
 That Providence sees our actions below.
 Now *Oates* for Pegs may pack up 's Awls,
 And there inform his Master [*Satan*, of course.
 To furnish Rooms, make fire in the Halls,
 For company that comes faster. 8

These are not like our *Plots* of Old,
 When Evidence swore for silver and gold. [Evidence=*Oates*.
 There are no Armies under ground,
 No sham Magazine, that ne'er was found ;
 No *Spanish Pilgrims* and *Black Bills*,
 But open professed Traytors : [*vide* p. 293.
 Where *Perjury* spares, the *Sword* it kills,
 These are our Saint-like Satyrs. 16

These are the Blades, detected by Laws,
 In contempt of Justice decide it with blows.
 These are the Blood-hounds of our age,
 That brought our late Monarch upon the Stage. [*i.e.* Scaffold.
 Yet these more barbarous brutes of ours
 Would murder both King and 's Brother :
 And lay the guilt at innocent doors,
 And still continue the murder. 24

From thence the sacrifice begins,
 To massacre others for their own sins :
 And this has been the Plot's support,
 First made in the City, then fore'd on the Court.
 But now the Mystery 's brought to light,
 True Innocence is no protection ;
 Surprising Rebels dare not fight :
 Their Souls are Imperfections. 32

If they had butcher'd the Royal Line,
 To murder its Friends they were to join ;
 The like was never on Record,
 In the wide Wilderness of the World.
 To rob the Kingdom of all that 's good,
 And none but Rebels surviving,
 To Lord it o're three Nations in Blood ;
 Each to be an *Oliver* striving. 40

The Saddle is now on the right Horse,
 The *Whig* must mount for *Tyburn* in course ;
 For these can be no false alarms,
 We have their Confession : the Men and their Arms,
 Make *Catch* perceive his harvest is near. [=*Jack Ketch*.
 He swears, if his Horse do not fail him, [*Tyburn-Mare*.
 He 'll not take a thousand pound this year
 For what his Trade may avail him. 48

[In White-letter. Date, June, 1683.]

** The tune cited, belonged to a Song printed in *Wit at a Venture ; or, Clio's Privy Garden*, 1674, p. 57, and the following year in *Songs now in Mode*, 1675, p. 27.

A Song.

I Told young *Jenny* I lov'd her,
 With a zeal that I thought would have mov'd her ;
 I gave her earnest in hand to boot,
 For I knew by my bargain I could stand to't :
 But the Gipsie, cunningly taught by her Sire,
 Cry'd, "Marry, or else forsake me !
 When you've filled my belly and your desire,
 You'll be hang'd before you will take me." 8

While her Dad of his own accord, Sir,
 Made himself as drunk as a Lord, Sir,
 In hopes t' have found it a Wedding-day,
 I took up my *Jenny* and car'd her away ;
 Let her scratch and bite, let her kick and wince,
 Now I've got her into my clutches :
 She's witty and fair, she's a gem for a Prince,
 And in time she may be a Dutchess. 16

This Song did not escape the penalty of being popular, for it was lengthened into a broadside ballad and vulgarized, under the title of "*Jenny Crack* ; or. A brisk Encounter between two Lovers, Shewing the brave behaviour of a Young Gallant, that storm'd his Mistris's outworks, etc. ; but she at last rallying her Forces, baffled his Sentinells, made him draw off his men, and himself was forced to sneak out of her Sally-port sadly disabled. To a New Tune, much in request, call'd, *I told young Jenny*, etc." In two Parts. Printed for P. Brooksby in West-Smithfield. Begins similarly, "I told young *Jenny* I lov'd her well."

We have ourselves explained the cant usage of the term "*Crack*" (see p. 32), which is here invidiously given to *Jenny* in this Pepysian Ballad (P. Coll., III. 177). We might suppose that the hitherto unprinted ballad in Roxburghe Collection, III. 116, is the legitimate sequel to it, viz. one beginning "As *Jenny Crack* and I together ligg'd in bed : " The title is, "The New-married Scotch Couple ; or, The Second Part of the Scotch Wedding." But the connection is broken ; the tune named being a "New Northern Tune," belonging to Tom D'Urfeys Song, "In January Last, on Monunday at Noon," with its burden of "the glenting of her apron," sung by Betty, in his comedy of "The Fond Husband ; or, The Doating Sisters," so early as 1676. (It is in Roxb. Coll., II. 414.)

Gore of the Rye-House Plot.

Van den Bosch.— . . . “The days have been
When not a citizen drew breath in *Ghent*
But freely would have died in Freedom’s Cause.”

Artevelde.—“With a good name thou christenest the Cause!
True, to make choice of despots is some freedom;
The only freedom for this turbulent town,
Rule her who may.”—*Philip Van Artevelde*, Act i. sc. 7.

MEETINGS at the house of Thomas Sheppard, a Vintner in Abchurch-Lane, had been arranged by Shaftesbury before he quitted his own residence of Thanet House in Aldersgate Street, about the 1st of October, 1682. But when, haunted by fears of being arrested, he took to hiding in other parts of the city, one was a merchant’s house in Wood-street, “next St. Alban’s Church, the corner house, next door to Mr. Biddolph’s” (Blaney’s *Deposition*); and later in the low neighbourhood of Wapping, surrounded by his Protestant “brisk boys” of worse than doubtful reputation (since the less that men have of religion the more loudly they “protest” that they are religiously intolerant of others); he believed it to be unsafe for him to venture to the meetings held at Sheppard’s house. Thereunto Russell certainly was brought, while seditious talk was made in his and Monmouth’s hearing as to the ease with which the Royal Guards might be surprised, so relaxed were they in discipline; as Monmouth knew, who visited them, on purpose to make espial over men whom he had formerly commanded. Instead of giving personal attendance, therefore, Shaftesbury deputed Colonel Rumsey and Robert Ferguson to be his representatives at the Abchurch-Lane discussions. Ford Lord Grey, Monmouth’s evil shadow, and “the bully Knight” Sir Thomas Armstrong, assisted at the plotting Conclave. There was among them all a general desire to stir up rebellion, to advance themselves to power, and overthrow the King, his brother and adherents; in short, “to Bell the Cat,” but neither courage nor skill was equal to the emergency:

“The plan of the Bell may do very well,
But, gentlemen, who’ll tye it on? Tell me that!”

Colonel John Rumsey had been a stalwart Cromwellian, and had served in Portugal. Such a man, if coming to the front, would inevitably incline to a renewal of the old struggle for a Republic or Commonwealth; since it had once been successful, and had been again attempted soon after the Restoration, by Venner and the Fifth-Monarchy men who refused to accept the sovereignty of any save the Saints, as they accounted themselves. Their insurrection was on January 7th, 1669 (see Vol. IV. p. 252); too early for popular support to be afforded, even by the fickle and brutal rabble.

Where now are all the hails and acclamations?
 Who would depend upon the popular air
 Or voice of men?
*The eager multitude (who never yet
 Knew why to love or hate, but only pleased
 T' express their rage of power)*
 They follow Fortune, and hate men condemn'd,
 Guilty or not.¹

There were other seditious meetings, at the house of "atheistic West," the lawyer, and sometimes at Captain Walcot's lodgings. Several desperate men went thither, who wished to try one vengeful bout before they died. For three-and-twenty years they had been eating their own hearts in bitterness, some of them in exile. Others were broken tradesmen, loose adventurers and half-resolved intriguers, with little to lose except their misused lives, who might easily solidify into assassins or evaporate into informers, unless they happened to be anticipated by a more active neighbour. Among them was formed the *Rye-House-Plot*, to assassinate the King when he returned from Newmarket, where, in March, 1683, he went as usual to enjoy his favourite sport of horse-racing.

We shall see hereafter (on pp. 333, 334) that Charles II. attended the Winchester Races in the September of 1682 and of 1683. The popularity of Newmarket Races was secured by the King's presence, and Tom D'Urfey wrote two Newmarket Songs (one of which we reprinted on p. 144 of this volume, and the other in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 80). They describe the scene exactly as the Merry Monarch frequently beheld it. Even at times of extreme danger to himself he preserved a calm demeanour, and he did not allow the Rye-House Plot to stop his visits to Newmarket. His courage did not fail him on his death-bed, a few months later. If he allowed no check of fear to debar him from indulgence in his pleasures, we must also remember that he refused to abandon his brother James at the bidding of the Protestant faction, although almost any conceivable price would have been paid by the discontented conspirators to secure such a boon. But Charles held

¹ Although in his rugged nature more assimilated to the plebeians than the "gentle Shakespeare," who was essentially aristocratic (as Hartley Coleridge puts it, "Shakespeare a Tory and a Gentleman"), rare Ben almost equals him in a deeply-rooted contempt for the rabble. There is a vigour in their exhibition of the fickleness and brutal cruelty of the mob, that shows with what *gusto* both wrote. After all these years, it is questionable whether our lower strata of society are better, than what were known in their days; if not actually worse. The quotation above is from Jonson's *Sejanus*, a tragedy revived and popular shortly before the Rye-House-Plot discovery. Juvenal's tenth satire is often recalled in *Sejanus*. Would that Jonson had translated Juvenal! We note in passing, that to the revival of the play may have been due the application of the name to Shaftesbury, e.g. in *Sejanus*; or, the *Popular Favourite in his Solitude and Sufferings*: a poem beginning "Is this thy glory now? is this thy pride?"

firmly to this one principle. If he ever felt tempted to swerve from it, as we may show hereafter, it was in the last months of his life, when he admitted Monmouth to a secret interview; but this seems justified by the conduct of York, in Scotland, threatening almost a rebellion in his turn, and Charles felt the difficulty of controuling him. That he was to be abandoned or superseded is utterly incredible, and without documentary evidence. Charles refused to deprive of his birthright the brother who had shared his wanderings, and in whose affection he trusted, although continually harassed on his account, and annoyed by his stubbornness. We have seen that Charles offered a compromise of limitations and restrictions on his successor, to propitiate the Russell faction, instead of the abhorred "Exclusion," which to their own loss they demanded and would take no substitute. The "Expedient" of Halifax (see p. 29) might have satisfied reasonable men, but these men were not reasonable.¹ Until their unconciliating and factious intolerance was displayed so forcibly, by Lords and Commons, with the probability (known now to be a certainty) that they were about to vote their own *permanence* in contumacy, the Oxford Parliament had possessed a last opportunity wherewith to gain redress of many grievances. The Commons brought upon themselves their punishment of sudden dismissal. They deserved to fall thus ignominiously and ridiculed. When it was found to be too late to win back the forfeited privileges, the moderate politicians saw their past error in having supported the Exclusionists, and regretted the perversity of their leaders. But these leaders remained incapable of temperate judgment in looking back, and thus could feel no remorse. They indulged one another with bitter denunciations of the Court, of arbitrary power (no person being more autocratical than each of themselves desired to become), and while continually talking of what might happen "after the King's death," it grew natural to take a preliminary step of hurrying on that event, by conspiracy, and to avoid a failure of their ambitious hopes, either by an armed insurrection with Russell, or a deliberate murder with Rumsey.

Major Abraham Holmes was one of the representatively desperate men, not devoid of good qualities, intermittent fits of patriotic sincerity and courage; but rash, like the Rumbolds and Argyle.

¹ It is worth noticing that William of Orange used all his influence over the Whigs, with whom he maintained a secret and treasonable correspondence, to oppose the King's conciliatory policy. Any offer of cramping the future power of James II. found William adverse; not because of consideration for his father-in-law and uncle, but solely because he was himself continually plotting for the chance of winning the Sovereignty, and resented the idea of any limitations being fixed to his own will and power. William was the incarnation of cold-blooded selfishness, and, like his enemy Louis XIV., stirred discontent continually among his neighbours, to weaken them and forward his ambition.

An accidental fire breaking out at Newmarket, during the time of the King's visit (March 3 to 22, 1683), caused him to make a premature departure, and saved his life. When he hurriedly passed the Rye-House on his return to London he was attended by five guards only, and the opportunity was lost that had been counted on by his intended murderers. In the narrow way they were to have lain in ambush behind a wall: to have fired at the carriage as it passed, killing the horses to ensure a pause for taking better aim at the King with their blunderbusses. Two of their men, disguised as carters, were to have drawn a cart across the roadway as an obstruction, and then to have done their utmost as assassins. The moated house was suitable for harbouring many men in concealment, although it could not have withstood a siege. As a surprise the deed might have been perpetrated, and at the first news of it in London there was to be an armed insurrection, a seizure of important strongholds, and the proclamation of the *Good Old Cause*.

On p. 307 will follow, un mutilated, a description of the Rye-House, in 1683; as it is given in Dr. Thomas Sprat's Official *True Account* of the Conspiracy, and how it was discovered. A view of the Rye-House (specially drawn and engraved by us) is on our p. 292.

When the King's danger and escape became afterwards revealed, there was a joyous feeling of thanksgiving for his safety and of horror at the murderous conspiracy. Not until so late a date as September 9th (by the neglect of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sancroft, and disloyalty of Compton, Bishop of London) was any Day of Prayer set apart in gratitude, and by that time the execution of many conspirators had slackened the zeal of those who at first made loud rejoicings. Canting seditious had insulted the religious ceremony, by affixing on church doors this libellous pasquinade:

An Offering to the Reader.

YOU Hypocrites, forbear your pranks,
To murder men and then give thanks!
Forbear your tricks, pursue no further,
For God accepts no thanks for murder.

On this Thanksgiving-Day, after the Church-services, with sermons against rebellion and disaffection of Whigs and Dissenters, there was at night an universal ringing of joy bells with blazing of bonfires.

The following poem had preceded the *Offering*: a Loyal expression of rejoicing at the King's safety. We possess two printed copies. Nat. Thompson's is entitled "*On the King's Most Happy and Miraculous Deliverance at Newmarket*;" while John Smith's of Covent Garden has the shorter title which we use.

On the King's Deliberance at Newmarket.

1. SO weapons prosper which are form'd 'gainst Heaven,
 Or 'tis Vicegerent Heaven's peculiar Care,
 To whom are more than vulgar blessings given,
 And fire has sav'd whom men more cruel wou'd not spare.
 Some greater Genius him defends,
 By mighty means for mighty ends,
 And makes his Foes his Footstool be,
 Or (what his Goodness more delights to see)
 Makes them his Friends. 10
2. Nor do we more congratulate
 The present safety of the State, }
 Than future Peace which we anticipate. }
 Now Treasonous Arts are so expos'd to view,
 The *Plots* as soon as hatch'd are blasted too.
 "Popery's coming in!" they well might cry,
 Whose methods would fulfill the Prophecy.
 Nor did they cheat the World, who took such pain [*Shaftesburians*.
 The Jealousies they rais'd shou'd not be vain.
 First Arbitrary Power must down,
 (Meaning the Crown).
 Then must some Minister be in disgrace, [*Danby*.
 Because a Rebel wants his place. [*Sir T. Clayton*.
 More Liberty the People crave,
 Yet know not how to use that which they have.
 Next, that Men's Properties secur'd must be,
 They'd make the King a Property.
 "What monstrous blessing wou'd a Change create!"—
 Might Atheists mend the Church, and Knaves the State.
 But shall we twice be gull'd by one pretence?
 With our Allegiance have we lost our sense? 30
 These very Tricks ruin'd us once before,
 Curse of such Arts which now are Arts no more.
- 3 All that is envi'd still attends the Throne,
 And him that sits thereon.
 But when these Earthly Gods shall dye like Men,
 Let only Nature then
 (Nature, the Rule of Him by whom Kings reign)
 Appoint who next shall grace and truth maintain.
 May names of matchless Heroes of this Race, [*Stuarts*.
 Distinguish happy times, till time it self shall cease! 40

Finis.

The fire at Newmarket providentially drove Charles II. hence, before the conspirators were ready to waylay him at the Rye-House :

March 3rd, in the morning early, their Majesties and His Royall Highnesse went from *Whitehall* to *Newmarket*, the carriages and wagons being gone three or four daies before.

The 5th, Her Royal Highnesse [Duchess of York] went hence for *Newmarket*.

7th. Letters from *Newmarket* inform that their Majesties are in good health, and divert themselves with hawking, hunting, horse-raeing. etc.

On the 22nd instant, at night, between nine and ten, a fire happened at the town of *Newmarket*, which began in a stable by the carelessness of a groom taking tobacco: the wind being high, it burnt so furiously that it consumed above half the town, being quite one side of thereof; but his Majestic's house received no damage. However, it proved a great losse, several persons being burnt, and divers fine coaches and horses.

Robert West deposed, on 23rd June, 1683, before Jenkins, that after the *Newmarket* fire Richard Rumbold told West and Keeling, at a tavern in the City, "that the King came by his house with a slender guard of six Horse, much tyred; and that six men well provided might have *made the attempt* [to slay the Royal party], and succeeded in it."

October 8th. the King returned to *Newmarket*, followed two days later by his brother and the recently-married Prince George of Denmark, "Est-il-possible?" They stayed a few days, departing on the 20th for *Whitehall*. A similar visit was paid by the King next year, in the last October of his life. So that he cannot be said to have avoided *Newmarket*. His personal courage was indisputable.

The discovery came, as usual, through the treachery of an accomplice. In every conspiracy there are some members who have joined it from discontent and unsettled position. They are usually the first to lose enthusiasm, to distrust the chance of success, to fear treachery of others, and thence to purchase safety as a reward for themselves by being the quickest to betray their comrades. "This is the moral of all earthly tales," especially Irish. A decaying Vintner, one Josiah Keeling, had been early introduced into the Plot by Richard Goodenough, formerly under-sheriff to Bethel and Cornish, therefore accustomed to hearing seditious murmurs against the Court. Becoming frightened, perhaps, when he learnt how much more desperate were the plans of his associates than he had earlier expected, the man Josiah Keeling went to George Legge, Lord Dartmouth, to betray all that he knew, and was speedily examined before Sir Leoline Jenkins. His *Information*, signed 12th June, 1683, incriminated Richard Goodenough, as having first proposed the murder of the King and the Duke of York; also a number of other persons of small account, such as James Burton, William Thompson and Andrew Barber. That at the Mitre within Aldgate he had by appointment met Richard Rumbold, or Rumball :

one *Richard Rumball* a Maltster-man, living at a place called the *Rye* (if this informant mistake not the name), within two miles of *Hoddesden*, in the county of *Hertford*, or thereabouts, did agree on the Saturday next before his Majesty's return from *Newmarket* last, to go down to the *Rye*, being the house of the aforesaid *Rumball*, and there to effect their design of taking off the King and the Duke. The manner whereby they proposed this should be effected, That the said *Rumball's* house, where they were to meet, being by the High-way's side,

they that were to be actors in the fact were to hide themselves under a wall, or a pale; and when his Majesty's coach should come over against the said wall or pale, three or four were to shoot with blunderbusses at the Postilion and the horses; and if the horses should not drop, then there were to be two men with an empty Cart in the lane near the place, who in the habit of labourers should run the Cart thwart the lane, and so to stop the horses; besides those that were to shoot the postilion and horses, there were several appointed to shoot at the Guards that should be attending the Coach.—*Josiah Keeling's Information.*

He told of meeting Robert West the barrister and going with him to the Dolphin Tavern in Bartholomew Lane, behind the Royal Exchange, where they met the said Rumbold and one W. Hone of Southwark, a carpenter; together they discoursed on the Newmarket ambuscade, and the weapons to be employed. Later, after the King's unexpectedly hastened return, Rumbold told Keeling that "he had seen the King passing by his house, and that if he [Rumbold, had] had but five men with him, he could have done his business, for that there were but five Life-Guardsmen with them."

Farther, he told about the arrangements for an insurrection, involving the lawyers Wade, Nelthorp, and the already mentioned West, as also Captain Walcot, "who went over with the Earl of Shaftesbury, and came back with his corpse." He indicated likewise a Colonel, whose name he did not know, but who was evidently Colonel John Rumsey. "West further told this Deponent on Easter Eve, that since the design to be executed on the King's return from *Newmarket* had failed, they intended to take the King and Duke off between *Windsor* and *Hampton Court*."

Secretary Sir L. Jenkins seems to have been cautiously unwilling to act on this single information, and in fact he was continually receiving secret warnings of murderous intentions. Finding that another witness was required to confirm his evidence, which met lukewarm acceptance, if not declared suspicion and incredulity, Joshua Keeling contrived that his own brother John Keeling should be admitted to both see and hear what passed at the next meeting; and Richard Goodenough accommodated him; so that, two days after the first betrayal, a double Deposition of the brothers Keeling (14th June, 1683) gave the Plotters into the hands of the Court. Col. Rumsey's name was now mentioned, with Wade the councillor of Bristol, as furnishing money for the projected insurrection, also "that the Duke of *Monmouth* and all his friends would be concerned in raising the said money: and that the said Duke would be at the head of the said party, which they propounded to be four thousand in number, and that many more would quickly fall in." In answer to Josiah Keeling's enquiry whether the design of killing the King and the Duke of York between Windsor and Hampton-Court was still entertained, "Goodenough replied, 'No, because they [the Royal brothers] did not usually go together, but they would do it at the Bull Feast in *Lyon-fields*.'" [Compare our p. 286.]

Next day was signed the more important Information of the two Keelings concerning a fresh meeting with Goodenough, that afternoon, identifying Colonel Rumsey as the person who had married the Lady Smith and had commanded forces in Portugal for his Majesty the King of England; and Goodenough's first naming "*William Lord Russel*, son to the Earl of *Bedford*"; and that the said Lord *Russel* told the aforesaid Goodenough that he would be concerned in it to his utmost, and that he would use all his interest to accomplish the aforesaid design of killing the King and the Duke of *York*."

A week later Josiah Keeling named Robert Ferguson with many others who had come to Wapping "to visit their honest *Wapping* men," and dined at the Fortune tavern there, and at the Horse-shoe on Tower-Hill, with seditious toasts drank "To the man who first draws his sword in defence against *Poperly and Slavery*," which they named as "the two Brothers," and explained that they meant *The Two Brothers at Whitehall*. Also, "the pinning of *Maeninney's* head on the Monument for burning the City in '66, "*Maeninny*" being their nickname for the Duke of York. Ferguson's vicious invention is seen clearly in both these toasts.

Let it be recapitulated that the alleged Plot was threefold. Some sought, 1.—To master the Guards, seize Whitehall, and secure the person of the King and of his brother. 2.—To lay wait for the King and his brother on the return from Newmarket or elsewhere, and slay them by ambuscade, laying the blame afterwards on the Papists. 3.—A simultaneous rising in various parts of the country by leaders of determined men; followed by a similar rising in London, by men who were already prepared to join, deceived by specious misrepresentations. They nicknamed the assassination "*The Lopping Point*," and the insurrection "*The general Point*" in their so-called "consults." Such was the Rye-House Plot in all its complications.

Now followed the first Proclamation (mentioned on our p. 284), offering rewards for the discovery and apprehensions of sundry persons, *viz.* Colonel John Rumsey, Richard Rumbold the Maltster, Richard Nelthorpe, Edward Wade, Richard Goodenough, Captain Thomas Walcot, William Thompson, James Burton, and William Hone. These men of small mark, the tools, having been proclaimed on June 23rd, the second Proclamation, issued on June 28th, named for apprehension the leaders, James Duke of Monmouth, Ford Lord Grey of Werk, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and Robert Ferguson: £500 being offered for the seizure of each.

Betrayals were coming in swiftly. On the previous day, Thomas Sheppard, the wine-merchant (at whose house in Abchurch Lane the conspirators met formerly), had signed an information, June 27th, incriminating important persons, citing Robert Ferguson, as to

the intended general Insurrection. This included many disaffected Scotchmen, Sir John Cochrane, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, James Stuart, Commissary Alex. Monroe, Lord Melvin, Alexander Gordon of Earlston, Sir Hugh and Sir George Campbell, of Cessnock; "and that the Lord of *Argile* had made a proposition, That if they would raise him thirty thousand pounds he would begin it [the Insurrection] in *Scotland*; but finding no hopes of raising that sum, the *Scotch* were willing to accept of ten thousand pounds." This sum Francis Charlton promised to see paid. Colonel Algernon Sydney was named, with Russell; also "my Lord *Essex* was hearty in this business, and that *John Trenchard* was a man to be depended on in the West: They had likewise good hopes of Sir *William Courtney*, and that [previously] my Lord *Shaftesbury* had sent Captain *Walcot* down to him [*Courtney*], who returned with a very cool answer that he found them not what he expected, but believed if it came to a Rising they would prove right enough." This was sworn: no longer before Jenkins alone, but in presence of Sunderland, who countersigned the deposition.

It was not on hearsay evidence that government depended. Colonel John Rumsey was now affording information that lacked no circumstantial detail. Confirmation soon followed, in the confession of Major Abraham Holmes at the Gate-house, on the 29th June, and of a multitude of other men successively, Joseph How, Andrew Barber, Robert Blaney of the Middle Temple, Thomas Lee, the dyer, of Old Street (mentioned as "of St. Giles's, Cripplegate parish), one Hicks, of Friday Street (not John, tobacconist and Anabaptist preacher), but chiefly Robert West, barrister of the Middle Temple—from whom we learn that Richard Rumbold, being a one-eyed man, was commonly called Hannibal, "and that it was usual at the meetings before-mentioned to drink a health to *Hannibal* and his Boys." West was an active talking man, who had got the name of an atheist. He had withdrawn, but surrendered. Zachary Bourne gave corroborative testimony on July 6th. He had been seized in *Essex*, as he was making his escape to Holland. Rumours were circulated that a Peer was coming in with evidence, as a betrayer; and such an article, fit for any despicable use, was found available in William, Lord Howard of Escrick, who had been arrested hidden behind a curtain in a chimney, bedaubed with soot, and weeping in the most frightened and cowardly condition, in his house at Knightsbridge. He purchased indemnity for his many past offences (as Ford Lord Grey did, two years later), by betraying all that he knew—and something more. Thanks to his information, sufficient was learnt to incriminate and condemn William Lord Russell, the Earl of *Essex*, Algernon Sydney, and others who were arrested. William Carstares, known by the *alias* of "Read," was already taken, at Tenterden in Kent, and at first believed to be Robert

Ferguson, who, as usual, had slunk away, and left his confederate John Rumsey behind to yield himself up and play the traitor. Captain John Walcot had intended to do the same, and wrote a letter from his hiding place to Secretary Jenkins, acknowledging that the Plot had deep foundations, and promising to discover more than was yet known if he might have hopes of a pardon.¹ But in his terror he withdrew from the place to which an answer, by his own wish, was to be directed: he was to remain in Westminster Hall, until sent for. He strove to escape, and was arrested. He was the first person appointed for trial, on the 12th July, 1683, Colonel Rumsey bearing evidence against him, as did Zachary Bourne and Robert West. He was convicted and condemned to death, suffering punishment on the 20th of the same month.

William Hone had been taken in his flight, in Cambridgeshire. He and John Rouse were tried, convicted, and executed together with Walcot. They all behaved manfully, in sorrow confessing their offences, although Walcot felt bitterly the exaggerations of West against him. At Lord William Russell's trial the evidence of Rumsey, Sheppard, and Lord Howard of Escrick appeared conclusive and irrefutable, in relation to the treasonable conspiracy, for the risings in Cheshire and elsewhere, a surprisal of the King's Guards, the formation of a *Council of Six* to organize rebellion, corresponding with Argyle for a similar insurrection in Scotland (Algernon Sydney being deputed to send a messenger, and choosing Aaron Smith, who had managed the defence of Stephen College); and with John Trenchard, in reference to raising men at Taunton; along with other matters, including the presence of Monmouth, Grey, Russell, Ferguson, and Armstrong at the consultations in Sheppard's house, Abchurch Lane. Francis Shute, the late Sheriff, had recently died, after being involved with Howard. Monmouth's foot-man, John Gibbons, had been keen for mischief, even for the assassination, as also John Roe, late sword-bearer of Bristol.

The suicide of Arthur Capell, Earl of Essex, in the Tower, on the very morning of Lord William Russell's trial, helped most materially to strengthen the impression against him, and insure his condemnation. It was believed to prove that Essex felt deeply a consciousness of guilt, and feared a fatal result to himself and his

¹ Walcot's Letter is singularly explicit. While in the country he had seen his name proclaimed, and came at once to town, "last night;" he refers to *Ferguson*, "my intimacy with a *Scotch* Minister, through whose hands much of the business went, I judge occasioned my knowing very much: And I do further humbly propose, That if his Majesty think it advisable, I will follow those Lords and Gentlemen that are fled to *Holland*, as if I fled thither, and had made my Escape also, and will acquaint the King, if I can find it out, what measures they resolve of taking next. I do assure his Majesty the business is laid very broad. . . . I shall be ten times abler to serve him than either Mr. *Freeman* or Mr. *Carr*; for they will trust neither of them." Of this material the Revolutionary Whigs were made!

friends (Russell included), whenever the details of their plot should become fully revealed. Remorse felt by Essex for having introduced to them the traitor Lord Howard of Escrick, his own kinsman, had a chief share in depressing his spirit. He had earlier conquered what he believed to be the prejudices of Russell and of Sydney; hence he now yielded to his own gloomy disposition, with its morbid terrors, and committed self-murder. He thereby unwittingly ensured the fall of Russell, who was condemned, and executed on the 21st of July. More skilfully combating his foes, Algernon Sydney prolonged his own trial, and although condemned (on Howard's evidence, with the unfair production of a manuscript answer to Sir Robert Filmer's arguments in favour of monarchy), he might have been respited, and probably then spared, had it not been for the double treachery of Monmouth irritating the Court against him, at the very crisis, so that Algernon Sydney fell as his victim. His execution was followed, after a long interval, by those of James Holloway and "the bully knight," Sir Thomas Armstrong; the first one arrested in the West Indies, the other recovered by a strained use of extradition from Holland.

We bring forward separate *Roxburghe Ballads* on these executions of Russell, Sydney, Armstrong, etc. This general introduction seemed indispensable, preparatory to the illustrating each successive event in detail by its respective ballad. First, let us give complete the *Account of the Rye-House in Hertfordshire*, published officially under Royal sanction in 1685, after having been carefully drawn up by Dr. Thomas Sprat (the intimate friend and biographer of Abraham Cowley; consecrated Bishop of Rochester in 1684). It tells of the situation and fitness of the Rye House for the uses designed by the conspirators. A local *History of Hertfordshire*, 1870, gives no description of this truly memorable place, beyond the extremely slight and unsatisfactory notice in Part First, p. 34. The omission could not be accidental, but must have been intentional, to express contemptuously disbelief in the existence of any *Rye-House Plot* whatever—as it is designated "the alleged conspiracy to assassinate Charles II. and his brother." But no close student of History, after searching the records that are extant, can possibly come honestly to such a conclusion of disbelief.

* * On our p. 291 we give a sketch of the *Rye-House*, as it appeared in early days, from a Water-colour Drawing preserved at the British Museum. A different representation of the building, seen in 1832, was reprinted by Charles Knight in his *Old England*, vol. ii. p. 188, 1845. Crowds of Whitsuntide excursionists still visit the Rye-House, and revel at the tavern, built in the old fore-court, and water-cresses are gathered from its former moat. Early in the century the mansion degenerated into a Workhouse for Stanstead Parish: a change indeed, for

"A jolly place it was in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is curst."



A Particular Account of the Situation of the Rye-House.

(Following Dr. Thomas Sprat's *True Account of the Horrid Conspiracy*, 1685.)

“**T**HE *Rye-House* in *Hertfordshire*, about eighteen miles from *London*, is so called from the *Rye*, a Meadow near it. Just under it there is a by-road from *Bishop Strafford* to *Hoddesden*, which was constantly used by the King when he went to or from *Newmarket*; the great Road winding much about on the right-hand by *Stansted*. The House is an old strong Building, and stands alone, encompass'd with a Mote, and towards the garden has high walls, so that twenty men might easily defend it for some time against five hundred. From a high Tower in the House all that go or come may be seen both ways for near a mile's distance. As you come from *Newmarket* towards *London*, when you are near the House, you pass the meadow over a narrow causeway, at the end of which is a Toll-gate, which having entered you go through a Yard, and a little Field, and at the end of that through another Gate you pass into a narrow Lane, where two Coaches at that time could not go a-breast. This narrow passage had on the left hand a thick Hedge and a Ditch; on the right a long range of Building used for Corn-Chambers and Stables, with several doors and windows looking into the Road, and before it a Pale, which then made the passage so narrow, but is since removed. When you are past this long Building, you go by the Mote and the Garden Wall, that is very strong, and has divers holes in it, through which a great many Men might shoot. Along by the Mote and Wall the Road continues to the *Ware-River* which runs about twenty or thirty yards from the Mote, and is to be past by a Bridge. A small distance from thence another Bridge is to be past over the *New-River*. In both which Passes a few men may oppose great numbers. In the outer Courtyard, which is behind the long Building, a considerable body of Horse and Foot might be drawn up unperceived from the Road; whence they might easily issue out at the same time into each end of the narrow Lane, which was also to be stopt up by overturning a Cart.”—P. 135 of Dr. Thomas Sprat's *Copies of the Informations and Original Papers relating to the Proof of the Horrid Conspiracy against the Late KING, His Present Majesty [James II.], and the Government: As it was Ordered to be Published by His Late Majesty. In the Savoy: Printed by Thomas Newcomb, One of His Majestie's Printers; and are to be sold by Sam Lownes, over against Exeter Change in the Strand*, 1685.



[British Museum Collection, 1876. f. 1, art. 21.]

Murder out at Last,

in a

Ballad on the New Plot.TO THE TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go We!* [See pp. 60, 67.]

NOW, now the Plot is all come out, that caus'd our Doubts and Fears,
 And all the Tribe that made the Rout, both *Commoners* and *Peers*;
 The mighty Patrons of the Cause, 'gainst *Pagan Popery*,
 Who rais'd a Gibbet for our Foes, *and hey, Boys! up go we.* 4

With Sanctify'd Religious Zeal, the Brethren did agree
 To raise our Ancient *Commonweal* on Christian Liberty;
 To undermine the Church and State, and blow up *Monarchy*:
 But now, alas! 'tis our own Fate, *and hey, Boys! up go we.* 8

A holy Covenant we took, to sacrifice the King,
 And next to him the Royal Duke, a Bloody Offering;
 For which, according to the Vote, the *Papists* all shou'd dye;
 But now the *Saints* have chang'd their note, *and hey, Boys! up go we.*

Our Zealous Covenanting *Saints*, Associating *Peers*,
 Each heart for fear with *Patience* pants,¹ to lose more than his Ears;
Toney's dead, and *Monmouth's* fled, the Helm is turn'd a-Lee;
 The *Plot* (the Nail) is knock'd o' th' head, *and hey, then, up go we!*

No longer may the *Papists* boast their Bloody black Designs;
 Old *Rome*, thy Ancient Glory's lost, for all thy Learn'd Divines:
 For Royal Murders, Treasons base, and matchless Treachery,
 The *Jesuits* must now give place, *and hey, Boys! up go we.* 20

How well did we contrive the *Plot*, and laid it at their Door,
 For which old *Stafford* went to pot, and many guiltless more;²
 But now the Tide is come about, the truth of all we see:
 And when the Murder all is out, *then, hey, Boys! up go we.* 24

Rumsey's Gold and *Rumbold* bold conspire to kill the KING;
 And *Pickering*, in fatal hold,³ must answer for the thing;
Nelthorp,⁴ *West*,⁵ and all the rest, with *Perkin*⁶ may agree
 To be o' th' *Tower* (not Throne) possess; *then hey, Boys! up go we.*

Our City *Ryots*, and Countrey Routs,⁷ that to Rebellion tend,
 Our Races, and our Hunting-bouts, in Insurrections end;
 The Rebel now is catch'd i' th' Snare he lay'd for Monarchy:
 At last the *Gallows* claims its share, *and hey, Boys! up go we.* 32

EDINBURGH: Reprinted, in the Year 1683.

[In White-letter. Single-sheet broadside. No woodcut.]

The Tune and burden, *Hey, boys, up go we!* has been frequently mentioned in Vol. IV., pp. 65, 205, 257, 264, 292, 293, 305, 342; and in the present Vol. p. 58.

¹ Sir Patience Ward, the Alderman, sentenced to heavy fine and pillory, for connivance by perjury after Pilkington had scandalized the Duke of York.

² See Vol. IV. pp. 225 to 235, for account of William Viscount Stafford.

³ Compare the opening lines of "The Conspiracy" on a following page (311). Since we know not of any Pickering engaged in the Rye-House Plot, this can refer to no other than the Jesuit, Thomas Pickering, who had been falsely accused and foully executed on the 9th of May, 1679. The meaning appears to be: "We now see that the real conspirators to kill the King were (not Pickering, who had to answer for their false accusation, by imprisonment and death), but Rumsey with his gold, as hirer, and Rumbold, the stalwart instrument," etc. Had the name in our text been *Pilkington*, it would have been intelligibly connected with the fostering of the Plot.

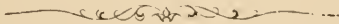
⁴ Richard Nelthorpe, a Republican lawyer, who had recommended Aaron Smith to Algernon Sydney as a fit person to send as messenger to the disaffected Scotch.

⁵ See p. 304. Robert West turned double traitor, as already shown, and gave full depositions, continually renewed and extended as time wore on. In giving a list of the disaffected refugees in Amsterdam (on p. 236), we mentioned *Richard Cromwell*. Robert Ferguson told Robert West "that Mr. *Cromwel*, son of *Richard Cromwel*, who usually goes by the name of Mr. *Cranbourn*, was so vain as to endeavour to make a party for himself or his father in the City; and *Goodenough* formerly, *viz.* about Christmas last [1682], told this Examinant that he believed the said Mr. *Cromwel* and Mr. *Ireton*, the son of Lieutenant-General *Ireton*, would assist in the intended assassination of the King and Duke in Person."—*Copies of the Informations*, p. 60.

⁶ The term *Perkin* (=impostor) here applied, frequently, to Monmouth, was prophetically appropriate, for his descent afterwards in Devonshire resembled the disastrous insurrection at Cornwall of Perkin Warbeck in 1499; the nickname was five years later iniquitously misapplied to the Prince of Wales, born in 1688. Among other "impostors," John Partridge, the "shoemaker and almanack-maker in Covent Garden," was involved in the conspiracy, and according to Richard Goodenough, "erected several [astrological] schemes, and thereby found the Duke of York would scarce outlive March or April, and that the King was under an evil direction too, and the People would be victorious."—*Ibid.*

⁷ Alluding to the festivities given at Longleat by Tom Thynne, and others in the neighbourhood, during the Western progress of Monmouth in 1680. (See our former pages, 622, 623, in Vol. IV.) "Treats," to be given to intoxicate the officers at Plymouth and elsewhere, figured in the programme of insurrection.

* * * We have a precise description of the one-eyed "*Hannibal*," Richard Rumbold, in No. 1837 of the *London Gazette* (June 25 to 28, 1683). "We are commanded to give notice that *Richard Rumbold*, Maltster, one of the persons named in his Majesty's late Proclamation, to have Traitorously conspired the death of His Sacred Majesty and his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, is of a middle stature, about 46 years of age, a smart man in discourse, having lost one of his eyes, his face somewhat thin, wearing his own hair, which is brown, and not very long; he is a round trussed man."



The Conspiracy.

Hodge.—"Come, fellow-servant, you 'll believe our Plot,
Of *Russel*, *Hambden*, *Sidney*, and what not?
Of *Bedford*, *Walcot*, *Bow-Steeple* and the *Rye*?"

[*Vide infra*.

Porter.—"For *Russel* would, but *Hambden* would not lie,
Rumbald and *Walcot* too did both deny.
Ayliffe to boot: but cowards are not brave,
For fear 's a passion which all cowards have.
Yet to the *Plot* I firm belief afford:
Of th' Evidence I credit not one word."

Johnny.—"Can you distrust what *Grey* and *Eserick* say?"

Porter.—"What! two such excellent Moral Men as they?"

—*Oliver's Porter, Fidler, and Poet in Bedlam*. 1683.

WE have already (on p. 267) given Tom D'Urfey's original song beginning "Let *Oliver* now be forgotten;" named, alternatively with "How unhappy is *Phillis* in Love," as the tune required for the ensuing song "The Conspiracy; or, The Discovery of the [Rye-House] Fanatick Plot." The music will be found at the beginning of the *Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685, and 1694.

Among the scurrilous rejoinders made by defeated insurrectionists, when recovering from affright after detection and punishment of the Rye-House Plot, appeared a Dramatic Sketch, without title (whence we borrow our present motto). It begins "O Glory! Glory!" The interlocutors are Oliver Cromwell's Porter, his Fidler (*i.e.* "Hodge," Roger L'Estrange, writer of the *Observer*, etc.), and his Poet (*viz* John Dryden, whose former praise of Cromwell was mocked by the Whigs: compare pp. 159, 160). They meet in Bedlam, converse and quarrel. Their allusion to *Bow-Steeple* deserves a note:

One of the minor details of assassination of the Abchurch-Lane conspirators (as deposed by Sir Nicholas Butler) was that William Hone was to have shot the King and his brother from Bow-Church steeple, with cross-bows, when they were standing opposite on Lord Mayor's Day.—*Sprat's True Account*, p. 113.

The ballads give a tolerably full roll-call of the conspirators. The survivors were nearly all rewarded by promotion to lucrative berths after the Revolution brought Orange William to sit among his old confederates; but few of them turned out well, and the habit of discontented plotting, which had made them suffer a bad half hour in 1683, was not so easily eradicated that they could blossom into peaceable and trustworthy citizens six years later. Those who had been slain were "martyrs of the Cause;" yet few mentioned the one really noble heart among them, Algernon Sydney: whose character was far too heroic to be appreciated by men who accounted treachery and dissimulation among the cardinal virtues which had secured "the Glorious Revolution," and banished Popery from this happy isle. How happy it became, under the influence of William and his Dutch favourites, it is not our present business to show.

The Conspiracy :

Or,

The Discovery of the [Rye-House] Fanatick Plot.

TO THE TUNE OF, *How Unhappy is Phillis in Love; or, Let Oliver now be forgotten.* [See pp. 267 and 310.]

LET *Pickering* now be forgotten,¹
 Old *Rumbold* has wip'd off his scores;
 Since *Presbyter Jack* went a Plotting,
 The Jesuit's turned out of doors.
 For brewing and swilling of Treason,
 King-killing without any reason,
 Of all the Pack, Noble or Peasant,
 None can exceed old *Presbyter Jack*. 8

First, the hot *Sectaries* Voted,
 " 'Twas Treason to murder the King ; "
 And next the bold *Regicides* Plotted
 To compass the very same thing :
 Their Votes and Arbitrary Power,
 That sent the Lords to the Tower,
 We now see plain, every hour,
 They'd the old Game play over again. 16

Rumsey and *Rumbold*² intended
 At *Hodsdon* their Ambush to bring ;
 But Heaven and the Fire prevented,
 And Providence guarded the King.
 The *Whigs* the Treason propounded,
 But when the Trumpet sounded
 For *Cambridgeshire*, all were confounded,
 Taken, or fled, both Peasant and Peer. 24

Monmouth, to wit, who was able
 To make to a Crown a Pretence, ["for wit"]
 The Head and the Hope of the Rabble,
 A Loyal and Politick Prince :
 But now he's gone into *Holland*,³
 To be a King of *no-land*,
 Or else must be Monarch of *Poland* :
 Was ever Son so Loyal as he ? 32

Lord *Grey*, and *Armstrong* the Bully,
 (That prudent and politick Knight,)
 Who made of his Grace such a Cully,
 Together have taken their flight.

Is this your Races, Horse-matches,
 His Grace's swift Despatches
 From Shire to Shire ? under the Hatches :
 Now above Deck they dare not appear. 40

Brave *Russel*, and *Sydney* the Bully,
 That stood for the holy *Old Cause* ;
 And *Trenchard* ⁴ drawn in for a Cully,
 In spite of Allegiance and Laws ;
 And *Wildman* ⁵ too, with his Cannon,
 With *Walcot*,⁶ *Hone*,⁷ and *Aaron*,⁸
 With *Mead* ⁹ and *Bourn*,¹⁰ every man on
 To *Tyburn* goes, the next in his turn. 48

Next Valiant and Noble Lord *II[owar]d*,¹¹
 That formerly dealt in *Lambs-wool*,
 And knows what it is to be Tower'd,
 By Impeaching may fill the Jayls full.
 And next to him, Cully *Brandon*,¹²
 The witty and famous *Hambden*,¹³
 Must take his place, who did abandon
 All Loyalty, Religion, and Grace. 56

Hone and *Rowse*,¹⁴ the King and his Brother
 That they were to kill 'em confest,
 And now they hang up one another,
 Holms,¹⁵ *Blaney*,¹⁶ *Lee*,¹⁷ *Walcot* and *West* :¹⁸
 May all such Traytors, discarded,
 To *Tyburn* be well guarded,
 And ev'ry thing be so rewarded,
 That would oppose so gracious a King. 64

Finis.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, near the end of 1683.]

Notes.

¹ Thomas Pickering. See Note 3, on p. 309, to previous ballad. This is Richard Rumbold, Rumbald, or Rumball, the Maltster, of the Rye-House, near Hoddesdon, Herts; formerly a Cromwellian Trooper. His brother William joined him. He appears again, in the expedition to Scotland with Argyle in 1685.

² This flight to Holland was generally reported, but erroneously. Monmouth was in hiding (see p. 390), not far from Whitehall. Houses were searched for him, Thompson's twice, but this seems to have been merely make-believe.

³ As companions of Monmouth, Armstrong was associated with Ford Lord Grey of Werk. Before the death of Shaftesbury, Grey had been tried at the King's-Bench bar, 23rd November, 1682, for abduction of his wife's sister, Lady Henrietta Berkeley, having debauched her. He was arrested after being proclaimed for the Rye-House Plot, but, by either the stupidity or connivance of Henry Deerham *vel* Deering, the messenger who arrested him, and whom he made drunk as an excuse, Grey escaped from the very gate of the Tower, and fled to

Holland; where the other fugitives avoided his society (too disreputable even for their loose morals), because his Mistress, not his wife, accompanied him. The third verse of the plain-spoken "Song sung before the King at Winchester" (see p. 335) refers to this incident in his career. As usually happened, the seducer of others could not preserve his own wife's honour. It was wickedly said, in answer to his boastful excuse for licentiousness, that he had nevertheless been baffled all round: He had experimented on the whole family, but could not find what he desired. We meet him again at Sedgemoor. A year later, *viz.* in 1686, Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset, girds at this contemptible wittol, coward, and betrayer, in his *Faithful Catalogue of the Most Notorious Ninnies*, saying,

Virtue, thy weak Lieutenant ran away,
Just like that cursed misereant Coward *G[re]y*.

We shall return to Sir Thomas Armstrong after his capture in Holland, 1684.

⁴ John Trenchard, always seditious, boastful, and procrastinating: he was long afterwards fined 40,000*l.*

⁵ Major John Wildman, afterwards dismissed by course of law, and still later rewarded in London. He was to have provided the cannon, and two small pieces called "Drakes" were found in his possession.

⁶ Captain Thomas Walcot, described as an Irish gentleman of about a thousand a year: which, remembering his nationality, is open to suspicion. Irish rent-roll, perhaps. He had accompanied Shaftesbury to Holland and brought back his corpse. He acknowledged his guilt in planning the surprisal of the Guards, whilst others were to assail the King.

⁷ William Hone, a melancholy enthusiast, another "Protestant Joiner," to emulate his predecessor Stephen Colledge; whose halter he inherited, not without desert. Hone's fall excited no similar attention, he having invented no flail. He had been first examined before Sir William Turner.

⁸ Aaron Smith, formerly solicitor for Stephen Colledge, the original "Protestant Joiner" (none are genuine without the Hicks-Hall mark). He had been sent into Scotland, his charges being paid by Algernon Sydney, fourscore guineas, to treat with Sir George Campbell and others for a rising. "And Mr. *Ferguson* hath since told this Examinant [West] that the said *Aaron Smith* behaved himself very indiscreetly in the said Journey, and run a hazard of discovering the design."

⁹ One Matthew Mead of Stepney, "a Nonconformist minister, zealous in the business of an Insurrection, but was not for beginning it in London," as Robert West declared. Through Mead, John Nisbet was in direct communication with Alexander Gordon of Earlston *alias* "Pringle."

¹⁰ Zachary Bourne, a brewer, turned evidence against Walcot (who had offered to turn evidence himself, before arrest), with West, the Keelings, and Rumsey.

¹¹ William Howard, 3rd Baron Howard of Eserick, Yorkshire (on whom see pp. 340, 402, and elsewhere; also Vol. IV., and *Bagford Ballads*). His wife was Frances, daughter of Sir James Bridgeman of Castle Bromwich, Warwickshire, and niece of the Lord-Keeper Orlando Bridgeman. It is satisfactory to remember that, although the title descended to his son Charles from this utterly degraded man (he died in 1694), it in him became extinct, as he left no issue, and all his three brothers and two sisters died *sine proles*. The curse seems to have weighed on the traitor's family. The allusion to his having "formerly dealt in *Lamb's-wool*" has been already explained in our pages. During his former confinement in the Tower, Howard had taken a false oath, or an allegation in which he prevaricated with mental reservation, and then "took the sacrament on it," but sacrilegiously profaned the rite by substituting "*Lamb's-wool*" (*i.e.* ale poured on roasted apples) for the consecrated wine. This, and his generally degraded character, had not been forgotten in the Satire of this date, entitled "The True Englishman" (not Defoe's "Wherever God erects a house of Prayer"), beginning, "Curst be the tim'rous Fool, Whose feeble mind Is turn'd about with ev'ry blast of wind." Here, with allusion to his profanity, is Howard's portrait:—

Let a mean scoundrel Lord (for equal fear
Of hanging or of starving) falsely swear ;
Let him, whose knavery and impudence
Is known to every man's experience,
With scraps of broken Evidence, contrive
To feed and keep a fainting *Plot* alive ;
Nay, though he swears by the same Deities
Whom he has mock'd by Mimick Sacrifice.

¹² Charles Gerard Lord Brandon, son of Charles, first Viscount Brandon (the first Earl of Macclesfield) and "a French Lady." When his father died, in 1693, he succeeded as 2nd Earl of Macclesfield. He had been a Colonel in the army; was ambassador to Hanover in later years. He divorced his first wife, daughter of Sir Richard Mason, Knight, of Shropshire, for her adultery with Earl Rivers, and she afterwards was married to Colonel Brett (see p. 95). After his brother's death, unmarried, in 1702, the titles became extinct. The notoriety of Brandon's wife, before the divorce, is shown in "*Lady Fretchwell's Song of the Wives*," fifth verse (from Trowbesh MS.), daughter being written for daughter-in-law:—

Old *Macclesfield's* daughter, whom *Gerrard* did wed,
All the portion she brought him he wears on his Head.
With art and with practice she 's come to a pitch
That her eyes cannot kill, tho' she wounds with[in rea]ch.
Poor hobbling *Dunblaine* with her kindness is slain, [Danby's Son.
Ev'n *Parker* and *Duncomb* begin to complain :
Nay, her husband and she never yet could agree,
For he ne'er could abide a thing lewder than she.

¹³ John Hampden, Junior (grandson of the Chalgrove field Hampden, who died from an explosion of his own pistol, shattering his arm, through his own heedlessness in allowing his orderly to keep adding charges, one on another): against whom Mounmouth expected to be summoned as a witness after falling back rebelliously on receiving his pardon. Hampden was condemned to pay a fine of 40,000*l.*, with imprisonment. He became gloomy in his remorse, and afterwards committed suicide, Dec., 1696. The ballad marks that "he did abandon all Loyalty, Religion and Grace." The "free thought" of these extreme Whigs, having left them destitute of religious principle and consolation, in many instances terminated in self-murder: thus was it with Essex, Ayloff, Hampden, etc.

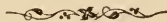
¹⁴ John Rouse, servant of Sir Thomas Player the Chamberlain, had long been disaffected and under suspicion. Thus, at the same time as Stephen College, he was in June, 1681, apprehended, examined by Sir Leoline Jenkins, and committed to the Tower for High-Treason; but in October an *Ignoramus* Jury saved him. He was released on bail, and afterwards discharged on proclamation. Not having learnt caution by this experience, he entered into the Rye-House Plot, was arrested in Essex, 4th July, 1683, tried at the Old Bailey on the 12th, condemned, and executed with William Hone on the 20th at Tyburn, after owning the conspiracy.

¹⁵ Major Abraham Holmes, an undaunted Fifth-Monarchy man, who corresponded in cypher with Argyle and was his friend. Taken in London, examined at the Gate-House on 27th June, he confessed his share. He survived Sedgemoor fight, in which he had engaged and been wounded, losing an arm. He was believed to have obtained a free pardon from James II., but was sent back to the West, where Chief-Justice Jeffereys had marked him down for slaughter, and he fell.

¹⁶ Robert Blaney, a barrister of the Temple, who had been a witness for Sir Patience Ward in the trial for perjury, in previous May. Blaney was arrested. on 30th June, as was also Thomas Lee, a dyer and anabaptist. Both confessed

¹⁷ Thomas Lee, the dyer, of Old Street: see previous Note, and p. 304.

¹⁸ Robert West, a barrister of the Middle-Temple, turned Evidence, after having led many into treason. See pp. 285, 302, 304, 309.



Whig upon Whig. 1683.

“What should I do? should I the Godly seek,
And go a Conventicling twice a week?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane pollution,
Affect each Form and Saint-like Institution,
So draw the Brethren all to contribution?”

—Otway: *Prologue to the Orphan*. 1680.

THE following savage howl of exultation over the defeated conspirators dates itself as belonging to the day of Russell's trial and the suicide of Arthur Capell (second Baron, but commonly called Earl of Essex) in the Tower. It was maliciously appointed to be sung to the tune belonging to a lament for a much earlier unfortunate, Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, who had been favourite of Queen Elizabeth, *viz.* the ballad beginning “Sweet *England's* Pride is gone: *O hone! O hone!*” It gave opportunity for wailing or howling, accordingly as grief or buffoonery and mocking might be the intention of the singer.¹ Thus, at the line, “*Essex* has cut his throat! *O hone, O hone!*” hearers would be expected to enjoy all the associations of incongruity in the ridicule applied to the melancholy son of a brave and distinguished father, who had died as a loyal Cavalier. Party spite was so strong that the past services of Arthur Earl of Essex were forgotten, in the horror excited by revelation of the Rye-House Plot. His own self-reproaches for having caused the ruin of his friends Algernon Sydney and William Russell, by influencing them to admit the double-dyed traitor Howard of Eserick, seems to have been the sole cause of unbalancing his mind and causing him to destroy himself. As is well known, his death powerfully impressed the jury assembled to try Russell, and was held to have swayed them to condemnation. Nothing can excuse Ferguson and Monmouth for afterwards availing themselves of the malice and ignorance which resided amid the rabble, whom they attempted to persuade that Essex had been murdered.

¹ A *Loyal Song* begins, “Be my Shoul and Shalvation! *O hone, O hone!*” Another, to the same tune, of date early in 1685, began thus:—

What have the *Whigs* to say? *O hone, O hone!*
“*Tories* have got the day, *O hone, O hone!*
Lord *Shaftesbury* is dead, and Duke of *Monmouth* fled;
We 're bravely brought to bed, *O hone, O hone!*
“Our gracious Sovereign too, *O hone, O hone!*
Is taken from us now, *O hone, O hone!*
Tho' he the best of men, yet we try'd too, and agen
Dayly to Murder him, *O hone, O hone!*” &c.

Monmouth's 'Declaration' at Lyme, in 1685, written by Ferguson, charged the crime on James II., and also accused him of having murdered his brother Charles. To this we shall come hereafter. We notice the testimony of the French valet, Paul Bomeny, on p. 345.

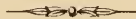
It is beyond our purpose to trace the infamous libels which Lawrence Braddon affected to believe, and to gather evidence for supporting, as to an alleged impossibility of Essex inflicting so ghastly and deep a wound upon himself; therefore that he must have been murdered. There have been frequent cases known since (one of the wife-murderer, committing suicide in October, 1882, who had "nearly severed his own head from his body"), and only malice could have imagined so incredible and utterly unnecessary a crime against the Duke of York or his brother. In truth, the news of Essex having committed suicide occasioned grief to Charles; who, on good authority, is reported to have said, "Alas! Lord Essex might have trusted my clemency, for I owed his family a life." This alluded to the death of the father (Arthur, first Baron Capell of Hadham), who had died bravely for the monarchy: beheaded on March 9th, 1648. We may here take notice of a Poem "Upon the Execrable Murder of the Right Honorable *Arthur* Earl of *Essex*," which begins,

Mortality wou'd be too frail to hear
 How *Essex* fell, and not dissolve with Fear;
 Did not more generous Rage take off the blow,
 And by his Blood the steps to Vengeance show.
 The Tow'r was for the Tragedy design'd,
 And to be slaughter'd, he is first confin'd; &c.—*State Poems*.

Instead of this we add an elegy, following the ballad; and hereafter give the New Poem, "Come, with a nimble thrust of Rapier'd Wit."

There is also a Pepysian ballad (II. 172) "On the Barbarous, Execrable, and Bloody Murder of the Earl of *Essex*. To the Tune of, *My Life and my Death* [*they are both in your power*]. Printed and sold by J. Wallis, in White-Friars." It begins, "Attend, and give ear, good Christians, to me." Also another (Pepys Coll., II. 177), entitled "*Rome's Cruelty*; or, The Earl of *Essex* barbarously murdered in the Tower." It begins, "The Earl of *Essex* in the Tower," and was sung to the tune of *There is one black and sullen hour*; but as this takes its name from Tom D'Urfey's song in "The Banditti," Act i., the date of which is believed to be 1686, it follows that either this Pepysian broadside, printed for Philip Brooksby, must have been a three years later reprint, or, more probably, that D'Urfey's song belonged to the year 1683, revived in 1686.

N.B. All the other names besides Essex's are annotated elsewhere.



Whig upon Whig ;

Or,

A pleasant dismal Song, on the Old Plotters newly found out.

TO THE TUNE OF, *O hone, O hone*, &c. [See p. 315.]

- B**eloved, hearken all, *O hone, O hone !*
 To my sad Rhimes that shall (*O hone, O hone !*)
 Be found in Ditty sad, which makes me almost mad,
 But *Tories'* hearts full glad : *O hone, O hone !*
- Essex* has cut his throat : *O hone, O hone !*
Russel is Guilty found : *O hone, O hone !* [a.l., "gone to pot."
Walcot being of the Crew, and *Hone* the *Joyner* too,
 Must give the Devil his due : *O hone, O hone !* 8
- Rumsey* swears heartily ; *O hone, O hone !*
West swears he does not lie : *O hone, O hone !*
 Lord *H[owar]d* vows by 's troth, That they are good men both,
 And take the self-same Oath : *O hone, O hone !*
- I heard some People say, (*O hone, O hone !*)
 " *Monmouth* is fled away : *O hone, O hone !*"
 And some do not stick to say, If he falls in their way,
 He will have p,uuup fair play : *O hone, O hone !* 16
- " *Armstrong* and *Grey*, God wot : *O hone, O hone !*
 And *Ferguson* the *Scot*, (*O hone, O hone !*)
 Are all run God-knows-where, 'cause stay they dare not here,
 To fix the grand Affair : *O hone, O hone !*
- " *Juries* (alas !) are thus : *O hone, O hone !*
 There 's no *Ignoramus* : *O hone, O hone !*"
 But you 'l have Justice done, to ev'ry Mother's Son,
 And be hang'd one by one : *O hone, O hone !* 24
- " Now how like Fools we look : *O hone, O hone !*
 Had we not better took (*O hone, O hone !*)
 Unto our Trades and Wives, and have kept in our Hives ?
 Which might have sav'd our lives : *O hone, O hone !*
- " The King He says, that all (*O hone, O hone !*)
 That are found Guilty, shall (*O hone, O hone !*)
 Die by the Ax or Rope, as some dy'd for the *Pope* :
 Brethren, there is no hope : *O hone, O hone !* 32
- " The Sisters left behind, *O hone, O hone !*
 Must with vile *Tories* grind, *O hone, O hone !*
 And still be at their eall, to play at Up-tails-all ;
 Nay to be [proud to fall], *O hone, O hone !*
- " The *Tories* now will drink, (*O hone, O hone !*)
 The King's Health with our Chink : *O hone, O hone !*
 Queen, Duke and Dutchess too, and all the Loyal Crew.
Journée, Morblew ! Morblew ! O hone, O hone !" ["*Jerney.*"] 40

[Date, between the 12th and the 20th of July, 1683.]

[Luttrell Collection, I. 35.]

An Elegy on the Earl of Essex, who cut his own
Throat in the Tower, July 13, 1683.

How many strange uncertain Fates attend
The Wandering Pilgrim to his Journey's End.
Earth turns to Earth, [but] water, air, and fire
Against the breath inform'd them do conspire;
As every man were his own fatal *Catch*,
'T is in his hands to forward the despatch.
Some in the fields of *Venus*, some of *Mars*,
Some meanly hang themselves, some hang a[ve]rse:
But mighty *Essex*, his Victorious Arm,
With griefs oppress'd, receives the swift alarm.
A meaner foe than Steel he scorns to own;
Or fall by any hand, but by his own.
Achitophel may hang himself, and *Oats*
With *Judas* swing, and some may cut their Throats,
Whom black despair may urge; But *Essex* he
The first that cut his throat for 's Loyalty.
Oh! that despair should 'tend such fiery zeal!
This mighty *Sampson* of the Common-weal,
Rais'd to defend and set his *Israel* free
From Popish rage, Philistian tyranny;
To shake the Pillars of the Church and State,
He crowns it with his own untimely Fate.
Essex the famous General; that name
So dear recorded in the Books of Fame,
With royal blood, and fatal conquests cloy'd,
Ten thousand of the King's best Friends destroy'd:
But thou 'rt the first, and shall recorded be,
That rid him of one Secret Enemy:
What fitter Victim cou'd great *Essex* bring
T' atone his crime against an Injur'd King?
But here thy rage too desperate appears,
To dye a Martyr to thy doubts and fears.
Oh! dire Revenge! Oh! too officious steel,
To make that Wound which Time can never heal.
Had'st thou but few days' courage to with-stand,
Jack Catch had done the Business to thy hand.
But Oh, Despair! more desperate than thy Guilt,
That durst not trust thy self to stand the Tilt;
Lest thy false Tongue shou'd through thy Throat impart
The bloody Treasons that oppress thy Heart.
This must convince the World, and thy wrong'd Prince,
Thou with thy Guilt had'st rather hurry hence,
Than stay to Justifie thy Innocence.

[Trowbesh Collection, V. 212.]

Jack Ketch's New Song ;

Or,

A Warning to Conspirators.

TO THE TUNE OF, [Left blank thus in original].



Hang and Behead, Until you be Dead,
 O Dire !
 Raw-Head, Bloody-Bones, Fling members and stones
 In the Fire.

Is 't not better be merry, with Claret and Sherry ?
 'tis Reason,
 Than to have your Soul let out at your Poll,
 for *Treason* ?

8

Your Brains for to puzzle, like *Walcot* and *Russel* ;
 conspiring ;
 'Tis better be swilling, than Plund'ring and Killing,
 and Firing.

'Tis better to save one's neck, and be brave,
 or be Sotting ;
 Than have a Chop with a Hatchet, or a Halter to stretch it ;
 for *Plotting*. 16

The Drunk and the Brave, nor *Traytor* nor *Knave*
 can be ever ;
 Their Deaths he defyes, but at *Tilting* he dies,
 or a Fever.

To be *Traytors* proclaim'd, Describ'd, and be Nam'd,
 and [for] Money ;
 This 'tis to be *Cullies* to the vilest of *Bullies*,
 Old *Tony* ! 24

To be frighted each Hour, with *Newgate* or *Tower*,
 and Trying,
 Conviction, and Sentence; at *Tyburn* repentance,
 and dying.

Then leave Plotting and Treason to the void of all Reason,
 and Sense :
 Your Pardon, *Jack* cries, 'Tis the *Whigs* I advise :
 No offence. 32

Finis.

[In Six-line Verses. White-letter. No woodcut: we bestow two. Reprinted by *Nat Thompson* in 1684 ; but the true date is July, 1683.]



[British Museum Collection, 1872, a. 1. fol. 32.]

The Loyal Conquest ;

Or,

Destruction of Treason. A Song.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Lay by your Pleading, the Law lies a bleeding.*
[See pp. 199 to 203.]

Now Loyal *Tories* may triumph in glories,
The Fatal *Plot* is now betray'd, the rest were Shams and Stories.
Now against Treason we have Law and reason ;
And ev'ry bloody *Whig* must go to pot in time and season.
No shamming, nor flammaing, no ramming, nor burruupp,
No Ignoramus Juries now, for Whiggs, but only Hanging ! 6

Look a little farther, place things in order, [=Sir E. B. G.
Those that seek to kill their King, *Godfrey* might murther.
Now they're detected, by Heaven neglected, [Essex.
In black despair cut their throats, thus *Pluto's* work's effected.
No shamming, nor flammaing, etc. 12

Catch grows in passion, and fears this New Fashion, [=Jack Ketch.
Lest ev'ry Traytor hang himself, and spoyl his profession.
Tho' four in a morning, *Tyburn* adorning,
He cryes out for a score a time, to get his men their Learning,
No shamming, nor flammaing, etc. 18

Now we have sounded the bottom which confounded
Our Plotting Parliament of late, who had our King surrounded.
Ham[p]den and others, and *Trenchar[d]* were Brothers ;
Who were to kill the King and Duke, and hang for their Murthers.
No shamming, nor flammaing, etc. 24

Surprising the *Tower* and Court, in an hour, [Z. Bourne's evid. 53.
And enter in at the Traytor's-Gate ; but 'twas not in their power :
O now Guards are doubled, ere long they will be tripled,
The harmony of Gun and Drum makes guilty Conscience troubled.
No shamming, nor flammaing, etc. 30

If *Grey* is retaken, the Root o' th' Plot is shaken,
Russel and the rest condemn'd the bleeding Cause to waken.
Monmouth in Town still, with *Armstrong* his Council ;
The Lady *G[rey]* may find him out, under some Smock or Gown still.
No shamming, nor flammaing, etc. 36

Give 'em no quarter, they aim at Crown and Garter,
 They're of that bloody regiment that made their King a Martyr.
 Leave none to breed on, they'd make us to bleed on ;
 They are the bloody'st Canniballs that ever man did read on.

*No shamming, nor flaming, no ramming, nor buruump,
 No Ignoramus Juries now, for Whigs, but only Hanging !* 42

London, Printed for *J. Dean*, 1683, *Bookseller*, in *Cranborn-street*, in
Leicester-Fields, near *Newport-House*.

[Black-letter. No woodcut. Date, July, before Russell's execution.]

* * * We need not annotate this Loyal outburst of song, for every one of its allusions are the common property of other political ditties belonging to the same time of excitement. It was issued after the condemnation of Lord William Russell and before his execution, consequently fitly comes into this position, immediately preceding the three ballads which are almost wholly devoted to him. In passing let us notice the mocking allusion to Ford Lord Grey of Werk (who escaped from his captor at the very gates of the Tower), and to his wife's known connection with the Duke of Monmouth. The belief that Sir Thomas Armstrong lingered in London was erroneous. He knew better policy than to stay and meet enquiry ; but he had to meet his fate nevertheless, in 1684, and forfeited the slender chances of a Trial by having been outlawed during his absence. Compare "Sir Thomas Armstrong's Farewell," on our pp. 477 to 488.

The Court party already rejoiced at disaffected Revolutionists having played into their hands. One new song of the time was in the *Loyal Garland* before 1686 :

Loyalty Turned up Trump ; Or, The Danger Over.

IN vain ill men attempt us,
 Their day is out of date ;
 The Fates do now exempt us
 From what we felt of late.
 The Nation is grown wiser
 than to believe their Sham ;
 He that was the Deviser
 themselves begin to blame.

[*id. est*, *Shaftesbury*.]

They thought the Trumps wou'd ever
 turn on Rebellion's side ;
 But kinder Powers deliver
 us from their foolish pride.
 For see, they are deceived,
 and can no more prevail,
 Those who the Rump believed
 asham'd are of the tale.



Russell's Farewell.

“ Were I, like these, unhappily decreed
 By Penny-*Elegies* to get my bread,
 Or want a meal—unless *George Croom* and I
 In our next measures luckily agree—
 I'd damn my Lines to wrap up soap and cheese,
 Or furnish Squibs for City 'Prentices,
 To burn the *Pope*, or celebrate *Queen Bess*.”

—*A Satyr upon the Poets*. 1683.

ON a later page, *viz.* p. 691, we reprint complete one of the three ballads entitled “Russell's Last Farewell to the World,” beginning “Farewell, farewell to Mortal Powers,” from the Bodleian original: of which the music is found in Playford's *Dancing Master*, p. 163, 9th edition, 1695, being the same tune as *James Whitney's Last Farewell* (the words reprinted by us, in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 559). We had mentioned the two others, entitled similarly “Lord Russell's Farewell,” each of them sung to a different tune. These we now give, although neither of them is properly a *Roxburghe Ballad*, until we make it so by inclusion here. One, by a perverse exhibition of malicious ingenuity, is made to accompany the lively notes of Dr. Henry Aldrich's well-known “Hark! the bonny Christ-Church bells,” that is dear to all Oxford men and lovers of music. (Aldrich was not made Dean until 1689.) Nothing could have been more insultingly provoking, or derogatory to the memory of that extremely self-conceited and respectable personage, Lord William Russell, than to make his melancholy Farewell glibly roll itself off to the liveliest of tunes, associated with festal bell-ringing and conviviality of taverns:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle goes the small bell at Nine, to call the Vergers home;
 But ne'er a man will leave his can, till he hears the mighty *TOM!*

It is beyond one's power to keep a grave countenance under the circumstances. There is a knaggish persistence, as of a scolding but coquettish vixen, bantering and badgering the poor aggrieved and convicted nobleman to his face, that really deserves the outburst of solemnified moral indignation which some garrulous old men possess so liberally. Yet all that we are able to declare is, the performance is extremely reprehensible, and likewise risible; but we wonder at their impudence.

The third “Russell's Farewell” is a Pepysian ballad, tendered to those who feel shocked at the Christ-Church Bells parody. Perhaps its dullness may appear more sublime. Beginning with the words, “Pride, the bane of human creatures,” it goes to the tune of “Tender Hearts of London City” (*Roxburghe Coll.*, II. 272, 437; IV. 21); a ballad we meet early in our next volume.

Russel's Farewell.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Oh, the bonny Christ-Church Bells.*

1.

OH, the mighty Innocence of *Russel, Bedford's Son!*
 That dy'd for the Plot, whether Guilty or not,
 By his last equivocating Speech!
 "By the words of a dying Man, I here protest I know no Plot
 'Gainst the life of the King or Government,
 Either by Action or intent."
 Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy, fy, my Lord! What are you about to do?
 To sink to Hell, by th' sound of your Knell, both Soul and Body too?

2.

Oh, the shallow memory of this blood-thirsty Lord!
 To deny and confess, and all to express
 His guilty Insolence the more:
 "I, at Mr. *Shepherd's* house, did hear some little slight discourse,
 How easie 't was the Guards to seize,
 Yet I am guiltless, if you please!"
 No, no, no, no, no, no, my Lord, your Guilt 's too plainly seen,
 And *M[onmouth]* too, with *Shaftesbury's* Crew: to destroy both King and Queen.

3.

Next your Lordship does protest, "No man had ever yet
 That Impudence against his Prince"
 To your Face to propose any foul Design:
 Then you confess, immediately, At the house of Politick *Shaftesbury*,
 You heard such words, were sharp as swords,
 The worst can be thought, or *English* affords;
 Which rais'd your Righteous spirit to exclaim against their sense;
 Yet this you conceal'd, and never reveal'd; all in your blind defence.

4.

"Popery," your Lordship says, "*Is bloody and unjust!*"
 What then you design'd, with those you combin'd,
 Was Farce, to jest our Lives away;
 For when the Duke of *Mon[mouth]* came t' acquaint your Honour of his fear,
 Of being undone by the heat of some
 Too violent for the *Bloody Cause*,
 Away you go to *Shepherd's* strait, where pernicious words were said,
 In Passion all, with Judgement small, but consequence of Dread.

5.

"From the time of choosing *Sheriffs*, I did conclude the heat
 Would this produce;" That 's no excuse,
 But just confession of the Fact.
 Presently your Lordship says, for farther confirmation still,
 You are "not surpris'd to find it fall"
 On your Honour (you deserv'd it all):
 Immediately you would proclaim aloud your Innocence!
 Why, your Lordship 's mad, in a *Cause* so bad, to put the *Sham*-pretence.

6.

Oh, ye *True-Blew-Protestants*, whose times are yet to come,
You see your Fate, early or late ;

Follow you must, 't is all your Doom.

M[*onmout*]h, *Armstrong, Ferguson, Grey, Goodenough* the Under-Shrieve,
With all your *Ignoramus* Crew,

That *Justice* hate, and *Treason* brew ;

Scaffold, *Tyburn*, Halter, Ax, those Instruments of Death,

As 't is your due, may 't you pursue, till you resign your Breath.

[In White-letter. Date, between 21st and the end of July, 1683.]

Note.—Russell spoke few words at his execution, but delivered into the hands of the Sheriffs a paper, which almost certainly was the composition of the notorious Gilbert Burnet, afterwards “printed for John Darby, by direction of the Lady Russell” (Darby being afterwards convicted thereof on 20th November), and circulated in a folio of four pages. The spoken words are those which are repeated in the foregoing ballad of “Russell's Farewell” :

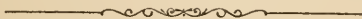
“Mr. Sheriff, I expected the noise would be such that I should not be very well heard. I was never fond of much speaking, much less now, therefore I have set down in this Paper all that I think fit to leave behind me. God knows how far I was always from designs against the King's person, or of altering the Government. And I still pray for the preservation of both, and of the Protestant Religion. Mr. Sheriff, I am told that Captain *Waleot* yesterday said some things concerning my knowledge of the Plot : I know not whether the report be true or not.” [He was answered by the Sheriff, “I did not hear him name your Lordship.” To which another person added, “No, my Lord, your Lordship was not named by any of them.”]

Russell continued :—“I hope it is not, for to my knowledge I never saw him, nor spake with him in my whole life ; and in the words of a *Dying Man*, I profess I know of no Plot, either against the King's Life or the Government. But I have now done with this world, and am now going to a Better. I forgive the whole world heartily, and I thank God I die in charity with all men, and I wish all sincere *Protestants* may love one another, and not make way for Popery by their animosities. I pray God forgive them, and continue the *Protestant Religion* amongst them, that it may flourish so long as the Sun and Moon endures. I am now more satisfied to die than ever I have been.” See p. 403, where appears another portion of the speech, mocked in preceding song.

* * On next page is given the Pepysian ballad of “Lord Russell's Farewell,” beginning “Pride, the bane of humane creatures,” issued immediately after his Execution. The tune named belongs to a *Roxburghe Ballad* in our next volume (*Roxb. Coll.*, II. 272, 437 ; *Ibid.*, IV. 21), the first verse being :—

Tender hearts of *London City*,
Now be mov'd, by grief and pity,
Since by Love I am undone ;
Now I languish in my anguish :
Too too soon my heart was won.

This *Roxburghe Ballad* had the same tune as “In the West of *Devonshire* liv'd a Nymph of beauty rare,” the title of which ballad is “The *Devonshire* Nymph ; or, The Knight's Happy Choice.” This, also, we reserve for our Vol. VI.



[Pepysian Collection, II. 165.]

Lord Russell's Farewel,

Who was Beheaded for High-Treason, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,
July 21st, 1683.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender Hearts of London City* [see p. 325].

Pride, the Bane of humane Creatures,
Will corrupt the best of natures,
When it soars to its full height :
Who can stand it or command it,
When the Object is in sight ?

Reason is no more our Jewel ;
When our dearest thoughts are cruel,
All her maxims are forgot :
Else what reason was for Treason,
Or this base inhuman Plot ?

10

Russell, that enjoy'd the Treasure,
Every way replete with Pleasure,
Had Allegiance quite forgot ;
Hopes of rising did advise him
To this base inhuman Plot.

What, alas ! could he desire,
That himself could not require ?
Pride did only him besot,
To aspire to grow higher,
By a base inhuman Plot.

20

Safely he might have liv'd for ever,
In a gracious Prince's favour,
And more Honour there have got,
Than his thoughts, whate'er they wrought,
By any base inhuman Plot.

Those false Hopes that did deceive him,
With his nature will not leave him,
Nor with his poor Body rot ;
Whilst Records the World affords,
This Treason ne'er will be forgot.

30

Better be the Earl of *Bedford*,
Than for Treason lose his Head for 't,
And to make his Name a blot,
In each Libel, as a Rebel
In a base inhuman Plot.

If his Prince had ever left him,
Or of any Grace bereft him,
Ere his Treason forc'd his lot,
Yet Obedience and Allegiance
Should have kept him from this Plot.

40

Treason is a crime 'gainst Nature ;
Against Kings, the higher matter
Sure can never be forgot ;
He that blames him, does prophane him,
And his Soul is in the Plot.

Russell died then unlamented
By all men, but who consented
To this p,uuwp inhuman Plot,
To destroy the Nation's Joy :
The King and Monarchy should rot.

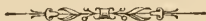
50

But Heavens preserve the Crimson Royal,
And bring all the rest to Trial,
Who Allegiance have forgot :
And confounded be each Round-Head,
In this p,uuwp inhuman Plot.

Printed for P[hilip] Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in West Smithfield.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts, and two lines of music. Date, July, 1683.]

* * On p. 182 we mentioned Langley Curtis's libel, for which he was in 1684 sentenced to 500*l.* fine, with pillory exposure. It is entitled *The Night-Walker of Bloomsbury* : Being the result of several late Consultations between a Vintner, Judge, Tallow-chandler, a brace of Fishmongers, and a Printer. In a Dialogue between *Ralph* and *Will*. Entered according to Order. London: Printed by J. Grantham, 1683. It is a silly pointless single-sheet of two pages, concerning a pretended Apparition of Lord William Russell, which walked in Bloomsbury Square, with its head on, and cryed out, "Oh ! I have no rest, because of the Speech that I never made, but Dr. Burnet." The constable asked it, "Can't you be quiet in your Grave ? I'll make ye quiet ?" and then gave the Mock-Ghost a drubbing. Curtis asserts that it was a trick of the Papists, meant to implicate and injure Dr. Gilbert Burnet—but he afterwards recanted, as usual.



A Terror for Traitors.

" Indeed this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating Knave."—*Hamlet*, Act iii.

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL is the hero of the following ballad, although his admirers may consider the treatment of him to be "on the north side of friendly." But for him to be well abused, as a leader, was in itself a compliment beyond his deserts.

On the tune, *Digby's Farewell*, we have written in Vol. IV. on pp. 392, 393, and 397 to 400. It was mentioned here on p. 125. The other tune-name of our ballad is *On the banks of a river, close under the shade* ; which refers to a song in Playford's *Choice Ayrcs*, without composer's name (1683, iv. 17) ; also given in the posthumous edition of Dryden's *Miscellany Poems* (1716, ii. 173).

Lengthened to a broadside-ballad, it will meet us in a later volume of *The Roxburghe Ballads* (being in Roxb. Coll., II. 312), entitled "Love's Triumph over Bashfulness; or, The Pleas of Honour and Chastity over-ruled." The original Song has only two verses:—

The Debate: A Song.

ON the bank of a River, close under the shade,
 Young *Cloris* and *Sylvia* one evening were laid;
 The youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love,
 But Honour had won her his flame to reprove.
 She cry'd, "Where's the lustre, when clouds shade the Sun?
 Or what is rich *Nectar*, the taste being gone?
 Mongst flowers on the stalk sweetest odours do dwell;
 But, if gather'd, the Rose it self loses the smell."
 "Thou dearest of Nymphs," the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
 If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side:
 In matters of State let grave Reason be shown,
 But Love is a Power will be ruled by none.
 Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
 For Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair.
 Most fierce are the joys Love's Alembick do fill,
 And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still."

Mention is made in the following ballad of Rachel Lady Russell, one whose virtues deserve all our admiration, although we fail to recognize any extraordinary merit in the man who had the honour of being her husband. In fact, whatever was estimable in him may fairly be considered to have been developed solely by her influence. Without her he would have continued to be a commonplace person, and with every advantage of her society he remained little more.

It is true that only a few days after his death she wrote of him as "the best husband in the world," when she was "a woman amazed with grief" (*Letter to Charles II.*); and that more than a year later she could feel and say (to Dr. Fitzwilliam), "An inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity." But this was natural to her sweet and loving spirit, thus attaching to his memory qualities beyond his own merits. Hers was indeed a true and honest heart. She records, "I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things has been; and though they are passed away, no more to return, yet I have a pleasant work to do: dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and spirits of just men made perfect; amongst whom my hope is my loved Lord is one; and my often repeated prayer to my God is, that if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul." (31 January, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$.)

Such women generally fall to an inferior class of men.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 796.]

A Terror for Traitors ;

Or,

Treason Justly Punished.

Being a Relation of a *quaint* Conspiracy against the Life of the King and the Subversion of the Government, hatch'd and contrived by ill-affected Persons, namely, Captain Thomas Walcot, William Hone, and John Rouse, who were drawn, hang'd, and quarter'd, for High-Treason, on Friday the 20. of this instant July [1683]: As also the Lord Russel, who was beheaded in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields on the 21. of the same Month, whose Fatal and deserved Punishments may be a Warning to all others to avoid the like Crimes.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Digby's Fare-well* ; or, *On the bank of a River, etc.* [p. 327.]



[Execution of Lord William Russell, July 20, 1683.]

YOU Traytors of *England*, how dare you Conspire,
 Against such a Prince whose love we admire?
 And against his dear Brother, that Royal brave Sparke,
 Right heir to the Crown, sweet *James Duke of York*.
 But yet I do hope that they'l ne'r have their will,
 To touch our dear Princes, who ne'r thought them ill :
 O Russell, *you plot[t]ed against a good King,*
Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth [ring].

But Heavens will protect him, and still be his guide,
 And keep him from danger, and be on his side ;
 And all that do plot against him or the Heir,
 I hope that their feet will be catcht in a snare.
 By this Conspiracy your Ruine you've caught,
 And under a hatchet your head you have brought :
 O Russel ! *you plotted [against a good King,*
Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth ring].

You might have liv'd manie a year in much Fame,
 And added much Honour unto your good Name ;
 But now this a blot in your 'Scutchon will be,
 For being concerned with this gross Villany.
 But now your dear Parents in heart may lament,
 Without all dispute they've but little content.
To think that you plotted [against a good King,
Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth ring].

Your Lady may grieve, and lament for her loss,
 To lose you for Treason it proves a great cross,
 But it was no more than what was your desert,
 No reason but that he should taste of the smart ;
 But had you then been a good Subject indeed,
 You would not have suffer'd, you would have been freed :
But Russel, you plotted [against a good King,
Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth ring].

Now let me but ask you a question or two,
 What would you have had, or intended to do ?
 The Laws of this Nation ye would have thrown down,
 Then ye would have aim'd at the Scepter and Crown ;
 But Heaven, I hope, will all Plotting disclose,
 And the Laws of the Nation shall punish the Foes
Of our great Monarch, and gracious good King,
Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth [ring].

When Persons have Honor and Pleasures great store,
 Yet still they are having and grud[g]ing for more ;
 Their hearts are deceitful and puffed up with pride,
 And *Lucifer* certainly stands by their side :
 To things most unlawful he makes them conspire,
 But he laughs at them all when they stick in the mire.

O Russel ! *you plotted* [against a good King,
 Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth ring.]

True Subjects of *England* are filled with fears,
 And for their great Sovereign they shed many tears ;
 To think this no reason will Traitors convince,
 But still they'le be Plotting against a good Prince :
 Those that should have been a great help to the Land,
 They sought for our ruine, we well understand.

But Russel, *you plotted* [against a good King,
 Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth ring.]

There was *Walcot* and *Rouse* was both in the Plot,
 And *Hone* I do reckon must not be forgot ;
 At *Tyburn*, for certain, each man took his turn,
 And then in the fire their bowels did burn.¹

[While few people pity, of all who stand nigh,] [Line omitted in ballad.]

A death so deserving none [them] will deny.

For sure they plotted against a good King,
 Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth [ring].

Let this be a warning to Rich and to Poor,
 To be true to their King, and to plot so no more ;
 And that our good King may have Plenty and Peace,
 And the loyal Subjects may daily increase :

There never were People more happy than we,
 If unto the Government all would agree.

Then hang up those Traitors who love not the King,
 Whose Fame through all Nations in Æurope doth [ring].

Finis.

[No printer's name. White-letter. One woodcut. "Ring" misprinted "Reign," *passim*. We supply conjecturally one lost line. Date, after 21st July, 1683.]

¹ The fire was blazing fiercely in the sight of these men, ready to have their entrails cast in it, and to heat the pitch with which their quarters were to be coated. The record of national brutality is hideous: not worse than the history of Alva's cruelties in the Netherlands, but scarcely better. See old cut on p. 319.

A New Song, sung at Winchester.

“Come hang up your Care, and lay by your Sorrow ;
 Drink on ! he’s a Sot that e’er thinks of to-morrow ;
 Good store of good Claret supplies ev’ry thing,
 And the Man that is drunk is as great as a King.
 Let none at misfortune or losses repine,
 But take a full dose of the juice of the Vine ;
 Diseases and troubles are ne’er to be found
 But in the p.u.uuep place where the Glass goes not round.”

— *The Miser*, by Tom Shadwell, Act iii. 2, 1672.

THAT King Charles II. felt an increasing interest in Winchester is shown by his preparations for building there ; a new Palace being in progress during the last years of his life, and a large sum of money lying ready for such expenditure at the time of his death. A poem “On the King’s House now building at *Winchester*,” begins, “As soon as mild *Augustus* could assuage A bloody Civil-War’s licentious rage,” and pleads for his continued patronage :

To *Winchester* let *Charles* be ever kind,
 The youngest labour of his fertile mind :
 Here ancient kings the *British* Scepter sway’d,
 And all kings since have always been obey’d . . .
 Let not the stately fabrick you decree
 An immature abortive Palace be,
 But may it grow the mistress of your heart,
 And the full heir of *Wren’s* stupendous art.

[*Sir Chr. W.*

After describing the situation, the adjacent Cathedral and College (involving a tribute to William of Wykeham), the poem praises the fitness of Winchester for those sports in which the King delighted :

A healthy Country opening to his view,
 The chearful Pleasures of his eyes renew.
 On neighbouring plains the Coursers wing’d with speed
 Contend for Plate, the glorious Victor’s meed :
 Over the Course they rather fly than run,
 In a wide circle like the radiant Sun.
 Then fresh delights they for their Prince prepare,
 And Hawks (the swift-wing’d Coursers of the Air.)
 The trembling Bird with fatal haste pursue,
 And seize the Quarry in their Master’s view :
 Till, like my Muse, fir’d with the Game they’ve found,
 They stoop for ease, and pitch upon the ground.

That the following impudent and scurrilous ditty (amusing withal, as were most of Tom D’Urfey’s “unbaptised rhymes,”) was sung before his gracious Majesty, without check or rebuke, is a clear token that the systematic opposition of the London Whig aldermen had gone so far that the public lampooning of them in leisure hours at Winchester was considered to be a commendable act, agreeable to the King himself and to those whom he delighted to honour.

Since the sovereign offered no objection to his discontented subjects being thus held up to the ridicule they had so laboriously earned, we are not willing to stand forward invidiously as *Censor Morum*. It is no business of ours. On the whole, we enjoy it, rather than feel scandalized; whatever Puritans may grumble.

For instance: except on the legal fiction that "the greater the truth, the greater is the Libel," nothing can be urged conclusively against the rebuke administered to the infamous Lord Grey; who had not only joined in the riot of arresting the Lord Mayor, (proceedings had been taken against him for the offence, though he denied that he was present), but had undergone a public trial for debauching Lady Henrietta Berkeley, younger sister of his wife Mary 'Annabel,' on Nov. 23, 1682. His injured wife was by no means of a blameless character herself, for her intriguing with Monmouth had been so notorious that the most disgraceful names had been commonly applied to the husband, such as τορμᾶ , ἀπὸρῶ , and πλοκῶς . She, with her sister Lucy, and their father, appeared as witnesses at the King's Bench bar, and "testified very fully as to the unlawful love and affection his Lordship had for the Lady Henrietta, and his solicitations to that purpose: then there were three or four other persons who testified that she was carried away by three of the other defendants, chiefly by one Charnock, coachman to the Lord Grey; and that his Lordship had owned he would never restore her but on condition that he might come to her whensoever he would; and that he owned he had the lady in his power and protection." It was going badly against him, if she had not perjured herself for his sake, and sworn that he was not privy to her escape. D'Urfey's Song not being in the original *Roxburghe Collection*, we venture to make a few slight changes in the text, marking them within square brackets. The reader may feel certain that nothing of the smallest value is lost.

As to the date of the following song, an important matter to determine, on account of its numerous personal allusions: It must have been in the month of September, either in 1682 or 1683. In the one case, nearly a year before the discovery of the Rye House Plot (June, 1683); in the other, soon after it. Charles II. in both years attended the Winchester races.

In 1682, on August 30th, "attended by many of the nobility and gentry, he set forward from Windsor to Winchester, to see the horse-racing there." On September 2nd, "his Majestic and his Royal Highness [the Duke of York] returned to Windsor from Winchester, from whence, in some short time, they goe to Newmarket." (See *Introduction* to this Volume for James's *Letters*.)

King Charles was again at the races next year. On the August 29 or 30, 1683, "His Majestic, with the whole Court, is gone from Windsor to Winchester, to passe some short time;" and "Their

Majesties and the Court returned from Winchester to Whitehall the 25th" September, 1683, says a contemporary diary. Could it have been sung during this interval. We have nothing save internal evidence to guide us, but we see in one of the personal lampoons distinct reference to an event later than September 1st, 1682; and this appears conclusive, despite the *à priori* likelihood that if it were written and sung a whole year later there would have been some unmistakeable indication of the Rye-House Plot.

Although Ford Lord Grey was not publicly tried for abduction and debauchery until the 23rd of November, 1683, the scandal was so notorious in the previous September that no weight can be attached to *this* indication of date. One allusion to Wallop and Winnington might point to June, 1682; but another to Wallop alone seems to refer to Danby's case, seven months later.

The outrageous attempt made by the Whigs, Papillon and Dubois, to arrest the Tory Lord Mayor, Sir William Pritchard, was in April, 1683. This decides the date, for it could not be possible that these words were written previously to that event:—

*Dubois and Papillion, the Cities sham Shrieves,
Whose truth and whose loyalty no man believes,
That arrested the Mayor, and no danger he saw ;—
To keep from self-hanging, I leave to the Law.*

Moreover, the allusion to Sir Patience Ward points to his sentence, 1683. Consequently we hold it to be certain that the song belongs to the middle of September, 1683. After this date, and before the month ended, Sir George Jeffereys had so won favour with the Court that he was raised to be Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, vacant by the decease of Sir Edward Sanders, on 19th June. In that month of June proceedings had been threatened against Sir Robert Clayton for extortion, and judgement given against the city in the *Quo Warranto*, leaving the liberties in the King's hands. Sir Patience Ward, convicted of perjury, 19 May, fled to Holland. (See p. 339, a ballad on Sir George Jeffereys' Installation.)

On p. 332, as our motto, we give complete the jovial Catch for four voices (music composed by Robert Smith), written by Tom Shadwell: "round as a Globe, and liquor'd every chink, Goodly and great he sails behind his Link," as in Dryden's verse. The fourth line was quoted happily by the Merry Monarch himself, in reference to his Civic host, Sir Robert Vyner, in 1674, on the occasion early alluded to in our p. 4: a story with variations. Charles the Second could appreciate conviviality, and knew by heart the best things of both the Toms, Shadwell and D'Urfey, as also of Butler's *Hudibras*. If Vyner was importunate, to "crack t'other bottle," it was all in loyalty and love: *And the Man who is drunk is as great as a King!*

[Trowbesh Collection, V. fol. 106.]

A New Song, made by a Person of Quality,
and Sung before His Majesty at Winchester.

[Soon after Suppression of the Rye-House Plot in 1683.]

TUNE OF, *Cock Laurel* [would needs have the Devil his Guest.¹ Ben Jonson's.]

A *Tory* came late through *Westminster-Hall*,
And, as he pass'd by, heard a *Citizen* bawl;
"The Judges are Perjur'd, and we are undone,²
Our Liberty 's lost, and our *Charter* is gone.

"This comes of our Prating since *College* is dead,³
This comes of our Plotting without *Tony's* Head:
For he had more wit in his *Treason* by half,
As he hook'd himself on, he crook'd himself off."⁴

8

He scarce had said this when a *Baron* approach'd,⁵
That ruin'd two Sisters, the younger Debauch'd:
The reason he cry'd I'm loath to describe,
He "would have a *pæq-uæpæx* out of the Tribe."

The next came a Peer, and Knight of great Fame,⁶
One famous for Stabbing, the other was Lame;
Oh Heavens! in what a strange Age do we dwell,
When *Bullys* Reform and *Cripples* Rebel.

16

With them the Sweet Speaker *Wi: Williams* I saw,⁷
His head full of projects but empty of Law;
For he ('t is observ'd) has been dull as a Dog,
Since *Payton* ^s batoon'd him for calling him Rogue.

Peart *Wallop* ⁹ and *Winnington* ¹⁰ Mutinies breed,
Yet still in the *Cause* for no purpose are Fee'd:
For *Craddock* ¹¹ will offer himself for a Drudge,
If either of them will be fit for a Judge.

24

Old *Ma[yna]rd*,¹² all ages, in *Faction* was chief,
Now mumbles by rote, ne'r looks in his Brief:
But rotten *Rebellion* will never last long,
He spit out his Teeth, and will cough out his Tongue.

Now by the *Recorder* ¹³ new Cards must be plaid,
That body of Laws with a *Sarazen's-Head*,
That (Span'el-like) fawns on the King to his Face,
And yet makes the *Whigs* just amends for his place.

32

For Magistrate *Patienee*,¹⁴ I plainly confess
I've little to say because he 's in distress;
But he that [once] sat in th' *Citic's* Chair
Would a *Pillory* grace: so I wish he were there.

Dubois and *Papillion*,¹⁵ the *Citic's* sham *Shrieves*,
Whose Truth and whose Loyalty no man believes;
That arrested the *Mayor*, and no danger he saw,
To keep from self-hanging I leave to the Law.

40

For Law they complain'd, of the Lawyers they boast,
They 'r pleas'd, till by Law they their *Charter* had lost : ¹⁶
Law, Law was the cry of the Mutinous Crew,
The *Devil* 's in 't, if they ha' n't Law enough now.

Scribe *Cl[ayto]n's* ¹⁷ wife deckt with the spoils of the Poor,
Embroider'd in Scarlet like *Babylon's* ερωϰΛΛ ;
But let me advise him to strip off her Red,
And make her a Petticoat of her *Green Bed*. 48

Old *Player* 's ¹⁸ grown rampant, late pickt up a[t 's door],
And swore he'd recant, and be *Whiggish* no more ;
By *Tories* made drunk, in the Company's view,
The Saint kiss'd [his Miss], and drank healths in her Shoe.

Now listen, ye *Whigs*, and hear what I speak,
A *Monarch* (like Heaven) can give and can take ;
But you for *Rebellion* no reason can bring,
So hang your selves all : and *God save the King* ! 56

[In White-letter. Date, September, 1683. The author was Tom D'Urfey.]

*** Notes to the foregoing *Ballad*. If we occasionally repeat explanations already given, by ourselves elsewhere, it is to avoid continual cross-references.

¹ *Cock Laurel* was written by Ben Jonson for his Masque entitled "The Gipsies Metamorphosed," thrice presented before James I., in 1621. The original *Cock Lorrell* was chief of a gang of thieves. The tune is in *Popular Music*, p. 161.

² This refers to the decision of 12th June, in the *Quo Warranto*.

³ Stephen College, executed Aug. 30, 1681. See p. 262.

⁴ A characteristic miniature of Shaftesbury, who had died in the previous January, 168 $\frac{2}{3}$. On letters to his Countess, from Amsterdam, see p. 576.

⁵ Ford Lord Grey, see introduction, p. 331, and compare later pages, 387, 390.

⁶ We do not with certainty identify these two, "A *Peer* and *Knight* of great fame ; One famous for stabbing, the other was lame : " chiefly because of ambiguity in the text, as to which was Crippled, the *Peer* or *Knight* ? If the *Peer* (who may be Macclesfield), then the other "famous for stabbing" must be Sir Thomas Armstrong, known as "the Bully Knight," who had (see IV. 569) mortally stabbed Sir Car Seroop's brother at the Playhouse, during a performance of *Macbeth*, about 1675. In this September, 1683, Armstrong had returned for safety to the Continent, along with Lord Grey : always incontinent. We are not aware of Francis Charlton being Knighted ; otherwise he could have answered the description, if it be meant that the *Knight* was lame. He visited Ferguson, and Zachary Bourne mentions him as "Mr. Charleton with a Wooden Leg."

⁷ See pp. 221, 224, and next Note. "*Wi* : Williams" was his usual nickname.

⁸ Sir Robert Peyton, against whom Speaker Williams had been personally severe, four years previously. See pp. 177, 178 of Vol. IV., and Note 7.

⁹ Richard Wallop was counsel for the Duke of York, when indicted for being a recusant (on 3rd of King James I.), in March, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$. With Henry Pollexfen, Sir Francis Winnington, and others, he was assigned to Edward Fitz-Harris, at his request in the following May. They did their utmost for him, but the man was doomed. Wallop defended the City on the Charter case, *Quo Warranto*, in June, 1682 ; later, the Earl of Danby, Feb. 168 $\frac{3}{4}$; and Thomas Rosewell, a Noncon. minister, on accusation of treason, Nov. 1684. He also, along with Sir George Treby, acted as Counsel for Oates, when tried for Perjury, in 1685, after the death of Charles II. He was assigned with Winnington in the got-up test

case of Sir Edward Hales and his servant Godden. With Pollexfen he defended Richard Baxter, and was told by Lord Chief-Justice Jeffereys, "You are in all these dirty causes, Mr. Wallop! Gentlemen of the long robe should be ashamed to defend such factious Knaves." He became a Judge and died 22 Aug., 1697.

¹⁰ Sir Francis Winnington, active as a Counsel along with Wallop, had been Solicitor-General, but was removed at desire of Danby. He became M.P. for Worcester, and in 1692 for Tewkesbury. He declined to be made a judge in April, 1689: possibly not liking the Williamite regimen, but scarcely guided by the adverse opinion of loyal Cradock as earlier stated in the New Song.

¹¹ Mr. Cradock was a London Mercer, in Paternoster Row, who was arrested by Shaftesbury for *Scan. Mag.* in December, 1681, and damages laid at five thousand pounds, but bailed. In the following May he moved to have the venue changed; as from Shaftesbury being concerned in trade and free of the Skinners' Company, of which Sheriff Pilkington was master, it would be impossible to get a fair trial in Middlesex. This was opposed by the Earl's counsel, but accepted as reasonable by the bench. Shaftesbury then petulantly flung up the case; saying, that he would rather let his action fall than try it elsewhere. This showed his reliance on the packed jury being in his favour if in London. The Court dryly told him that his words confirmed them in their opinion. Similarly, when he brought a *Scan. Mag.* against Justice Edmund Warcup. A little later, Cradock got the grant of £600 per ann., for collecting the duty of the markets, made a forfeiture in the *Quo Warranto* against London; but he died soon after, in April, 1685, of St. Anthony's fire, and among his six pall-bearers were Chief-Justice Jeffereys, Sir William Jenner, Recorder, and four other Knights.

¹² Sir John Maynard, born in 1602, the old Parliamentary lawyer of long experience, and sharp-toothed to the last; who, after conducting the prosecution of Strafford in 1640, lived to do similar hangman's-service against Stafford forty years later, also to survive the Revolution, and be made one of William III.'s commissioners of the Great Seal: but he was nevertheless displaced in June, 1690, shortly before his death at an advanced age.

¹³ There is a difficulty about this identification, because of date. Is it Treby? It may refer to Sir George Jeffereys, who had been the Recorder of London, from the 22nd of October, 1678, and as such was a violent brow-beater of the Popish-Plot victims and their witnesses. By his vigorous encouragement of the *Abhorrens* and repression of the *Petitioners* for Parliament, he drew on himself the vengeance of the party which he had hitherto favoured; accordingly he was deprived of his office, he being so harassed that he resigned, on 2nd Dec., 1680. At the probable date of the song, September, 1683, Sir George Treby, of the Middle Temple, continued to hold the Recordership, but Thomas Jenner displaced him and was knighted in October. The allusions to tergiversation, red face, and fierce-eyed "Saracen's Head," seem to indicate Jeffereys, and him only, although he was no longer Recorder. The name may have been given because of his having been long generally known as such. He *did* play his Court-Cards straightway; and within a few days after this song had been sung, he was made Lord Chief-Justice, as we show on p. 339, in the ballad on his Installation: "Justice Triumphant."

¹⁴ Sir Patience Ward had been Lord-Mayor of London in 1680-81. When convicted of perjury on 19th May, 1683, he at once fled to Holland. He has been mentioned on our p. 249, and elsewhere in connection with Shaftesbury. He is thus described in "A Hue and Cry Song after Patience Ward," to the Tune of *Hail to the Myrtle Shades!* (named on p. 279; reprinted on p. 422):—

Patience, with collar of brass, to woful disasters did fall,
Patience, with copper face, and a conscience worse than all;
 To *Holland*, to *Holland* he goes: for plainly now it appears,
 That (in sight of all *Whiggish* Laws) *Ignoramus* can't save his Ears.

Again, in D'Urfeij's "Song of London's Loyalty," 1684, beginning, "Rouze

up, great Genius of this potent Land!" sung to the tune of *Burton Hall* (also here reprinted, on our p. 245), we read concerning Ward,

First *Yorkshire Patience* twirls his copper Chain,
And hopes to see a Common-wealth again;
The sneaking Fool of breaking is afraid,
Dares not change sides for fear to lose his Trade.

¹⁵ See our pp. 248, and 269 to 272, as to Thomas Papillon and John Dubois.

¹⁶ On the writ of *Quo Warranto*, and the forfeiture or recall of London's Charter, see pp. 247 to 251, and 268, 273.

¹⁷ Sir Robert Clayton had been Lord Mayor in 1679-80, and, with his scarlet-garbed Lady Clayton, he is thus hit off in Tom D'Urfey's already given Song of "London's Loyalty" (our pp. 245, 246):—

Now *Clayton* murmurs Treason, unprovok'd,
First supp'd the King, and after wish'd him choak'd;
'Cause *Danby's* place was well bestow'd before,
He Rebel turns, seduc'd by scarlet $\alpha\sigma\upsilon\lambda\lambda$.
His sawcy pride aspires to high renown,
Leather-breeches are forgot in which he trudg'd to Town;
Naught but the *Treasury* can please the scribbling clown:
Oh, *Robin! Robin!* where 's thy modesty?

¹⁸ "Old *Player's* grown rampant, late pickt up a W."oman. The text in final verse is "slightly disguised" (as Sir Thomas Player was sometimes, but in his case it came about with liquor, and in company with Mother Creswell). Perhaps it is due to this notorious Lady, with whom he was supposed to be on particularly intimate terms, that we mention her portrait, still extant, drawn by M. Lauron, in P. Tempest's *Cries of London*, 1711. Like most of her profession, she advanced strong claims to the character of a pious matron, and, if she did not die in the odour of sanctity, she certainly left ten pounds for a clergyman's fee, who should preach her funeral sermon, mention her name, but "to say nothing but what was well of her." Somebody was found, of course, and he fulfilled the injunctions, taking a general discourse until he reached the conclusion, when he named her and her request, with which he complied literally, saying, "She was born well, she lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of *Creswell*; she lived in *Clerkenwell*: and she died in *Bridewell*." Sir Thomas Player had been re-elected Civic Chamberlain (thanks to political faction) in 1682, and died (thanks to nature, not Jack Ketch) in January, 1682.

The following Notes belong to the next ballad, "On Sir George Jeffereys' Installation as Lord Chief-Justice."

¹ As mentioned on previous p. 337, Jeffereys was made Lord Chief-Justice in September, 1683, after having been Recorder of London and displaced for Treby.

² *Heraclitus Ridens*, the Tory Journal which scarified the Whigs, as did the *Observer*, conducted by Roger L'Estrange; whom they caricatured as the dog "Towzer," and insinuated that he had become a Romanist. Comp. p. 377. Nat. Thompson, the loyal but persecuted publisher, is mentioned in next line, see p. 176.

³ William Williams, on whom see pp. 221 and 224.

⁴ Gilbert Burnet, concocter of Lord William Russell's printed Last Speech.

⁵ The Council of Six: see pp. 340, 343.

Justice Triumphant :

An Excellent New Song, in Commendation of Sir
George Jeffereys, Lord Chief Justice of England.¹

TO THE TUNE OF, *Now ye Tories that Glories* [sec p. 151].

Now the Traytor, King-hater (that glories still in his Crime),
And every *Associator*, give thanks, for now it is time :
Let the *Whigs* in the *Tower*, who thought to make us a prey,
Rejoyce, 'tis yet in their power to keep a *Thanksgiving-day* !
Loyal *Jeffreys* is Judge again ; let the *Brimighams* grudge amain,
Who to *Tyburn* must trudge amain ; *Ignoramus* we scorn :
May Heaven direct him, protect him ! Let guilty Traytors mourn !

Noble *Jeffreys*, so loyal, of *England's* Judges the Chief,
Whom factions sought to destroy all, the *Whigs'* both Euvy and Grief :
Sir *George*, in Justice instructed, whose fate the Crowd did contrive,
With *Popes* in Tryumph conducted, to fley and burn him alive.
He, with old *Heracitus*, and *Towzer*,² that does so bite us,
And *Thompson*, with all who right us, were led about for a show,
And burnt for *Papists*, by *Atheists*, [who] own'd no Religion or Law.

England's Justice, so loyal, whom all the Tribe did oppose,
Has now before him the Tryal of the new *Good Old Cause* ;
Williams,³ who did so gore him, when he did sit in the Chair,
Must now, for Treason, before him hold up his Hand at the Bar.
Noble *Jeffreys*, who thinks it a scorn *Oates* or *Evidence* to suborn,
Or by taking Bribe be forsworn, as some others before ;
But he, Chief Justice, our trust is, they'll pay for the old Score.

Let not Rebels enslave you, with hopes to make you more free,
Nor wilful Bigots deceive you, with shews of Loyalty ;
No *Blunderbusses* be planted against the life of the King ;
Nor *Rouse* nor *Russel* be Sainted, for first promoting the thing :
Let not Rascals forge Speeches,⁴ to make rebellion and breaches,
And clear the blood-thirsty Leeches, who for Innocents pass,
By hatching Treason, 'gainst reason, to set up an Ignorant Ass.

Then shall *London* promoted be, by a Loyal Lord Mayor,
In spite of Villains that voted against the Lawful Heir ;
No Committees of Rebels, who in blind corners harangu'd ;⁵ [The *Six*.
No more Seditious Libels, when *Care*, *File*, *Curtis* are hang'd.
Then all hands shall address the Throne, Peace and Plenty possess
the Throne,
Rogues no longer oppress the Throne : *Oates* shall gull us no more,
And *London* quarter a *Charter*, more glorious than before.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, September, 1683.]

The Rye-House Plot Litany. 1683.

“ From immoderate fines and defamation,
From *Braddon's* merciless subornation, [*Laurence Braddon.*
And from a bar of assassination,

Libera nos, Domine !

“ From a body that's *English*, a mind that is *French*, [*Charles II.*
From a Lawyer that scolds like an Oyster-wench, [*Sir Wm. Jones.*
And from the new *Bonner* upon the Bench, [*Qu. Jeffereys?*

Libera nos, Domine !”

— *A Third Collection of Poems against Popery.*

* * * When in 1817 three separate trials, for publishing three separate Parodies of a political and so-called blasphemous character, were successfully contested by William Hone, friend of Charles Lamb, and yielder of delight to all who read the *Every-day Book*, there seemed to have been a general forgetfulness of the multitudinous Litanies which during two centuries before had been so common.

Lord Ellenborough, before whom the two latter trials were argued, has been much ridiculed and censured for his charges to the Jury, denouncing such Mock-Litanies as being insults to religion: *viz.* Hone's “*John Wilkes's Catechism*,” “*The Political Litany*,” and “*The Sinecurist's Creed*,” likewise all those earlier parodies which were quoted in defence by Hone, as showing what had been tolerated of old. Ellenborough was conscientious in his animadversions. He believed them one and all to be objectionable, *libellous*, and condemnable. He would not have tolerated these, belonging to *Bagford* and *Roxburghe Ballads*.

THE Council of Six is mentioned at the beginning of this Litany on the Rye-House Plot, and frequently alluded to elsewhere: *e.g.* in the “*Pindarique Ode*.” We insert at this place an account of this Cabal, as given by one of themselves, *viz.* the traitor Lord Howard of Escrick, on July 11th, 1683. It shows incidentally how it was deemed necessary to awaken by factitious means, both in England and Scotland, the slumbering discontent:—

After the death of the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, it was considered that as there had appeared both in City and Country a very prompt and forward disposition to action, so it might justly be feared that either *the minds of men might (in time) stagnate into a dull inactivity*, unless proper Acts were used to keep up the fermentation, or (which was equally dangerous) that the unadvised passions of a Multitude might precipitate them into some rash and ill-guided undertakings, unless they were under the steering and direction of some steady and skilful hand. For prevention of both these Evils, it was thought necessary that some few persons should be united into a Cabal or Council, which should be as a concealed Spring both to give and to guide the motion of the Machine.

The persons designed to this general care were the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Lord *Russel*, the Earl of *Essex*, Mr. *Algernon Sidney*, Mr. *Hombden Junior*, and another whose abilities and qualifications did in no degree fit him for such a province.

[Howard's humility and tenderly-expressed modesty is peculiarly touching. When there was an allotment of punishment to be expected, the traitor's fine sense of his own disqualifications could not fail to become manifest: when money was in view, he swelled, and remembered that he was of importance.]

The first meeting of these Six was about the middle of *January* [1682^o], at Mr. *Hambden's* house, at which Consultation there was only propounded some general heads, which were afterwards upon more mature thoughts to be debated: *viz.* Where the Insurrection should be first made, whether in the City, or in the more remote parts of the Country, or in both at the same instant; what Counties were thought to be best disposed to, and best fitted for, this enterprize; what persons in the respective Counties were the most useful and most ready to be engaged; what Towns easiest to be gained, and the most proper for a general Rendezvous; what Arms were necessary to be provided, how to be got, where to be disposed; what sum of Money was of absolute necessity to answer publick occasions; how and by what methods such a sum of money was to be raised, so as not to draw into observation, nor to administer occasion of jealousy: And lastly, which was the principal, and thought to challenge the chiefest care, how *Scotland* might be drawn into a Concert with *England*, and which persons there fittest to be consulted withal about this matter.

This was the sum of that day's Conference.

The second Meeting was about ten days after, at the Lord *Russel's* house, where were present every one of the 'foresaid Six.

At this Meeting it was propounded that a speedy understanding should be settled with the Lord *Argile*, and that in order thereunto some fit person or persons should be thought of to be sent to him, and to be a constant *medium* of Correspondence betwixt him and them; that care should be taken to be rightly informed of a true state of *Scotland*, of the general bent and inclination of the People, of the capacities or incapacities they were under, and that some trusty Messenger should be forthwith dispatched thither to invite two or three of the most valuable Gentlemen of that country into *England* to the end they might be advised with about the general Design.

The persons nominated to be called into *England* were the Lord *Melvin* [or *Melville*], Sir *John Cochran*, and I remember another gentleman of the family and alliance of the Lord *Argile*, who (if I mistake not) was of the same name also and a Knight [*i.e.* Sir *George Campbell* of *Cessnock*], but of this I retain but an indistinct remembrance.

Some other things were considered of, but of no great moment.

At the conclusion of this Meeting it was agreed, that there should not be any other meeting of this Cabal (unless in case of some extraordinary emergency) until the return of the Messenger sent from hence, and the arrival of the foresaid Gentlemen out of *Scotland*.—*Information of the Lord Howard to the King*, p. 71.

The messenger sent to *Scotland* was Aaron Smith (chosen by Algernon Sydney, and furnished by him with funds for the journey). He had acted as legal adviser to Stephen College at Oxford, but unsuccessfully. Aaron Smith assumed the *alias* of Samuel Clerk, and made pretence that the business to be transacted with the Laird of Ochiltree (Sir John Cochrane), and other Scotchmen, was about a company to allot certain land-property in Carolina. This business was the ostensible object of the Scotch intriguers journeying to London. Most of them escaped for the time, in various ways, and fled to Holland (afterwards joining the Duke of Argyle in the expedition which preceded Monmouth's landing at Lyme: Robert Baillie of Jarviswood was seized in London, conveyed to Edinburgh, tried and executed, December, 1684; the evidence fatal to him being the depositions of William Carstares, *alias* Reid, or "Red," *alias* William Swan in Kent: but he said there that his name was Moor).

Alexander Gordon of Earlston, who was 'a zealous field-conventieler and Bothwell-Bridge rebel,' had been early taken at Newcastle, bearing an *alias*, Pringle, and trying to get a passage by sea. On him were found important documents, which he vainly attempted to destroy. Some bore evident marks of containing secret meaning, different from what the surface showed: the phraseology dealing with 'breaking merchants,' that it was better to venture out than to keep Shop till all be gone, that "(if all hold that is intended) they think it is almost at a point to set forward, if they had their *Factors* home, who are gone to try how the Country will like such goods as they are for," etc. Among other suspicious matters was this one, not understood until after Keeling's and Rumsey's betrayals: "if any *strange thing* fall out this week or the Next, I will again post it towards you." This letter was signed "Jo. N.," written by John Nisbet (one of Argyle's agents, who was arrested in Kent). It was dated March 20, 1683, and the week indicated would be that in which the King was expected from Newmarket; when he was to have been waylaid, but for his having departed eight days sooner in consequence of the fire. This letter was found on Alexander Gordon. Another, in cypher, written by Argyle's own hand, was also found, addressed to Major Holmes; it was guessed at, by the intelligent Grey of Creechic; William Spence afterwards (19th August, 1684) gave the key to this cypher, and it affords unmistakeable proof of the insurrection being planned. The clue is contained in these words, which follows the cyphers: "The total sum is 128 Guilders, and 8 stivers, that will be paid you by Mr. B." The system is this: Eight columns are made, with one hundred and twenty-eight words in each column descending: then the true sense appears. It was written by Argyle, the very day before Josiah Keeling made a first betrayal. B., or Butler, is the *alias* of William Spence. It was pretended that it stood for "Mr. *Brake*, a Minister in *Lewarden* in *Priesland*." Argyle was finding refuge in Holland. Major Holmes had long been his dependent and friend, bearing one *alias* of "Robert Thompson," and sometimes another of "West;" trusted by Argyle, but needing the assistance of Spence to decypher his letters. These, when interpreted, expressed dissatisfaction at delay, and at the niggardliness of the English conspirators in providing money, to be sent to Holland, where it would be spent for arms and ammunition to be used in the projected Scottish rising.

We have briefly annotated the chief allusions to persons in the following *Litany*: one of the numerous lists of things to be avoided or prayed against politically. It had originally appeared as a broadside.

[Trowbesh Collection, V. 68 ; Brit. Mus., 1872. a. I. fol. 127 verso.]

A New Litany, design'd for this Lent :

[On the Rye-house Plot,]

And to be sung in all the Conventicles in and about
London for the Instruction of the Whiggs.

By T. D. Cent.

Set familiarly to an excellent old Tune, call'd, *The Cavalilly Man*.¹

From Counsels of Six, where *Treason* prevails,²
From raising Rebellion in *England* and *Wales*,
From *Rumbold's* short Cannons, and *Protestant Flayls* ;³
For ever, good Lord, deliver us !

From *Shaftsbury's* tenets, and *Sidney's* old Hint,⁴
From seizing the King by the Rabble's consent,
From owning the fact, and denying to print ;⁵ ["t in print."
For ever, good Lord, deliver us !

From aiming at Crowns, and indulging the Sin ;
From playing Old *Noll's* game over again ;
From a Son and a Rebel stuf't up in one skin ;⁶
For ever, good Lord, deliver us !

From Swearing of Lyes, like a Knight of the Post,⁷
From Pilgrims of *Spain*, that should land on our Coast,⁸
From a Plot like a Tu[b], swept about till it 's lost ;
For ever, good Lord, deliver us !

From *Oates's* clear Evidence, when he was vext,
From hearing him squeak out *Hugh Peters's* Old Text ;⁹
From Marrying one Sister, and Raping the next :¹⁰
For ever, good Lord, deliver us !

From tedious confinement by Parliament Votes,¹¹
From *B[urne]'s* *Whig* Sermons and Marginal Notes ;¹²
From saving our heads, by cutting our throats :¹³
For ever, good Lord, deliver us !

From *Presbyter* Ban-Dogs, that bite and not bark ;¹⁴
From losing one's Brains by a blow in the dark,¹⁵
From our friends in *Moor-Fields*, and those at *Moor-Park* ;¹⁶
For ever, good Lord, deliver us !

From Citizens' Consciences, and their Wives' Itch,
 From marrying a Widow that looks like a Witch,¹⁷
 From following the Court with design to be Rich ;
For ever, O Fate, deliver us !

From *Trimmers* Arraigning a Judge on the Bench,¹⁸
 From slighting the *Guards*, that we know will not flinch,¹⁹
 And from the *Train'd-Bands'* Loyal aid at a pinch,
For ever, O Fate, deliver us !

From all that to *Cæsar* sham Duty express,
 That cringe at his Coach, and smile in his Face, [a. l. " Couch."
 And two years ago thought it scorn to Address,
For ever, O Fate, deliver us !

From having the Gout, and a very fair Daughter,²⁰
 From being oblig'd to our Friend 'cross the Water,²¹
 From strangling and Fleying, and what follows after,²²
For ever, O Fate, deliver us !

From Wit that lies hidden in gay Pantaloon,²³
 From Women's ill Nature, as frail as the Moon's,
 From *Francky's*²⁴ lame Jests, and Sir *Roger's* Lampons,²⁵
For ever, good Lord, deliver us !

[By T. D., most probably **Tom D'Urfey.**]

London, Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh* (Bookseller to his Royal Highness), at the *Black-Bull* in *Cornhill*. 1684.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. True date, of first issue, 1683.]

Notes to the foregoing "Litany."

¹ This tune of *The Cavalilly Man* (= Cavalier) is given in Mr. W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 441, with the first stanza of the original "North Country Maid's Resolution and Love to her Sweetheart," from the Halliwell Collection at Manchester, Chetham College, beginning,

As from *Newcastle* I did pass I heard a blithe and bonny Lass
 That in the *Scottish Army* was, say, "Pr'ythee, let me gang with thee, Man!"
 Unto a jolly Cavalier blade, as I suppose, her moan she made,
 For evermore these words she said, "I follow my Cavalilly Man.
O my dainty Cavalilly Man, my finnikin Cavalilly Man,
For God's Cause and the Protestants', I'll pr'ythee let me gang wi' thee, Man!"

There are eleven such stanzas. We know of another copy, in the Euing Collection, No. 257, at Glasgow. Printed for F. Grove on Snow-Hill.

² As shown in the special introduction, this "dark Cabal of Six" included Monmouth, Essex, Russell, Eserick-Howard, Algernon Sydney, and John Hampden, junior. Compare the verse on p. 205.

³ These short cannons were called *Drakes*, and the conspirators had been accustomed to avoid mention of small arms by talking of them as swan-quills, etc. See *West's Information*, June 23, 1683 (p. 28). For Stephen College's "Protestant Flail," see previous mention on our pp. 28 and 35.

⁴ Algernon Sydney: who had been a member of the Commonwealth Long Parliament; but had not signed the warrant for the King's execution.

⁵ One reading is "Denying the guilt;" spoiling the rhyme, and perhaps indicating Lord William Russell's prevaricating mode of defence, and dying declaration. Hindmarsh's text preserves the rhyme, as being "denying to print;" but may have been mere guess-work, not authentic. If we take the latter reading, it means Monmouth, not Russell.

⁶ Unquestionably the Duke of Monmouth is meant. *Al. lect.*, "shut up."

⁷ A suborned witness, lurking at street posts near Law-Courts, ready to be hired for perjury among other kuaveries.

⁸ Allusion to the lying *Narratives* of Oates and Bedloe, about the ten thousand pilgrims of S. Iago, who were to land on England's shore, and murder heretics.

⁹ "Preacher to the crop-eared rout, in Oliver's time." See Vol. IV. p. 617.

¹⁰ Alluding to the infamy of Ford Lord Grey, who, after marrying Earl Berkeley's daughter Arabella, debauched her younger sister Henrietta. At the trial, 23rd Nov. 1682, she shielded him by declaring that she was married to a Mr. Turner, son of Sir William Turner, of Bromley in Kent. In the King's Bench prison she cohabited with young Turner (which Grey had not intended), but lived afterwards with her seducer in Holland.

¹¹ Such as Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, his Tower-imprisonment lasting nearly five years, from April, 1679, to February, 1683. Sir Thomas Peyton was imprisoned for having challenged the Speaker, Wi: Williams.

¹² Dr. Gilbert Burnet, whose Whig sermons were accounted seditious, so that he was removed from the Rolls Chaplaincy. That he was virtually the concocter of the paper called the last Speech of Lord William Russell, seems to be certain, despite his denial. He never hesitated when a falsehood promised to serve his turn. Truth was not in him. Sir John Dalrymple declares that "It may appear ungenerous in the living to throw reflections on the dead. But it is a piece of justice I owe to historical truth, to say, that I have never tried Burnet's facts by the tests of dates and of original papers without finding them wrong. . . . His book is the more reprehensible because it is full of characters, and most of them are tinged with the colours of his own weaknesses and passions."—*Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*, 2nd edition, 1771, vol. i. p. 94, note. After the death of Charles II. Burnet avoided Monmouth, to escape entanglement in his plots for insurrection, knowing them to be foredoomed to failure. Not because of any hatred against seditious treason or usurpation, since he afterwards abetted the trickster Revolutionists and William of Orange, which led to personal profit. He recognized "William and Mary *Conquerors*."

¹³ The death of Arthur Capell, Earl of Essex, in the Tower, on the morning of Russell's trial, which it fatally influenced against him. See pp. 305, 315, and 318. In *An Account how the Earl of Essex killed himself in the Tower of London*, printed by Henry Hills and Thomas Newcomb, 1683 (Single Sheets, folio, 515, l. 2. art. 67), we read the clear information of Paul Bomeny: who had been servant to the said Earl for three or four previous years: how Essex had been anxiously desiring that his penknife might be sent for, to pare his nails; and, not getting it when he wanted, he demanded one of his razors for the purpose. How he shut himself up in a closet, and in the absence of his man cut his own throat. Evidence substantially corroborated by Thomas Russell, one of the warders of the Tower, who had the custody of the Earl.

¹⁴ Robert Ferguson, Stephen Lobb, John Hogg, and other "Ministers."

¹⁵ Probably, the alleged assaults on the Whig John Arnold, J.P. for Monmouthshire, in Bell Yard, near Jaekanapes Lane (15th April, 1680); for which, in the following July, John Giles was convicted, fined £500, and pilloried. Herbert, another Monmouthshire Justice, beat Jane Powell, who had been one of the witnesses against Giles. For this Herbert was fined 100 marks by Justice Jones. Later (22 November, 1683) John Arnold, being himself detected in evil practices, was tried for scandalous words against the Duke of York, and cast in damages of

£10,000. This revived memory of the assault; Arnold being suspected of having inflicted his own slight wound of throat-cutting (as ungallantly was a Lady in our own Land of Misfortune), like Sophyrus (see Vol. IV. p. 154: 1st verse, "There is an old story, that's much to the glory of one that was call'd *Sophyrus*; Whose fears may be read, though the man be dead, By any that are desirous"):—

Now will any man dare this wight to compare
 With a *Heroe* that I can name, [Justice *Arnold*.
 Who by cutting his Throat grew a man of great note,
 And purchas'd eternal fame?

Sophyrus did well; but *He* doth excel,
 If he be but right understood:
 For 'tis a plain case, as the Nose on one's Face,
 It was done for the People's good. . . .

Now, whoever bears spleen to the *King* or the *Queen*,
 Or to *James* the Duke of *York*,
 He shall have my Vote for cutting his own Throat,—
Provided he'll perfect the work.

¹⁶ Robert Ferguson had preached to riotous congregations assembled at *Moor-fields*, exciting them against Romanists. *Moor-Park* was Monmouth's residence, near Rickmansworth, Herts. It was restored to the Duchess after having been forfeited by his attainder, in 1685.

¹⁷ We cannot believe that an allusion is here made to Somerset marrying the twice-widowed Lady Ogle. It may refer to the trouble of Law-business and payment of £1000 fine, which fell on Captain Robert Clifford, for the forcible abduction of Mrs. Synderfin from Hounslow Heath to Calais, in May, 1682.

¹⁸ The attacks on Sir William Scroggs (who died 25th October, 1683) and on Sir George Jeffereys. The latter when assailed by the Commons had shown pusillanimity such as Charles could not tolerate. James was less scrupulous, and found a willing tool in the man whom he ultimately made Lord Chancellor.

¹⁹ They were frequently decried, not only to weed out Romanists (compare p. 27), but also because Essex and others were opposed to a standing army.

²⁰ This may allude to Henry Bennett, Lord Arlington, and his daughter Isabella, *alias* "Tatta." She was married prematurely to the Duke of Grafton in 1672.

²¹ Scarcely Louis XIV.; far more probably (considering the tone of the Litany), Orange William.

²² The usual horrible atrocities of execution for High-Treason.

²³ Possibly a reference to Jacob Hall the rope-dancer, and in next line to the Duchess of Cleveland, who favoured him. If not to Jacob Hall, the allusion may be to one of her footmen, who is earlier alluded to in a satire attributed to Andrew Marvell, 1667, "After two Sittings," lines 79 to 100.

²⁴ This *Francky* is neither Francis Villiers—"Villain Frank" (see pp. 213, 218), nor is it young Frank Newport, who is mentioned in one of the latest *Sessions of The Poets* satires, beginning "Since the Sons of the Muses grew numerous and loud:" his line being, "And '*Banks!*' cry'd up *Newport*, 'I hate the dull rogue.'" (See pp. 128, 213, 214, 218 to 220.) The *Francky* mentioned in our text is of a lower social stratum than these, being Francis or Frank Smith, the "leacherous Anabaptist" publisher of libellous pamphlets, *Protestant Intelligence, Domestick and Foreign*, and scurrilous lampoons. For one of these, "Francky's Jests," entitled *Tom Ticklefoot*, he was prosecuted, fined and pilloried. In our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 928, we have already described his warfare with the equally disreputable Ben Harris, publisher of Monmouthian catchpennies edited by Robert Ferguson. As worthless a couple as "Harry Lungs" Care, and Langley Curtis: of whom we read in the *Loyal Song of the Raree-Show*:

These are the Hucksters that Treason retail :
 They 'll sell you a sheet with a Pennyworth in 't ;
 There 's our *Courantier Care*, and never will fail,
 To scribble, while *Langley* dares publish and print.

²⁵ Roger L'Estrange's lampoons were published in the *Observer* and *Heraclitus Ridens* : unsavoury to Whig palates, which had found Ferguson, Colledge, and Tutchin quite refreshing to their taste. Some of them are clever enough and amusing. At the close of a dull '*Sermon prepared to be preach'd at the Interment of the Renowned Observer, with some remarks on his Life, by the Reverend Toryrory-dammeeplot-Shamnee Youncercrape,*' printed by the notorious libeller Langley Curtis at the Sign of Sir Edmondbury-Godfrey, near Fleet-Bridge, 1682, is added this pretended Epitaph on Roger L'Estrange, whose *Observer Dialogues* began on April 13, 1681 ; the first volume ending with No. 470, on January 9th, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$:—

His Epitaph.

HERE lies the Man, whom Fate among us hurl'd,
 With bombast Dialogues to plague the world.
 Who rather than not vainly keep a pother,
 Set one side of his mouth against the other.
 And bid the Pope believe what wonders he
 Would work to save his falling Monarchy :
 With that he told a thousand tales, and more ;
 And, when his empty reason fail'd, he swore.
 But falling short of all the brags he made,
 Here he succumbs in Cape-Gown Masquerade. [i.e. Clergy.
 So let him rest until the second Change,
 The blustering, but unfortunate L[e] S[trange].

Another piece of dreary abuse was printed for W. Hammond in 1683, entitled *The Loyal Observer ; or, Historical Memoirs of the Life and Actions of Roger The Fidler, alias The Observer*. It is in the form of a Dialogue between Ralph and Nobbs. L'Estrange's *Heraclitus Ridens ; or, a Dialogue between Jest and Earnest*, so often mentioned, was published weekly on Tuesdays, beginning February 1, 1681, "printed for the use of the People," and bearing the Horatian motto, *Ridentem dicere verum quis vetat ?* (*sic.*) London, printed for B. Tooke. Ends in No. 82, on 22nd of August, 1682.

** By this time, September, 1683, the enlightened British Public began to feel tired of monotonous comments on Plots, and were eager for variety ; as perhaps the readers of these *Roxburghe Ballads* may also be. It so happened that the change of diet afforded to our countrymen, *precisely two centuries ago*, is communicated to ourselves in the next four ballads, concerning the Relief of Vienna from the Turkish siege, by the King of Poland and the Duke of Lorraine.



The Relief of Vienna, 1683.

“ From *Mahomet* and Paganisme,
 From Hereticks, and Sects, and Schisme,
 From High-way Rascals and Cut-purses,
 From carted *scalds*, scolds, and dry-nurses, . . .
Libera nos, Domine!

“ From Serjeants, Yeomen, and their Maces,
 And from false friends with double faces,
 And from an enemy more mighty
 Than *Usquebaugh* or *Aqua Vite*.
Libera nos, Domine!

—*Merry Drollery*. 1661, and 1670.

WHILE the excitement of terror at the sham Popish-Plot had lasted, beginning four years earlier, it seemed as though no topic could interest the populace unless it were concerning the supposed machinations of Jesuits and their abettors for the re-establishment of Papal Supremacy in England: which lying “Narratives,” issued in folio pamphlets, found readers incessantly. The nation for the time showed a distaste for wholesome food, and craved ravenously for such garbage as Titus Oates, William Bedloe, the Smiths, the Jennisons, and other “Discoverers” furnished without stint. For the Libel market, in their own day, the slanderous “Evidences” catered:

Thousands a thousand times told have bought them,
 And if myriads and ten of myriads sought them,
 They would still find some to buy;
 For however great were the demand,
 So great would be the supply.

But a great change was visible after the first two weeks of excitement caused by the Rye-House Plot revelations. Apathy and weariness were soon apparent, whenever pamphleteer or Coffee-house politician tried to resume anti-Papal diatribes. A sense of disgust and shame for having so madly yielded belief to men whose falsehood was gradually being made manifest; a conviction of having been jockeyed and befooled by wily unscrupulous politicians, who all the time were projecting treason, foul as that which they contrived calumniously to charge against the murdered Jesuits, showed the restoration to sanity of the very people who had lately accepted the unsupported testimony of notorious criminals as being equal to a conclusive demonstration.

There was now a speedy turning to books, pamphlets, and broadside-ballads for amusement. Accounts of trials and executions were found to be dreary literature. Theatres again were crowded, and the latest comedies of those whom we now call “the Dramatists of the Restoration” found willing purchasers: the lively quartos, issued by Henry Herringman, “gentle George” Etherege’s *Man of Mode; or Sir Fopling Flutter*, with fresh editions of Dryden’s

Marriage à la Mode and his *The Wild Gallant*, on the 8th November, 1683. At the very outburst of the Rye-House Plot revelations, on 19th June previous, readers were enjoying Adam Elliott's clever *Modest Vindication of Titus Oates*, which exposed the lies and blunders of the perjurer. On the 25th June was entered on the Stationers' Registers, to John Darby, "*Julian's Arts to undermine and extirpate Christianity*: By Saml. Johnson, a Minister of the Church of England" (such he pretended to be). He had miscalculated his time for this base calumny against the Duke of York: it fell pointless, so soon as men understood the connection of its appearance with the planned rebellion and regicide. Thomas Milbourne was by the 3rd October issuing the ballads of "Folly plainly made manifest" and "The True Lover's Unfortunate Destiny; an account of a Maiden of *Redriffe* [*i.e.* Rotherhithe], who lately died," etc. A fortnight later, on 16th October, Jonah Deacon was publishing "The London Frolick; or, Deceit Discovered." Ten days afterwards, on 26th October, there was entered at Stationers' Hall, to Joseph Hindmarsh, the romantic *Love-Letters between a Nobleman and his Sister*, which under a thin disguise gave a history of the recent scandal criminally connecting Monmouth's friend Ford Lord Grey of Werk with his sister-in-law, therein figuring as "Annabel," the Lady Henrietta Berkeley. It is strange how often that family has achieved an evil notoriety. *The Triumphs of London*, by Matthew Taubman, in book-form, published by John and Henry Playford, offered new songs, with music by eminent composers, to be enjoyed by the citizens, so soon as they had witnessed their Pageant on the 29th. Among other songs or ballads published soon after, by Joseph Coniers, by Jonah Deacon, George Larking, Joseph Hindmarsh, Gabriel Sedgewick, John Millet, Charles Dennisson, and Henry Brugis respectively, were the following, several of which will reappear in our later pages, they being preserved in the Roxburghe Collection. "Strange News from *Plymouth*; or, A Wonderful and tragical Relation of a Voyage from the Indies" (14 Feb., 168 $\frac{3}{4}$). "The *Kentish* Miracle" (to Jonah Deacon, 27 March, 1684), beginning "Take Comfort, Christians all." "Shall I, shall I? No! No!"—which begins, "Pretty *Betty*, now come to me!" (Roxb. Coll., II. 421), unless it be the "moralization" thereof, which also we possess. "A new song of *Moggie's Jealousie*; or *Jockey's Vindication*," beginning, "There was a bonnie young Lad" (Roxb. Coll., II. 358). "Surprised Shepherdess; a New Song," beginning, "There was a bonnie young Lass" (Pepys Coll., III. 199). "Love's Unspeakable Passion; or, The Young Man's Answer to the 'Tender Hearts of London City:'"—"How can I conceal my passion?" (Roxb. Coll., II. 324; IV. 22). "Poore *Tom* the Taylor's Lamentation," beginning, "*Tom* the Taylor near the Strand" (Roxb. Coll., II. 263, and IV. 27). "The Crafty Miss; or, An Exciseman well-fitted."

This begins, "There was an Exciseman of late" (Roxb. Coll., II. 577): 19th June, 1684. On 7th August appeared "The New-Created Cuckolds of Westminster;" and three weeks later, "An Excellent Example to Young Men: a Dialogue betwixt Youth and Conscience;" also, "Mercy and Cruelty striving for Victory: a Dialogue betwixt a Good Christian and an unmerciful Miser:" all three entered to Jonah Deacon. Hindmarsh has "The Rampant Moorman; or, News from the Exchange." A parody on Dr. Walter Pope's recent Song of the "Old Man's Wish" (= "If I live to grow old, for I find I go down:" which is in Roxb. Coll., II. 386), is entered on 28th November, 1684, to Gabriel Sedgewick, fortunately not by its title, "The Old Woman's Wish," there being two parodies so named, but by its first line, "As I went by an hospitall." To John Millet on 15th January, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$ (conclusively settling the date, *before the death of King Charles II.*), is entered "A Pleasant Dialogue between Two Wanton Ladies of Pleasure:" *viz.* the one beginning "Brave Gallants, now listen, and I will you tell," which we reprinted in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 599. To the same publisher, marked by initials only on the broadside, and on January 22, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, is entered the pamphlet entituled "The Dutchesse of *Portsmouth's* Farewell." This also we reprinted, in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iv. p. 283, it beginning, "I prithee, dear *Portsmouth*, now tell me thy mind." On the same day was entered to Henry Hills, "*The Siege of Vienna, a Poem* by W.C." (This W.C. was possibly William Cleland *vel* Cleaveland who wrote with some vigour and humour. He was a Captain of Horse, and afterwards involved in Argyle's insurrection. To him we shall have an opportunity of returning in the *Final Monmouth Group*.)

The subject of this poem seems to been peculiarly attractive to readers of verse, for we possess a sheaf of ballads or broadsides, that had first appeared in the preceding September and October, 1683. Into the examination of the causes of the war betwixt the Turks and Christians we need not fully enter. But it is indisputable that Louis XIV. desired the humiliation of the Austrians, and that the English felt a warm interest in the contest, although they were not nationally engaged as a belligerent power. We sent no recognized auxiliaries, but there is evidence in the ballads that "English Volunteers" had enlisted in the struggle for defence of the Christian religion from the inroads of the hitherto triumphant Turks. We prefix a condensed account of the siege to the ballads of "Vienna's Triumph" and "A Carrouse."

"The Relief of Vienna: A Hymn for True Protestants," is contained in the volume of *Eighty-Six Loyal Poems*, p. 222, published by Nathanael Thompson, 1685, and in our private possession. As to the writer of "The Relief of Vienna," etc. :—George Daniel, antiquary, of Canonbury, inscribed on his copy of the same book: "This volume is rare and particularly curious. The author turn'd

Bartlemy-Fair Player, Bully of the Town, and Highwayman." Hard words, Master Daniel come to judgement! We wish that you had given us chapter and verse, the man's name, and the date of his final exit in D. pendant circumstances, *sus per col.* But, as Paul Dombey said about the mad bull, we "don't believe that story!" George Daniel, thou art demonstrably incorrect thus far, that we ourselves have identified certain poems in the volume (which are by *various* hands), and know them to have been written by persons of better position, College graduates, than your apocryphal "Bartlemy-Fair Player." Names and dates certified, Master George!

And now to the exciting narrative of the Relief of Vienna:—

"Think with what passionate delight the tale was told, in Christian halls,
 How *Sobieski* turn'd to flight the Muslim from *Vienna's* walls:
 How, when his horse triumphant trod the burghers' richest robes upon,
 The ancient words rose loud 'From God a man was sent whose name was *John.*'"

This was originally the exclamation of Pope Pius V. when he heard of Don John of Austria having conquered the Turks at Lepanto, in 1571. But it was repeated, more appropriately, by the priest at the *Te Deum* in which *Sobieski* joined as thanksgiving for the Relief of Vienna, in 1683. When the Turks were about to besiege the city, we are told by Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy, that

the Emperor Leopold "had neither men nor money sufficient to enable him to confront such a deluge of invasion; and, after many abject entreaties, he obtained a promise of help from King *Sobieski of Poland*, whom he had previously treated with contumely and neglect. *Poland* was at peace with *Turkey*, nor had the *Turk* in any way failed in observance of the recent treaty. But neither *Sobieski* nor other Christian adversaries of the *Turks* were very scrupulous as to such obligations; and the *Polish King* promised to aid the *Austrian Emperor* with fifty-eight thousand men."



On the Relief of Vienna.

A Hymn for True Protestants.

RENOWN'd be [the] *Christian Arm*, the *Turkish Whigs* be p,uuwp,
And lousie *Holwel* in their Head, who our *blue Saints* has
shamm'd.

These are your precious Rogues! rather than not rebel¹
Against their lawful Prince, and God, they'l joyn the Devil of Hell.

These are your *True-Blue-men*, who "Persecution" cry,
When they, with *Julian*² their old Friend, the Christian God defie!

But he has found an Arm to do the Royal Work,
And vindicate Himself, against *True Protestant* and *Turk*.

'Twas a true *Christian Prince*, that made him know His pleasure
And taught the Villains what is due both to their God and *Cesar*.

God bless our good King *Charles*, and *James*, his own dear Brother,
And may they both live long, to succour one another.

God bless the King of *Poland* too, and every *Christian King*,
The *Name* is sacred: Hang the Dogs who do not love the Thing.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Printed by N[athan] T[hompson], at the
entrance to the *Old Spring Garden*, near *Charing-Cross*.]

¹ See next page, commenting on this fact. We have identified "lousie *Holwel*" as "John Holwell, Philomath;" who perhaps wore the dozen white luses in his coat, or eranium: he certainly had a bee in his bonnet. That the Turks would be successful had been prophesied by this John Holwell, Philomathematicæ. Earlier, in 1674, he had published *A Sure Guide to the Practical Surveyor*, London, 8vo.; and in 1679 printed for the author *A New Prophecy; or a Propheticall Discourse of the blazing Star, that appeared on April the 23rd, 1677, being a full account of the events that threaten England, etc.* He describes himself as residing "at the east end of Spittalfields, over against Dorset Street, next door to a glazier's," where he taught arithmetic, geometry, surveying, navigation, fortification, astrology, etc. His father and grandfather had fallen in support of the monarchy during the evil days of usurpation, and their family estate of Holwell Hall in Devonshire had been thus lost for ever; but at the Restoration in 1660, John Holwell obtained the posts of Astronomer Royal and Surveyor of Crown lands, with an honourable place for his wife near the Queen. Later he was appointed *Mathematical teacher to the young Duke of Monmouth*, whom he appears to have warmly admired. In 1682 he had published, in English, a bitter attack on the Popish party, under the title of *Catastrophe Mundi*, which was answered in 1684 by J. Merrifield, Student in Astrology, in a quarto, named *Catastasis Mundi . . . also Holwell's Falsehoods Discovered*. After the accession of James II., in 1685, John Holwell was sent to America as surveyor of New York, and died there, with strong suspicion of having been poisoned in coffee, to hinder his return after completing the survey.

² This alludes to "Julian the Apostate," written by Samuel Johnson, June, 1683; not to Robert Julian, the self-styled "Secretary of the Muses."

The Loyalists' Encouragement.

- “ Beneath *Vienna's* ancient wall lie level plains of sand,
And there the pathway runs of all that seek the Holy Land ;
And from the wall a little space, and by the trodden line,
Stands, seen from many a distant place, a tall and slender Shrine.
- “ It seems, so standing there alone, to those who come and go,
No pile of dull unconscious stone, but touch'd with joy or woe : . .
Smiles have been there of beaming joy, and tears of bitter loss,
As friends have met, and parted, by The Spinning-Maiden's Cross.
- “ They took the treasure she had won, full many a varied coin,
And, o'er the stone where she had spun, they rais'd that shapely shrine :
And still *Vienna's* maids recall her meekly suffer'd loss,
And point the fane beneath the wall—The Spinning-Maiden's Cross.”

—W. Whewell : *Die Spinnerinn am Kreuz.*

IF ever a book be written entitled “The Wrong-headedness of Mankind” (and ample materials exist for its composition, in fact overwhelming in quantity), the Nonconformists will monopolize the attention of that cynical historian who attempts the stupendous narrative. The race of Puritans, devoid of any real sympathy with human love or suffering except such as suited their own atrabilious nature and creed, found a substitute for generous warmth in their inordinate sectarian zeal. So that rebellion and anarchy could be encouraged, they were ready to applaud any conflict with authority, except their own : Says the following song, they would wear “A cap of Geneva or Turkish turbant.” Thus we read on p. 360, “Ruin and strife is *Whigs'* element still.” The Royalists of England were, on principle, opposed to the Hungarian revolt under Tekeli, and his alliance with the Moslem force, which sought to overthrow the tyranny of the Austrian Emperor, and imperilled Christendom. There is a natural alliance, of affection and principle, uniting England and Austria, one that has been seldom interrupted. But since the defenders of Vienna were Roman Catholics, whom the Pope had by money and blessing assisted, the English Whigs chose to denounce them, and to praise Tekeli's revolt. (See pp. 383, 384.) Hence these Whigs were named “*Teckelites.*”

Sir John Resesby notes the outbreak of the Austrian trouble :—

March 1. [1683.]—At this time all Christendom seemed to be in danger of a War, the rebels of *Hungary* having called in the *Turks* to assist them against the Emperor, and, one or two excepted, all the Princes of the Empire, the Kings of *Spain* and *Sweden*, joining in defence of the Empire against the *Turk* on one side, and the *French* King (likely to fall upon *Flanders*, or some of the Princes of *Germany*) upon the other ; whilst we enjoyed a happy peace at home ; and, which was the more likely to make it last, was the death of so busy and factious Lord *Shaftesbury*, who was fled not long before into *Holland.*—*Memoirs*, p. 273.

The Loyalists' Encouragement.

To THE TUNE OF, *Now, now the fight's done* [See *Note* below].

YOU Loyalists all now rejoice and be glad,
 The day is our own, there's no cause to be sad,
 The tumult of Faction is crush'd in its pride,
 And the Grand Promoters their noddles all hide,
 For fear of a swing: which does make it appear,
 Though Treason they lov'd, yet for Hemp they don't care. 6

Then let us be bold, still, and baffle their *Plots*,
 That they in the end may prove impotent Sots,
 And find both their wit and their malice defeated,
 Nay, find how themselves and their pupils they cheated:
 By heaping and thrusting to unhinge a State,
 Of which Heaven's Guardian fix'd is by Fate. 12

Though once they the rabble bewitch'd with their cant,
 Whilst cobbler and weaver set up for a Saint;
 Yet now the stale cheat they can fasten no more,
 The juggle's discover'd, and they must give o'er:
 Yet give them their due that such mischief did work,
 Who revile Christian Princes, and pray for the *Turk*. 18

O! give them their due, and let none of them want
 A cap of *Geneva* or *Turkish* turbant,
 That, clad in their colours, they may not deceive
 The Vulgar, too prone and too apt to believe
 The fears they suggest, on a groundless pretence,
 On purpose to make 'em repine at their Prince. 24

London: Printed by *L. R.*, for *T. Passinger*, at *The Three Bibles*.

[In White-letter. Probable date, October, 1683. Reprinted, 1686.]

* * Frequent mention has been made of the tune belonging to this ditty (which is preserved in *The Loyal Garland*, song iv. of the sixth edition, 1686). The words of "Now, now the fight's done, and the great God of War," etc., have been given in our Vol. IV. pp. 243, 349. The same popular tune was used for the *Roxburgh Ballad* entitled "Vienna's Triumph," immediately following "The Loyalists' Encouragement," and given on our p. 359.

The Siege of Vienna. 1683.

" Let her great *Danube* rolling fair
 Entwine her isles, unmark'd by me ;
 I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna : rather dream that there
 That not in any mother-town
 With statelier progress to and fro
 The double tides of chariots flow
 By park and suburb, under brown
 Of luster leaves ; ' nor more content,'
 He told me, ' lives in any crowd,
 When all is gay with lamps, and loud
 With sport and song, in booth and tent,
 Imperial halls, or open plain ;
 And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
 The rocket, molten into flakes
 Of crimson or in emerald rain.' "

—Tennyson's *In Memoriam A.H.H.*, xevi.

THREE distinct *Roxburghe Ballads* are devoted to a consideration of the same historical event, the triumphant raising of the Siege of Vienna in September, 1683. Hitherto kept far dissevered in the Roxburghe Collection, each one in a different volume (B. H. Bright having added the most important), they are by us brought once more into close connection, and they serve to show the excitement of their day, when rejoicing over a Turkish defeat was held to be a Christian duty. Into the large question of foreign policy, or the success of an international league against the common foe, we are not called to enter. Some people boasted an immense sympathy with "the much-wronged Duke of Lorraine," owing to hatred of Louis XIV., who had taken his dominion ; but they gave little assistance to the Duke Charles Leopold. Some few English volunteers are mentioned in "The Christians' New Victory :"—

See how our English Volunteers charge, as men that know no fears,
 Where e'er they come the battle clears ; Hark ! how the trumpet blows, Boy !

The defeat of the Turks before Vienna is one of the Decisive Battles of the World, and has been well described by Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy ; not in his *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* (1851 : 16th ed., 1869), but in his *History of the Ottoman Turks*.

That delightful city of Vienna is remembered joyfully by all who, like the present writer, have shared its hospitality, and revelled in its pleasures. It saw several stoutly-contested sieges, and not a few revolts. Sometimes, as in 1477, it was attacked by the Hungarians, and again in 1485 under their king Matthias. Solyman I., the Magnificent, with his Turks, besieged it later, September, 1529, but was defeated on October 14th, with the loss of 80,000 men.

The condition of Vienna, before the crowning victory that is thus celebrated in our *Roxburghe Ballad*, has been well described by Edwin Hodder, whose account from Cassell's *Cities* here follows:—

The Turks again in 1683 were casting covetous eyes on *Vienna* and the Austrian dominion, and being tempted by the unsettled state of *Hungary*, *Mohammed IV.* was induced to make war with Austria. An army was accordingly despatched under the Grand Vizier *Cara Mustapha*, which penetrated to Vienna, and besieged that city, having first defeated the Austrians, under the Duke of *Lorraine*, before *Neuhäusel*, and compelled them to retire upon the Capital. The night before *Lorraine's* arrival at Vienna, the Emperor and his Court had fled, amid the clamours and execrations of the people. *Lorraine* therefore, on his arrival, found the inhabitants in a state of extreme confusion and alarm; he heard on all sides nothing but reproaches against the Emperor and his ministers, whose conduct was by all attributed to the baneful influence of the Jesuits, a party which had for a long time been prominent in the Councils of the Court. *Lorraine* found the city entirely unprepared for resistance, surrounded by extensive and rapidly-growing suburbs, and, in addition, such fortifications as the city then possessed were in an utterly dilapidated condition. The energy and renown of the Duke, however, somewhat calmed the general apprehension. He, with *Starensberg* [Count Ernest Rüdiger Starhemberg, "brave *Starensberg*" of our p. 366], the governor left behind by the Emperor, promptly destroyed some of the more outlying suburbs, put the fortifications as far as possible in a state of repair, and so placed the city in a condition to offer some resistance to the approaching and victorious Turks. *Lorraine* left a reinforcement of 8,000 infantry in the city, and fell back with his cavalry beyond the Danube, with the view of harassing the movements and interrupting the communication of the Vizier's army, which, notwithstanding, arrived before Vienna on July 14th, 1683.

In a very few days the investment of the city was completed. Frequent attacks were made on its walls; the inhabitants were reduced to the last extremities for want of provisions, their numbers were sorely thinned both by sickness and in combat; the enemy became possessed of the principal outworks, and the Governor was in constant dread lest the city should be taken by storm and sacked by the merciless Ottomans. In the meantime, the Duke of *Lorraine* had been by no means idle, and the skill and promptitude of his deeds deserve the highest admiration. Having done all that lay in his power to delay and interrupt the operations of the siege, he at length reached the King of Poland, and persuaded him to lend his assistance and push forward with his army to the aid of the Emperor's subjects, to which he was bound by promise to the Emperor. Contingents arrived at about the same time from Germany and Saxony, so that *Sobieski* and *Lorraine* were enabled to march to the relief of Vienna as joint leaders of an army of 60,000 men, and on the 12th of September, to the unspeakable joy of the citizens, the Christian standard was seen by the beleaguered city floating on the *Kahlenberg*.

The resistance of the garrison, although apparently to themselves so nearly unsuccessful, had made considerable inroads in the ranks of *Cara Mustapha's* army, which became entirely disconcerted on the unexpected approach of the army of relief. Just before the arrival of *Sobieski* and *Lorraine* on the *Kahlenberg*, an attempt to storm the town had been repulsed with considerable slaughter, and the confusion and consternation incidental to this movement were taken advantage of by the returning force, which at once vigorously attacked the Turks. In this onslaught the Polish monarch and the Imperial general vied with each other in skill and bravery, while for coolness and intrepidity the action of the combined troops was above all praise. At nightfall, the Turkish leader, fearing the worst for his army, held a hasty consultation with his generals, and it was decided to retreat during the night. The withdrawal of the Turks was more than a retreat, for they became panic-stricken, and left enormous booty behind, consisting, among

other material and effects, of 180 pieces of artillery, several of which were adapted for heavy siege work; tents, ammunition, provisions, and many luxuries of the East. Even the ensign of the Vizier's authority was left behind, together with a standard [erroneously] supposed to be the sacred banner of Mohammed.

The entry of the King of Poland and the Duke of Lorraine into Vienna was welcomed with the wildest acclamation; the inhabitants testified to the King especially their gratitude by marks of affection that amounted almost to adoration; they hailed him as Father and Defender, and struggled among themselves to touch his garments or to kiss his feet.

The enthusiasm of the welcome accorded to Sobieski was in marked contrast with that accorded to the Emperor upon his return to his capital. Feeling deeply the humiliation that [had formerly] accompanied his hasty departure in the time of their approaching trial, the inhabitants offered to him neither honours nor welcome on his passage into the city.

The importance of this defeat of the Turks before Vienna cannot be dwelt upon with too much stress; it was one of the great decisive battles of the World, for the raising of the Siege of Vienna in 1683 was the first decisive symptom of Turkish decline—a decline that has been continuing from then until the present day.

Luttrell's Diary-memoranda of news received from abroad prove the English interest felt in the contest with the Turks:—

July 13th, 1683.—Foreign Letters say that the Grand Vizier hath given a total overthrow to the Emperor's army in *Hungary*; that thereupon the Emperor, etc., was fled from *Vienna* to *Lintz*; and that the *Turk* was going on toward *Vienna* with an army of 160,000 men, which will goe near to endanger the whole Empire.—*A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs*, i. 269.

August, 1683.—Letters from *Germany* speak of the fierce attacks the *Turks* make upon the city of *Vienna*; that they push on the siege with all the vigour imaginable; but that they have gained little upon it, the besieged making a brave defence, and the besiegers have lost above 10,000 before it.—*Ibid.* i. 275.

September, 1683.—The *German* letters tell us that the *Turks*, to the number of 150,000, under the command of the Grand Vizier, had laid close siege to the city of *Vienna* for 60 daies past, and that the Imperiall forces, assisted by the king of *Poland*, electors of *Bavaria* and *Saxony*, and several other princes, did attempt the relief thereof the 12th instant, it being brought very low, and happily effected the same, routing the *Turks* with an incredible slaughter, taking above 50,000 tents, the Grand Vizier's own horse, several great caunon, ammunition, and provisions, and an immense treasure: but for a more particular account thereof I refer you to the printed accounts thereof.—*Ibid.*, i. 280.

We shall find frequent mention of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, in the following ballads. His predecessor and uncle was Ahmed Kiuprili, the second Vizier of his race, described by Turkish historians as "the light and splendour of the nation;" a man of superior abilities, and entirely different character. Kara Mustapha, or "Black Mustapha," his successor, has been described by Creasy, as one whose character was in every respect the opposite of Kiuprili's; and who to slender abilities united the wildest ambition, and almost boundless presumption. He was son-in-law to the Sultan [*Mahomet IV.*] and, by the influence which that marriage gave him, he obtained the high office which he abused to the ruin of his master, and the deep disaster of his country. *Kara Mustapha's* favourite project was a new war against *Austria*, in which he hoped to capture *Vienna*, and to make himself the nominal Viceroy, but real sovereign of ample provinces between the *Danube* and the *Rhine*. But the first years of his Vizierate were occupied in an inglorious war with *Russia*. That empire had been no party

to the late peace of *Zurawna*, and it supported *Dorescensko* against the Porte, when that fickle Cossack grew discontented with the Sultan's authority. *Kara Mustapha* led a large army into the *Ukraine*, and besieged *Cehzrym*, but was beaten by the Russians, and fled with ignominy across the *Danube*. In the following year he resumed the war with fresh forces, and after several alternations of fortune, he stormed *Cehzrym* on the 21st of August, 1678. But the losses which the Turks sustained, both from the Russian sword and the climate, were severe. . . . A peace was made in 1681, by which the Porte gave up the disputed territory to *Russia*. . . . Five years afterwards, a territorial arrangement was concluded between *Poland* and *Russia*, which recognized the sovereignty of the Czar over the whole of the *Ukraine*.

In 1682, *Kara Mustapha* commenced his fatal enterprize against *Vienna*. A revolt of the *Hungarians* under Count *Tekeli* against *Austria*, which had been caused by the bigotted tyranny of the Emperor *Leopold*, now laid the heart of that empire open to attack; and a force was collected by the Grand Vizier which, if ably handled, might have given the house of *Hapsburg* its death-blow. Throughout the autumn of 1682 and the spring of 1683, regular and irregular troops, both horse and foot, artillery, and all kinds of munitions of war, were collected in the camp at *Adrianople*, on a scale of grandeur that attested and almost exhausted the copiousness which the administration of *Kinpriti* had given to the Turkish resources. The strength of the regular forces which *Kara Mustapha* led to *Vienna* is known, from the muster-roll which was found in his tent after the siege. It amounted to 275,000 men. The attendants and camp-followers cannot be reckoned, nor can anything but an approximate speculation be made as to the number of the Tartar and other irregular troops that joined the Vizier. It is probable that not less than half a million of men were set in motion in this last aggressive effort of the Ottomans against Christendom.—*History of the Ottoman Turks*, chapter 16. By Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy, M.A. Edition 1878.

Of this multitude not more than 50,000 ultimately regained the Turkish frontier. A similar number had died in the warfare, before the decisive battle for relief of *Vienna*. As to the destruction wrought in the invaded countries, it is believed that the Turks carried into slavery 32,000 grown persons, chiefly women, 204 being maiden daughters of the Christian nobility, and 26,000 little children. "It is said that in lower *Austria*, and on the frontiers of *Hungary* alone, 4936 villages and hamlets were given to the flames in 1683" (Henry Elliot Malden's *Vienna in 1683*, p. 36). Again, "A moderate estimate of the Christian loss is five thousand men, or about one-fifteenth of those on the field. . . The Poles alone confessed to the loss of one hundred officers killed, and they were neither so long nor so hotly engaged as the left wing. The loss of the centre was probably less. Thuerheim [*Starhemberg's Life and Despatches*, *Vienna*, 1882] and Schimmer [*Sieges of Vienna*] give of the Allies four thousand, and twenty-five thousand Turks; but the latter figures are quite uncertain, and the Christians made the least of their losses. As the fight was so much hand to hand, with little artillery fire, it would resemble ancient battles, where the loss of the vanquished was always proportionately large" (*Ibid.* p. 111, Note).

On the next page we borrow one of *Jonah Deacon's* woodcuts, bearing his initials, I.D., from our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 350.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 912.]

Vienna's Triumph ;

With the Whiggs' Lamentation for the Overtthrow of
the Turks.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Now, now the fight's done.* [See Vol. IV. p. 243.]



Now, now's the Siege rais'd, and the numerous Train
Of the *Turks* (*Jove* be prais'd!) are defeated again :
Their *Mahomet's* aid they in vain did implore,
And they swear they'l not trust the dull God any more :
The Sham of the *Load-Stone*¹ at last they have found,
And their God is condemn'd to be laid under ground.


Let the *English* give praise, let all *Christendom* joyn,
In singing of lays to the Powers Divine :
Vienna once more hath the Victory won,
And the *TURKS*, though so mighty, are put to the ruu.
The Gyant *Goliah* by *David* was slain ;
Thus who fight against Heaven do fight but in vain.

12

¹ See Note at foot of page 361.

The *Grand Vizier's* fled,¹ in vain he did boast,
 And 'twill cost him his Head, since the Battle he lost :
 His many of thousands, he Invincible thought,
 Yet they by few hundreds to confusion were brought ;
 To the great King of *Poland* let the Honour redound,
 Whose actions with Credit and Fame do abound.²

To the Duke of *Lorrain* great praises are due,³
 Who had fought but in vain if proud words had prov'd true ;
 At the Emperor's Threats he laugh'd in his sleeve,
 And all his great proffers he scorn'd to believe :
 But great as he was, he withstood all their Charms,
 Chusing rather to dye in his Country-men's Arms. 24

His Loyalty true all the World doth admire,
 But the *Whiggs* who look blue, and Commotions desire ;
 Ruine and Strife is *Whiggs'* Element still, 
 They're an obstinate People, if crost in their Will :
 And what their Will is, is as hard to be known
 As it is to find out the Philosopher's Stone.

No Devotion but theirs ! all others, they say,
 Of the Devil are snares, for to lead us astray ;
 The *Pope* to avoid, they'l do what they can,⁴
 And instead of an Image they'l worship a Man :
 To the *Turks* they no Martyrs, but Converts, would be ;
 But in time we may see them all dye by the Tree. 36

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Sign of the *Angel*, in *Guiltspur-street*. 1683.

[White-letter. With bars of music, instead of woodcut. Date, October, 1683.]

¹ The Grand Vizier was Kara Mustapha, son-in-law of the Sultan. He was afterwards put to death at Belgrade, strangled with a bowstring. See pp. 365, 375.

² John Sobieski, King of Poland. See Introduction to the next ballad, p. 363.

³ Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. See next page but one, 362.

⁴ This is very ungrateful and prejudiced on the part of the ballad-writer, inasmuch as the Pope, Innocent XI., Odescalchi, had not only given best aid, in drawing contributions of arms and men from European Powers for this new Crusade, but had also granted absolution to King John Sobieski to enable him to violate the oath sworn to keep truce with the Turk. Islam of old was true to its faith and word (although *Turkish Bonds* do not sound like safe securities in more modern days). "The Turks, scrupulously observing their part of the agreement, believed that they thereby secured the neutrality of *Poland*. *Sobieski* had suffered injuries and affronts at the hand of *Austria*. The punctilious pride of the Emperor was likely to add to the difficulty of forgetting these . . . A dispensation from the Pope released the Poles from the duty of keeping their oaths to the Turks." But breaking of oaths is apt to grow into a bad habit, wherefore "The Emperor and the King exchanged oaths not to resort to such a dispensation from their engagements to each other!" Satisfactory to their own conscience, no doubt.



A Carouse to the Emperor of Austria. 1683.

“ I’m glad to hear the Cannons roar,
 Resounding from the *German* shore,
 Better news than heretofore,
 That *Babel’s* Beast is wounded :
 The *Christians* brave, both all and some,
 Charge with the Horse and Kettledrum
 The Enemy of *Christendom*,
 Till *Turks* are quite confounded.

“ The King of *Poland* (in a phrase)
 The great *Grand Seigneur* did amaze,
 And the noise his Siege did raise ;
 Couragious *Solymanus* !
 If you resolve to come again,
 You must recruit both might and main ;
 Or else it will be all in vain,
 To think that they’ll trappan us.”

—*Rejoyce in Triumph : The Ottoman Defeat at Vienna.*

THE following Roxburghe Ballad and Loyal Song was written by Tom D’Urfey, and is among his *Several New Songs*, 1684; and *Pills*, i. 300. Also in N. Thompson’s *Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685 and 1694, p. 71 (the music of it being on p. 69), but with many variations from the broadside. Our third, fourth, and sixth verses are omitted (our fifth verse being made third); but both end similarly. There are six verses, not seven, in all. It begins, “Hark! the thund’ring Cannons roar!” The two verses different from the broadside (compare lines 41 to 48 on p. 367), but numbered respectively as fourth and fifth, are as follows:—

With dull *Tea* they sought in vain
 Hopeless Vict’ry to obtain ;
 Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev’ry Vein,
 Success must needs attend him ;

* * In the first verse of the preceding *Roxburghe-Ballad* mention is made of the “sham” *Loadstone*: the *Caaba* or *Kaaba*, at Mecca, the birthplace of Mahomet. We are told that “it was originally a Temple in great esteem among the heathen Arabians, who, before they embraced Mohammedanism, called by this name a small building of stone in the same temple, which has in turn become an object of the highest reverence with the Mohammedans, believing it to have been built by Abraham and Ishmael. On the side of it is a *black stone*, surrounded with silver, called *Braktan*, set in the wall about four feet from the ground. This stone has served since the second year of the *Hegira* as the *Kēbla*: that is, as the point to which the Mohammedan turns his face during prayer. The pilgrims or *Hadgis* touch and kiss this stone seven times, after which they enter the *Kaaba*, and offer up their prayer. The Mohammedans first turned their face towards Jerusalem, until their leader ordered the present direction.” The change was, no doubt, dictated by the same isolating policy as that of “Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who caused Israel to sin,” by setting up the Golden Calves.

Our Brains (like our own Cannons, warm
 With often firing) feel no harm :
 While the sober sot flies the *Alarm*,
 No *Lawrel* can befriend him.

Christians thus with Conquest crown'd,
 Conquest with the glass goes round ;
 Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground,
 Against the force of *Claret* :
 Whilst we give them thus the foyl,
 And the *Pagan* Troops recoyl,
 The Valiant *Poles* divide the Spoyl,
 And in brisk Nectar share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome, etc. (See our p. 368).

The title and the nineteenth line mention “the much-wronged Duke of Lorraine,” Charles Leopold, who had been driven from his hereditary possessions by Louis XIV., refusing to be reinstated under humiliating conditions, and had taken command of the Austrian Emperor's troops. Lorraine's wife was the Emperor's sister, and widow of the deceased Polish King, Michael. Lorraine being a candidate for the sovereignty of Poland, and favoured by Austria, there could not long be safe alliance between him and John Sobieski. It was his expulsion by France which earned for him his English popularity as “the much-wronged Lorraine.”

Charles Leopold Duke of Lorraine stands vividly before us in the description given of their meeting, in a letter by Sobieski to his own wife, “the incomparable Maria,” afterward to be mentioned. Sobieski found him “modest and taciturn, stooping, plain, with a hooked nose, and marked with the small-pox ; clad in an old grey coat, with a fair-haired wig, ill-made, a hat without a band, boots of yellow leather, or instead, of what was yellow three months ago ;” yet not boorish or slovenly, but of right presence, “*et même d'un homme de distinction.*” Within seven years later Lorraine died suddenly, on the 18th April, 1690, “at a convent of friers between *Lintz* and *Passau*, in his journey to *Vienna* ; 'tis thought his death is not without suspicion of poyson” (so wrote Luttrell, *Relation*, ii. 35). Notorious Richard Baldwin published a Poem on the event, beginning, “Hark! hark! what noise is this I hear?” and ending thus:—

May the August Emperour a new General find,
 Matching the bravery of his arm and mind ;
 And the Leagued Princes such success acquire
 As bears proportion with their just desire.
 May you *French* Lillies with your Laurels 'twine,
 And Victory with all your Armies join ;
 Till humbled *Lewis* find his Treason's vain,
 And *Lorraine's* fortune to outlive *Lorraine*.

His grandson married Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, and became Emperor of Austria. Sobieski survived until 1696. His grand-daughter was mother of our Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

Among the Princes conjoined with Lorraine and Sobieski to relieve Vienna were Prince Eugène of Savoy, then barely twenty; Prince Waldeck of the house of Waldeck-Wildungen; young Maximilian of Bavaria; and Prince George of Brunswick-Lueneburg (thirty years later to become our George I.). But their tower of strength was Sobieski, whose directions they unhesitatingly followed, and whose achievements in veritable history seem to equal, if not to surpass, the heroic deeds attributed to the Paladins of old romance.

Sobieski, King of Poland, known as John III., had been a Polish nobleman, but had passed several early years in France, had served there in the Musketeers of the Guard, and was married to a French wife, Marie Casimire de la Grange d'Arquien, sister of the Count de Maligni. Certain slights passed on her by Louis XIV. are supposed to have influenced her strongly, so that she counselled him to yield to the advances of the Emperor Leopold for assistance, and thus thwart the suspected designs of King Louis. "The failure of an intrigue, by which her father, a needy Marquis, was to have been converted into a wealthy Duke; a refusal of the French Court to receive her, a French subject by birth, as an equal should she revisit France: these causes made her an Austrian partizan. Sobieski, at the age of fifty-three, still burned with youthful ardour for his wife of forty-one; though scandal would have it that this King Arthur had his Lancelot in the Field, Marshall Jablonowski, one of the foremost of his officers. 'His incomparable Maria,' as the King addressed his queen in his frequent letters, was at all events vain and intriguing, and seldom influenced for good the husband whom she also adored." So true is it that a petticoat is mixed up with every piece of mischief: "Who is she?" remains the invariable enquiry: the feminine x or y without which no equation is solved, simple or quadratic.

The following *Roxburghe-Ballad* mentions that "*Starenberg* is wounded," probably referring to "Captain Count Guido Starhemberg, nephew of the Commandant [of Vienna], who personally superintended the removal of the powder through the opposite window" of the Imperial Arsenal, where eighteen hundred barrels of it were stored, when a fire had reached the other windows, at the beginning of the siege. He was killed at the storming of Belgrade, September, 1688. The internal defence of Vienna, garrisoned by 11,000 men, was entrusted to Ernest Rudiger, Count Starhemberg, "an officer of tried skill and courage. He had served with Montecuculi against the Turks [in 1664], and against both Condé and Turenne with the same commander and with the Prince of Orange. He entered the city, as the fugitives forsook it. He set the people to work upon the fortifications, organized them for defence, and assured them that he would live and die with them."

The siege began on the 15th of July and lasted to the evening of the 12th September. The Turkish Miners showed the greatest energy, the hired labourers for the defence quitting work whenever they heard the others approaching. The gunners on both sides exerted themselves, walls and bastions were shattered, and the garrison were becoming exhausted by shortened rations, repelling assaults, and making frequent sorties to interrupt the besiegers. After a fortnight's labour it was in the power of the Grand Vizier to have taken Vienna by storm, had he chosen to make a general assault, as his officers desired, and to persist until successful, as with his overwhelming number was possible. The sole explanation of his omission is, that he expected the city to capitulate, and then wealth and power would have remained in his own hands, the city undestroyed for future residence; whereas, if his soldiers carried it by storm, it would be plundered and burnt by them. His troops murmured at the delay, many being kept comparatively unemployed. He took no precautions to guard the Danube from being crossed by the relieving army, which was known to be in progress. Even when Sobieski had made good his passage at Culm, above Vienna, with a force of less than 70,000 men, passing round and up the Kalenberg mountain north-west of the city, the Vizier offered no opposition, and allowed the Poles to occupy the heights unharassed; when too late sending a Turkish force against them, that was repulsed. (See p. 371.) This was on the 11th of September.

Undaunted by the extent and equipment of his encamped foes, as beheld from the Kalenberg, Sobieski resolved on an immediate attack. He had detected their want of generalship, their failure in simplest precautions, their exposure in long lines without fit entrenchment. Writing to his wife, the night before the battle, his words were prophetic and decisive; "The General of an army who has neither thought of intrenching himself nor concentrating his forces, but lies encamped as though we were one hundred miles from him, is predestined to be beaten."

Almost without artillery, having been obliged in his forced march to leave the greater part behind, and traversing ravines and broken ground of descent whereon he might have been easily kept in check by a skilful enemy, there must have been great rashness in Sobieski's advance. It was justified by success, and also by his intuitive conviction that his enemy would continue to fail in skilful defence. The Vizier disbelieved in any considerable force being with Sobieski on the Kalenberg, although he knew of Lorraine's proximity; then, when convinced that an attack on his lines was meditated, delayed to order that the hollow way should be occupied beforehand, to resist the Polish advance. What follows has been already indicated on pp. 356, 357, but we prefer to add Sir Edward S. Creasy's earlier account, for comparison with those of Hodder and Malden.

Unwilling to resign *Vienna*, *Mustapha* left the chief part of his Janissary force in the trenches before the city, and led the rest of his army towards the hills, down which *Sobieski* and his troops were advancing. In some parts of the field, where the Turks had partially intrenched the roads, their resistance to the Christians was obstinate, but *Sobieski* led on his best troops in person, in a direct line for the Ottoman centre, where the Vizier's tent was conspicuous; and the terrible presence of the victor of *Choczim* was soon recognized. "By Allah! the King is really among us!" exclaimed the Khan of the *Crimea*, *Selim Ghirai*; and turned his horse's head for flight. The mass of the Ottoman army broke, and fled in hopeless rout, hurrying *Kara Mustapha* with them from the field. The Janissaries, who had been left in the trenches before the city, were now attacked both by the garrison and the *Poles*, and were cut to pieces. The camp, the whole artillery, and the military stores of the Ottomans, became the spoil of the conquerors; and never was there a victory more complete, or signalised by more splendid trophies. The Turks continued their panic flight as far as *Raab*. There *Kara Mustapha* collected round him some of the wrecks of the magnificent army which had followed him to *Vienna*. He sought to vent his fury by executing some of the best Turkish officers, who had differed from him during the campaign. His own fate, when he was executed by the Sultan's orders a few weeks afterwards at *Belgrade*, excited neither surprise nor pity.

The great destruction of the Turks before *Vienna* was rapturously hailed throughout Christendom as the announcement of the approaching downfall of the Mahometan Empire in Europe.—*Creasy's History of the Ottoman Turks*.

The brave *Sobieski* valued the courage of his foes magnanimously, even after his great victory. He wrote thus to his *Mariette*:

They made the best retreat you can conceive, for while hard pressed they would turn sword in hand upon their pursuers. But the head which directed that courage was wanting; and for that want they were a gallant mob, but no longer an army. Grateful for the result though we may be, there is something pathetic in the magnificent valour of a race of soldiers [the Janissaries] being frustrated by such incapacity. The Christians, exhausted by the toils of the last few days, could not pursue to any distance.

Our unequalled *Gibbon* has described the first formation of these troops, of well-disciplined Turkish infantry, the *Janizaries* or *Janissaries*, from the choicest prisoners, "the stoutest and most beautiful of the Christian youth," under the rule of *Amurath I.*, in the year 1389. In later times they became turbulent and dangerous like the *Prætorian* bands, and were abolished in June, 1826, by proclamation, and a curse laid on their very name.



[Roxburghe Collection II. 582 ; and (Bright's Supp.) IV. 2 ; Pepys, II. 250.]

A Carrouse to the Emperour, the Royal Pole, and the much-wronged Duke of Lorrain.

TO A NEW TUNE AT THE PLAY-HOUSE [*Hark! the thund'ring Cannons roar*].



HArk! I hear the Cannons Roar,
 Echoing from the *German Shore*,
 And the joyful News comes o'er,
 that the *Turks* are all confounded :
Lorraine comes! they Run, they Run!
 Charge with your Horse thro' the Grand Half-moon,
 And give Quarter unto none,
 Since *Starenberg* is wounded.¹

8

¹ Ernest Rudiger, Count Starhemberg, Governor of Vienna; or his nephew, Captain Guido de Starhemberg, who died in the storming of Belgrade, Sept. 1688.

Close your Ranks, and each brave Soul
 Fill a lusty flowing Bowl,
 A Grand Carrouse to the *Royal Pole*,
 The Empire's brave Defender:
 Let no man leave his Post by stealth,
 Plunder the Barbarous *Visier's* wealth,
 We 'l drink a Helmet full [to] th' Health
 Of Second *Alexander*. 16

Fill the Helmet once again,
 To the Emperor's happy Reign,
 And the much-wrong'd Duke *Lorrain*:
 but when they 've beat the *Turks* home,
 Not a Soul the Field will leave,
 Till they do again retrieve
 What the *Monsieur* does deprive, [= deprive him of.
 and fix him in his Dukedom. 24

Then will be the Scheme of War,
 When such drinking Crowns prepare;
 Those that love the *Monsieurs*, fear
 their Courage will be shrinking:
 Loyal Hearts inspir'd with *Hock*,
 Who can form a Better Flock? [Al. lect. "from."
 The *French* will never stand the shock,
 for all their Claret-drinking. 32

Mahomet was a senseless Dogg,
 A *Coffee-drinking* drowsie Rogue;
 The use of the Grape, so much in vogue,
 to deny to those adore him:
 Had he allow'd the Fruits of the Vine,
 And gave them leave to Carrouse in Wine,
 They had freely past the *Rhine*,
 and conquer'd all before them. 40

Coffee Rallies no retreat,
 Wine can only do the Feat,
 Had their Force been twice as great,
 and all of *Janizaries*: [See p. 365.
 Tho' he had drank the *Danube* dry,
 And all their Prophet could supply, [mispr. "Profit."
 By his interest from the Skie,
 Brisk *Langoon* ne'r miscarry'd.¹ 48

¹ *Langoon* was a Bourdeaux wine, from Langon; named in *Gallantry-a-la-Mode*:
 Suspition then I wash away,
 With old *Langoon* and cleansing whey.

Infidels are now o'come ;
 The most Christian *Turk* at home
 Watch'd the Fate of *Christendom*,
 but all his hopes are shallow :
 Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
 If *England's* Monarch will advance,
 And if he 'l send a Fleet to *France*,
 He 's a *Whigg* that will not follow.

56

Finis.

[By Tom D'Urfey.]

Printed for P. Brooksby, in West-Smithfield.

[In Black-letter. Printer's name cut off from first copy, which is but a thin single-column slip, full of misprints: n.w.c. Second copy has three woodcuts, now given one on p. 366, and the other two here. The early copy of the music is given in Playford's *Dancing Master*, seventh edition, p. 203, 1686, under the title of *Vienna*. Original date, 1683.]



The Christian Conquest, at Vienna, 1683.

" My *Janizary* Slaves, your pow'r alone
 I need not question to secure my Throne :
 Nor can I doubt a force so often try'd,
 Which *Christian* Fields with Christian blood has dy'd.
 Go on, then, boldly to dispose the Fates
 Of crazy *Europe's* ill-supported States,
 Untill the trembling Princes of the *West*
 Bow to that Hand which has subdu'd the *East*.
 Let the deluded World be taught by you
 What to our *Prophet* and our Arms is due.
 So fight, as may our Enemies perswade
 A Pow'r not humane does their States invade.
 Instruct the Christians in each loss to read
 How we of old against them did succeed.
 In ev'ry Breach and Batt'ry still relate
 The story of our Honour and their Fate :
 In springing Moynes, or taking Bastions, tell [=Mines.
 Thus *Candy*, thus defenceless *Rhodes*, once fell.
 Recounting these, the better to inflame
 Your courage, no less than provoke their shame."

—*The Grand Seignior's Speech to the Ottoman
 Forces at Belgrade, who are now at war
 with the Christians, 1683.*¹

OUR English people in 1683 had not grown enthusiastically cosmopolitan. They held fewer sympathies with foreigners than the earlier generation surrounding Milton, who expressed a brotherhood with the Vaudois. The chief exception to this rule of insular narrowness was in the case of the Germanic races warring with the Turks around Vienna, and two years later the French Huguenots were welcomed heartily, after Lewis XIV. had revoked the Edict of Nantes, in October, 1685, when shelter and employment were afforded to the fugitives; on the whole to the advantage of the country which yielded them her hospitality.²

It is a good principle in private life to be guided by the maxim of Squire Broadlands, "The Old Country Squire," which was this:

A Smile for a Friend,
 A Frown for a Foe,
 And a full front to every one.

¹ This is a single-sheet, printed on both sides, London, for John Smith, 1683; preserved in the British Museum "Poetical Broad-sides," C. 20. f. fol. 126.

² William Durant Cooper in the Camden Society, No. LXXXII., 1862, furnished, from the State Paper Office, *Lists of Foreign Protestants and Aliens resident in England, 1618—1688*. The subject was pursued in the *Herald and Genealogist*, vol. i. pp. 159 to 174. Valuable additional Lists of Huguenots who settled in Sussex are preserved by the Sussex Archaeological Society, Vol. 13.

Nationally, we have always been moved more strongly by our enmities and antagonisms, by indignation or jealousy, than by spontaneous warmth of friendship, or willingness to protect the persecuted. If we help any victim, it is from hatred to the wrongdoer. But it is only in recent times that we gush sympathetically in all directions, with sentimental yearnings, whenever our newspapers make capital out of their foreign correspondents' interminable reports from everywhere; for the editorial leaders re-combine the scattered items of information, to arouse a fiery anger with large sale, by exposure of all conceivable and inconceivable abuses, oppressions or misfortunes, that ery aloud to Sirius and the nebulae in Orion for redress in ready money.

Since we possess these three *Roxburghe Ballads* on the Warfare around Vienna, let England hail at once, with sufficient gratitude, the token afforded of our solitary enthusiasm for somebody outside of ourselves at the time when disaffection was weltering through the land, and the Rye-House Plot recently discovered, but not yet fully punished. Since that date were seen the strangest alternations in the fickle-minded populace of England; the hot and cold fits of meddling interference or selfish isolation of non-intervention; but generally wrong in either case, and repented. The generosity was always denounced by noisy demagogues, who on the plea of political economy objected to pay the cost of bygone wars, whilst themselves too cowardly to risk their own person in battle. The abstention was undeserving of laudation, because not due to moral or religious objections, though these were sometimes named in extenuation as an after-thought. The paltriest timidity and mercantile caution held back our rulers from daring to step in for defence of former friends and allies, to keep them from being ruthlessly destroyed by brute force, since it was "no affair of ours." Some of us will never forget the national degradation, and shame at this selfish withdrawal from yielding substantial aid, when honour, friendship, and the due reverence to a brave people were disregarded. It is only a mockery when we drug our conscience by boastfully proffering non-belligerent ambulance-service to *both* combatants, while shrinking from the decision to cast our own sword in the balance. Burdened with the charges of old-time payments to hireling forces on the Continent, while we fought their battles with a prodigal outlay, since William of Orange first imposed the yoke on our people, we yet should rise superior to all fear for future days, sooner than yield to pusillanimous or miserly advisers of "Peace at any Price." Englishmen have read, with glowing cheeks and throbbing pulse, the noble sonnet by Milton, beginning "Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold." Spirit-stirring though it be, still dearer to some of us already, and destined to be no less memorable a land-mark, in later years, is the solemn protest uttered

by one who stood alone in our time, excellent in two kindred arts, and whose hallowed dust lies pillowed where the sea-waves break on the shores of Thanet, at Birchington, the well-loved poet and painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti:—

On Refusal of Aid between Nations.

Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
 Nor that the seasons totter in their walk,—
 Not that the virulent ill of act and talk
 Seethes ever as a wine-press ever trod,—
 Not therefore are we certain that the rod
 Weighs in thine hand to smite the world; though now
 Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,
 So many kings:—not therefore, O my God!—
 But because Man is parcelled out in men,
 Even thus; because, for any wrongful blow
 No man not stricken asks, ‘I would be told
 Why thou dost strike;’ but his heart whispers then,
 ‘He is he, I am I.’ By this we know
 That the earth falls asunder, being old.

We must return to 1683, *viz.* “The Christian Conquest,” and the Siege of Vienna. The woodcut, copied on page 372, is a worm-eaten and striking illustration of some much earlier siege (“All’s one for that!” Falstaff says), apparently of German workmanship, Wherever it may have wandered from, it suited the ballad-publisher more characteristically than borrowed pictures often did. But the beleaguering force ought to have been Turks, not mediæval warriors in armour, cuisses, *grevières*, helmets, and breast-plates as here shown. Genuine representations of the siege operations, engraved on copper-plates by Roman van Hooge, to accompany G. V. Geelen’s *Relation succinct . . . le Siège de Vienne*, and published at Brussels in 1684, give so forcible a representation of the horrors inseparable from such a contest, that we add elsewhere our own slight sketches of these elaborate works, to enrich the present bicentenary record of Vienna’s great Deliverance.

“For many thousand men,” said he,
 “Were slain in the great Victory.”



Roxburghe Collection (=B. H. Bright's), IV. 34.]

The Christian Conquest.

Being an Account of the great overthrow of the Turks before the Imperial City of Vienna in Germany, who, by God's Blessing and the happy Conduct of the King of Poland, the Duke of Lorain, &c., were totally routed; having lost near One hundred thousand men in the Field, sixty thousand Tents, and two Millions of Money in the Grand Visier's Tent, &c.

TO THE TUNE OF, *When the King enjoys his own again.* (See p. 139.)



J.W.E.

Good People, all sing and rejoyce,
 And praise the Lord with heart and voice,
 Such a Deliverance he hath shown
 The like before scarce e're was known;
 For the Infidels and *Turks* Had raised mighty works
 Before *Vienna's* stately walls: ¹
 But God did them defend, And will prove a certain friend
 To such as for help on him calls.

10

With a hundred and fifty thousand strong
 The Infidels did vaunt along,
 And for to take this City fair
 This Army great they did prepare:
 But it proved all in vain, For they beat them back again,
 And like brave Christians they did fight;
 Such resistance they did meet, Did frighten them to see't,
 At last they were inforced to flight.

20

The Valiant King of *Poland* he
 Led on his men couragiously,
 To that with Trumpet and with Drum
 Before the Infidels they'r come.

The Duke of *Lorain* Came prancing o're the Plain,²
 And like a noble Heroe fought;
 Till, fearing the defeat, They began to retreat,
 And at last they put them to the rout.

30

And of so many thousand men
 There's very few return'd again,
 They met with such an overthrow,
 The like before they ne'r did know ;

[*Vide ante*, p. 358.

For the Christians did fight In a Cause that was right,
 So great JEHOVAH did them bless :
 The Grand Visier he is slain, And will ne'r return again,
 His mournful ditty to express.³

40

These Infidels were insolent,
 And nothing could their minds content,
 But, vaunting, said that they were come
 To over-run all *Christendome* :

Such reckoning they did make, But it prov'd a great mistake,
 They now unto their sorrow find,
 And it makes them very sad, That their fortune was so bad,
 To leave Grand Visier here behind.

50

The Valour of the *Polish* King
 Throughout all *Christendome* doth ring ;
 Likewise the Brave Duke of *Lorain*,
 Who next the King did lead the Van :

In brave *Bavarian* Duke⁴ Did there [arrogance] rebuke,
 And the Elector of great *Saxony* ;⁵
 While the Noble Princee *Waldeck*⁶ Their insolence did check,
 Who all did fight courageously.

60

Sure *Mahomet* was fast asleep,
 When Christians' Can[n]on made them weep,
 Like mighty thunder they did rore,
 The like they ne're did hear before ;

Bravely the Fight begun, And as well was carried on,
 With resolution stout and bold :
 And now they do lament, They lost their Leader's Tent,
 Which was worth two millions of Gold.

70

And threescore thousand Tents beside
 They left behind, for all their Pride,⁷
 Besides so many thousands slain,
 Not half so many alive remain ;
 For the Christians, brave and stout, Did put them to the rout,
 That did such lofty Language use,
 There will not be many men That will e're get home agen,
 To tell this lamentable News. 80

[Finis.]

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: of which that representing two horsemen, one firing at another, who holds a *couteau de Chasse*, is on p. 376. True date, September, 1683; but perhaps delayed in issue until February, 168³/₄. Compare Note 3, on the fourth verse; given with other notes on next page. The cut below originally represented a London Train-Band.]



Notes to *The Christian Conquest*.

¹ *The Turkish Encampment* was studied by John Sobieski, King of Poland. On the 11th of September, the day before the decisive battle, Sobieski with his Poles beheld from the heights of the Kalenberg the outstretched Turkish encampment. The Abbé Coyer in his *Memoir of Sobieski* writes, "From this hill the Christians were presented with one of the finest and most dreadful prospects of the greatness of human power; an immense plain and all the islands of the *Danube* covered with pavilions, whose magnificence seemed rather calculated for an encampment of pleasure than the hardships of war; an innumerable multitude of horses, camels, and buffaloes, 2,000,000 men all in motion, swarms of Tartars dispersed along the foot of the mountain in their usual confusion; the fire of the besiegers incessant and terrible, and that of the besieged such as they could contrive to make: in fine, a great city, distinguishable only by the tops of the steeples and the fire and smoke." To Sobieski's eye was at once visible the fatal want of generalship of his foe, in the disposition of this armed multitude.

² Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had already been heavily tasked with his small force, opposed alike to the Turk and Tekeli, supporting garrisons, and doing his utmost to hamper the enemy when they made incursions into Upper Austria and Moravia, but especially to prepare bridges for the relieving army above Vienna. His head-quarters were at Krems on the Danube, where Saxons and Bavarians joined him, after he had rescued Presburg from Tekeli. When Sobieski was seriously entangled in the cavalry charge which decided the victory, it was the Duke of Lorraine's able reinforcement with his Germans that preserved the Polish King, by renewing the attack with the left of the allies.

³ Since news of Kara Mustapha having been strangled at Belgrade did not reach England until February, 1684, this declaration that "the Vizier he is slain" might seem to indicate the composition of the ballad thus late; but we suppose the versical report of his death to be premature and inaccurate. This is the probable solution. Great as were the faults, fatal the blunders of this Vizier, he showed in his last hour dignity and resignation. He had fled to Belgrade, and, when the news of the terrible mischance at Vienna reached Constantinople, a messenger was sent to the Vizier with his death-warrant. He knew his doom. Before he opened the letter, he asked for five minutes' respite, to say his prayers, and then gave himself in readiness to die. He was buried in Belgrade, and an honourable tomb was accorded to him, which was preserved intact, until the last Turkish war, when the miserable Servians, with characteristic meanness and spite, tore the body from its tomb. To dishonour the dead, whilst incapable of any heroic resistance of the living, was their embodiment of the Slavonic idea.

⁴ Undoubtedly "Barbarian" in the original was an awkward mistake for *Bavarian* (synonymous in 1870): it refers to Maximilian of Bavaria (later to become distinguished at Blenheim and Ramilies); at this time aged 21.

⁵ Waldeck, of the House of Waldeck-Wildungen, commanding the troops of the Circles; formerly associated bravely with Orange in the Netherlands, and now winning praise from Sobieski. When the Polish Lancers were thrown into confusion and their officers were slain, Waldeck moved up with his Bavarians from the centre and saved the Poles.

⁶ The Elector of Saxony, with Prince Waldeck and the Elector of Bavaria had been posted in the centre. Jablonowski commanded the right. Lorraine, Louis of Baden, Count Leslie and Count Caprara held the left. Sobieski was with the centre or right centre, Lubomirski with his irregular Poles being on the left. This was the disposition before the battle.

⁷ Sobieski made no secret of enjoying the unexampled plunder. Dating on the 13th from "the Vizier's Tent," he tells his *bien-aimée Mariette, seule joie de son âme, charmante et bien-aimée Mariette*, "The Vizier has made me his Heir; he has done everything *en galant homme*. . . . You cannot say to me, 'You are no warrior!' as the Tartar women say to their husbands when they return empty-handed For two nights and a day plunder has gone on at will; even the towns-folk have taken their share, and I am sure that there is enough left for eight days more. The plunder we got at *Choczim* was nothing to this." Brave hero, he deserved all that he got, his share of spoil, the rapturous acclaims of the troops and the rescued Viennese who had fought so well; all that history can record of his prowess. But the mean and grudging jealousy of the Emperor, is sickening to record: his ingratitude being the one thing which Sobieski did *not* deserve in repayment from the House of Hapsburg.

* * We have yet another ballad on the Victories gained by the Christian armies over the Turks. But it is of a later victory than the September raising of the Turkish Siege at Vienna: one of the Hungarian battles, before the death of Kara Mustapha. The locality appears to be *Barcan*, and the time Oct., 1683.



[This cut belongs to p. 374.]

The Christians' New Victory, at Barcan.

“But, *Ottoman*, pray get you gone,
 We *Christians* do but draw you on ;
 We'll greater booty have, or none,
 And if you'll now prevent it,
 If ever you turn your face this way,
 We'll make the *Cannou-musick* play ;
 And you shall dance the *English Hey*,
 Till all your bones lament it.

“Our Royal *James* will make you know
 The sharpness of a *Yorkshire Ho* !
 And prove by land and sea your *Foe* ;
 If *Charles* command to do it ;
 Both *England, Scotland, Dutch* and *Dane*,
 And all his *Islands* of the *Main*,
 Will not be able to refrain,
 If he once bid to shew it.”

—*A Plaudite on the Ottoman Defeat at Vienna.*¹

THE subject of this ballad, “The Christians' New Victory Over the Turks, in Hungary,” is in much closer connection with the Duke of Monmouth than at first sight appears. Re-issued early in the year 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, with a loyal reference to “our Royal Monarch James,” at that time newly seated on the English throne, instead of the former appellation, “our Royal Admiral James” of November, 1683, “The Christians' New Victory” indicates with sufficient clearness the interest felt in the continental struggle against the Turk, and the rapturous applause which attended the success of the allies in his humiliation. In a great measure the persons who now rejoiced, and bought these ballads on the triumph in Hungary, or the earlier ballads on the defeat of the Turkish forces at Vienna, were the same who had cherished a hope of Monmouth succeeding Charles the Second, and who would watch the beginning of the final struggle between the weak “Protestant Hero,” “Young Jemmy,” and the more astute Romanist, “The Popish Successor,” known as “Old Jemmy.” Whoever may have been “J. S.,” the author of the present ballad, he is not unlikely to have written some of the speedily-following ditties, celebrating the fatal blunder of the Western Insurrection.

This seems but a slight connection of events, but the enthusiasm connected with the military exploits in Hungary was so great, and widely diffused, that for a short time it was looked upon as almost

¹ This was a sequel to Tom D'Urfey's “Excellent New Song on the late Victories over the Turks” (given on p. 366); compare p. 361 for first and second verses: the present motto being seventh and eighth verses. James, Duke of York, was reinstated as Lord High Admiral, on 16th of May, 1684.

a certainty that Monmouth would throw himself bravely as a volunteer companion and leader into what some deemed "the new Crusade of Christendom." It was no idle gossip, but a veritable fact. We know little about the men who left our white cliffs to fight the Turk, but "Our English Volunteers" are mentioned in this ballad.

The better qualities of Monmouth would have found room for displaying themselves in a warrior's life, with its privations, its unselfish care of others, its exercise of foresight, calm endurance, and masterly skill of organization. Everything seemed to favour the plan. He had youth, health, and military ardour. For the present his ambition was curbed and himself disheartened. Yet Charles remained fond of him; still later he won praise with proffered help from both William and Mary of Orange. He saw a tempting prize before him, of sympathy from the English nation if he distinguished himself gallantly with prowess and generalship. We know what was his secret ambition; nothing less than the sovereignty of three kingdoms. But from Orange he disguised this aim. Had he freed himself from such men as Robert Ferguson and Ford Lord Grey, made his peace fully with York, and gone a volunteer against the Turk, all might have ended better for him.

As formerly, on p. 357, it may be convenient to show how the news-letters brought intelligence of the second great victory:—

October, 1683.—"Letters from the imperiall army in *Hungary* confirm the news of a second victory the *Poles* and Imperialists have obtained over the *Turks* at *Barean* in *Hungary*; killing 6,000 upon the place, tak[ing] several prisoners, among whom was a *bassa* [Bashaw = Pacha] or two; but not without a considerable losse on the other side, but more especially the *Poles*."—N. Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, i. 286.

See our ballad entitled "The Christians' New Victory," on p. 380, concerning this battle.

November, 1683.—"Letters from *Hungary* inform of the good news of the Emperor's forces under the command of the Duke of *Lorraine*, having taken *Gran* with an inconsiderable losse: the successe of the Emperor's arms does very much disturb the *French King*; however, he had busied himself with takeing places in *Flanders*, as *Courtray*, *Audenard*, etc."—*Ibid.*, p. 284.

February 12th, 1683.—"Letters from *Turkey* inform, that the Aga of the *Janizaries* had, by order of the Grand Seignior, caused the Grand Vizier to be strangled at *Belgrade*; and they speak also of the great preparations are making every where through the *Turkish* dominions for carrying on the war against the Emperor."—*Ibid.*, p. 301.

Spou in his *Travels*, published 1678, declares that "Of all the princes of Christendom there was none whom the *Turks* so much feared as the Czar of *Muscovy*." Two hundred years later, it has been the same danger.

March 14th, 1683.—"Letters from *Cracow* speak of two great victories obtained by the *Cossacks* against the *Turks* and *Tartars*; in the former battell the *Turks*, etc., lost near 20,000 men, and in the latter near 30,000; and that several places were revolted from the *Turks*, and had put themselves under the protection of the King of *Poland*."—*Ibid.*, p. 302.

And here, copied direct from the *London Gazette*, are the *First Official English Accounts of Barcan Victory*.

Linzt, October 13 [1683].—This Night arrived here Count *Lamberg* from the Army, and gave the Emperor an account, That the *Imperial* and *Polish* troops had defeated 10,000 *Turks* near *Barcan*: that 6,000 were killed upon the place, and 8 or 900 taken Prisoners: That among these [prisoners] was the *Bassa of Silestria*, and among the killed the new *Bassa of Buda* and the *Bassa of Aleppo*: And that the Troops in *Barkan* seeing this body, which was to protect them, defeated, had presently after surrendered on discretion. The 10th, arrived here from *Madrid* the Count *de la Riviera* with a supply of 100,000 Crowns. The advices from *Hungary* assure us, That the Grand Visier had caused *Ibrahim Bassa* and 30 principal Officers more to be strangled.—*London Gazette*, No. 1870.

A full account is given in the following number of *The London Gazette*, from Monday, October 22, to Thursday, October 25, 1683:—

Lints, Octob. 16.—"The Letters from the Imperial Camp near *Gran* confirm the account we gave you in our last, brought hither by the Count *de Lamberg*, of the Victory which the Christians obtained against the *Turks* at *Barkan*, whereof they give us the following Relation. On the 9th instant, the Imperial and Polish Armies advanced in order of Battle, the Imperialists having the Vanguard towards *Barkan*, near which place was encamped a body of between 13 and 14,000 *Turks* being the best Troops of their remaining Army. They, encouraged with the advantage they had upon the *Poles* on the 7th, no sooner saw the Christian Army appear, but advanced with full speed and most hideous cries, charged the Imperialists, and endeavour'd to break in upon them; the Christians kept themselves very close and firm, and repulsed the Enemy, who then turned towards the *Poles*, and made a very fierce charge upon them; the *Poles* received them likewise with great bravery, and, being very well seconded by the Imperialists, made a great slaughter of the Enemy, who seeing one of their chief Bassas slain, and another taken prisoner, fled towards *Barkan*. The Christians pursued them very close, and fired upon them with their Cannon, which the King and the Duke of *Lorraine* caused to advance for that purpose. Of the Enemy, some got over the Bridge of *Gran*, which happily for us broke, others threw themselves into *Barkan*, some were drowned, and others taken prisoners; so that of this whole body not above 4,000 escaped. The Imperial Foot and Dragoons advanced, and the Regiment of *Castelli*, and some other commanded Troops attacked the counterscarp of *Barkan*, being led on by the Count *de Staremberg*, and took it with their swords in their hands, and put all the *Turks* that were there to the Sword, but gave quarter to 500 *Janisaries* that were in the place, and who surrendered at Discretion. The Christians after having pillaged *Barkan*, set fire to it, and as well there as in the Enemies' Camp, which covered the said Fort, as likewise the City of *Gran*, they had a great deal of plunder: 20 pieces of cannon with great quantities of provisions and ammunition, and many fine horses with very rich furniture were taken; and the Prisoners declare, That after this second defeat the Christians will not meet with any considerable resistance any where, there being a very great consternation among the *Turks*. They in *Gran* continued to fire upon the Christian Troops that were in sight of them, till night, and renewed the same the next morning; but their cannon was but small, and did us little harm."—*Ibid.* No. 1871.



[Pepys Collection, II. 138; Douce, I. 49, verso.]

The Christians' New Victory

Over the Turks, in Hungaria, near the Drave.

In this Famous Battle the *Christians* kill'd near Twenty Thousand,
took one hundred and twenty Guns, the *Grand Vizier's* Tent and
Baggage, to an inestimable value of Gold, Silber, and Jewels: a
greater Victory was hardly ever known in *Europe*.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*Hark*] *The Thund'ring Cannons roar*. [See p. 366.]



Round, Boys, a Bumper to *Lorraine*!
 Drink it up, and fill again;
 We'll empty the *Thames*, and drench the main,
 E'er we'll want any liquor.
 Here's a Health to the valiant King o' th' *Poles*,
 And all the Loyal *German* Souls;
 Let's every one drink of our Bowls,
 'Twill make our Spirits quicker.

Advance your Pikes, and cock your Guns,
See how the *Turkish* Bashaw runs,
Wee'll root 'em out o' their sculking Towns ;
Brave Ensigns, furl your Flags here.

Staremburg, that valiant Man, [See p. 363.

Falls on first with the *Polish* Van ;
Let's charge 'em briskly hand to hand :
He's a cowardly Sot that lags here. 16

Let ev'ry Souldier keep their Ranks,
Double their Files in the thinnest Flanks,
The Foes stand thick on the *Danube* Banks,
Yet the *Turks* dare scarce defend her.

Our thund'ring Cannon shall ring a Peal,
And sound 'em many a doleful Knell,
'Twill send 'em post to the King of Hell,
If they quickly don't surrender. 24



The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

SEE, how our English Volunteers
Charge, as Men that know no fears ;
Where e'er they come the Battle clears :
Hark, how the trumpet blows, Boys !
They strike the Foe with terror and death,
Nor give the *Turkish* Tyrant breath :
Their bodies strew'd about the Heath,
Make savory meat for Crows, Boys. 32

O that our Royal Admiral *James*,
With an *English* Fleet would fill the *Thames*,
We'd turn all *Turkey* into flames,
For the honour of our King, Boys,
If we to Club-law once should come,
We'd give the *Turkish* Rogues their Doom,
And follow close by the side o' th' drum,
And make the Heaven's ring, Boys. 40

See, how the Royal Banners fly !
 Hark, how the Cannons rend the Sky !
 The hideous groans of the *Turks* that dye
 Do pierce the airey Regions.
 In *Mahomet* they vainly plac'd
 Their trust, in vain his Shrine 's embrac'd ;
 He lets 'em still be slain [, or] chas'd
 By *Cæsar's* Royal Legions.

48

No more let *Europe* fear the fame
 O' th' *Ottomans*, nor dread the same,
 But let 'em still adore the name
 Of *Cæsar's* grand Successor.
 Our Arms with *Turkish* Blood we'll stain,
 Those Troops which fill'd th' *Hungarian* Plain
 Are trodden down, pursu'd and slain,
 By *Mars* his brave Professor.

56

By J. S.

[*License*, in 1685:] This may be Printed, R[*ichard*] P[*ocoek*].

Printed for *Philip Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. One woodcut, which had probably in Civil-War times represented Prince Rupert and his celebrated dog "Boy." This ballad must have been first issued about the end of October, 1683; but the Bodleian broadside was a reprint sent out and licensed in 1685, when the words "Admiral James" were altered into "Sovereign James," line 33, to disguise the lack of novelty. Such a practice was usual among politic Ballad-printers; and is not yet obsolete.]

* * A Loyal Poem entitled *The Recovery of Peace*, 1683 (*cf.* pp. 398, 413), has the following lines :—

“ But now the Charm's dissolv'd, and *England* free
 From the enchantment does its madness see ;
 Sees its vain fears of that expected Day,
 No Royal Blood stain'd the fifteenth of *May*.
 Prevailing Truth has open'd *Britain's* eyes,
 And, Folly seen, begins to make her wise.
 Oh ! let us then unite, let Faction cease,
 Nor think Confusion is the way of Peace ;
 That Schism must the Churches' fall prevent,
 And breaking Laws secure the Government.
 Let Traytors to expected Tryal come,
 And from the mouth of Justice hear their doom.
 'Tis so, he's gone where Justice does maintain
 Her Seat in peace, nor bears the Sword in vain.
 No hackney speakers there o'er Law prevail,
 To conquer thee by telling of a tale ;
 Nor factious, nor guilty Lords appear,
 To blunt the Sword whose edge they justly fear.”

New Song, on Foes Foreign and Domestic.

“ Confound their Politicks, frustrate their Knavish Tricks,
On Him our hopes we fix : O save us all ! ”

—Henry Carey’s *National Anthem*.

ONE more Song on the Viennese and Polish triumph over the Turks, before we return to the Duke of Monmouth as the central figure; whom we find alluded to in this very ditty, although disguisedly, under pretence of an attack on Tekeli, “that *Perkin Prince of War*.” Persons who then “read between the lines” could not fail to understand the equivoque. The Song, therefore, forms a truly connecting link between those honestly celebrative of the Turkish defeat, and the ensuing group on Monmouth’s avowed but sham repentance, with his brief return into favour at Court.

It was the fashion of the day to mock at Emerich, Count Tekeli, or “Teckley,” and to underrate his qualities. His father had joined in the conspiracy of 1671, a revolt of Protestant Hungary against the exactions of the Austrian Court, which was under the influence of the Jesuits. He shared the punishment allotted for failure, and was executed. His son escaped into Transylvania, gained the alliance and protection of the Turks, and began an irregular war of resistance. Hungarians rallied to his assistance. French officers and engineers led the Volunteers, and some Poles; by the spring of 1683 Tekeli held a formidable power, and defeated the Imperial troops.

It was generally believed that Louis XIV. was intriguing to humiliate the House of Hapsburg, by encouraging the Hungarian revolt and also the aggressions of the Sultan. The aggrandizement of France was a paramount object with its King; hence the severance of any common bond of Christendom against the Turks, or even the success of Protestants, appeared to be disregarded as penalties for this policy. The personal ambition of the Grand Vizier, seeking to gain a virtually independent sovereignty in Hungary, with the wealth and influence of Vienna, speedily superseded the interest attached to Tekeli’s efforts. This impressed those English who first read our *Roxburghe Ballads* concerning the foreign warfare near Vienna. The “New Song” accuses France of instigating the Siege. If Vienna had fallen before the Turk, in 1683, the alliance would have been weaker against *Le Grand Monarque* ten years later.

* * * The tune named, *The Grenadiers’ March*, was used on April 23rd, St. George’s Day, 1685, for “A New Song on the Coronation of King *James II.*,” beginning, “Hail! thou mighty Monarch, *James*.” The music is given in *The Dancing-Master*, 1683, p. 196; *Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 224. Words on our p. 538.

A New Song [on King John Sobieski];

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Grenadeers' March.*

HAil to the mighty Monarch, Valiant *Pole!* [Sobieski.
 Of Victory the Soul,
 The first great Conqueror in the Holy War,
 The bright auspicious *Northern Star;*
 To *Staremburg* the bold, and all his Train;
 To the generous *Lorraine,*
 That has valiant men at his command,
 As e'er the mighty *Bully* had, who stole his Land. [Louis XIV.
 For 't was He, 't was He, that *Christian Turk,*
 That has set 'em all to work,
 And now lies upon the lurk,
 In hopes a mighty name to gain:
 But his hopes may prove in vain;
 For the *Pole*, with his *Jove*-assisting hand,
 Thund' red all out of the Land
 By a word of his command;
 Both *Trimmer-Whig* and *Jew,*
 And all that *Christian* Peace subdue. 18

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

TEckley, that *Perkin* Prince of War, [Count Emerich Tekeli.
 That has kept so great a stir,
 Deluded by a Renegado Fate,
 Now with his injur'd Monarch will capitulate.
 Policy and Treason ne'er agree,
 There 's no hope of Remedy;
 Since injur'd Clemency is so much abus'd,
 All shew of sham Repentance ought to be refus'd:
 For the *Pole* with Rebels scorns to treat,
 Nor can *Mahomet* the Great
 Hinder *Teckley's* defeat;
 Nor all the Pride that the Faction draws
 Can oppose our Royal Cause.
 Whilst the bold Resulters strive in vain, [Qu. Revolters?
 Sobieski and *Lorraine*
 With all *Hungary* stain:
 Should the[y] new Conquest still pursue:
 Then, Monsieur, *Gardez vous!* 36

[Issued in White-letter, with Music, near the end of 1683.]

Monmouth in Hiding at Toddington.

. "I have known
 The luscious sweets of Plenty; every night
 Have slept with soft content about my head,
 And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning:
 Yet now must fall like a full ear of Corn,
 Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening."

—Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Act i. 1682.

WE have seen on previous pages that the betrayal of the Rye-House Plot, with the meetings at Thomas Sheppard's wine-vault in Abchurch-Lane, having been followed, on June 28th, by a Proclamation denouncing Monmouth, Ford Lord Grey, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and Robert Ferguson, these conspirators secured safety by flight. Grey had indeed been arrested, and taken to the Tower (by a perhaps too zealous messenger, Henry Deerham), but, by collusion, secret orders, or blundering, he was not admitted at so late an hour, after the gates were shut for the night. Before morning he had contrived to intoxicate the messenger, Deerham, in whose charge he remained. Grey went to the Tower, making a pretence of surrendering a prisoner; but, leaving the man asleep, instead of entering he fled to Holland with Ferguson. Evidently matters were arranged for them. Such persons were too useful as decoy ducks and betrayers to be really sought for punishment of justice, while they could sell better men to the halter or the block. The pursuit of them, again and again, was a mere blind. Sir Thomas Armstrong was already in Holland when they arrived. No doubt he then felt himself to be in safety, for he claimed to have been born within the protection of the States.

Monmouth also was generally supposed to be there. He had nevertheless remained in England, little sought for, after the first few days; so that he could move from Moor Park to other places, but chiefly residing at Toddington in Bedfordshire, along with Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, whom he later declared to be "the choice of his ripened years." She was the grand-daughter and heiress of Thomas Wentworth, Fourth Baron and First Earl of Cleveland, who died in 1667. She was fondly attached to her handsome lover, for whose sake she gave up maidenly reputation, and at last even life itself (for she died of a broken heart, a few months after he had spoken of her in the words quoted above at his execution in July, 1685). Lewis Duras, the Earl of Feversham, sought her hand in marriage, but she preferred to be Monmouth's unwedded Mistress to becoming the wife of any other man.

During their happiest days, perhaps before guilt had sullied their intercourse, her name with his had been carved by Monmouth on some of the trees at Toddington, near Dunstable, and one such memorial is reported to have been preserved and visited until recent years,

FAIR Beech, thou bear'st our interwoven names,
 Here grav'd, the token of our mingled flames,
 Preserve the mark; and as thy head shall rise
 Our loves shall heighten till they reach the skies;
 The wounds in us, as these in thee, shall spread
 Larger by time, and fairer to be read.
 Stand, sacred Tree! here still inviolate stand,
 By no rude axe profan'd, by no unhallow'd hand.
 Be thou the tree of Love, and here declare
 That once a Nymph was found as true as she was fair.¹

Of another relic belonging to those days an account will soon be given on pp. 390, 396; and later, in "*Monmouth's Twin-Flames.*"

So early as December, 1674, there had been a familiar intimacy uniting them. At that time Lady Henrietta Wentworth, in the Court theatricals at Whitehall, had acted Jupiter in John Crowne's Masque of "*Calisto (sic)*"; or, *The Chaste Nymph*," and Dryden wrote the Epilogue for her to speak, beginning thus:—

As *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain,
 I'll now assume my native shape again.
 I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
 And would not be a God to be refus'd.

None but ladies acted in the Masque, but among the dancers were the Duke of Monmouth, with Lord Dunblaine (the Viscount Peregrine, afterwards second Duke of Leeds, younger son and heir of Thomas, Earl of Danby), and Lord Daincourt, or D'Eyncourt.

The intimacy of Monmouth with Lady Henrietta Wentworth (like that of Byron with the Countess Guiccioli, which drew him away from indiscriminate amours with baser women,) had followed after one as close and guilty with Mistress Eleanor Needham. It grew to its height at the time when he was even not less culpably committed with Lady Mary, the Countess Grey, a daughter of George, first Earl of Berkeley, and wife of Monmouth's disreputable associate Ford, Lord Grey of Werk. Outspoken Dorothy, dowager Countess of Sunderland, had written to her brother, Henry Sydney, so early as January 30th, 1678,—"The Duke of *Monmouth* has so little employment in State-affairs that he has been at leisure to send two fine Ladies out of town. My Lord *Grey* has carried his wife into *Northumberland* [where he had estates]; and my Lady

¹ These tender lines were written by Samuel Say, who died so late as 1745. In 1855, Lord Macaulay touchingly mentioned the tree at Toddington, with her name "still discernible a few years ago." (*History*, cap. v.)

Wentworth's ill eyes [*Henrietta's* mother, who was very short-sighted] did find cause, as she thought, to carry her daughter into the country, in so much haste that it makes a great noise, and was done sure in some great passion. My Lord *Grey* was long in believing the Duke of *Monmouth* an unfaithful friend to him. He gave her but one night's time to take leave, pack up, and be gone. Some say he is gone to improve his interests in the North." We know more of this than the Duchess tells. After leaving in Northumberland this "Annabel" (as she is disguisingly designated in *A Nobleman's Love-Letters to his Sister*, 1683), Grey made no scruple of rejoining Monmouth in Sussex. They were together at Tunbridge, and at most of the race-courses, Monmouth keeping many horses, winning plates and losing bets, in the orthodox manner with his neglected wife's revenues. So unfaithful a couple of husbands could not feel scrupulous about one another's peccadilloes. Such a man as Grey, who outraged his own sister-in-law, would scarcely feel much moral indignation at his wife being dishonoured by his rich friend, of Royal lineage, although "on the wrong side of the blanket." It was asserted that Grey connived at the adulterous intimacy, until it become too openly notorious. It is probable enough, considering his character, despite his occasionally carrying the wife to Northumberland, and leaving her to her own devices in the cooler regions. But it is equally probable that he secretly resented the dishonour (adulterers not being usually wittols), and awaited his time for revenge, profiting so far as he could in his ambition until he insured the destruction of Monmouth's hopes:

For Time at last sets all things even :
And, if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade—if unforgiven—
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

While first "in hiding," at the time when all London was convulsed with anxieties and curiosity regarding the impending trials, Monmouth had in July sent a private message to Lord William Russell, offering to surrender himself, if by so doing he could benefit his friend. The reply is stated to have been, that it would be no advantage to Russell to have his friends die with him. This answer proves that Russell well knew there had been sufficiency of treasonable conspiracy among them to cause the condemnation of himself and others; although it was probable that Monmouth's case would naturally be judged with special leniency, and therefore, if *he* were anywise in danger, so much greater must have been the risk for his arrested companions.

Dismissing remembrance of the melancholy suicide, Essex, and of Russell, who was speedily executed after his trial and condemnation;

avoiding the betrayer Howard of Escrick, and separated from Grey, the evil genius of his life, Monmouth seems to have given himself to the delights of companionship with Lady Henrietta Wentworth. Her mother must by this time have felt herself utterly powerless to oppose their irregular union, which had gone too far for prevention or cure.

Lady Henrietta Wentworth was independent of her mother, as regards property, being an heiress in her own right. She travelled about openly with Monmouth, received publicly as though they were a wedded couple.

In the autumn of 1683, while Monmouth held close intercourse with her, he had not entirely separated from Eleanor Needham, whose house was watched by Oglethorpe's spies; but insufficiently, for while one of them kept inspecting the front entrance, Monmouth escaped by the back door, traversing the "Field of Forty Footsteps," the house being in Great Russell-Street, Bloomsbury. The report was transmitted to Sir Lionel Jenkins, but the espionage seems to have been merely *pro formâ*. (See pp. 390 and 409.)

This Eleanor was very beautiful; like her sister the celebrated Mistress Jane Middleton, one of the 'Court Beauties' painted by Sir Peter Lely (wrongly called "an actress," for she had only appeared in private theatricals): daughters of Sir Robert Needham. Eleanor bore four children to Monmouth, two sons and two daughters.

A word about her genealogy and family connections. Her grandfather was Thomas Needham of Clocaenog, Denbigh, who married Eleanor, widow of Sir Robert Salusbury in the same county. She was daughter of Sir Henry Bagenall of Plas Newydd, Anglesea, and of Newry in Armagh. Thomas and Eleanor's son was the Sir Robert Needham mentioned above. He was twice married, his first wife being Elizabeth, daughter of John Hartopp of Godstone, Surrey, and Anne Evelyn (daughter of John Evelyn, half-brother to Richard Evelyn of Wotton in Surrey, *the father of our John Evelyn the Diarist* and F.R.S.). Sir Robert Needham's second wife was Jane, daughter of William Cockayne of Clapham, and she had been previously married; her former husband having been John Worfield, a barrister of All Hallows, Barking, who died shortly before July, 1650. By this second marriage to Jane, Sir Robert had several children; first, her namesake Jane (known afterwards as "the beautiful Mrs. Middleton," the wanton goddess, wife of Charles Middleton), and fourth, Eleanor, not less beautiful, but not less frail. Born at Lambeth, in July, 1650, named after her aunt and grandmother, she lived for many years the acknowledged mistress of James, Duke of Monmouth. As already mentioned, she bore him four children, all known by the surname of "Crofts," by which he had formerly been known. They were, James, Henry, and Isabella, who all died unmarried, and Henrietta, who in 1697 married Charles,

Marquis of Winchester, afterwards 2nd Duke of Bolton, K.G. She died, a widow, on 27th February, 1736, leaving an only child, Lord Nassau Paulett. Her portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Eleanor Needham, who had held this open relation of Mistress to the married Duke of Monmouth, is shrewdly suspected to have previously belonged to Lord Mulgrave, and still earlier to the Duke of York. In fact, disputed possession of this lady is believed to have been the beginning and chief cause of the enmity between York and Monmouth. But these social arrangements did not stand in the way of her ultimately being married by one John South, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, who died in Ireland, on the 29th of April, 1711.

We have had frequent occasion to mention the notorious intrigue of Monmouth with Mary, Lady Grey: a favourite topic in the lampoons of the time. Thus in the lines entitled "Rochester's Ghost to the Secretary of the Muses" (*i.e.* Robert Julian), by an imitator of John Wilmot, and written not earlier than the close of 1680, her character is given along with similarly tainted women:

And here, would time permit me, I could tell
Of *Cleveland*, *Portsmouth*, *Crofts*, and *Arundel*,
Moll Howard, *Su[ss]ex*, *Lady Grey*, and *Nell*;
Strangers to Good, but bosom-friends to Ill:
As boundless in their Lusts as in their will.

After circulation of the absurd story about Elizabeth Freeman "the Maid of Hatfield" having had visions of a spirit who *might* be that of Monmouth's mother, Lucy Walter—a story used by Robert Ferguson and the Exclusionist faction to gain the adherence of ignorant and credulous fanatics—a counter-broadside was published, as a lampoon, pretending to tell of a Ghost or Spirit having appeared to Lady Grey, "with the likeness of a bright star on its breast," to indicate Monmouth, in the absence of her husband, much to her comfort. This and similar jests won the indignant rebuke of some paid or unpaid serious Moralists, whose poem is entitled "*Sophronia*: Verses written occasionally, by reading a Late *Scandalous Libel*, designed *An Aspersion upon the Lady G—*." 1681. It begins:

AS some vile Atheist, that could ne'er agree
With Conscience, God, or Christianity,
By Hell inspir'd, prophanes the blessed state,
Owens no First Cause, the Holy Writ does hate,
Blasphemes the Heavens and grows a Reprobate; }
So Envy strove *Sophronia's* Fame to blast,
Sophronia, angel fair, and wise, and chaste;
Blest Genius of a happy Husband's life,
The softest, mildest, and the truest Wife: }
Whose Vertue, like the God of the gay Morn,
Serenely shone, and Love did more adorn;
And though malicious clouds do strive to shade
Its glorious face, and influence invade,

[!!!

Through the black mists her lustre soon did pierce,
 And guild with dazling beams the Universe.
 Ingrateful, barb'rous, and detracting Age!
 Thou scene of impudent, ill-natur'd rage!
 Epitome of Hell! that art so lewd
 Thou know'st not to distinguish Ill from Good;
 But, as a grovelling Flog no blossom heeds,
 Thou root'st up fragrant Flowers with stinking Weeds.
 Be pumpt in thy own faction, and thy care,
 In thy Rebellion curst, but never dare
 With impious breath presume to blast the Fair. }
 Base Sordid Age! that dost not merit see
 But usest Beauty just like Loyalty.

(*London*: Printed for *John Seeves*, 19 October, 1681.)

This praise had not been *intentionally* ironical, as was the later "Advice to a Painter," 1685 (given complete in the *Final Group*):—

Paint *G[rey]*, with a romantick constancy,
 Resolv'd to Conquer or resolv'd to fly,
 And let there in his guilty face appear
 The Rebel's malice and the Coward's fear;
 That future Ages in the face may see
 Not his Wife fals'er to his Bed than to all parties he.

Between the middle of June and the middle of October Monmouth passed nearly five months in this ambiguous seclusion, nominally proscribed but virtually protected. That the time was chiefly spent in amorous dalliance with one or another of his favourite ladies is tolerably clear. That his movements and various coverts were known to the King is certain. Some slight communications were even then passing between them, but these were carefully hidden from the Duke of York. After the first startling surprise at seeing his own name included in the proclamation, Monmouth gave himself no farther anxiety, and let the trial of Algernon Sydney drag its slow length along without making an effort to save him. Nay more, as will be shown hereafter, by selfish vacillation first and obstinacy later, he indirectly caused the death of Sydney.

We have one important token of these intermediate weeks spent in seclusion: the poem of "The Twin-Flame." (See p. 392.)

We mentioned another relic than the tree with the entwined initials of the lovers, Monmouth and Henrietta Wentworth. The tree has perished, but the other is within our reach, safe after many vicissitudes and wanderings. It is a small volume, bound in black leather, once brightly gilt, a pocket-book of Monmouth's own manuscript memoranda, love-songs, verses, and itineraries of journeys—one ending thus at the Wentworth house of Toddington:—

[*Posts*,] "From London to Hamsted; from Hamsted to Henden; from Henden to Edgeworth; from Edgeworth to Astra; from Astra to St. Steephens; from St. Steephens to Downstable: and from Downstable to Tedington."

Charms, lampoons, scurril jests, medical recipes, are in this note-book ; found on his person after Sedgemoor fight, and taken to London : attested in the handwriting of King James the Second, who kept possession of it until his own death, when it passed with other documents to the Irish College at Paris. Thence, in revolutionary commotions, it re-passed to private possession of two students, John Barrette and S. Rutter ; and ultimately into London. Few of the songs are original, and some we have identified. To these we shall return before considering the Western Insurrection. *We copy direct from the original*, retaining Monmouth's incorrect spelling. The first Poem, "The Twin Flame," on its 83rd page, has, underneath the title, the words "*Sent mee by m. P.*," probably meaning "by my Pet" or "my *Phillis*;" but partly scribbled over to obliterate them. We believe the Poem refers to his rival mistresses.

One of the two, indicated was probably Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth. The other 'Miss' was either Eleanor Needham, or, less likely, Lady Mary Grey. Was it "Chloris" who sent it (Eleanor, not "Annabel"), or was it "Phillis," that is, young Lady Wentworth? We believe it to have come from "Phillis," and to have been her own composition, a playful bantering acknowledgement of the "resistless magick" in the eyes of "greedy Cloris," while claiming for herself a constancy of friendship. That Eleanor was covetous of gifts, like her sister Jane Middleton, is probable ; her attractive influence over him she possessed as yet unbroken. Here is one proof:

On the 30th of June, 1683, tempted by the offered reward of 500*l.*, the spy writes to Sir Leoline Jenkins, Secretary of State :—"Mrs. *Needham* (the D. of *M?* Miss) had a house in *Russell-Street, Bloomsbury*, weh has been quitted some months, and expos'd to be let. This afternoon she was observed to give a kind of a signal knock at the dore, and she was im'diately admitted: the person not seen that open'd the Dore. The Windowes are kept shutt, and there's a Back Dore to the House."—*Domestic Papers, Car. II.* in State Paper Office.

The poem appears to be "My Phillis's" paraphrase of many an impassioned love-speech, self-upbraiding, and compliment of the enamoured Monmouth, to whom in a gay rapturous hour she had "sent" it, during one of his absences, when she was chiding him for the probable infidelity by renewal of intimacy with her rival Eleanor. He was not unlikely to be false to each individual Mistress, after having been systematically faithless and selfish towards his wife. She, the Lady Anne Scott, Duchess of Monmouth, and Countess of Buccleugh in her own right, never enters into his calculation. She had not at any time been privy to his schemes, and, although she was reputed to be ambitious, had used her utmost persuasion to keep him from disloyalty, or, when he fell, to lift him back to honour. Unfortunately, her influence over him was small.

Here is the poem, now first printed from the Original Manuscript, *verbatim et literatim* (we being answerable for adding punctuation):

The Twin-Flame.

(Sent mee by m. P.)

[p. 83.

Fantastic wanton God, what dost thou mean,
 To breake my rest, make mee grow pale and lean?
 And after sighths, and yet not know to who,
 Or what's more strange, to sighth at once for two. [sigh.
 Tirant, thou knowest I was thy slave befor,
 And humbly did thy Deity adore.
 I lik'd, nay doted on my *Cloris'* face,
 And sung her praises and thine in every pleece.
 My soul shee singly sway'd, alone posest
 My love, and reign'd sole monarch of my brest.
 Was not all this enofe, but thou [wan]ton Boy, [p. 85.
 Wanton with to[o] much power thy self to employ,
 Must in my breast (Oh! let it ne're be told,)
 Kindle new flame, yet not put out the old?
 Young *Philis* now, though I oppose in vain,
 Sucsids not *Cloris* but doth wth her Reign.
 And I, though both I loue, dare neither choose,
 Lest gaining one I should the other loose.
 Both fieres ar equal great, flame equal high,
 Yet spight of this, a diference I desery;
 One wild and raging fueriously devours
 My peace, my rest, and all my plesant hours:
 The other, mild and gentle, like those fieres
 That melt perfumes, creates a[ll] sweet desieres.
 That doth wth violence to passion tend,
 This climbs noe higher then the name of friend.
 Yes, greedy *Cloris*, you shall ever bee
 My only loue, and singly reign o're mee;
 My pation you shall [thus] monopolize, [= passion.
 You have such resistless magick in your eyies.
 Though *Philis'* merits yours does far transcend,
 Yet I am your louer and but *Philis'* friend.
 Blindly I love, yet [I] too plaine discover
 She'l proue a better friend, then you a louer. [p. 89.
 Accept, sweet *Philis*, of that little part
 I can present of my unruly hart.
 Cou'd I command my loue, or know a way
 My stubbourn lawles pation to [as]sway,
 My loue I would not parsel, nor bestow
 A little share, when more then all I owe.
 This vnderuering *Cloris* I would teare
 From my fond breast, and place your merit there.

But 'tis not in my power, some hiddne fate
 Compels mee to loue her that I striue to hate.
 That loue wee to our Prince or Parents pay
 I'le beare to you, and loue an humble way;
 I'le pay you veneration for your loue,
 And your Admirer not your louer proue.
 Oh, bee contented wth the sacred name
 Of friend, and [an] inniolable flame
 For you I will preserue, and the first place
 Of all the few I wth that title grace.

[p. 91.]

And yet, this fri[e]ndship doth so fast improue,
 I dread least it, in time, shou'd grow to loue.¹

The next page of the MS. Note Book (p. 101) holds the old song, which had been again made popular by being reproduced in *The Westminster Drollery*, Part ii. of 1671-2, p. 89.

Q[uestion]. O Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell ?

A[nsuer]. In the lowest room of Hell.

Q. Art thou born of human reace ?

[= race.]

A. No, no, I have a furi's face.

Q. Art thou of City, town, or Court ?

A. I to euery pleace resort.

Q. O, why in to the world was sorrow sent ?

A. Men afflicted best repent.

Q. What dost thou fe[e]d on ?

A. Broken sleep.

Q. What takes' thou pleasur in ?

A. To weep, to sighth, to sob, to pine, to grone,²
 To [w]ring my hand, to sit alone.

Q. O when, O when shall Sorrow quiet have ?

A. Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, till shee finds a graue.

[Music to this by Robert Smith, is in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, i. 87, 1679. The song was written by Samuel Rowley, and is in Act i. scene 2, of his play, "The Noble Souldier ; or, A Contract broken justly Revenged," 1634.]

The next pages (102 and top of 103) have French *Chansons*, viz. "D'une Counstance extreme," etc. ; "Eveille tu, *Margoe*," etc. ; "La bouteil me veueile," etc. ; and "Ton mal ta fait ases la guere qui boit est maistre," etc.

¹ This poem is written throughout on the odd-numbered pages, each *verso* blank. It is followed by a coarse Receipt, as an insult to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and preceded (on p. 87) by "A Receipt for the Farey," a horse-disease. We have already given (in Vol. IV. p. 544) the three verses of two Scotch songs, intermixed. One, beginning, "Wilt thou be wulful still ?" seems to be a reminiscence of Monmouth's earlier days, in 1679. The third verse is an imperfect copy of the *Roxburghe Ballad* "Joekey's Vindication" (Roxb. Coll., II. 348), mentioned on p. 350, printed in June, 1684. French songs precede.

² This should read :—

What tak'st thou pleasure in ? To weep !
 To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan, etc.

Then follows, on the same p. 103, and on p. 104, this little song, which is localized to Toddington ("=Tedington") by Monmouth's marginalia, and is probably of his own composition, words and music; for notes of the melody are given on p. 107, along with those belonging to "All ye Gods that ar aboue." In connection with Monmouth's recent dangers and political intrigues in London, while drawn into the plots of Whig Revolutionists and *Good Old Cause* Republicans, this choice lyric is truly a "document in madness," like Ophelia's flowers, and scarcely less fragrant.

Song.

W^Ith joie we do leaue thee,
False world, and do forgiue
All thy heace treachery,
For now w 'ill happy liue.

[= we will; *passim*.

W 'ill to our Bowers
And there spend our houers,
Happy there we will bee,
Wee noe striffs there can see;

No quareling for Crowns,
Nor fear the great one's frowns,
Nor Slaury of State,
Nor changes in our Fate.

[*Margin.*]
"Or:
*did us
Teding-
ton
giue."*

From Plots this place is free,
heer w 'ill euer bee.
W 'ill sit and bless our stars,
that from the noises of Wars
Did this Glorious place giue,
That thus we happy liue.

Song.

O How blest and how innocent
and happy is a country life,
Free from tumult and discontent;
heer is no flatterys nor strife,
For 'twas the first and happiest life,
When first man did injoie him selfe.

This is a better fate then King's,
hence jentle peace and loue doth flow;
For fancy is the vale of things.
I'm pleased, because I think it so:
For a heart that is nobly true,
All the world's arts can ne'r subduc.

[=veil?

[Another Song.]

[p. 105.

A^L ye Gods, that ar aboue,
Why soe cruel to such loue?
O how often haue you seen,
When on our knees wee haue been,
To thee offering sacrifice,
Pure as vertue could deuise,
thus our harts' has euer bene.

Lett not then unlucky Fate
 Make us still unfortunate.
 Malice can't wth all her arts
 Part our two united harts.
 Being so long wee haue dispis'd
 all that envy has deuis'd.

O then lett us neuer part !
 lett, O lett thy Glorys bles,
 Lett us now know quietness,
 Neuer from each other bee.
 That the Sun, my loue, may see
 the perfection of his darts
 in the joining two such harts,
 Weh the world befor n'er see.

[*verso*.]

The Court was not ignorant of Monmouth's hiding-place, and left him intentionally undisturbed, so long as he was willing to abandon plots or insurrections; dwelling quietly in privacy with whomsoever he chose to love. This is proved by the facts that no vigorous search was made for him; that reports were circulated of his having gone from Portsmouth to the continent; and above all by this, that Halifax had no difficulty when the time came (October 13) to influence Monmouth into writing a letter of contrition to King Charles; who could never be brought to believe that Monmouth "knew anything of that part of the Plot that concerned *Rye-House*; but, as things went, he must behave himself as if he did believe it, for some reasons that might be for [Monmouth's] advantage."¹

Some thoughts of the world with its revellers and temptations must have come ere long to Monmouth, setting aside love-passages, for the same page of the MS. Note-book bears this Bacchanalian ditty:

Song.

Come, lett us drink, and all agree
 that from loue w'll euer be free;
 No more foolish whyning nonsense,
 nor to its laws giue obedience.
 For Vine keeps joie and unity,
 and loues its own society
 So well, that seldom it is known
 That e're a Bottle 's drunk alone.

[=Wine.

Lett us now with fat *Baccus* shine,
 drink his licour that is deuine,
 And think no more of our lasses;
 but all be blest in these Glasses.
 For as Empires ar best maintain'd
 Those wayes weh first their Greatness gain'd,
 So in this Vniversal Game,
 Drink on! our joies will be the same.

[*sic*.]

¹ Monmouth's first letter solemnly avowed innocenee of all design or knowledge concerning the murder of Charles or his brother; begging pardon for the many things done which had made them both angry; and craving for an interview. See these secret intrigues fully revealed in later pages, 404 to 416.

It is likely that this song (which may be Monmouth's own, for we have not yet found it elsewhere,) was written close on the time of the previous love-songs, for the next page after it contains the music belonging to two of them. Next follow three blank pages, and then (on p. 108, adapted from Jeremy Taylor's "*Golden Grove: A Guide to the Penitent*," accompanying it), the second prayers thus begin,

After the Confession of our's Sins.

[p. 108.]

I call the whole Court of Heaven to witnes that I do sadly repent my self of them all, that I doe abhor my self for them all, that I resolute stedfastly to renounce them all. Lord, bee thou mercifull to me a sinner.

But because by thy infinite mercy, O my God, thou hast satisfied for me already, shall I therefor fold my arms and sit down and do nothing towards, and w^{ch} is worse, shall I go on, shall I continue in my sins that Grace may abound? Now God forbid. [p. 109.] No, I here resolute rather to dye the Death than euer wilfully to sin against thee mor[e]. I do here resolute utterly to 'void the temptations and approaches towards those former sins w^{ch} have hitherto so miserably betrayed me.

I do here resolute, thy holy spirit assisting me, upon ail the duties of a new life, to be hereafter mor wary in my wayes, and mor constant to good resolutions, to loue thee above all the pleasures and interests of this life, and sadly to consider what an infinite looser I should be if, to gane all that my corrupt hart desires, I should loose thee. [p. 110.] I aske not of thee any longer the things of this world; neither Power, nor Honours, nor Riches, nor Pleasures. No, my God, dispose of them to whom thou pleasest, so that thou giuest me mercy.

Unfortunately, these good resolutions were falsified by the results.

*** This most interesting volume is (according to so good an authority as the late Sir Frederick Madden) in Monmouth's own handwriting; moreover, it is attested by King James II. in holograph, "*This book was found in the D: of Monmouth's pocket when he was taken, and is most of his owne handwriting.*" The earlier pages are filled with recipes, charms, many in French, Prayers, and various jottings of journeys with lists of casualties, etc. Monmouth's books were delivered to James II., who carried them to France, where they were probably deposited in the Irish College, for the volume bears some writing, of a recent possessor (opposite p. 91) "John Barrette. Irish College: Paris. Dem. 31. 1827." Also a "Contents" carefully written by "S. Rutter."

Afterwards, it was given to a priest in County Kerry, at whose death Dr. Anster became possessed of it, and exhibited it in Dublin to the Royal Irish Academy, on 30 November, 1849. It is now safe in England, and we have transcribed all the verses direct from the original. Our Transatlantic readers will esteem them, and perhaps some students here also, for their curious history, if not for their poetical merits. It is now to be cited as Egerton MS., No. 1527.



Good News in Bad Times.

“This is popular *Perkin*, that smirks and looks so gay, [= *Monmouth*.
The Women extol the Spark up to th’ skie,
None dances with so great a Grace, as they say,
Yet some body thinks that he capers too high.

“Here’s flourishing *Essex*, the tongue o’ th’ Gang,
With rhetorical artifice fancies fine things;
First vainly composeth a taking Harangue,
Then fosters a Villain in Libelling Kings.” [= *R. Ferguson*.

—*The Raree Show*. 1683.

AGAIN we have a *Roxburghe Ballad* solely devoted to the Duke of Monmouth. His figure had been less prominent until recent pages, his name unmentioned; but he was seldom an omitted factor in any calculation of the opposing parties throughout these troubled times, until he laid down his comely head upon the block after the disastrous attempt at Sedgemoor.

We have already (on p. 613 of the preceding volume) given the Monmouthian political poem, “Good Advice in Bad Times,” a title which suggested the one borne by the present ballad.

Undated as usual, we feel no doubt that it belongs to the few days intervening between Monmouth’s return to forgiveness and favour, after he had been proclaimed at the discovery of the Rye-House Plot, and his speedy loss of that favour: followed, on December the 7th, by a new sentence of banishment, punishing his recall of the penitent declaration by which he had secured clemency for himself, in a regretful acknowledgement of the “Conspiracy.” Therefore the date would seem to be between November 26 and December 7, 1683.

It can scarcely with any probability belong to any other time. Monmouth had formerly offended his father by disobedience, and by foolishly encouraging his adherents to make for him a triumphal progress in 1680, and again in 1682 (see Vol. IV. pp. 622, 623), and to talk indiscreetly, and seditiously, of his pretensions. But in those earlier misadventures he had not won any advocacy from the Duke of York, or been believed to be other than distasteful and a rival to him. Now, for once, the Duke was present as a friend and well-wisher at the interviews accorded to Monmouth by the King: expecting, doubtless, that, in requital of the pardon granted for offences, Monmouth would renounce his ambitious schemes and opposition; perhaps also that he would give the fullest information about the past, and submit himself, like a spoilt child who had erred and been forgiven.

But the reproaches of friends aroused in Monmouth a desire to retain whatever influence he might have formerly possessed over them, at the cost of forfeiting the King's resumed tenderness. This wretched vacillation of duplicity was too much in harmony with Monmouth's general tendency. By it he disgusted the King and the Duke of York, for it seemed to be ingratitude and treachery; he had secured pardon by a dishonourable subtlety; while to those who had perilled their lives in his service, this emergence from concealment, this abject humiliation and entreaty of forgiveness, with declaration that he had been misled into entering a conspiracy where the depths of purpose were hidden from him, could not fail to make even his admirers recognize his present weakness and distrust his future promises. To his irresolution now we must in great part attribute the failure of his later attempts to raise the standard of successful revolt. He himself foreshadowed his own certain ruin.

The pardon and the brief restoration to Royal favour accorded to Monmouth, at the intercession of the Duke of York, is mentioned in a Loyal Poem of 1683, entitled, "The Recovery: " (Cf. pp. 382, 413)

See even thy *Prodigal Son* does now desire
To leave his Husks and Swine, and *Wapping* mire,
In which so long he wallow'd up and down,
Known to each dirty Keunel of the Town;
And to his injur'd Father and his Lord
Would by his much wrong'd Uncle be restor'd.

The fresh disgrace of Monmouth coincided with the date of Algernon Sydney's execution; but on this event we comment separately, in the ballad following next to "Good News in Bad Times." It was generally believed that Sydney's life would have been spared had it not been for Monmouth's fresh transgression.

We attribute to the same date two other ballads, entitled, 1.—"The Merciful Father; or, The Penitent Son. A Congratulatory Song on the Happy and most Wish'd for return of *James Duke of Monmouth* to Court, and his Reception into Favour again. To the Tune of, *There was a bonny young Lad*" [which is a Roxburghe Collection ballad, not yet reprinted]. Printed for Philip Brooksby. It begins, "You Gallants of County and City." 2.—"Mirth and Gladness after Sorrow and Sadness. Being the Dutchess of *Monmouth's* Address of Thanks to His Majesty and the Duke of *York*, for receiving into favour his Grace *James Duke of Monmouth*." Tune of, [*Ah! how pleasant are*] *the Charms of Love*: already mentioned in our Vol. IV. p. 447. Same publisher, P. Brooksby. It begins, "Welcome *Jemmy* to my arms again." The burden is this:

*But my Jemmy never more shall leave me,
Nothing shall remove my Jemmy from my sight;
Nor of his sweet embraces ever more deprive me,
Monmouth is my comfort and my heart's delight.*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 916.]

Good News in Bad Times ;

Or,

Absalom's Return to David's Bosom.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Adieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love.* [See Vol. IV. p. 462.]

A Dieu to the hopes of the *Whigs* of the State !
 The long-wish'd-for News is arriv'd, tho' late ;
 Reflections of Conscience did *Monmouth* convince
 How much he had wrong'd his dear Father and Princee ;
 So heinous a Crime there 's none durst befriend, [orig. "hanious."
 But only the Monarch which he did offend ;

Great *York* intercedes for him,
 And Nature pleads for him,
 To kiss the Hand of his Monarch again. 9

So humble a Submission, so pensive a Face,
 So glorious an advocate needs must find grace ;
 The God-like great Brothers did *Monmouth* restore,
 The height of whose Crime shew'd their mercy more ;
 As before in the Court altogether they shin'd,
 In the Presence again they will strike envy blind :

For *York* has retrieved him,
 The King received him,
 Monarchs have mercy and Nature is kind. 18

The Peace you have made, so successful will prove
 No Separatist dares to add Gall to your Dove ;
 Be deaf to those Crocodiles if they do whine, [orig. "Crocidiles."
 They love not your Father, nor none of his Line :
 A *Presbyter*-Priest, when his Zeal does provoke,
 Is a heap of Combustibles in a long Cloak.

Who e're burnt the City down,¹
 Now 't is a pritty Town,
 But they once made the three Nations to Smoak. 27

Away to the Court, and survey ev'ry Room,
 Your presence will bring there a richer Perfume ;
 Each picture will bow there, and smile in your Face,
 And those that detracted will pray for your Graee ;

¹ Alluding to the slanderous rumour that the Great Fire of London in 1666 had been caused by the Catholics. Compare our Vol. IV. pp. 154, 212, etc.

- Then keep in the Court, and your favour renew
 With *Cæsar*, and those that have lov'd you so true :
 And let the Rabble know
 You 'l have no more to do
 With such a factious Illiterate Crew.¹ 36
- The Faction who carrys Religion in 's face,
 Will make no more treats, nor drink healths to your Grace ;²
 For since you 'r returned to Great *Cæsar's* Breast,
 They swear you 'r a *Papist* as well as the rest ;
 And now they remember the Machine of State³
 Was afraid that your Father and you was too great :
 And nothing troubles them,
 But that you Bubbled them,
 Of all their hopes, and of many a Treat. 45
- Keep close to your Gracious forgiving Great King,
 And every day some new Offering bring ;
 Discover *Great-Britain's* Intestine foes,
 And those that the Church and her int'rest oppose ;
 By this you 'l deserve the great favour obtain'd,
 And wipe of[f] that blemish with which you were stain'd :
 And like a Glorious Star,
 Of our bright Hemisphere,
 [Be] One of her Patrons for ever Proclaim'd. 54
- Then bless the good Duke, and your father renown,
 But hate those that put you in thoughts of a Crown :
 Live under its beams, for the shelter is good,
 But think not to injure the old Royal Blood :
 Who Heaven has adopted for a Crowned Head,
 Must wait for the hour of the Field or the Bed ;
 And there in Honour's sight :
 Take nought but what is right :
 Wronging Succession is wronging the dead. 63

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, near the *Hospital-Gate*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, probably between November 28th and December 7th, 1683.]

¹ The ballad-writer exults over what he calls the "Illiterate Crew," but gives us "hanious" and "Crocidiles," as specimens of his own superior education. So has it always been when stones are thrown from dwellers in glass houses.

² The "treats" given at Oxford and in the City, to heighten the popularity of Monmouth. See p. 264.

³ This has no reference to a *Deus ex Machinâ*, we suppose, but is some muddled Anglicism of the Philological Spelling-Regenerators (slightly anticipated), meaning "Machiavel of State," *i.e.* the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

Monmouth's Entanglement in the Plot.

“ Lawes good and wholesome, such as who so breake
 Are hung by the purse or neeke, but as the weake
 And smaller flies i' th' Spider's web are ta'ne :
 When great ones teare the web, and free remain.”

—Thomas Dekker's *Match me in London*, Act iv. 1631.

WE are far from sympathizing with those who are irreconcilably opposed to King Charles II. for refusing to suffer Lord William Russell to escape the punishment of treason, which we fully believe him to have merited. It would have been scandalous if the total loss were confined to such men as Walcot, Hone, Rouse, Holloway, or the other drudges, “ a crew of patches, base mechanicals,” who had in mingled folly and malignity conspired with deeper Plotters to bring back Civil War and Regicide by means of riotous rebellion. While half-contemptuously making use of such agents, Russell believed himself secure from danger ; on account of his position, his wealth, and the influence of his family. When Argyle clamoured for money to advance disaffection in Scotland (which offers a startling comment on the crude assertions that the Northern nation was groaning under oppression, or yearning for freedom), Russell held back niggardly from furnishing the funds at any serious inconvenience to himself. He had been in his element when Parliament sat, and he could do his utmost to thwart the King or to exclude the King's brother from succession. We consider it established on incontrovertible evidence that Russell had as veritably committed high-treason, in arranging with the rest of the “ Council of Six ” to excite a general insurrection and dispossess the King of power, as though he personally made that attempt on the life of Charles and James which baser instruments were plotting to undertake. It is no excuse to say that he may have been ignorant of their murderous designs. If a man be utterly incapable of estimating character, if he cannot read in the face of his fellow-conspirators the villainy that only awaits opportunity to commit crime, he is devoid of the first quality of leadership in dangerous actions. He is, what Russell was, a dull, narrow-minded rebel, stupefied with his self-conceit of being superior to all other persons, and one who is certain to be duped by such traitors as Eserick-Howard or Grey, and made the scapegoat for the offences of Monmouth, Armstrong, or Rumbold. It was but justice that his head should fall, if any one were punished, but we regret that the expected clemency had not been yielded, in deference to Southampton's daughter and Bedford's prayer (see pp. 328, 446) ; if only to avoid the error of transforming this clumsy plotter into the masquerade appearance of a victim or martyr.

Few things remained hidden from the government when once betrayal had begun. There had been no scarcity of information about stealthy interviews, or seditious assemblies; of boastful words spoken, and unblushing slanders. By volunteered intelligence, by reports of paid spies, by letters in cypher intercepted, and by numerous weapons or bullet-resisting silk-armour discovered in the possession of men known to be sullen, disaffected, and ripe for mischief, it had been well understood that the real peril to the State lay not in such a sham-plot as Oates had fabricated and sworn against, but a real Conspiracy for an uprising of the armed desperadoes. They might influence a crazy mob, under the first guidance of such weak Whig "Exclusionists" as were speedily to be trodden under foot, so soon as the rabble tasted blood and used their opportunities for plunder and revenge. Apparently, the only thing that caused hesitation or doubt was the very abundance of the proffered evidence. Anonymous or signed, certified with proof or merely insinuated, there came incessantly warnings and suggestions, either from loyal citizens or from hesitating confederates. Before the Oxford Parliament met, Charles knew the seditious plans of Shaftesbury and the Petitioners. When Eserick Howard purchased immunity from punishment, by full betrayal of his former comrades, the mesh of parti-coloured treason had been disentangled, but little was now made certain that had not formerly been suspected.

Eserick Howard gives an intelligible account of Lord Shaftesbury's conduct before his flight. In October, 1682, he was at Watson's house in Wood-Street, Cheapside; desirous of instant action, believing that in London he would have the support of thousands,

who were ready upon notice given to betake themselves to arms. First, to make themselves masters of the City, and afterwards sally out and attack the Guards at *Whitehall*; they were to be assisted by about a thousand or twelve hundred horse, to be drawn insensibly into town from several adjacent parts of the country, under the conduct of several good officers, amongst whom he made mention of Major *Bremen* (and of him only), but there was nothing hindred the putting this into speedy execution but the backwardness of the Duke of *Monmouth* and the Lord *Russell* (to whom were affixt the Lord *Grey*, the Lord *Brandon*, Sir *Henry Ingoldby*, and several other gentlemen who would not stir without the Duke), who had unhandsomely failed him after their promise given him to be concurrent with him in the like undertaking (at the same time) in *Devonshire*, *Somersetshire*, *Cheshire*, *Lancashire* and other counties.—H.'s *Information*, July 11, 1683.

Through these parts of the country *Monmouth* had made his progresses, under Shaftesbury's direction, in 1680 and 1682. Even at that early date there had been distinct preparations made for an Insurrection. Thus under the disguise of hospitable receptions, social intercourse, and the encouragement of rural sports or public horse-racing, efforts were being made to begin a Civil-War. Lord *Grey* with Lord *Howard* of *Eserick* was to raise *Essex*; "Lord *Herbert* and Colonel *Romzey* would be assistant to him in the conduct of the City affairs, together with very many eminent Citizens."

Howard then visited Monmouth, who was at Moor-Park (his residence in Herts), early in October, 1682, and found him absolutely deny that he was under such an engagement to Shaftesbury; he was chafing under a sense of being left unconsulted by "*Achitophel*," whom he saw in danger of yielding to "the hasty conceptions of some hot-headed men, who might lead him into some untimely undertaking, which in all probability would prove fatal to himself and all the Party." Howard continued to act as the Go-between, and revisited Shaftesbury, who complained of Monmouth's "backwardness to Action, by which they had lost great opportunities; that he had cause to suspect that this artificial dilatoriness of the Duke proceeded from a private agreement betwixt his Father [i.e. *Charles II.*] and him, to save one another:" people were impatient for revolt.

In *Supplemental Information* Howard declared that Monmouth told him, "there was nothing so easie to be accomplished, nor so probable to do the work effectually, as to *fall in upon the King at Newmarket* with a smart party of Horse of about forty or fifty, which, he said, he could soon have in readiness." This was about the 10th or 12th of October, 1682.

Colonel Rumsey and others testified to the guilty knowledge of the intended double assassination possessed by John Gibbons, Monmouth's man, who told Roe (formerly Sword-bearer, of Bristol) that "nothing but taking off the two Brothers would do the business," and indicated Lord Bedford's garden as a fitting place for the murder to be attempted.

When Monmouth first heard debate of the projected assassination of the Guards, preliminary to murder of the King, he held up his hands in affright and declared it "horrible." But he had continued to associate with the conspirators, nevertheless; and so had Russell.¹

¹ In the paper delivered to the Sheriffs on the scaffold at his execution by Lord William Russell, he thus quibbles. "And as to the conspiracy to seize the Guards . . . I never was at Mr. *Sheaphard's* with that company but once, and there was no undertaking then of securing or seizing the Guards, nor none appointed to view or examine them. *Some discourse there was about the feasibility of it*; and several times by accident, in general discourse elsewhere, I have heard it mentioned, as a thing might easily be done, but never consented to as a thing fit to be done. And I remember particularly, *at my Lord Shaftesbury's*, there being some general discourse of this kind, I immediately flew out and exclaimed against it; and asked, If the thing succeeded, what must be done next, but mastering the Guards and killing them in cold blood? which I looked upon as so detestable a thing, and so like a popish practice that I could not but abhor it. And at the same time, the Duke of *Monmouth* took me by the hand, and told me very kindly, 'My Lord, I see you and I are of a temper; did you ever hear so horrid a thing?' Now if Russell's testimony is to be accepted as mitigating the crimes of Monmouth, it must certainly be held to no less intensify the accusation of guilt against dead Shaftesbury, for he records that Monmouth said "he was extremely glad I was come to town, for my Lord *Shaftesbury* and some hot men would undo us all," for that "they will certainly do some disorderly thing or other." Compare the burlesque of Russell's Speech, on pp. 324, 325.

Monmouth professed his entire freedom from complicity in the Rye-House Plot of assassination, and Charles willingly accepted his denial as genuine. Chiefly, no doubt, because, in his affection for the handsome youth whom he was content to believe his son, he refused to think the other could be such a monster of ingratitude. The King's clear estimate of Monmouth's weaknesses formed a strong part of the "extenuating circumstances." He was a fool, a decoy, a dupe of designing villains, the "Fop," "England's curled darling," who was advanced in front, to flatter the fancies of silly women and weak sectaries, as a "Protestant Hero" to suit the zealots; but in himself no more capable of hatching treason, or becoming really dangerous as a pretender to the throne, than a peacock would be to steal the eaglets from an cyrie. No wonder that from Charles, when Monmouth tendered his submission and repentance, pardon flowed easily. More especially because Monmouth affected to feel remorse for his misconduct against the Duke of York, who generously aided him with advocacy, believing that in his humiliating failure he was relinquishing his absurd pretensions.

When discovery came, through Keeling's betrayal, Monmouth had lain hidden, after second Proclamation. Probably his lurking places were well known to the King, and he was left unmolested. We have proofs that he passed his time chiefly at Toddington Park with Lady Henrietta Wentworth, his latest mistress. At length he made overtures to yield himself up repentant; having been advised to do so by Halifax or the Duchess. At an interview granted by the King, the Duke of York stood as Monmouth's friend, and kept a report of what happened. (*See Notes of what passed*, p. 407). Reconciliation was virtually complete, but after Monmouth complied with the demand to write acknowledgement of his fault, in regard to the conspiracy, he speedily repented. On rejoining his old associates he was blamed, not unnaturally, for having secured his safety by confessing that there had been such a confederacy. Then he, having obtained his pardon, refused to sign any confession, and insisted on having back the unsigned paper. Charles reproached him, at the second interview, for his rebellious folly and duplicity, told him that he was ruining himself; gave back the document: and punished him, by banishing him from his presence.

Thus, after such a brief return to favour at the Court, Monmouth again fell into worse disgrace than before. He had injured himself with everybody by his vacillation, his selfish fears, his desertion of his associates, his ingratitude to the newly appeased monarch and to the Duke of York: in short, to everybody. Henceforward all wise men would be wary of his leadership.

Several ballads and poems connected with the return to Court of Monmouth, and his subsequent dismissal, come into this place, particularly the poem of "The Prodigal."

The Prodigal.

[Monmouth's Return to Favour.]

THe Prodigal's return'd from Husks and Swine!
 Such was the first, and so, great *Ch[ar]les* is thine;
 Who to his Sov'reign's favour did aspire
 From 's wallowing in the Town, and *Wapping* Mire.
 The fatted Calf! this for a Convert slew,
 But e'er this Prodigal does prove so too,
Oates shall turn honest, *Armstrong* shall prove true. }
 The House then sign'd his Pardon: Death attends, [= Council.
 Seal'd to ten thousand of thy dearest Friends.
 Swoln Asps and Adders on his tongue do nest, 10
 E're long thou'lt find 'em crawl into thy breast;
 And that sly Snake which stung thy Brother's Heel,
 Him gnawing next within thy Heart thou'lt feel.
 Thy Counsellors shall fall, thy Judges bleed,
 And *Jeffereys*, doom'd before, shall now be flea'd }
 By the num'rous Crowd, and *Monmouth* at the Head. }
 These were the noble acts proclaim'd him great,
 At ev'ry Hedge-Cabal and City Treat.
 Well, he deserves it: Let him be preferr'd
 The Captain of your Horse, and of your Guard! 20
 And he, who 'gainst your Life with Knaves conspir'd,
 Be for your better Angel now admir'd.
 You once proclaim'd him Traytor! Where's the Reason,
 If Traytors meet not the Reward of Treason?
 What fondness to a Prodigal lost Fool,
 Should both your Justice and the Laws o'er rule?
 Declare what mighty Wonders he has done,
 That of a Rebel you adopt a Son.
 What signal Service has deserved this Grace?
 What Narratives, what Legends ring his Praise? 30
 This would to th' astonish'd World make some amends;
Tho' he declare the contrary to his Friends.
 You tell of Wonders that he did confess:
 Tell us what 'tis, we'll pay you in *Address*.
 Address upon Address deserves one more,
 And unweep the Plot, and let the *Whigs* adore.
 Then honest Men shall be in Plots insnar'd,
 And *Rumbold's* Blunderbuss shall be your Guard!

You generously told us once before,
 He was the Son of an anointed $\alpha\lambda\theta\mu$. 40
 This Truth you once were willing to declare,
 And will you now exalt him in the Chair? }
 Make him your Son, he'll make himself your Heir. }
 This will record how fit you are to rule,
 Great, good, wise *Charles*, out-banter'd by a Fool.
 And what's become of all the noise and pother
 Of Justice, Conscience, and "our dearest Brother?"
 Of all the Loyal Youths his Int'rest own'd,
 If Heirs must be depos'd, and Rebels crown'd?
Augustus Treasons lov'd, and so do you; 50
 Will you with *Julius* hug the 'Traytor too?
 Once was he such; pray Heaven he be n't so still!
 Where mischief's nursed to do some glorious Ill,
 Give him the Pow'r, he'll never want the Will.
 Sooner expect the Tyger will be tam'd,
 Than once a Traytor ever be reclaim'd.

[White-letter. No woodcut. Date about the 26th of November, 1683.]

Note.—Of course "Flea'd" in line 11, is our modern *flayed*. King Charles's declaration of Monmouth's illegitimacy (Vol. IV. p. 264) is meant in line 41. Loyal Apprentices of London (p. 265) are referred to in line 48. *Brutus*, line 51.

We have already given, on p. 399, the *Roxburghe Ballad* entitled "Good News in Bad Times; or *Absalom's* Return to *David's* Bosom," and in close sequence to this (p. 417), is the New Song "of a Devonshire Lad," describing his sight of Monmouth in the Presence-Chamber at Whitehall. Of not less importance is the "New Ballad on Prince *Perkin*," which we give from a manuscript in our own possession. It comes into the p. 421. But we have so many prose documents to offer that it appeared convenient to divide the narrative into separate portions, after general introduction.

The letters written by Monmouth are summarized on pp. 408 and 411, being important, but they would be misleading if we did not add *in extenso* his own note-book diary (pp. 409, 410), revealing the secret intrigues connected with his assumption of repentance.

There is indeed no scarcity of materials, but the intrigues were so involved that it is only after careful comparison, the detection of subterfuges, and balance of opposed testimony, that one arrives at the truth; such as few or no contemporaries could have seen clearly at the time, except our shrewd Charles the Second.



Monmouth Pardoned by King Charles.

“Open your ears : for which of you will stop
 The vent of hearing when loud *Rumour* speaks ? . . .
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 *Rumour* is a pipe,
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still discordant wavering Multitude,
 Can play upon it.”—*Induction to King Henry IV.* Part 2.

DURING the summer and autumn of 1683, there had been rumours circulating that Monmouth was about to “come in,” and receive his Pardon. How they originated no one could say, but it was suspected that they came from the Court, and the Yorkists expressed indignant refusal to believe them. Evidently his Royal Highness did not encourage the report, being jealous of Monmouth regaining favour. But in this one instance Rumour spoke truly, for before November ended there appeared the following astounding announcement in the *London Gazette*, confirming the report :—

Whitchall, November 25 [1683]. His Majesty having this afternoon called an extraordinary Council was pleased to acquaint them, That the Duke of *Monmouth* did last night surrender himself to Mr. Secretary *Jenkins*, having before writ a very submissive Letter to his Majesty, entirely resigning himself to his Majestie’s disposal: That his Majesty and his Royal Highness went down to Mr. Secretarie’s Office, where the Duke of *Monmouth* was, who showed himself very sensible of his crime in the late Conspiracy, making a full Declaration of it; and that having shewed an Extraordinary Penitence for the same, and made a particular Submission to his Royal Highness for his misbehaviour towards him, His Majesty and His Royal Highness received so much satisfaction, that upon His Royal Highnesse’s desire and intreaty *His Majesty was pleased to Pardon the said Duke*, and thereupon did order Mr. Attorney-General to stop farther Proceedings against him; but ordered he should proceed, notwithstanding, against all the rest of the Conspirators.—*The London Gazette*, No. 1880.

This being the official record of the interview, for public perusal (which caused intense disgust among those conspirators who believed that Monmouth was abandoning or betraying them), here are the Duke of York’s own *Notes*, for private memory, but afterwards made known (as was also his account in letters sent to Orange) :—

Notes of what passed between the late King [Charles II.] His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the Duke of Monmouth, at the time of his first Rendering himself. Taken in writing at that time by His Royal Highness.

November the 25th, 1683.—Yesterday the Duke of *Monmouth* came and surrendered himself to Mr. Secretary *Jenkins*, and desired to speak alone with the King and Duke, which was granted him. He first threw himself at his Majestie’s feet, acknowledging his guilt and the share he had in the Conspiracy, and asked

his Pardon; then confest himself faulty to the Duke, asked his Pardon also, *assured him if he should survive his Majesty he would pay him all the Duty that became a Loyal Subject, and be the first should draw his sword for him, should there be occasion.* He then desired his Majesty would not oblige him to be a Witness, and then gave an account of the whole Conspiracy, naming all those concerned in it, which were more than those [who] had already been mentioned by the several Witnesses. He denyed any knowledge of the Assassination. When he had made an end of his Confession, his Majesty ordered him to be put into the custody of a Serjeant at Arms. This day admitted him to his Presence, and ordered a stop to be put to the Outlawry, and promis'd him his Pardon. He further added that Dr. *Owen* [who died on the 24th of August, 1683], *Matthew Mead*, *Griffin* [= *Griffith*], and all the considerable Nonconformist Ministers knew of the Conspiracy.

The chief parts of Monmouth's first Letter to the King, seeking pardon, we give here. Undated, it probably belongs to October 14, 1683, and begins:—

If I could have writ to your Majesty sooner, with any safety to my self, I would have done it, to have told you that there is nothing under Heaven has struck me so to the heart as to be put into a Proclamation for an intention of Murthering of You, Sir, and the Duke. I do call God Almighty to witness, and I wish I may die this moment I am writing, if ever it entred into my head or [if I] ever said the least thing to any body that could make them think I could wish such a thing The chief intent of this Letter is to beg pardon both of You, Sir, and the Duke, for the many things I have done that have made you both angry with me: but more especially of the Duke I have that to say to You, Sir, that will for ever I hope settle you quiet in your Kingdom, *and the Duke after you*, whom I intend to serve to the uttermost of my Power, and, Sir, to convince him that I will do so, if Your Majesty will give me your Pardon, I will deliver my self up into his hands, that the Duke may bring me to you; besides, Sir, I should be glad to have him by when I speak to you, but no body else, and by this kindness of the Duke's, *if ever I should do anything afterwards against him, I must be thought the ungratefulest man living.* What good can it do you, Sir, to take your own Child's life away? I can be serviceable to you I do not tell you this out of Fear, but because I do think my self sure of it I do swear to you, that from this time I never will displease you in any thing, but the whole study of my Life shall be to show how truly Penitent I am for having done it, and how well I will deserve the life you give me. And for the Duke, that he may have a more firm confidence of the service I intend to do him, I do here declare to your Majesty that I will never ask to see your Face more, if ever I do anything against him; which is the greatest Curse I can lay upon my self,

Monmouth.

It is insinuated that this letter (which is beyond the ability of Monmouth to have written without assistance) was concocted by Halifax for him to transcribe; it was more probably written with the assistance of Lady Henrietta Wentworth. Halifax certainly had his Majesty's sanction in communicating with Monmouth and advising the surrender. Lord Halifax was moreover jealous of the increasing influence of "Lorry" Hyde, Lord Rochester. In Monmouth's own pocket-diary, of more than a month earlier, are these remarkable entries, first brought into notice by Dr. James Welwood. Our interpolations are, as usual, put within brackets.

Some Passages out of the Duke of Monmouth's [second] Pocket-Book,
that was seiz'd about him in the West:—

Oct. 13.—*L.* [=The Marquis of *Halifax*] came to me at eleven at night from 29 [i.e. King *Charles*]. Told me 29 could never be brought to believe I knew any thing of that part of the Plot that concerned *Rye-House*; but, as things went, he must behave himself as if he did believe it, for some reasons that might be for my Advantage. *L.* [=*Halifax*] desired me to write to 29 [the King], which I refus'd; but afterwards told me 29 expected it: And I promis'd to write to-morrow, if he could call for the Letter at *S.* [=*M.*'s house at *Soho*?] *L.* [*Halifax*] show'd a great concern for me, and I believe him sincere; though 3 [perhaps Lady *Henrietta Wentworth*?] is of another mind.

Oct. 14.—*L.* came as he promis'd, and receiv'd the letter from 3, sealed, refusing to read it himself, though I had left it open with *S.* for that purpose.

Oct. 20.—*L.* came to me at *S.* with a line or two from 29 very kind, assuring me he believ'd every word in my Letter to be true; and advis'd me to keep hid, till he had an opportunity to express his belief of it some other way. *L.* told me that he was to go out of Town next day; and that 29 would send 80 [Sir *L. Jenkins*?] to me in a day or two, whom he assured me I could trust.

Oct. 25.—*L.* came for me to—[? *Whitehall*], where 29 was with 80. He received me pretty well; and said 30 [*Hampden*?] and 50 [*Argyle*] were the causes of my Misfortunes, and would ruin me. After some hot words against them, and against *S.* [here = *Alg. Sydney*], went away in a good humour.

Oct. 26.—I went to *E.* . . . and was in danger of being discover'd by some of *Oglethorp's* men, that met me accidentally at the back door of the garden.

[Compare our pp. 388 and 389. This "E" . . . must be *Elinor* or *Eleanor Ncedham*, his mistress, and the back door of the garden belonged to her house in Great Russell Street. This is confirmed by a secret report to Sir *Lionel Jenkins*. See p. 391.]

Nov. 2.—A Letter from 29 [=King *Charles*], to be to-morrow at seven at night at *S.* [again = *Soho*] and no body to know it but 80. [See *Key* on p. 410.]

Nov. 3.—He came not, there being an extraordinary Council. But 80 brought me a copy of 50's intercepted Letter, which made rather for me than against me. Bid me come to-morrow at the same hour, and to say nothing of the Letter, except 29 spoke of it first.

Nov. 4.—I came and found 29 and *L.* there. He was very kind, and gave me directions how to manage my business, and what words I should say to 39 [=the Duke of *York*]. He appointed 80. to come and see me every Night till my business was ripe, and promised to send with him directions from time to time.

Nov. 9.—*L.* came from 29, and told me my Business should be done to my mind next Week; and that *Q.* [=the Queen] was my Friend, and had spoke to 39 [*York*] and *D.* [Duchess of *York*, or the Duchess of *Portsmouth*?] in my behalf; which he said 29 [*Charles*] took very kindly, and had expressed so to her. At parting he told me there should be nothing requir'd of me but what was both safe and honourable. But said there must be something done to blind 39 [*York*].

Nov. 15.—*L.* came to me with the Copy of a Letter I was to sign to please 39 [*York*]. I desired to know in whose hands it was to be deposited; for I would have it in no hands but 29 [=King's]. He told me it should be so: but if 39 ask'd a Copy, it could not well be refus'd. I refer'd my self entirely to 29's pleasure.

Here would come in *Monmouth's Second Letter*, which we shall summarize on p. 411. The King wrote word to him, in his own hand, that, if he desired to render himself capable of mercy, he must place himself in the custody of the Secretary, and resolve to disclose

whatever he knew, resigning himself entirely to the royal pleasure. To this command, Monmouth's Second Letter is the obedient Answer.

Nov. 24.—*L.* came to me from 29, and order'd me to render my self to morrow. Caution'd me to play my part, to avoid Questions as much as possible, and to seem absolutely converted to 39's Interest [*i.e.* York's]. Bad me bear with some words that might seem harsh.

Nov. 25.—I render'd my self. At Night, 29 could not dissemble his satisfaction; press'd my hand; which I remember not he did before, except when I return'd from the French Service. 29 acted his part well, and I too. 39 and *D.* seem'd not ill pleas'd.

Nov. 26.—29 took me aside, and falling upon the business of *L.R.* [*i.e.* Lord William Russell, executed four months before], said he inclin'd to have sav'd him, but was forc'd to it [*i.e.* to let him be executed], otherwise he must have broke with 39 [York]. Bid me think no more on 't. Coming home, *L.* told me he fear'd 39 [York] began to smell out 29's [Charles's] carriage. That . . . —. said to 39 that morning, that all that was done was but sham.

Nov. 27.—Several told me of the Storm that was brewing. Rumsey was with 39 [York], and was seen to come out crying, That he must accuse a man he lov'd.

Dec. 19.—A Letter from 29, bidding me stay till I heard further from him.

[We here add the year later entries, although prematurely:—]

Jan. 5, [168⁴].—I receiv'd a letter from *L.* mark'd by 29 in the Margin, to trust entirely in 10. [Orange?]; and that in February I should certainly have leave to return. That matters were concerting towards it; and that 39 [York] had no suspicion, notwithstanding of my reception here [*i.e.* in Holland, by Orange].

Feb. 3.—A Letter from *L.* that my business was almost as well as done; but must be so sudden as not to leave room for 39's party to counter-plot. That it is probable he would chuse Scotland rather than Flanders or this Country [*i.e.* Holland, for place of banishment]; which was all one to 29 [the King].

Feb. 16.—The sad news of his Death by *L.* O cruel Fate!

Our Explanation of the above, guessed in absence of authoritative Key.

<i>L.</i>	probably	represents	George Saville, Marquis of Halifax.
29	certainly	represents	King Charles II.
<i>S.</i>	three meanings:		Soho, <i>bis</i> ; Duchess of Monmouth; Alg. Sydney.
3	perhaps	means	Lady H. M. Wentworth.
80	"	"	Sir Lionel Jenkins? or, Major Long.
" — "	probably	"	Whitehall.
30	"	"	John Hampden; or, Ford, Lord Grey of Werk.
50	certainly	"	The Duke of Argyle.
<i>E. . .</i>	"	"	(Monmouth's Mistress) Eleanor Needham, living in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.
39	"	"	The Duke of York.
<i>Q.</i>	"	"	The Queen, Catharine.
<i>D.</i>	probably	"	The Duchess of York.
<i>L. R.</i>	certainly	"	Lord William Russell.
. . . — .	perhaps	"	Earl of Sunderland, or the Duchess of Portsmouth.
10	probably	"	William of Orange, or Henry Sydney, at the Hague.

It is a matter of supreme regret that we have no knowledge of the present safety of Monmouth's MS. pocket-book, whence these Diary-records (partially in cypher) were transcribed by Dr. James Welwood, and printed before 1699 in his *Memoirs of the Most*

Material Transactions in England for the Last Hundred Years, preceding the Revolution of 1688. In the MS. volume much remained uncopied, perhaps also undeciphered, that would have made matters clear. Where the book is at present, if undestroyed, is quite unknown. Its companion volume escaped many perils, and has been personally inspected by us, transcribed, and in great part printed in the course of these pages. Dr. Welwood thus wrote of Monmouth and the second Note-book, which passed from sight in later days:—

There is nothing delivered concerning the Unfortunate Gentleman, but what I have unquestionable Grounds for, and which some persons yet alive, of the first *Quality*, know to be true. But of the most things above mentioned, there is an infallible proof extant under *Monmouth's* own Hand, in a little *Pocket-Book* which was taken with him, and deliver'd to King *James*; which by an Accident [that] is needless to mention here I had leave to copy, and did it in part. A great many dark Passages there are in it, and some clear enough, that shall be eternally buried for me. And perhaps it had been for King *James's* Honour to have committed them to the flames, as *Julius Cæsar* is said to have done on a like occasion. All the use that shall be made of it is only to give in the *Appendix* some few passages out of it, that refer to this Subject [*Appendix*, No. 14, p. 373], and confirm what has been above related.—*Memoirs*, p. 171, 1702.

The only explanation of the cypher given by Welwood is this:—"Note, that by 29 and 39, King *Charles* and the Duke of *York* seem to be meant. But I know not what to make of the other Numbers and Letters: and must leave the Reader to his own conjectures."—*Ibid.* p. 376. [*We do not follow his example.*]

We need not give the full text of *Monmouth's* Second Letter to the King (which is printed in Dr. Thomas Sprat's *True Account*, p. 139). A few sentences are here subjoined. It begins, "You must allow me, Sir, still to importune you, not without hopes of prevailing at last upon your Generosity, so as it may get the better of your Anger to me." He throws himself on the King's compassion, expressly as his child; declares that his own "Resignation is too full to admit any reserve," but implores that no penalty may be inflicted on him which could lay a stain upon his innocent children. He pleads against having to undergo the ignominy of a trial before obtaining a pardon, and even deprecates being sent to the Tower, instead of a trial, as an "unnecessary mortification of one who, God knoweth, is already enough afflicted." He adds,

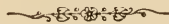
"Neither do I imagine to receive your Pardon any otherwise than by the Intercession of the Duke [of *York*], whom I acknowledge to have offended, and am prepared to submit my self [to], in the humblest manner; and therefore beg Your Majesty would direct how I am to apply my self to him, and I shall do it, not as an outward form, but with all the sincerity in the World. If what I have said can move you to forget my past faults, it will be a Grace I shall endeavour to deserve by all the actions of my life. . . . Dear Sir, be pleased to revive by a kind Answer the most miserable disconsolate Creature now living,

Monmouth.

This appears to be the letter formally composed for Monmouth, one that was brought by Halifax for him to sign on November 15th, "to please the Duke of York." As we have seen recorded in

the note-book, the King had already twice met Monmouth, on October 25th, and November 4th, eleven days before, and had been very kind, beside sending cheering messages and promises on the 9th, with intimation that York was being interceded with by the Queen, and must be hoodwinked: "there must be something done to blind" him. In fact, as the private entries in Monmouth's note-book prove, the whole affair was pre-arranged, and Monmouth's affectionate submission to York was insincere: the policy of selfish fear, speedily degenerating into sheer hypocrisy and lying. Charles was more excusable in his duplicity, being truly fond of the young scapegrace, whose folly might defeat all these plans laid for his benefit. It is quite clear that the King showed great clemency to his supposed son, and was held in thrall by his gloomy and angry brother. When we remember that, within two years afterwards, these very Sedgemoor note-books fell into the possession of this same York, then acknowledged as King James the Second, and were certainly read by him (conveying the intimation of his brother's having tricked him into bestowal of forgiveness on Monmouth in November, 1683; and also of the later purpose to banish him from England, and to recall Monmouth in February 1684), we need not be surprised at the doom of Monmouth being irrevocable, especially since he had issued his insurrectionary "Declaration" at Lyme.

How far the schemes of King Charles in favour of Monmouth, during December, 1683, and the following twelve months, were detected by the Duke of York, or with what amount of favour he encouraged the ambitious countermining of these plots by his own partizans, it is not our present business to unveil. It is indisputable that there were at that time conspiracies formed to lift him to independent power; even while King Charles continued to live. To many of York's adherents the prospect of Monmouth being chosen heir was naturally as abhorrent, as the "Popish Succession" of James had ever been to their political opponents. The Exclusion had been resisted in 1680, and it was still less acceptable in 1684; since it was understood to be advocated for the benefit of Monmouth, who had been notably a companion of revolutionists and intended regicides. We do not believe that James of York sought the actual dethronement of his brother Charles. But he had begun to chafe at the many signs of double-mindedness; and, with such a man, to suspect any intention of others to injure him was no sweetener of temper, or encouragement to patience. We know that he murmured; perhaps also he threatened. Such discontent might easily have grown into rebellion. *Facilis descensus Averna.*



Monmouth's Entertainment at Court.

“ How well have *W[illia]ms, Jones, and W[inning]ton,*
B[ooth], G[era]rd, T[re]by, their great duty done
 How have they taught the People to repent,
 Their zeal for their great Idol Parliament !
 How have they shewn the arbitrary way
 That Monster took to make us all its prey !
 They, to loose all, claim'd more than was their Right,
 And stretch'd their Pow'r, only to break it quite.”

[*Henry B.=
L. Delamere.*

—*The Recovery of Peace.* 1683.

THE shallow mind and weak heart of Monmouth speedily lost its faint perception of gratitude for a peril escaped, after obtaining a legal pardon through the affection of King Charles. We who now read the secrets of that carefully arranged interview, which had appeared to be the natural result of a spontaneous confession, are not likely to insist so strongly on the sinfulness of Monmouth's drawing back from the obedience which he had offered to pay when he put himself wholly under the King's direction. “ I confess, Sir, I have been in fault, misled, and insensibly engaged in Things of which the Consequence was not enough understood by me.” For a wonderfully short time, and perhaps chiefly through the influence of his wife, whom at rare intervals he saw at Moor Park, if not at Hedge-Lane, he had submitted to tuition, and given utterance to the penitential phrases that had been dictated to him. On the 24th of November he had been interceded for by York ; next day he was freed from the shadow of being in custody, and took his place at Court in the manner described in the following “ New Song ” of a Devonshire Lad. But no sooner had the *London Gazette* appeared, with the advertisement of his pardon being granted (quoted already on p. 407), than he fell back on his old associates, received their reproaches for his tame submission that imperilled the *Cause* of Rebellion, and with the inconstant recklessness of his nature tried to escape from his promises. Forsworn and treacherous all round, false to the King, to the Duke, to his wife, to his fellow-conspirators, to the companions of his pleasures, and the duties of his station, he was utterly unworthy of the numerous advantages which Fortune had lavished on a selfish and conceited libertine.

There had been some call made by the Yorkists for Monmouth to be sent to the Tower, if only for a few days. The plea was, that the conspirators would be rejoicing and encouraged if he escaped all punishment. The King not only refused to gratify their wish, but sent to the Duke of Monmouth a present of £6000. The rapid succession of these favours re-awakened York's suspicions. It made him now insist strongly on Monmouth's absolute submission, and assistance for the punishment of others since he was freed.

The publication of the *London Gazette*, No. 1880, on November 27th, gave Monmouth an excuse to break his promise of signing a full written confession. Two of his party were with him when the *Gazette* was received, *viz.* one Hazzard of Kensington and Dr. Chamberlain. He declared to them that the statement was false, and should be altered in next Thursday's issue. They speedily spread news of his denial through the coffee-houses. Like Macbeth (as shown on p. 398), Monmouth had felt unwilling to be reputed to "play false, but yet would wrongly win."

Deeming himself now secure, and in funds, he tried to regain the forfeited influence over his party by an affectation of independence; talked of being misrepresented, misreported, called Howard a liar and a rogue (as no doubt he was, but although "devoutly to be believed," it was not held "fit to be so set down in print"); and was not easily induced by Halifax to write a paper, which could be shown to the Council: then a *Second Letter* was dictated by the King as more suitable, which Monmouth copied with his own hand.

Copy of a Letter to the King, signed by the Duke of Monmouth.

I have heard of some Reports of me, as if I should have lessen'd the late Plot, and gone about to discredit the Evidence given against those who have died by Justice. Your Majesty and the Duke know how ingenuously I have own'd the late Conspiracy, and tho' I was not conscieus of any Design against your Majestie's life, yet I lament the having had so great a share in the other part of the said Conspiracy. Sir, I have taken the liberty to put this in Writing for my own Vindication, and I beseech you to look forward, and endeavour to forget the Faults you have forgiven me: I will take care never to commit any more against You, or come within the danger of being again misled from my Duty, but make it the business of my life to deserve the Pardon your Majesty hath granted to your Dutiful

Monmouth.

Monmouth, still facing both ways, objected to some phrases, but was told that it must be *that*, or nothing. He feared that the paper might be used against young Hampden, and hang him: was assured that it would not, and was reminded of what Gaston Duke of Orleans had been obliged to do before he could make his peace with his brother Louis XIII.

All this time Monmouth kept associating with the discontented conspirators, and was swayed towards them like a pendulum. That night he supped with the elder Hampden and Trenchard, under whose influence he next day demanded to have back the paper, refusing to confirm it before the Council. He persisted, against all remonstrances of the King, who at last told him that "since he was such a beast and dishonest fellow to behave himself at that rate, he should have it, but should restore the original paper" in the King's handwriting, from which Monmouth had copied it. At first pretending that it was burnt (in order to keep it for inspection of his rebellious associates), Monmouth was obliged to fetch it, and

deliver it, before he regained at that price the paper he had himself signed. The Vice-Chamberlain, Saville, was then sent, December 7th, to forbid him appearing at Court.¹ He was once more in disgrace. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." Charles had double cause to have addressed him as Israel judged Reuben: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Before Monmouth, in his vacillation, had *again* offered to sign any other paper of the same nature as those already withdrawn, the brave Algernon Sydney had been sacrificed, almost solely because of these perplexities. Respite for three weeks, he would have been spared, but for Monmouth's double dealing compelling decisive action. Sydney was beheaded on December 7th, the very day that Monmouth was banished from Court. On this execution special ballads follow, in due course, on our p. 426 and succeeding pages. We had already written our condemnation of the injustice shown at his trial (compare the account we gave in *The Bayford Ballads*, pp. 908, 1004), and time has not weakened the impression on our mind of his sterling worth and nobility of character. He is the one resolute hero who stands forth from the crowd of paltry plotters, turncoats, canting hypocrites, and perjured traitors of his time.

Previous to Algernon Sydney's execution, but near the end of 1683, several fresh ballads on the Duke of Monmouth were published. Some of these, (at present hidden or lost), are entered in the "G." Register of the Stationers' Company, fol. 80, 111, whence we now transcribe them, direct:—

Sept. 27, 1683 :	Mr. Jonah Deacon.	Entered for, etc. The Dutchess of <i>Monmouth's</i> Lamentation for the absence of the Duke.
December 1st, 1683 :	Mr. Jonah Deacon.	The Duke of <i>Monmouth's</i> kind Answer to his Dutchesse's Complaint in his Absence.
Same date, and person.	Same date, and person.	The Duke of <i>Monmouth's</i> Constance to his Loving Dutchesse.
Same date, and person.	Same date, and person.	A Pattern for Princes: the Duke of <i>Monmouth's</i> Entertainment at Court.

Ludicrously apparent to us, in later days, is the inaccuracy of views and statements given by these popular ballads, as the pretended "Lamentation of the Duchess," who was only too well accustomed to be separated from her husband through his own fickle habits and licentiousness. Then the affectation of his "Constancie to his loving Duchess!" being "praise undeserved, is satire in disguise." If the ballad-writer had known more of the truth, he would have heard neither "loving complaint in his absence" nor any "kind answer." Since they are at present unfound, and therefore out of reach, we must needs dispense with them. But the fourth entry records "the

¹ Substantially the Duke of Ormond's account, furnished at the time to Sir Robert Southwell, who committed it to writing. Also agreeing with what Sir Leoline Jenkins on 15th December, 1683, wrote to the Lord Deputy of Ireland.

Duke of Monmouth's Entertainment at Court," at the very date when by his own misconduct he was incurring a fresh banishment. Therefore, we bring on our next page the ballad, probably identical with "the Pattern for Princes," consequently of date December 1st, 1683. It is a spirited and graphic description of the scene at Whitehall, drawn by an eye-witness, but one who is not deceived into becoming an adherent of Monmouth. Would that we knew who was author of the ballad! It contains indignant remonstrance against the favour publicly shown to Monmouth, soon after his treason and ingratitude against the King. For this clever and spirited ditty the tune named is "I'll tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been;" which belongs to Sir John Suckling's often-imitated but never-equalled "Ballad on a Wedding," thus beginning: to which tune John Cleaveland wrote a similar song, inferior, but of intrinsic merit, "A Sing-Song on *Clarinda's* Wedding," beginning,

Now that Love's Holiday is come,
And *Madge* the Maid hath swept the room,
And trimm'd her spit and pot,
Awake, my merry Muse, and sing
The *Revels*, and that other thing
That must not be forgot.

The Duke of York, writing to William of Orange on January 4th, 168 $\frac{4}{5}$, said truly concerning Monmouth, "since he was no truer a convert 'twas very well he shewed himself so soon, for had he stayed and dissembled he might have done much mischief; but now he can do but little for all the world is now satisfied he is never to be trusted, and then he has all his vain fancies in his head."

We reserve to a later page, in the coming *Final Monmouth Group*, some particulars concerning his neglected wife, the Duchess Anne Scott; mentioning her love of dancing, with the accident which lamed her, and obtained for her the mocking nickname of "dear Limp" from heartless lampooners, whom neither beauty nor virtue could disarm of their scurrility. To the very end of his life, Monmouth was unworthy of her, and in his final interview might have recognized that his own misconduct had alienated him from her affection. He had pursued his own course of infidelity, with notorious disregard for her feelings and her welfare. He may have held some hope of interesting her to employ in his behalf her well-known influence with James the Second. But it was too late to re-awaken the extinguished warmth of her affection. Thus it was:

Thou askest me, Child of Spring,
Wherefore I weep and sing?
Thou askest, wherefore I sigh'd?
I have slighted the suns of May,
I have dream'd my youth away:
I have trifled with Love till it died.

[Wood's Collection, 276^a, art. 347; Ashmolean, G. 16, fol. 134.]

[Wormouth again at Court.]

A New Song [of a Devonshire Lad].

TO THE TUNE OF [Sir John Suckling's] *I'll tell thee, Dick.*

CH'il tell thee, *Tom*, the strangest story,
 Because thou art an honest *Tory*;
 'Tis news beyond expressions:
 Zich zights are no where to be seen
 In any Lond (God zave the Queen!)
 But at our Quarter-Sessions. 6

Vor Rogues I zaw in zich a place,
 As wou'd the Gibbet quite disgrace,
 'Tis pity it shou'd want 'em;
 But how the Devil they came there,
 List, *Tom*, and ch'il in brief declare,
 And how they did "recant 'em." 12

When I was late at *London Town*,
 To zee zome zights e'er I went down,
 To *White-hall* I did venture;
 And having on my best array,
 As vine as on a Holy-day,
 Zoons, I made bold to enter. 18

Up stairs I went, which were as broad
 And dirty too as any Road,
 Or as the streets o' th' *Zity*:
 Had'st thou been there, thou would'st have said
 His Majesty had kept no Maid, [Cf. p. 456.]
 God zooks, and that's a pity. 24

When I was up, I did discern
 A Chamber bigger than a Barn,
 Where I did zee Voke stand, [= Beefeaters.
Cf. p. 426.]
 (That I was veeling vrighted quite,
 It was so strange and grim a zight)
 With long things in their hand. 30

Their cloathing cannot well be told,
 On which were things of beaten Gold,
 Upon their back and breast;
 I doft my Hat when I came in,
 Quoth I, "Pray which of you's the King?"
 Which made a woundy jest. 36

At last came by a Gentleman,
 Who made me zoon to understand
 I need not be avear'd ;
 Quoth he, " Come on, and vollow me !
 Chil shew thee straight His Majesty :
 Vor these are but his Guard." 42

But *Tom*, not any Wake or Vair
 Can shew zich numbers as are there,
 Still eringing low, and bowiug,
 That one may zwear, and tell no lie,
 They wearier are, than thou or I
 With Thrashing or with Plowing. 48

No Ants did vaster lead or drive,
 Or Bees buz to or fro the Hive ;
 I mar'l they were not dizzy :
 Nay, zure the Nation's great avairs
 Lay heavily upon their cares,
 They look'd zo wise and busie. 54

At last came in His Majesty,
 Not taller much than thou or I ;
 Yet, whatzoe'er I ail'd,
 With only gazing on His Vace,
 I trembl'd like a Love-zick Lass
 Just on the point to yield. 60

He look'd, methought, above the rest,
 Tho' not by half zo vinely drest,
 Which made me vall a zweariug,
 " A Pox upon the Parliament,
 That will not let us pay him Rent ;
 Gold's only for his wearing ! " 66

A Ribbon vine came cross avore,
 Zich as our Landlord's Bridemen wore ;
 At end of which was hung
 A curious thing, that shone as bright [The *George*.
 As *Maudlin's* eyes, or morning light,
 When guilded by the Zun. 72

But now the News : chil tell the truth :
 Hard by His zide there stood a Youth, [Monmouth.
 That look'd as trim and gay
 As if he had not Guilty bin
 Of wishing e're to be a King,
 Unless a King of *May*. 78

It was the zame our Vicar zed
 Vor *Treason* shou'd have lost his *Head*,
 Vor which vive hundred Pound
 By Proclamation offer'd was [28 June, '83.
 To any that shou'd take his Grace
 In any Kerson ground. [Christendom. 84

Won *Zunday* morn, thou may'st remember,
 I think the twantieth of *Zeptember*,
 Our Parson read a thing, [Declaration, p. 421.
 How this zame Spark (a vengeance on him !)
 With vorty moor, did take upon him
 To kill our Gracious King. 90

But scant the vrighted harmless Zwain,
 That meets a *Wolf* upon the plain,
 Was zo agast with veer :
 " Wounds ! if His Majesty " (quoth I,)
 " Doth keep no better Company
 Chil stay no longer here." 96

With that the Mon that brought me in,
 By the Jacket pull'd me back again ;
 Quoth he, " Pray hear ye reason :
 He was a *What-d'ye-call't*, 't is true, [= *Rebel*.
 But 's Pardon makes him vree as you,
 Vrom Kuavery or *Treason*." 102

" Whaw, whaw ! " quoth I, " a pretty nick,
 To make Rogues honest by a trick
 Zo often try'd in vain ;
 As if my Bull shou'd gore me once,
 I 'd trust the zenseless Beast with horns
 To gore me o're again. 108

" Chil e'n to *Devonshire* agen,
 Where honest Men are honest Men,
 And Rogues are hang'd for Rogues :
 Ods wounds ! were I His Majesty,
 E'r zich a Zon shou'd countenanc'd be,
 Chi'd prize him as my Dogs." 114

[White-letter. Reprinted by Nat. Thompson. Date, the end of November, 1683. No hack-writer, of the ordinary ballad-monger class, wrote this clever ditty. We must look for the author among the courtly wits and jovial dramatists of that prolific age for such men, but it may be long before we can identify him.]



A Merry New Ballad on Prince Perkin.

“ If you have e'er a *Fop* that's proud of a String, [Monmouth's Garter.
 And fain would aspire to the throne of a King,
 Bring him to my Mill, I will presently shew
 If he's qualified for a Monarch or no.

Then make haste, customers, bring in your tribes,
 I'll quickly despatch them without any Bribes.
 For I'm so zealous for *Whig-landers'* crew,
 I'll cure their Distempers with one turn or two.”

—*The Happy Return of the Old Dutch Miller.*

WE have seen, throughout the ballads from the loyal adherents of James Duke of York, the pertinacity with which they attached to Monmouth the nickname of “Perkin” or false pretender (from Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be Edward the Fourth's younger son, and *not* murdered by Richard the Third). In the preceding ballad, moreover, although seemingly applied to Tekeli, the under-current of allusion was none the less to Monmouth. Many of the Dramatists, beside the lyric Poets of that day, found it unsafe to plant their hardest hits without the excuse of a boxing-glove, and the name of Fancy. Wearing a mask was permitted to ladies, who visited the theatres on first nights of new comedies, and found it convenient, when the jests were broad, to repel impertinent observers who looked to see whether blushes betrayed a quick perception of improprieties; or if the absence of blushes told of a hardened character that had sunk below the ability to feel shame. Surely, then, the ballad-writers were entitled to the privilege of masquerade, and veiling the titles of persons satirized in nicknames, initials, dashes and anagrams, although by so doing they give the commentator extra trouble. In the Fencing-matches of Court satire the weapons were frequently envenomed, hence the legal proprieties demanded that each rapier-point should be baited with a golden button of wit. Hewlettes prefer bludgeons and Rose-alley ambuscades, after their kind: “it is their nature so to do.”

Hitherto unprinted (to the best of our belief), this “Merry New Song on Prince *Perkin*” errs not on the score of excessive caution.

Then *Perkin* thought 'twas time to prove
 His claim to *King-ship* fair;
 And faith! 'tis fit the ‘Peerless Son’
 Should be the People's Heir.—*A Narrative of the Old Plot.*

We reserve for p. 470 another “New Song on *Perkin's* Disgrace,” “Ye Loyal lads, be merry!” and for p. 640 “The Lamentation of the Duchess,” mentioned on p. 415.

[Trowbesh Collection of Manuscripts.]

A Merry New
Ballad on Prince Perkin.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *Old Sir Simon the King.*]

- O Ur Rebell party of late upon all their ruines rec[k]on'd,
 "But Rebells again are in date, under *Shaftsbury* the Second:"¹
Says Perkin, that wou'd be King ;
Says Perkin, that wou'd be King ;
 'T was you, my Lord, and your good word,
 Did us this happy thing. 6
- "No more I 'le sculk for fear of Scarecrow Proclamation,
 Nor do I come to swear for y^t my Reservation,"
Says Perkin, that wou'd be King ; says Perkin, etc.
 "The World shall know I scorn to bow,
 Or Recantations sing. 12
- "My Pardon so obtain'd, has fool'd their Declaration,²
 Which point so neatly gain'd, we are in our former station,"
Says Perkin, that wou'd be King, etc.
 You have got much credit, my Lord, who did it,
 The Rogues gather under your wing. 18
- "It joys my heart to spye each *Whig* perk up his head,
 And in every *Tory* eie his sad defeat to read,"
Says Perkin, that wou'd be King, etc.
 "The Town 's our own, The Cloak run down,"³ [MS. "Clock,"
 And made a ridiculous thing. 24
- "Hereafter we 'll be Wiser, and carry our bodies swimming ;
 Be you still my adviser, we 'll show 'em a trick for Trimming:"
Says Perkin, that wou'd be King, etc.
 "When the Parliament sits, let 'em look to their hits,
 We 'l make all *England* ring. 30
- "Pull you down *Rochester*,⁴ let me alone with *York* !
 Ere he shall command our goodly land, we 'll first bring in the *Turk*:"
Says Perkin, that wou'd be King, etc.
 "'T is not Succession gives him possession,
 His sinking shall make us swim. 36

¹ Shaftesbury the Second is Halifax, who had been mediator for Monmouth.² Declaration against Rye-House Plot ; read in church, Sept. 2, 9 (p. 299).³ Perhaps we should read, "though the *Cloak's* run down."⁴ This Earl of Rochester is Laurence Hyde : see pp. 570, 574, Note 8.

"The Lawn-sleeve Church shall fall, and holy Kirk shall rise;
Hang Bishops in Ropes, they are all Vice-Popes, and o're our souls
tirannize;"

Says Perkin, that wou'd be King, etc.

"Atheism free and Debauchery

We 'll into fashion bring.

42

"*Walcot* and Silly *Hone* like fools confess'd and hang'd;
Russell and *Sidney* like S^{ts} Iyed on, and all the Conspiracy sham'd:"

Says Perkin, that wou'd be King, etc.

"'T is no matter for Laws, we 'll keep up *The Cause*,

That more rebellious thing.

48

"And tho' we shou'd rebell, the danger 's ne're the more,
We know before full well Old *Rowley* will quit y^e score:"

Says Perkin, that would be King, etc.

Tho' *Cæsar* resents, he streight relents,

[= *Charles II.*

And the Law has then no sting.

54

"The King too we 'll abuse, and call the Council Fools,
As how indeed can we choose, when they're made such pitiful tools?"

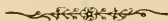
Says Perkin, that wou'd be King, etc.

"And this same Ballad shall stick in their Pallat,

And the *Whigs* shall merrily sing."

60

[Hitherto Unprinted. Date, the beginning of December, 1683.]



* * Since we meet the tune on our p. 432, it will be convenient here (before coming to the Algernon Sydney ballads,) to give the words of Nathaniel Lee's often-mentioned song, "Hail to the Myrtle Shade!" It belongs to his tragedy of *Theodosius*, 1680. The music is in Jn. Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1681, iii. 22.

A Love Song (in *Theodosius*).

HAil to the Myrtle Shade! All hail to the Nymphs of the fields!
Kings would not here invade those pleasures that Virtue yields.
Beauty here opens her arms, to soften the languishing mind,
And *Phyllis* unlocks her charms: Ah, *Phyllis*! why so kind?

Phyllis, thou Soul of Love! thou Joy of the neighbouring swains!
Phyllis, that crowns the grove, and *Phyllis* that gilds the plains!
Phyllis, that ne'er had the skill to paint and to patch and be fine:
Yet *Phyllis*, whose eyes can kill, whom Nature has made divine.

Phyllis, whose charming Song makes labour and pain a delight;
Phyllis, that makes the Day young, and shortens the live-long Night;
Phyllis, whose lips, like *May*, still laugh at the sweets they bring,
Where Love never knows decay, but sets with eternal Spring.

This song was lengthened into a street-ballad (given later), "Love's Boundless Power; or, The Charmed Lover's Happiness Completed;" to the Tune, *When busy Fame*. Many Loyal Songs were written to this tune of *Hail to the Myrtle Shade!* such as the attacks on Titus Oates, "Hail to the Knight of the Post!" and "Hail to the Prince of the Plot!" Also the "Hue and Song after Patience Ward," in 1683, "All Hail to London's fair Town!" given on p. 279.

Colonel Sydney's Overthrow.

“ Thrice happy they who with clean hands and heart
Act in this Tragedy the Victim's part;
Who in White Robes follow their Chief the Lamb,
In all his thorny paths of death and shame :
Who, dying, feel no other grief and pain,
But for the guilt of those by whom they're slain,
Who march the safest and the shortest way
To blissful *Canaan* through this purple sea.”

—*Advice to the Carver.* 1680. [*Cf.* p. 424.

NO special tribute, worthy of the occasion, was laid by any Poet as an offering on the tomb of Algernon Sydney; for whom we once again claim as appropriate the words spoken by Shakespeare's Mark Antony, over the dead body of the less-deserving Brutus :

This was the noblest Roman of them all !
All the Conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Caesar* :
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them. . . .
According to his Virtue let us use him
With all respect, and rites of burial.

Petty malignity attempted to dishonour the corpse and calumniate the name of the undaunted Republican, best of that family which gave so many heroes to the service of their country; but in our hearts we still cherish remembrance of him, and hold him enshrined. Sectarian partizans could rise no higher in enthusiasm than the following *Poem against Popery*, a declamatory and lame attempt at

An Epitaph.

Algernon Sydney fills this Tomb ;
An *Atheist*, by declaiming *Rome* ; [*scilicet*, deemed.
A Rebel bold, by striving still
To keep the Laws above the Will,
And hind'ring those wou'd pull them down,
To leave no limits to a Crown :
Crimes damn'd by Church and Government.
Oh ! whither must his Soul be sent ?
Of Heaven it must needs despair,
If that the Pope be Turnkey there ;
And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
For there is all Tyrannick Reign ;
And Purgatory's such a Pretence,
As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Sense.
Where goes it then ? Where 't ought to go :
Where Pope and Devil have nought to do !

We needed the intervening distance of time and change before we could see the heroic proportions of Algernon Sydney. His figure rises like an Alpine height, far above the other men of his time. He belonged indeed to an older race, such as had waged war, like Titans, remorselessly and wrongly, on the aggressive side; but still, while in rebellion, with some largeness of purpose, opposing a rightful cause. They had crossed swords with their peers; they had met triumph or defeat, as either the fortune of war or the irony of fate determined; but nearly all of them, whether friend or foe, had perished before Algernon Sydney laid down his grey head on the block. Defamed and slain as a traitor, he had nevertheless lived stainlessly through memorable years that can never leave us uninfluenced by their dread warning. Little matter was it to him that baser passions of the hour swayed the servile hirelings who addressed the rabble, to which themselves belonged; who wrote such songs of exultation at his death as these which we now reproduce from their dark corners, songs of rejoicing at his downfall. The sole value of such libellous declamation is in showing the vileness of the mob, as result of indulgence in Revolutionary rancour.

Of all who have eyes to see the grand simplicity of Algernon Sydney's nature, no one at this later date can possibly believe him to have been justly slain; for he was incapable of joining in an Assassination Plot, although willing to imperil life in a warlike struggle for Liberty. We feel this now, two centuries later, but others should have seen it, while he stood pleading at the bar.

The crowning guilt of this execrable murder remains with the traitor and renegade, Lord Howard of Eserick, by whose evidence alone a condemnation could be secured. But the Court and Judges share the weight of blame. No less truly than in the case of William Viscount Stafford (see *Advice to the Carver*), must it be said of Algernon Sydney's trial, with its perversion of Justice:—

Lawyers to plead, with Witnesses to swear,
 People to gaze, Ladies to see and hear!—
 But this Assembly shall hereafter know
 God and his Angels were spectators too.
 With awful pomp here Justice sits enthron'd,
 The Sword she bare, the Ballance was post-pon'd.

Ah, Carver, had thy steel the force to raze
 From Fate's eternal Book these Leaves of Brass!
 This dismal scene of Horror we'd expunge,
 Which did in guilt of blood a nation plunge:
 For who false Oaths so easily believe,
 Resemble those who stolen Goods receive;
 And through such light belief, if blood be spilt,
 No Forms of Justice can wipe off the guilt.
 What cause in this corrupted age is tried
 That ever wants an Oath on either side?

[“*Their crime r.*”

Judges themselves their way can hardly see,
 Through the thick mists of growing Perjury.

The *Roxburghe-Ballad* here ensuing is chiefly interesting for its two woodcuts; one representing the Trial, and the other showing the Execution: both superior to the generality of such contemporary pictures. The verses are poor, and false. Algernon Sydney was too self-sustained to descend to any special pleading on the Scaffold. Undaunted by death itself, he felt no weak blush of shame at the indignities that could be heaped on him by minions of the law, whether called Judge or Hangman. Even his political foes were moved to admiration of his serene dignity, and on his associates blame must rest for their inability to praise the stern Republican.

How *Roman*-like did our old Rebel dye,
 With his last breath profaning Majesty!
 And braving Heaven itself, he would not stay
 (Lest 'twere a piece of cowardice) to pray.
 And cannot all this gallantry engage
 Some Zealot, spurr'd up to poetick rage?
 But not a word!—there 's not one Ballad made.
Curtis, I see, will have but slender trade;
 For Rhymers now begin to Renegade: . . .
 That there 's not one, of all the Canting Fry,
 Can write a failing Brother's Elegy.

[See p. 436.]

The truth is that, among his own party, he was never valued as he deserved to be. His uprightness rebuked their time-serving selfishness, their corrupt worldliness, their sanctimonious hypocrisy. He would neither cringe nor bluster; he would neither cant like Slingsby Bethel, Patience Ward, and Cornish, nor utter profane jests with Howard of Eserick. His dreams and theories were often above their understanding, and although a man of robust intellect, of unflinching energy, he was voted “impracticable” in their affairs. He was no declaimer against sensuality; while others, who talked more loudly, had indulged in the grossest vices. Of old he had retained his personal opinions, and lived outside of the intrigues or violence of Oliver Cromwell's faction and coterie; even so, in later time, when he survived as a Republican of the earlier race, he moved among the disaffected as one set apart, not entrusted with any large share in their darker designs. What he affirmed in his public defence is true of his whole existence: “*There is no man that thinks that I would kill the King that knows me. I am not a man to have such a design: perhaps I may say I have saved his life once.*” England should hold him in her heart, secure against slander, uplifted from neglect. He needed no funeral oration; needed no public prayers or obsequies. He faced Eternity without a tremor, and died as he had lived, incapable of meanness or flattery: even to the mob around him, or to the busy “divines” awaiting a farewell speech. The headsman asked him, “Are you ready, Sir? Will you rise again?” Like notes of doom came the reply of Sydney:

“Not till the general resurrection. Strike on!”

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 12.]

Collonel Sidney's Overthrow; Or,

An account of his Execution upon Tower-Hill, on Friday the 7th of December, 1683, who was Condemned for High-Treason against his Sacred Majesty for endeavouring the Subversion of the Government, &c.

To THE TUNE OF, *Now, now the Fight's done.* [See pp. 354, 359.]



Good People, adieu! and fair *England* farewell,
 And you that survive me, pray never Rebel;
 Be true to your Prince, who's a Monarch indeed,
 And doth not desire that a subject should bleed:
*Be Loyal and true, that your lives you may save,
 And bring not gray hairs with shame to the Grave.*

Take warning by me, that am now on the brink
Of Death, and my Spirits are ready to sink ;
But that which most troubles me, now I must dye,
Is that I was guilty of Disloyalty :

*To your Prince then be Loyal, your lives seek to save,
And bring not gray hairs with shame to the Grave.* 12

Poor I, that have flourish'd in credit and fame,
Now finish my days with dishonour and shame ;
The name of a *Sidney* long famous hath been,
But is somewhat Eclips'd by my weakness agen.

*Then you that desire to live splendid and brave,
Bring not your gray hairs with grief to the Grave.* 18

Could I but redeem what is past and is gone,
I would find other thoughts to be thinking upon ;
Yea, and strive to reverse what will now prove my doom,
My happiness blast, and my Glory consume.

*Then you that desire your lives for to save,
Bring not your gray hairs with grief to the Grave.* 24

But in vain I lament, and my Sentence is past,
And now I am ready to breath[e] out my last :
Be kind, blessed Saviour, let me happy be,
That I may live with thee to Eternity :

*O that I could now be so happy to save
Poor Sidney's gray hairs with shame from the Grave.* 30

'T was the Pollitick Pates, that once pleaded for States,
That brought me to this, and my Glory abates ;
But now I do find it is all but in vain
My case to lament, or of sorrow complain :

*All you that desire your lives for to save,
Be true, and with Glory you 'l go to the Grave.* 36

Ther[e] 's some that before me already have gone,
That many had mighty opinions on ;
But yet when they looked pale death in the face,
Methoughts I was moved to pity their case.

*But now the same fate I must certainly have,
And bring [my gray hairs with grief to the Grave].* 42

God prosper and keep our most Sovereign King,
And all that from his Royal Loins ever spring.
O let him in Glory still sit on his Throne,
Whose mercy 's admir'd by every one :

*But you that endeavour your lives for to save,
Be true to your King, never matter the Grace.* 48

[*Stafford, etc.
or Russell.*]

Now out of the World I am ready to go,
 To bliss or to pain, there is no man doth know ;
 But I hope that my peace I have now made so well,
 That with my Creator I ever may dwell :

*But you that desire your lives for to save,
 Be true [to your King, never fear for the Grave].*

54

Thrice happy 's the Man that is Loyal and true,
 He freely when death comes bids all things adieu ;
 He goes to the Grave with such quiet and rest,
 Because he believes he shall ever be blest.

*That he will not endeavour his life for to save,
 Since Loyalty ever will bloom in the Grave.*

60

Finis. Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: Trial, and Execution. Date, December, 1683.]

* * We give on next page a street-ballad, of "Colonel Sydney's Lamentation." The length of time during which Sydney held his foes at bay during the trial, in contrast with the simple rapidity of dismissal used in William Russell's case, afforded an opportunity to the ballad-mongers, by which they were glad to profit. Hence this variety of Laments and Farewells. As we know not of any ballad beginning with the words "What name?" we are led to the conclusion that the printer misunderstood the MS. enquiry about the tune, and set the question in type. The woodcut of the Trial is left on p. 426 ; for convenience, *the companion woodcut representing the Execution is transferred to p. 429*, where it now heads a Trowbesh ballad. Of the Trial itself, wherein Algernon Sydney defended himself, counsel not being at that time allowed to plead for persons in his situation, we give some few particulars on later pages (452 and 453). The one weak point of his defence seems to be his dependence on the Prosecution not having sufficient proof that the alleged treason-papers were composed and written by him. We have no reason to doubt that they were in his actual handwriting and expressed his sentiments in his own language. Their *similarity* to his handwriting was sworn, and he did not absolutely deny that he had written them, but neither did he admit it. He indicated that they could not have been recent, by the faded ink : therefore, he cannot have suspected that they were newly fabricated, to pass forgeries for his genuine autograph and ensure his ruin. Better to have fully admitted his authorship of them, as having been written long ago, consequently pardoned by the act of indemnity. Without papers, Howard alone would have been a powerless witness against ALGERNON SYDNEY.



Collonel Sidney's Lamentation, and last Farewel to the World.

TUNE OF, *What name.* [Sic, see Note on p. 428.]



“ NOW, now, too weak, alas! I find our *Cause*,
To th’ over-ruling Powers, the *King* and *Laws* ;
The force of our Impregnant Torrent’s turn’d, [= swollen.
The Plots and Shams of our Invention’s scorn’d.
Now I do fear, what I could ne’r believe,
Some Powers above do all our Wit deceive ;
And laugh at our *Association’s* Vow :
Poor Traytors ! where’s our Ignoramus now ? E. 8

“ These forty years I’ve reign’d in Roguery,
With kind success, ’gainst Lawful Monarchy ;
And now must my gray Head be over-reacht,
And my stiff Neck by strength of *halter* stretcht.

In the beginning, Friends, it was not so,
 In *Forty-One*, now *Forty Years* ago ;
 I fear'd not then no God, nor King, nor Law :
Poor Traytors ! where's our Ignoramus now ? 16

“ On the late King I sat as Judge most stout,
 By virtue of our *Senate*, *Rump*, and *Rout* ;
 Saw him condemn'd and murder'd at *White-hall* :
 His Sacred Blood doth now for Vengeance call.
 With his own Gold I did command and fight
 Against his Son, and all Successive Right ;
 And ne'r repented yet, nor can I bow.
Poor Traytors ! where's our Ignoramus now ? 24

“ This King return'd, which I with Arms pursu'd,
 With *Tony* I for Pardon did intrude ; *[Shaftesbury.*
 What e'er we askt, his Grace did freely grant,
 Preferment too, which his best friends did want.
 My Pride [in] opposition still did shew,
 A crooked Plant will never straighter grow ;
 And now, too late, I grieve, all would not do.
Poor Traytors ! where's our Ignoramus now ? 32

“ With *Tony*, *Gray*, and *Russel* I Conspir'd
 My Prince's death, and many thousands hyr'd
 To Arm themselves, in ev'ry Town and Shire,
 To Murder this King and [his] Lawful Heir,
 And lay it all upon the *Papists'* backs,
 Which with the weight of our own *Treason* cracks ;
 And for our Crimes to murder them allow.
Poor Traytors ! where's our Ignoramus now ? 40

“ We draw'd in *M[onmouth]h* to advance the *Cause*,
 And made him *Popular* by Fools' Applause ;
 We made his Soul swell [high] to be a King,
 When we, alas ! intended no such thing :
 Now all's unravel'd, both *Cabals* and *Plots* :
 [And we, the would-be Rogues, accouted Sots.] [Dropt line.]
 'Zounds ! I shou'd still Rebel, did I know how.
Poor Traytors ! where's our Ignoramus now ? 48

“ At *Oxford* we were Rampant, over-fed,
 The *Tayl* was ten times stronger than the *Head* ;
 Yet quite out-witted by too kind a King :
 Then we to *Rumbold's* House our Arms did bring,
 Yet all was still prevented by strange Fate ;
 Had I with *Tony* made a safe Retreat,
 Then *Ketch* had ne'r held up my Trayterous jaw.
Poor Traytors ! where's our Ignoramus now ? 56

Hail to the Shades, Plutonian!

“The long war closing in Defeat—
 Defeat serenely borne,—
 Thy midnight rest may still be sweet,
 And break in glorious morn.”

—*Emily Brontë's 'Self-Interrogation.'*

IT was the custom of those who were incapable of reading the heart of Algernon Sydney to speak of him as an atheist. Half-friends and unscrupulous foes thus calumniated the man whose proud and lofty nature scorned to stoop to its defence in words. Seeing the paltry lives of the professedly religious, the shameless immorality and political corruption of those who used their sectarian shibboleth for hatred and intolerance, while “True-blue Protestants” were contented to be hypocrites, misers or profligates, outwardly bigots but inwardly insincere, we can understand the repugnance of Sydney to desecrate the faith which he possessed by vaunting his religion as others did. In his own way, he held more firmly a belief in the Deity than they were capable of doing. Sufficient revelations were made in his own few last words to confirm our knowledge that he held deep within his heart of heart a trust in God, in “the general resurrection,” in final retribution, and in the true life beyond the grave. A weary disappointed man, disgusted with sordid baseness of his fellow-creatures, he was not unwilling to welcome a long slumber in the tomb, where the ills of life might fade from memory.

“A journey without end, a wakeless sleep
 Or some half-joyful place, where feeble ghosts
 Wander in dreamy twilight, holds thee now ;
 Thy joy is done, and thine espousals kept
 Down in the dark house of forgetfulness.”—*Alford's Poems.*

“There we shall lie beneath the trodden stone :
 Oh, none can tell how dreamless and how deep
 Our peace will be, when the last earth is thrown,
 The last notes of the music fallen asleep,
 The mourners past away, the tolling done,
 The last chink closed, and the long dark begun.”—(*Ibid.*)

Algernon Sydney was no atheist, no “Pagan suckled in a creed outworn.” Little reverence for the sanctities of Death could be expected from those who exulted over the execution of such a man. They were nearly all of them renegades or turncoats, who had recently been the loudest and most mischievous at November “Pope-Burnings,” and had made merry at the far worse treatment of the Jesuits, exposed to horrible tortures on the scaffold for gratification of Exclusionist nonconformists. One specimen of their brutal taste is given here, a song of exultation at Pluto's welcome of the slaughtered Republican in the Infernal Regions.

Pluto, the Prince of Darkness, his
Entertainment of Colonel Algernon Sidney ;
upon his arrival at the Infernal Palace.

TUNE OF, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades!* [See p. 422.]

Pluto.

Room, room, for Great *Algernon*, You *Furies* that stand in his way !
Let an Officer unto me come, Who serv'd me every day :
Promoting Sedition and Evil, To alter the *Church* and the *State*,
He deserves an Employment in *Hell*, He has done great service of late.

He is one of the purup old Crew, Who voted the death of the *King* ;
At *Oxford* again he did sue, To be at the self-same thing :
All mischiefs on Earth he devis'd, All hazards he also did run,
To render my name solemniz'd With the Rabble of *London Town*. 8

To *Monarchy* he was a Foe, *Religion* he always disdain'd,
'Gainst Government and the Laws too, puruϰ *Anarchy* he maintain'd.
I'll give thee Preferment here, Since *England* has banish'd thee thence :
Brave *Sidney*, thou need'st not to fear, Thou shalt have great Recompence.

Shaftsbury.

Now *Monarchy* has prevail'd, Our *Fanatick Plots* to defeat :
On whom is the *Cause* entail'd? Who'l stand it in spite of Fate ?
We that maintain'd it so long, From Justice were forced to fly ;
If you then had come along, You needed not there to die. 16

Essex.

The *Factions* are quite undone, For loss of the *Fanatick Peers* :
Now *Shaftsbury* and I are gone, Poor *Oates* will lose his ears.
For *M[oumout]h* our *Shams* and *Intrigues* To the World has plainly declar'd ;
And *H[owar]d* our solemn *Leagues*, In the *Plot* a long time prepar'd.

Russel.

I'm glad you are safe arriv'd, Tho' I doubt you met *Jack* by the way, [J. Ketch.
Now *M[oumout]h* is reconcil'd, What a plague is become of *Gray* ?
Rebellion could ne'r disallow Conspiring against the *Prince*,
Though I by a *Sham-dying-Fow* Did plead great *Innocence*. 24

[Trowbesh Collection. White-letter. Date, January, 1683.]

* * It is improbable that the same person who had in July written "Oh, the mighty Innocence of *Russell*, *Bedford's* Son!" (vide p. 324, ante) was the author of the foregoing calumnious ditty, which is inferior to the *Christ Church Bells* parody. He was a good hater, whatever else he may have been. This pursuing with obloquy the disembodied spirit of a political foe, into the regions of Pandemonium, was a fashion of the time. We have already given examples here, and in *Bagford Ballads*. Another is preserved in the *Luttrell Collection*, ii. 60, "A Dialogue between *Anthony*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and Captain *Thomas Walcot*, upon their meeting in *Pluto's* kingdom." Printed by William Downing, 1683 (marked by *Narcissus Luttrell*, "13th September"). It begins with *Walcot* exclaiming, "Curs'd be those eyes that sees him where he stands!"

A Satire on the Reformadoes.

“ Great men have been among us ; hands that penn’d
 And tongues that utter’d wisdom—better none :
 The later *Sydney*
 These moralists could act and comprehend ;
 They knew how genuine glory was put on,
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone.”

—Wordsworth’s *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*.

BEFORE the death of Algernon Sydney, the winter of 1683 had already set in with more than usual severity, and a *Roxburghe Ballad* (our p. 463) tells of “ London’s Wonder at the Great Frost,” with the Fair held on the frozen Thames. But having (on p. 425) mentioned the Loyal Poem entitled “ The Reformation,” which begins with a comment on Sydney’s stoicism, we give the satire unmutilated: since it conveys a useful summary of the events and characters, with an account of the stupor into which the disaffected Whigs had fallen, even before James Holloway was brought back from his refuge in the West-India islands, and executed at Tyburn on April 30th, 1684; or Sir Thomas Armstrong had been surrendered in Holland, and carried a prisoner to London, there like Holloway to be put to death on the sentence of outlawry, dying on the 20th of June, 1684. In neither case was there a formal Trial, the sentence of Outlawry being deemed sufficient as legal condemnation or forfeiture.

James Holloway does not come prominently before us in any of the ballads, but his case is not without interest, if only for the fact of his having apparently escaped from arrest and pursuit during nearly nine months after the discovery of his connection with the Rye House Plot. He thus formed a sort of precedent and foretoking of the coming capture and slaughter of incriminated Armstrong.

The said James Holloway wrote a “ *Free and Voluntary Confession and Narrative*, addressed to his Majesty; written with his own hand, and delivered by himself to Mr. Secretary Jenkins.” This, being a folio pamphlet of sixteen double-columned pages, was printed for Robert Horn, John Baker, and John Redmayne, 1684, and forms part of our private Collection of Charles II. documents.

Holloway was of so little personal importance, it was scarcely worth while at such a late date to make an example of him; unless to prove that the Law had a long arm, and was able to stretch across the Atlantic and recover predestined victims. No doubt, his having been a Bristol merchant helped to explain the unusual severity of procedure against him; for there had been much disaffection in the West, both latent and displayed. He had attended the last two Parliaments, although not as a member, and seems by his own

account to have foolishly and seditiously allowed himself to be entangled in the scheme for insurrection, by one Joseph Tyly of Bristol, the ubiquitous lawyer Nat. Wade, Colonel Rumsey, Counsellor R. West (whose *alias* was Inglestone: all these plotters held an *alias* in good repute, even as a modern 'Tony recommended an *alibi*); with Richard Goodenough and Ayloff. John Roe of Bristol took him to Ferguson, at the house of Zachariah Bourne the brewer, where the said Ferguson *alias* Roberts was in high glee, for the Scotch delegates had arrived, and were coming to an arrangement "both as to time and method." Rumsey, at his own house, disparaged the general scheme, and advocated only the Rye-House Plot of assassination, "for that would put an end to all in a little time." Holloway went backward and forward between Bristol and London, hearing often of delays and postponements. He was privy to most of the Rye-House scheme, but by his own account attached little weight and no liking to it. West having detailed the plan, and being asked what was to follow, answered, "that the men should have come up with all speed to London and dispersed themselves immediately, *declaring for the Duke of Monmouth*; and that, the King and Duke being dead, no opposition could be made." Ferguson knew of both designs, but was in favour of the insurrection only, not the assassination; he laid stress on the importance of the money, "ten thousand pounds, which was to be returned to Holland, to buy Arms, etc., for Scotland," and that the "Scotch gentlemen required 30,000*l.* to stir up rebellion first in Scotland, but the English managers would not consent for more than a third of that sum." Meeting at coffee-houses and taverns with Walcot, Captain Edward Norton, Francis Goodenough, and the others, he found continual discrepancies in their reports from what had first been told. All was in unreadiness, and confusion: each advocated a different plan, for surprising the Tower, and Whitehall, or for killing the King. Neither money nor men were plentiful. Ferguson told him and Wade, "that the Duke of *Monmouth* was brought to a low condition, all his Places [*i.e.* offices of emolument] being taken from him, and his Tenants in *Scotland* being so severely dealt with on account of their religion [as being *Corenanters*] were not able to pay Rent, so that his Estate there, which was accounted worth ten or twelve thousand Pound *per ann.*, did not yield him the last year two thousand Pound." In his Confession James Holloway then told of the plan for surprising Bristol, with the help of disaffected men from Taunton. All this came to nothing before the Discovery of the Rye-House Plot, Holloway having been forced to abscond from Bristol, in trouble with his creditors. In disguise, as a poor man trading in wool, he travelled the country for two months; next, from Bristol, on 23rd of August, in a small hired boat escaped to Rochelle, and thence to the West Indies; not without stormy weather, and having to put in

at St. Ives. At Barbadoes, on the 11th of November, he found himself proclaimed in *The London Gazette*. For two months he voyaged among the islands, unrecognized, but his letter to his factor in Nevis, about money due to him, caused the man to betray him and thus evade payment. Arrested at St. Eustatia, Holloway was brought back to England, and found incapable of giving information concerning anything that was not already known; since therefore the man was of no value, although willing to confess unrestrictedly, his petition for mercy was not granted, after he had waived the concession made to him that he might have a trial. He felt sorely disappointed at not receiving a Pardon: he then met his doom. His last words were, “I pray God that no other people may concern themselves with Publick Affairs out of their own way, and that the Scribblers might be put down, for they do more hurt to the Kingdom than anything else.”

Being asked by the Sheriff, Peter Daniel, “Have you anything more to say?” and replying, “No, Sir,” the Sheriff said, “Then God have mercy upon your Soul!” Thus ended James Holloway.

The opening lines of the ensuing Poem indicate the erroneous idea entertained regarding the religious opinions of Algernon Sydney, “as profaning Majesty, and braving Heaven; he would not stay, lest ’t were a piece of cowardice, to Pray.” But Sir Richard Bulstrode records of Sydney that, “kneeling down, he prayed to himself for some minutes, and then rising, undressed himself.”

The twentieth line of “The Reformation” poem, in declaring that the Whig Club cannot afford “a *Farewell Speech*, unless it be for a Lord!” refers to the generally accepted report that “Lying Gibbie” Burnet had doctored the speech issued as Lord William Russell’s, after the execution (see pp. 325, 338, 345, 443, and 449). In four pages, folio, it circulated, despite attempts at prohibition.

Slingsby Bethel is again mentioned, in the 47th line; of whom Dryden and Tate write as *Shimei* (with Henry Cornish as *Ziph*, and Lord Mayor Moore of London as *Ziloah* of *Jerusalem*), in 1682, in the final lines of *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part Second; the “viler pair” being the later Whig Shrieves, Pilkington and Shute:—

This Year did *Ziloah* rule *Jerusalem*,
And boldly all Sedition’s surges stem,
Howe’er incumber’d with a viler pair
Than *Ziph* and *Shimei* to assist the Chair;
Yet *Ziloah*’s loyal labours so prevail’d
That Faction at the next Election fail’d;
When ev’n the common cry did Justice sound,
And Merit by the multitude was crown’d.
With *David* then was *Israel*’s Peace restor’d,
Crowds mourn’d their errour and obey’d their Lord.



The Reformation :

A Satyr.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

[Sydney.

How Roman-like did our Old Rebel dye,
 With his last breath profaning Majesty !
 And braving Heav'n it self, he wou'd not stay
 (Lest 'twere a piece of cowardice) to Pray.
 And cannot all this gallantry engage
 Some Zealot, spur'd up to Poetick Rage ?
 But not a word : there's not one Ballad made,
Curtis,¹ I see, will have but slender trade,
 For Rhymers now begin to Renegade :

I wonder'd not at Converts of the Cits,
 Yet still I thought some Epidemick Wits
 Wou'd ne're have grace enough for Proselytes :
 But edifying *Ketch* does seldom fail,
 And, when all miss, he's certain to prevail.
Jack's a great Bug-bear,² for his very sight
 Did our bold Whiggish Oracles so fright,
 That there's not one of all the Canting Fry
 Can write a failing Brother's Elegy.

Nay, lesser yet—Their Club will not afford
 A Farewel Speech ; unless 't be for a Lord.³
 The meaner *Tyburn* Saints have nought to say,
 Besides their *Pater Nosters*, and Away—
 Away they march to their true Friends below,
 Cursing the blabbing *H[owa]rd* as they go.⁴

But *Shafts[bury]*⁵ smiles to see 'em come so thick,
 For He's resolv'd to play another trick,
 And have one Bout with politick *Old Nick* :
 For *Stephen*⁶ vows they cannot live in Hell,
 Except they make the little Devils rebel,
 And after, Vote it to a *Common-weal*.

'Tis pleasant, 'Faith, to see a Babe of Grace
 Masking *Geneva* looks with Loyal face ;
 Then gravely tell you that he never stood
 Too fierce a stickler for the Brother-hood,
 And ne'er meant Mischief, but for *Publick Good*.

Thus Pious *Wh[arton]*,⁷ deeply read in *Lives*,
French Leagues, *Scotch Covenants*, and "Narratives,"
 Though (the next *Oxford* sitting) he design'd
 T' impeach *Mine'd-Pyes* as Popishly inclin'd,
 Has now made tender Conscience so comply,
 He'll allow Surplice, Cross and Litany.

10

20

30

40

Nay, any thing! for th' godly Reformade
 Seems so to hate the *Salamanca* trade,⁸
 That now a Passive Lecture he'll digest,
 As well as *Merroz*⁹ at Forbidden Feast,
 Tho' *Jeakel*¹⁰ spoke with sacred Nonsense blest. }

Next *Bethel*,¹¹ wisely turning with the tide,
 Thinks to shake off the once-Beloved side,
 And doth the whole Design so much resent
 You'd almost swear, He lov'd the Government : 50
 (Yet still he closely favours the Intrigue)
 And quits the *Sh[eriffs]* from his Holy League.

Arn[old],¹² that early Martyr for the Cause,
 So maul'd in *Jack'napes Lane* by Popish claws,
 Was pity'd, till some Tell-tales understood
 That he, like Priest of *Baal*,¹³ in zealous mood
 First scratch'd himself, and then did Murder cry!
 And hang'd a brace of Tories,¹⁴ by the by;—
 No Engine kills like a religious Lye. }
 But he and stout Sir *Tr[evor]*¹⁵ (that cou'd Vote 60
 For Freedom with as popular a note
 As any in the House,) begin to shrink,
 Humbling themselves with Penitential Chink.

So *W[illia]ms*,¹⁵ who the same brave Motto wore
 As *Cataline* and *Cassius* did before,
 Doth now his Latine Poesie paraphrase,
 " *Will's for the King, (If not) against His Grace :* "
 And *Tr[enchard]*,¹⁶ laying down that Great Command,
 Will all his *Taunton* Forces now disband.

And thus, forsooth! whilst Loyalty 's in Fashion, 70
 W' are like to have a Hopeful Reformation!
 But subtile *Roger*¹⁷ bids us " have a care,
 'Tis dang'rous yet to Trust these Saints too far : "
 'Tis ten to one, if *Jove's* Great Meresy can
 Of *Whig*, or *Trimmer*, make an Honest Man.

Finis.

[In White-letter. Date, probably January, 1683.]

Notes to The Reformation.

Motto = *Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*: of Matthias Borbonius.

¹ Langley Curtis who, like Jane Curtis with Stephen College's libel entitled "*Scroggs upon Scroggs*" (beginning, "A Butcher's Son's Judge capital"), got into trouble for publishing scandalously seditious pamphlets. See pp. 176, 182.

² The veritable Jack Ketch, who executed Staley, Coleman, the Jesuits, Lord William Russell, Algernon Sydney, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and others. He was afterwards to mangle the body of Monmouth. His portrait is in Vol. IV. p. 128.

³ Alluding to the circulation of the so-called Lord William Russell's Speech, the attempt to stop which had been unsuccessful. We possess one of the copies issued by authority, bearing the appointment of Thomas Fox, Saturday June 21, 1683, signed by Dudley North and Peter Rich, the Tory Sheriffs: *The Last Speech and Behaviour of William, late Lord Russell: . . . also of Captain Thomas Walcot, John Rouse, Gent., and William Hone, Joyner.* Printed by J. C. and F. C. for Thomas Fox at the Angel in Westminster-hall, 1683. Ten leaves, folio. Also *Animadversions upon a Paper entituled, The Speech of the Late Lord Russel, etc.* Printed for Thomas Dring over against the Inner Temple Gate in Fleet Street, 1683. This latter concludes, "May all the yet secret machinations of wicked *Achitophels* and rebellious *Absaloms* be for ever defeated and discovered." In Salmon's *Chronicle History* the small result of prosecution is marked: "John Darby, the printer, having been convicted of printing a libel called *Lord Russell's Speech*, made his submission this term, Feb. 168³₁, and was fined but 20 marks."

⁴ Lord William Howard of Escrick, who (in connection with Fitz-Harris's intrigues) had been imprisoned in the Tower, 1681. Compare p. 440.

⁵ The Earl of Shaftesbury died seventeen months after Stephen College had been executed at Oxford. So that they are both, a twelvemonth later, supposed to be in the same locality among "true friends" in the original Netherlands. This is absurd, for, though Shaftesbury on earth associated with such creatures as College, they would go in different directions after the breath left them.

⁶ Stephen College's turbulence, continued into a new state of uncomfortable existence, is here well indicated: an illustration of the more modern lines:—

"Till, having us'd our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tir'd upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been."

⁷ This must refer to Philip, Lord Wharton, who was rigidly calvinistic. His eldest son, Thomas Wharton, the duellist, afterwards Lord Wharton, was author of *Lilliburlero*. Of him, barring his consistent Whiggism, there was truth in Swift's summary: "He was the most universal villain that ever I knew."

⁸ *Id est*, the "Salamanca Doctor" Oates, his perjuries and abettors.

⁹ The "Curse ye Meroz" sermon of Rev. Edmund Hickeringill, in 1682, popularized the allusion to the *Book of Judges*, v. 32. The "forbidden feast" must be the prohibited Whig Dinner which Shaftesbury had arranged for 21st April, 1682 (see p. 81). "Colchester Hickeringill" of All Saints had libelled Henry Compton, but made a public recantation on 27 June, 1684. His libels were, *The Second Part of Naked Truth; Vindication of Naked Truth; News from Doctors' Commons; Scandalum Magnatum; Tryal at Chelmsford; The Mushroom; The Black Nonconformist; The Man Catcher; and The History of Whiggism, &c.* A pretty lot for one Essex Man! (See Vol. IV. p. 219.)

¹⁰ The Rev. Thomas Jekyl, the preacher; see Note 3 on p. 282.

¹¹ Slingsby Bethel, who had fled to Holland shortly before Shaftesbury, and made some professions of disavowing the Rye-House Plot for assassination of Charles II. See *Roxburghe Ballad* "The Ungrateful Rebel," in next Group.

¹² John Arnold, Justice of Peace for Monmouthshire, set upon in Bell Yard, 15th April, 1680. His very doubtful case has been already mentioned on pp. 154, 345, 346, and the comparison made with Sophyrus. "The throat-cutter of Jackanapes Lane" was another nickname applied to Arnold. At the trial of Viscount Stafford, on 30th of November, 1680, Sir Francis Winnington, one of the Committee for Management of the Evidence, unduly pressed this alleged throat-cutting of Justice Arnold, saying, "It is true he is not dead, yet as to the Publick, I count him Murdered by the Papists, though he be alive in the World."

¹³ When the priests of Baal leapt on the unvisited altars, “ and cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.” (I. *Kings*, xviii.)

¹⁴ This is a mis-statement, certainly, about the hanging; but one John Giles, who was apprehended in Monmouthshire, was accused and convicted (on 17th July, 1688, at the Old Bailey) of being a party to the assault, fined £500 and pilloried. Mr. Herbert, Justice of Peace in Monmouthshire, got into trouble about it in May, 1681. Mr. Justice Jones at the King’s Bench sentenced him to a fine of 100 marks for beating Jane Powell, a witness against Giles.

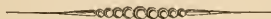
¹⁵ The omitted word, italicised as *Sir Tr—*, doubtless means *Sir Trevor* (= *Sir Trevor Williams*, late M.P. for Monmouthshire, on whom, and his fine, see p. 224), and not *Trenchard*, who is certainly intended eight lines lower. John Arnold and *Sir Trevor Williams* represented the same Welsh county.

¹⁶ John Trenchard, who was unready in the projected rising with Devonshire men: on learning which, and foreseeing failure, as there would assuredly be betrayal during the delay, Shaftesbury had taken flight to Holland. Trenchard again failed and broke his promises, on Monmouth’s rising, and himself fled to this usual place of refuge for frightened conspirators.

¹⁷ Roger L’Estrange, not yet Knighted. Compare p. 347, and Vol. IV. p. 257.

* * About July or August, 1683, there appeared a Loyal new Poem, entitled, “ The Last and Truest Discovery of the [worse than] *Papish-Plot*, by *Runsey, West*, and other great patriots of their country,” beginning “ But Oh! this late Conspiracy so dire, (By Providence prevented by a Fire), No age can parallel;” etc. It contains a similar rebuke of Shaftesbury to that on our next page:—

What desperate despairing pöuuep Crew
 Would fell the *Royal Oaks*, plant cursed *Yew* ?
 Did *Shaftesbury* descend into the Pit,
 And *Pluto’s* President of War doth sit ?
 Are *Sheriffs*, *Juries*, and his perjur’d Slaves,
 All silent now, as they were in their graves ?
 No : thou retain’st thy Counsel at the Bar,
 And *Good-enough* to make a Civil-War : [quibble on *R.G.*
 Tho’ thou can’st not return, hast none to send,
Murder and *Treason* thou hast left thy Friend :
 Thy breath, O *British Seylla*, still remains, [=*L. C. Sylla.*
 Whose poyson stagnates your ill-liver’s veins :
 Thou, pöuuep *Achitophel*, counsel’dst a *Vote*,
 If the King dy’d, to cut the *Papists’* throat ;
 Nay, if a House by accident was fir’d,
 From *them* must reparation be requir’d. . . .
 Whilst we, with Prayers and offerings of Praise,
 Send our Thanksgivings up for those past days . . .
 Infinite mercy (wonderfully shown)
 Preserve the *Royal Blood* upon the Throne ;
 And that we may have Blessings, when we sing,
 Glory to GOD, Peace, Health unto the King !



Pindaric Ode on the Rye-house Plot.

“They have left the City, 'tis pity!
 And their p.uuuep party i' th' lurch;
 If to be hang'd 'twould be pretty,
 For Treason 'gainst King and Church.”

—*The Hunting of the Fox.* 1682.

THIS “Pindarique Ode upon the late Plot” differs from the majority of the preceding manifestoes in being addressed to a circle of readers considerably above those who purchased and sang the ordinary broadside ballads, whether political or social. It begins with a recognition of the recently-deceased Shaftesbury, as the originator and encourager of all the sedition which was now being revealed. There is something approaching tenderness in the allusion to the Earl of Essex having slain himself; very different in spirit to the earlier ballad of “The Raree-Show; or, The True Protestant Procession,” wherein he was mentioned as “flourishing *Essex*, the tongue of the Gang” (see p. 397).

The Ode mentions Russell and Eserick Howard together; with a futile attempt made to whitewash the latter, the Renegade, as having “wash'd away his faults in humble Penitence.” If so abject a groveller could ever feel his despicable position, one glance into the corrupt thing he called his soul must have been forced on him by the contempt of Algernon Sydney, who disdained to look at him when Howard swore away his life as a new way to pay old debts. Even in 1681 the vileness of Howard was known, and this ought to have preserved Sydney, Essex, and Russell from ever associating with him. On pp. 313 and 314 we have already referred to his known profanation of the Sacrament, voluntarily taken to attest a falsehood (with mental reservation) in the Tower. A contemporary rebuke administered to him establishes the exact date, July 2, '81:

... “To make people believe that you really valued what you swore? Was that the policy? to make a mental reservation on purpose to be found out? that the World might think your Conscience a little more scrupulous, and your veneration for a Sacrament somewhat greater, than when your Lordship administered it yourself in *Lambs-wool*? Indeed you would put this upon us, and therefore you tell us in your Letter how *solemnly* this Protestation was made, *under the most sacred ties of Religion*. But, my Lord, how shall we be assured that this Protestation with you signifies any more, than if it had been as solemnly made under the most *sacred ties of Apples and Ale*? Or how could you ever hope that one who had so profan'd this most Holy Mystery of our Religion, so expos'd our Blessed Saviour, and put him to a more infamous and open shame than ever the malice of the *Jews* his Crucifiers could reach at, should yet get any credit to his protestations notoriously violated? No, my Lord.”—*A Letter to a Friend occasioned by my Lord Howard of Eserick's Letter to a Friend, with his Protestation at the receiving the Blessed Sacrament in the Tower, July 3, 1681.* London. Printed for *A. B.*, Anno Dom. 1681. (p. 3.)

A Hindarique Ode,

Upon the late Horrid and Damnable Whiggish Plot.

I.

Dissenting *Bigots*, boast no more
 Of glorious Mischiefs heretofore ;
 Not all the Troops your Godly Factions led,
Bradshaw and *Cromwel* in their head,
 Can vie with single *Shaftsbury*
 For secure Arts of close-laid Villany.
 They but the empty types, the weighty substance he.
 'Tis true these two great Leaders carry'd on
 Their bold designs till Life was done ;
 But, when the vip'rous pair was crush'd, the wound
 They living made, clos'd, and again was sound ;
 Whilst he, like Serpents of more pois'nous kind,
 Where e're he once his Forked Tongue applies,
 Though in the fatal act he dies,
 Still leaves his Venom and his Sting behind.

II.

M[onmouth] and *Essex* both were stung,
 And many more, by his envenom'd Tongue ;
 And straight they all began to swell,
 From Sense and Reason straight they fell ;
 And melancholy fumes possess'd their Brain,
 And they wou'd all be Kings, and all wou'd reign.
 Hence their disorder'd passion springs,
 And spitting venom on the best of Kings.
 Hence their attempts upon his Life and Throne ;
 Hence all their secret Mysteries
 Of undermining treacheries,
 And hidden veins of Treasons yet unknown.
 But thou, great *Charles*, despise their vain designs ;
 The *Unicorn*, supporter of thy Arms.
 'Gainst all their Poison bears sufficient charms,
 And a much greater Power blows up their deepest Mines.

III.

Methinks the dark Cabal of Six I see,
 Double *Triumvirate* of Villany ;
 Exceeding that which went before,
 In number much, in mischief more :

Cæsar's adopted Son does first appear; [*Monmouth.*]
 " Art thou, my *Brutus*, there?
 Thou that wert once so Great and Good;
 From the high place wherein you justly stood,
 How art thou fall'n, O *Lucifer*!
 He once, like you, was fair and bright,
 Chief Leader of the glorious Hosts of Light:
 But long (alas!) he cou'd not bear
 To see above him plac'd th' eternal King's immediate Heir.
 He scorn'd subjection, for a Kingdom fell;
 But gain'd eternal Slavery and Hell:
 Thus while from Good to Ill they headlong tend,
 The brightest Angel makes the blackest Fiend.

IV.

Next *Essex*, once deservedly great,
 Though since the scorn and mockery of Fate: -
Essex, whose late successful sway
 Made *Ireland* peaceably obey;
 And follow'd well Great *Ormond's* track, who led him all the way.
 His Father's bright Example long prevail'd,
 And that most precious Legacy
 He left to him of *Loyalty*;
 (So the declining Sun, when chas'd by coming Night,
 Still guilds the World a while with the remains of Light:)
 But when that *Hell* and *Shaftsbury* assail'd,
 His noble resolutions quickly fail'd,
 And all his former Virtues nought avail'd.
Addresses and *Petitions* first,
 (For who can fall at once from good to worse?)
 Began the Game; and aiming to Betray,
 Like *Judas*, "*All Hail, Master!*" led the way.
 Unhappy man! who carry'd on
 Too sadly the comparison!
 Tortur'd like him by his Despair,
 Like him, he was his own sad Executioner.

V.

Russel and *Esrick* next in order were;
 Nor do I much admire to see them there: [admire = wonder.]
 Happy the latter of the two, who since
 Has wash'd away his Faults in humble Penitence;
 And, by a true Confession
 Of others' Treason and his own,
 With his most gracious Prince may for the Past Atonc,

I waive the former, since he justly dy'd,
 And by his Death has satisfi'd :
 But he has to himself been more unkind ;
 And his own Libel left behind. [i.e. Burnet's Speech.
 Next *Sydney* comes ; a Name
 In brave Sir *Philip* known to Fame,
 For perfect Wit and Loyalty ;
 Though now by *Algernon*¹ mark'd with so black a dye,
 As does almost eclipse the Fame of his great Ancestry.
Hampden the last ; the worthy son²
 Of him well known in '*Forty-One* ;
 Grand Patron of the *Canting Tribe*,
 How shall I thee describe ?
 None can *draw* thee according to thy due,
 But he that has the knack to *Hang* and *Quarter* too.

VI.

These, and a num'rous Train of many more,
 Their dark designs did secretly contrive ;
 Till *Keeling* who did long connive [*Josiah Keeling*.]
 To sound their depth, and number all their store,
 Broke forth, and shone like Gold amidst the Ore.
 Against his conscience nothing cou'd prevail,
 Not Life and Int'rest in the other Scale :
 All other by-concerns he laid aside,
 And fix'd his mind with noble pride
 Upon a Name so good and great,
 As sole Preserver of the Church and State.
 What thanks for such obligation shall we bring ?
 Our fortune and our lives we owe
 For what you did on us bestow ;
 What then for our Religion, and our King ?
 Take first our hearts ; while we can only pray,
 God and his great Vice-gerent will repay.

¹ Algernon was grandson of Robert, younger brother of Sir Philip.

² John Hampden, Junior, the grandson, not "worthy son" of the Chalgrove-field fifth member, and in no other respect remarkable, even as a popular conspirator, was tried for misdemeanour: Howard of Eserick being the only witness against him. His fine was £40,000. But after Sedgemoor fight, when Lord Grey purchased pardon for himself by giving evidence against former associates, Hampden was brought to a fresh trial for high treason. He pleaded guilty, and besought Jeffreys to obtain pardon for him from King James II. Disgraced and miserable, he afterwards committed suicide. The irreligion of Essex, of John Ayloff, and of Hampden, ended the same way, in self-murder.

VII.

And now the Horrid *Plot* appears,
 Writ in the blackest characters ;
 And every page some bloody title bears,
Seditions, Treasons, Massacres.
 What in a King so good, what cou'd they see,
 To arm that numerous Conspiracy
 Against so mild a Majesty ;
 Which like the Sun its beams does wear
 Not to consume, but warm and cheer ?
 Blest Prince ! and canst thou still dispence
 To this unthankful Land thy gracious influence ?
 Still canst Thou shed thy favours upon those
 That are the near relations of thy Foes ?
 Brave *Capel* and *Southampton* on this hand,
Essex and *Russel* on the other stand ;
 He turn'd from these, and fix'd his Princely view
 Upon the nobler object of the two.
 And, as he look'd, on all their friends his willing favours threw.
 " Let *Russel's* wife (said he) unpitty'd go ;
 But shall *Southampton's* Daughter fall so low ? [*Cf.* p. 446.
Essex's Son shou'd want, 't is true ;
 But what shall then brave *Capel's* grand-son do ? "
 In his indulgent memory
 So long great Virtues live, so soon Offences dye.

VIII.

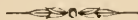
Yet him, thus justly fam'd for mildness of his Reign,
 The bloody Faction dooms to dye ;
 And, to enhance their cruelty,
 Wou'd in his Royal Brother murder him again ;
 His Royal Brother, who had always been
 A Partner of the Troubles he was in ;
 Of all his dangers bore a share,
 And still with him joynt-sufferer :
 Ev'n him their Hellish rage assails :
 The *Hercules*, that when our *Atlas* fails
 Must with his shoulders prop the sinking State,
 And bear unmov'd the mighty weight.
 With them the Loyal, all the Good and Great,
 Must meet an unrelenting fate ;
 For those by strong Antipathy they hate.

IX.

Nor can the Church escape this Cursed Band !
 What once was to the worst a Sanctuary,
 Can to it self no refuge be ;
 That with the State does always fall or stand :
 And may both stand till Time it self has end :
 And still each other mutually defend :
 For whilst with open Force, or secret Hate,
 The two extreams assault the State,
 The *English* Church keeps on her steady pace,
 Fix'd in the middle, Virtue's place ;
 Nor e're rebell'd against the Throne,
 Under whose gracious shade 't was planted, and has grown.
 But as the *Ivy*, with whose verdant boughs
 Her Learned Sons may justly wreath their Brows,
 Does round the *Elm* its loving branches 'twine,
 And when the Axe its kind support assails,
 That also feels the stroke, and with it fails ;
 So while the Church and State their strict embraces joyn,
 The same rude blow that overturns the Crown,
 Strikes its lov'd Partner too, and hews her down.

X.

Ah! wretched *England!* how art thou,
 The World's late Envy, made its Laughter now ?
 Is 't not enough, that Forreign Foes
 Disturb thy quiet, and thy peace oppose ?
 But must thy children, like young Vipers, tear
 The womb which did them bear ?
 Hast thou so few abroad, that thou must be
 Thy own most dreaded Enemy ?
 At length, unhappy Laud, thy errors view,
 And give to *Cæsar*, and to God their due ;
 Leave factious Arts, nor let so stale a Cheat
 Twice in one Age impose upon the State :
 Murmur no more, when you shou'd Thanks repay ;
 And value Mercies, lest they fly away :
 For they who spurn at God, deserve to suffer worse ;
 And Blessings, when abus'd, oft turn into a Curse.



Petitions to save Lord William Russell.

“The greatest attribute of Heaven is Mercy.”—*B. & F.*

THE mention on p. 444 of Southampton's daughter, in contrast to the disloyalty of Russell, makes us here give Bedford's touching letter of pleading for his son. This prayer ought to have been granted by Charles, although Russell deserved to die. York was the implacable obstacle. He is said to have answered, “If I do not kill him, it is certain that he will not rest until he has killed me.”

*To the King's most excellent Majesty,
The Humble Petition of William, Earl of Bedford.*

Humbly sheweth :

THAT could your Petitioner have been admitted into your presence, he would have laid himself at your Royal feet in behalf of his unfortunate Son, himself and his distressed family, to implore your Royal mercy; which he never had the presumption to think could be obtained by any indirect means. But shall think himself, wife and children, much happier to be left but with bread and water, than to lose his dear Son for so foul a crime as Treason against the best of Princes, for whose life he ever did, and ever shall pray more than for his own.

May GOD incline your Majesty's heart to the Prayers of an afflicted old Father, and not bring gray hairs with sorrow to my grave.

Bedford.

The “indirect means” must refer to the *alleged* offer of 100,000*l.* as a bribe to the Duchess of Portsmouth, that she might exert her powerful influence over Charles to save Russell's life. That he himself offered full submission, to escape the penalty of death, this will show:

*To the King's most excellent Majesty,
The humble Petition of William Russell,*

Most Humbly sheweth ;

THAT your Petitioner does once more cast himself at your Majesty's feet, and implores, with all humility, your mercy and pardon, still avowing that he never had the least thought against your Majesty's Life, nor any design to change the Government; but humbly and sorrowfully confesses his having been present at those meetings, which he is convinced were unlawful and justly provoking to your Majesty; but being betrayed by ignorance and inadvertence, he did not decline them as he ought to have done, for which he is truly and heartily sorry; and therefore humbly offers himself to your Majesty, to be determined to live in any part of the world which you shall appoint, *and never to meddle any more in the affairs of England, but as your Majesty shall command him.*

May it therefore please your Majesty, to extend your Royal favour and mercy to your Petitioner, by which he will be for ever engaged to pray for your Majesty, and to devote his life to your service.

Will. Russell.



Congratulatory Pindaric Poem.

By C. P.

ANOTHER Pindaric Poem was issued at the same time, printed for Walter Davis in Amen-Corner, 1683, on four pages of folio size. It is entitled "A Congratulatory Pindarick Poem; or, His Majestie's Safe Deliverance from this Hellish and True PLOT. Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earl of Dunblaine, by C.P., Gent." Viscount Dunblaine (mentioned on pp. 314, 386, and 456) was Peregrine, second son, and ultimately the heir of Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby; whose elder son Lord Latimer had died. Peregrine's wife (*Bridget Hyde*, see p. 456) is mentioned in the motto on next page from *A Letter to C. W.* (Charles Whitworth, or Carleton Whitlock.) The Pindaric Poem also has a motto (taken from John Barclay's chief work, the *Argenis*; or, *Lovis of Poliarchus and Argenis*, Paris, 1621, translated by Kingsmill Long in 1625):

Vicimus, ô magnis tandem exaudita piorum
Voca Deis, nunc alma salus, nunc sæcula curat
Jupiter. — *Barcl. Arg.*

We need not give all the Congratulatory Pindaric Poem. It begins thus:

Tell me, ye Great Divinities,
Who dwell beyond the distant and the arched Skies,
Since you there Reign with Peace and Love,
Tell me why our Earthly *Jove* [i.e. King Charles II.]
Should so unhappy in his subjects prove?
Can it be [as] a Punishment,
Which you from Heaven have sent
T' inflict on him that's Innocent?
No, no, it cannot be,
It lessens your Divinity, 10
To send down ills upon the best of Men,
And give the best of Princes so severe a Reign.

This erroneous supposition being disposed of satisfactorily, the poem implores the Deities to quit their happy palaces, and suddenly detect the foul Conspiracies which rebels had been planning for the destruction of the King. The Plotters are likened to the Titans of old; with great unfairness to the said Titans, for the Ryc-House men were puny pigmies. The poet prays for the King's safety:—

How often have the Fatal Sisters had
Orders to cut the thread
On which did hang the Fate 70
Of *Charles* the Just, the Good, the Great?
How often in his Childhood did they run
To force the high-born Youth from's Throne;
All this and more than this was done,
For that great Crime of his, of being his Father's Son.
Then Angels were from Heaven sent,
Who did those threat'ning ills prevent:
Who still maintain him in his Royal seat,
And guard his person, and secure his State.
Oh! may those Heavenly Guards for ever be 80
Sufficient to protect him to Eternity.



A New Song of the Times. 1683.

"And that we may to all due justice render,
Exeter's Songs must move the maidens tender ; [John, 4th Earl,
 Yet Lady *Bridget* does so cruel prove, [= Bridget Hyde.
 Six songs a day can't her compassion move.
 Never for Women was so bad a time,
 Baseness in Man is grown a common crime,
 Which *Frazier* doth lament in tender rhyme. [Dr. Frazier.
Parsons set up for a Pindarick Spark, [Sir John P.
Pindar himself did never write more dark ;
 So rough his numbers and such Mystick sense,
Sarsfield himself scarce knows who 'tis he means, [Capt. Patrick S.
Baber has left the Panegyrick strain, [Sir John Baber.
 And now to Ballad-writing turns his brain,
 At which *Will Wh[art]on* long had striven in vain : [N.B.
 From that dull Fop what could expected be ?—
 The dullest of that senseless family."

—A Letter to C[ha]. W[hitworth?].

THE following "New Song for the Times" is a Whig "manifesto in extremis," sent out, an *Apologia* for William Russell, Algernon Sydney, Hampden, Essex, and the other Revolutionists associated with the Rye-House Plotters; but it assumes the disguise of being denunciatory of them, as if written by a Courtier. The author of the ditty was the Honourable William Wharton, son of Philip, fourth Baron Wharton (by his third wife, Anne, widow of Edward Popham, and daughter of William Carr). He was killed in a duel, December, 1689; after having won a small reputation for ballad-making, like his more notorious elder brother, "Tom Wharton," afterwards Earl (for whose character, drawn at full length and without flattery, see Lord Macaulay's life-like portraiture: *History of England*, 1st ed., 1855, iv. pp. 456-9). The early satirist from whom we draw our motto, in mentioning William Wharton, errs grossly when in spite he declares him to be "the dullest of that senseless family." Unprincipled, reckless, and treacherous they assuredly were, sacrificing everybody for a whim, themselves not excluded; but the Whartons were anything but dull: and only because of imprudence or wrongheadedness can they be deemed "senseless." They certainly possessed a peculiar genius for mischief, and liked crooked ways of action, in the delight of upsetting plans and creating confusion. Thus Tom Wharton's son, Philip, first and only Duke Wharton (whom Horace Walpole mentions as having "written the ballad on the Archbishop of Canterbury") balked the Minister by pretending to be opposed to Bishop Atterbury, and then, having learnt all that was to be charged against him, defeated the plot by making "one of the most masterly speeches in favour of the prelate, anticipating and answering their arguments."

It was generally remarked, as a proof of the disquietude and humiliation of the Whigs, that, although they had hitherto always professed contemptuous disbelief whenever the Court party had asserted a knowledge of conspiracies being formed against the Government, the discovery of the Rye-House Plot had disgusted moderate men, and shown them alike the villainy of the schemers and the futility of their treason. Scarcely any answers or libellous pamphlets had been attempted for several months, except the publication of Lord Russell's apocryphal “Speech,” which was chiefly due to the intermeddling “Lying Gibbie” Burnet.¹ William Wharton's “New Song on the Times” (on our p. 451) may therefore be deemed of more than usual interest, as being the earliest token of rallying their courage among the Revolutionists.

Whigs can scarcely be deemed to have been treated with excessive severity, when we remember all their designs and unscrupulous intrigues with desperadoes. King Charles was at no time of cruel disposition, and felt justified in punishing the ringleaders. The long delay of four months before Algernon Sydney was put on his trial (in contrast to the haste of proceeding against Russell), seems to indicate the Royal willingness to save his life; since his condemnation would have been secure if he had been earlier brought before a jury, while the discovery was still recent. We feel certain that he would have been respited, after sentence in November, had it not been for Monmouth's misconduct provoking severities. York, indeed, was bitter against all the conspirators. In his letter to the Prince of Orange, written at Winchester on September 2nd, 1683, while regretting the French movements, and that “Christendom had not been in peace, and free to have assisted the Emperor against the Turk,” he adds, “We have as great devils to deal with here, for though some of the conspirators have been taken and executed, *yet that party are as malicious and fiery as ever*; so that we here must look to ourselves, and not engage in any war beyond sea.” Again, in another letter, dated December 4th, 1683, from London to the same person, York writes, “As for news here, *Algernon Sidney* is to be beheaded on Friday next on *Tower-hill*, which beside the doing justice on so ill a man, will give the lie to the *Whigs*, who reported he was not to suffer. The Duke of *Monmouth*, also, I am told, will some way or other give them

¹ This fact is commented on by Lord Keeper Guildford, Sir Francis North, in his manuscript, p. 7:—“One observation I then made of the temper of the time; that whereas before there was never any discovery made at *Whitchhall* but presently there was a counter-report, the witness was be-rogued, and pamphlets came out daily to out-face the business; now all was as dumb as could be, all the *Whigs* hung down their heads, and said, ‘If there be such villainy, in God's name let all concerned suffer for it; and there was not one seditious pamphlet came out for a good while, hardly till the Lord *Russell's* execution.” He forgets Samuel Johnson's *Julian the Apostate*, but this had been prepared previously.

the lie, by owning, in a more public way than he has done yet, his knowledge of the conspiracy; which that rebellious party, and some of his dependers endeavoured to persuade the world he knew nothing of." In another letter to William of Orange, dated December 7th, 1683, York narrates the duplicity of Monmouth, and also (its logical consequence, as we maintain,) the execution of Sydney. It is better to give this letter in full, as evidence:

I believe you will be as much surprised with the news of the Duke of *Monmouth's* being ordered to go out of *Whitehall*, and not to appear in his Majesty's presence, as you were at his coming in, and being permitted to stay at Court. His Majesty sent this morning the Vice-Chamberlain with that message to him, being very much displeased with his not owning, by a letter or paper under his hand, his knowledge of the conspiracy; as he has done it, by word of mouth, to his Majesty and myself; besides which, some of his servants and dependers reported everywhere that what was in the *Gazette* [of November 26, No. 1880: see our p. 407] concerning him was false, for that he had never owned any knowledge of the conspiracy: *which disingenuous proceeding of his did so anger his Majesty, that it obliged him to show his displeasure to him, as he has done*, and now 'tis visible to all the world that he [*Monmouth*] only designed by his coming in to get his pardon, and [nevertheless] to keep his credit with his party still; both which he has now done: and though his coming in, and being pardoned as he was, has done some harm, I hope this good will come of it, that his Majesty will now never believe anything he says again, and then he can do but little harm. *Algernon Sidney* was beheaded this day, died very resolutely, and like a true rebel and republican. I have not time to say more, but that you shall still find me as kind as ever to you.

In a later letter (December 14) York tells Orange of the King having communicated to the Council "all that had passed in that affair of the Duke of *Monmouth*, and showed them the letter he would have had the Duke sign; and ordered that letter, and what he had said, to be registered in the council books, to satisfy the world of all that past, and that the Duke of *Monmouth* had owned to him the knowledge of all the conspiracy, except the assassinating part."

Altogether, the evidence is clear that the vindictive spirit of York, even at this early date, augured ill for the chances of clemency should he ever come to the throne and find their rebellion place his enemies within his power. From his own letters we learn the true reason why Sydney's (unspoken) last paper was allowed to be printed and circulated, "that the world might see what his principles were, and what both he and the rest of the conspirators drove at; and its being published has really done good. His *Trial* also has come out, and I have sent it to my daughter [*Mary*], by one who goes with the packet boat."



A New Song of the Times.

1683.

[Tune, not mentioned.]

TWere folly if ever the *Whigs* would Endeavour
 Disowning their *Plots*, when all the World knows 'em!
 Did they not fix on a Council of Six,¹
 Appointed to govern, though nobody chose 'em?
 They that bore sway, knew not one would obey:
 Did *Trincalo*² make such a ridiculous pother?
Monmouth's the Head, to strike Monarchy dead;
 They chose themselves Vice-Roys, all o're one another. 8

Was't not a puuep thing for *Russell* and *Hambden*³
 To serve all the projects of hot-headed *Tony*? [=Shaftesbury.
 But much more untoward to appoint my Lord *Howard*,⁴
 Of his own purse and credit, to raise Men and Money,
 That at *Knightsbridge* did hide those "brisk Boys" unspy'd,
 Who at *Shaftesbury's* Whistle were ready to follow;
 And when aid he should bring, like a true *Brentford King*,⁵
 Was here with a Whoop, and gone with a Hollo! 16

Algernon Sidney, of Common-Wealth kidney,
 Compos'd a puuep Libell (ay, marry, was it!)
 Writ to occasion ill blood in the Nation,
 And therefore dispers'd it all over his Closet.⁶ [= 'o'er his own.'
 It was not the Writing was prov'd, or Indicting;
 And though he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling?
 Since a new trust is plac'd in the Chief-Justice,⁷
 To ueuep Law and Reason too by Over-ruling. 24

What if a Traytor, in spite of the State, Sir,
 Should cut his own Throat from one ear to the other?⁸ [*Essex*.
 Shall then a new freak make *Braddon* and *Hugh Speak*
 To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?⁹
 A Razor all bloody, thrown out of a Study,
 Is Evidence strong of his desperate Guilt, Sir:
 So *Godfrey*, when dead, full of Horror and Dread,
 Ran his Sword thro' his Body, up to the Hilt, Sir. 32

Who can think the Case hard of Sir *Patience Ward*,
 That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his Highness?
 Oh, Disloyal Ears! as on Record appears,
 Not to hear when to do the *Papists* a kindness.
 An old doting Citt, with his *Elizabeth Wit*,
 Against the *French Mode* for Freedom to hope on;
 His Ears, that told Lies, were less dull than his Eyes,
 For both then were shut when all others were open. 40

All *Europe* together can't show such a Father,
 So tenderly nice of his Son's Reputation,
 As our good King is, who labour'd to bring his
 By tricks to subscribe to a Sham-Declaration :¹⁰
 'Twas very good Reason to pardon his Treason,
 To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's command, Sir,
 To merit whose grace he must, in the first place,
 Confess he's dishonest under his hand, Sir. 48

Since Fate the Court blesses, with daily Successes,
 And giving up *Charters* all round for a frolick,
 Whilst our D[uke of York] *Nero*, the Church's blind Hero,
 By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick,
 Our Modern Sages, more wise than past Ages',
 Think our's to Establish by Popish Successors!
 Queen *Bess* never thought it, and *Cecil* forgot it,
 But 'tis lately found out by our prudent *Addressors*. 56

[By the Honble. William Wharton.]

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, probably after the 27th November, 1683.]

Notes to A New Song of the Times, 1683.

¹ See the beginning of A New Litany (p. 343), "From Councils of Six, where treason prevails," and the account of this Cabal, on p. 340.

² The allusion here is probably to the Trincalo of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, assisting to adorn Stephano, and pay him homage; but not, as usual, to the Trincalo of Thomas Tomkin's or Tomkis's *Albumazar*, of 1614. *The Tempest* had been revived in 1677, at the Duke's Theatre; where Pepys saw it on November 7th; altered into a musical opera, with additional songs and characters introduced by Davenant and Dryden: a woful desecration of the poetic dream in which Shakespeare bids farewell to his dramatic art: "I'll break my staff, bury it certain fathoms in the earth; and, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book."

³ Several of the meetings took place at Hampden's house, "which ranges on the same row with Southampton House," Russell's residence. Howard testified (perhaps on the principle that a cock crows loudest on his own dunghill), that John Hampden "did think it most properly belonged to him to take upon him the part as it were to open the Sessions." This was in January, 1683.

⁴ Lord William Howard of Eserick was not only obliged to earn his own pardon, avowedly, by going through "the drudgery of swearing" against his former confederates, but endeavoured to clear off a pecuniary obligation by destroying his benefactor. As Sydney declared, "He is my Debtor, he owes me a considerable sum of money I lent him in time of his great necessity; he made some covenant with me for the payment of that money which he hath broken; and when his Mortgage was forfeited, and I should take the advantage the Law gives me, he finds out a way to have me laid up in the *Tower*. He is a very subtle man: at my Lord *Russel's* Tryal he carried his knife, he said, between the paring and the apple."—*Tryal of Sydney*, p. 31. Howard's evidence alone, he being a single witness, would have been insufficient to ensure conviction and condemnation; therefore, to supplement this, the law was strained and Sydney's own writings were

brought as the second evidence. He said: "Look upon them, you see they are all old ink. These papers may be writ perhaps these twenty years, the ink is so old. But, my Lord, it is a polemical Discourse, it seems to be an answer to Filmer, which is not calculated for any particular Government in the world: it goes only upon these general principles."—*Ibid.*, p. 33.

⁵ One of the many allusions to *The Rehearsal*, before 1672, written by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, assisted by Martin Clifford, Dr. Thomas Sprat, and (it is said) Samuel Butler; with its Two Kings of Brentford, who, together smelling at one rose, make this declaration:—

Then spite of Fate, we'll thus combined stand,
And, like True Brothers, walk still hand in hand.

Tom D'Urfey wrote a continuation of it, bearing the title of *The Two Queens of Brentford*; or, *Bayes no Poetaster*: a Musical Farce or Comical Opera. It was afterwards printed, in 1721, at the beginning of a posthumous volume of his *New Operas, with Comical Stories and Poems on Several Occasions*. In this continuation the names are King Usher and King Phiz. Friend Smith says, "I don't remember through the whole course of your play [*i.e.* the original *Rehearsal*,] that the two Kings were ever married!" Mr. Bayes replies, "Why, no, Sir, it may be so. There's a surprize for ye then to chow upon first, for perhaps I did not design you should know, but married they are." This Opera of D'Urfey lent "Prince Prettyman" as a stock-figure to literature. We owe much to worthy Tom.

⁶ Algernon Sydney's treatise *On Government*, written in answer of Sir Robert Filmer's non-resistance and divine-right doctrines or dogmas, as advanced in the *Patriarcha*. Only a few fragmentary and disjointed portions were produced at the trial of Sydney, and not only was there no evidence adduced that he had "published" the libel (if libel it could be considered), by showing the manuscript to a single person, but it was not even satisfactorily proved to be in his handwriting, but only similar to his. It was declared by the Attorney-General that at the very time while Aaron Smith had been sent emissary to Scotland, Sydney was "preparing a most seditious and traitorous Libel, . . . that the whole design of this Treatise is to perswade the people of England that it is lawful, nay, that they have a right to set aside their Prince, in case it appear to them that he hath broken the Trust laid upon him by the People. . . . The whole Book is an argument for the People to rise in Arms, and vindicate their wrongs. He lays it down, *That the King has no Authority to dissolve the Parliament; but 't is apparent the King hath dissolved many; therefore he hath broken his Trust, and invaded our Rights*. And at last concludes with that passage laid in the Indictment, *We may therefore shake off our Yoke; for 't is not a Yoke we submitted to, but a Yoke by Tyranny* (that must be the meaning of it) *they have imposed on us*."—*Trial of Algernon Sydney, Esquire*, p. 13, printed for Benj. Tooke at the Ship, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1684. There were two treatises written by Algernon Sydney, "against the principles contained in Filmer's book:" a lesser one, and a greater. From the former were produced portions at the trial. From the latter and larger manuscript, "put into the hands of a person of eminent quality and integrity by the Author himself," were printed Sydney's *Discourses concerning Government*; prefaced with declaration that "the original is, in the judgment of those who knew him best, all written by his own hand." It was published in 1698, edited by John Toland. No doubt the chief part, if not the whole of the *Discourses*, had been written long before the Rye-House Plot.

⁷ Sir George Jeffereys, raised to that dignity in September, 1683. See our pp. 337, Note 13, and 339.

⁸ We have already named some of the numerous poems issued concerning Alfred Capell, the Earl of Essex (see pp. 305, 316, and 345), either as to his suicide, or misrepresenting his death to have been a murder. Another, taking the former view, correctly, is preserved in the Luttrell Collection, II. 50, marked in

manuscript as purchased on 26th July, 1683: "A New Poem on the dreadful Death of the Earl of *Essex*, who cut his own Throat in the *Tower*: By the *Embroyan-Fancy* (*sic*) of *Anti-Jack-Presbyter*." It thus begins:—

COME with a nimble thrust of Rapier'd Wit,
 (My Muse) now stab all Traitors, point at, hit
 The throat of a *Self-Murthever*, whose fall
 Doth manifest his crimson guilt to all.
 Led by the Halter to the *Stygian Lake*,
 Many there be; he to prevent the Stake,
 Or Hemp or Hatchet, took a shorter cut,
 (As if to die were but to crack a nut,)
 To let his Soul fly from his prison Body,
 To step to — ask his Chronies, "How d' ye?" [sic.]
 O pity 't is that such a Branch as he
 Should thus deserve so sad an Elegy,
 Whose loyal *Father* pawn'd his life to those
 Who were the Grand Promoters of the *Cause*.
 So excellent his Father that t' express
 His Excellencies seems to make them less. . . .
Vive le Roy! let Rebels meet the end,
 If their *Repentance* may not it prevent.

⁹ Lawrence Braddon was tried on the 7th of February, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, for declaring that Essex had been murdered. Hugh Speke was mixed with the slander. See p. 182. The Countess of Essex was satisfied by the evidence of her husband's suicide.

¹⁰ For refusing to sign which, after having obtained a private pardon, the Duke of Monmouth was indignantly forbidden the Court. See pp. 398, 414, 415.

A former "New Song on the Old Plot."

"Come, now let 's rejoyce, and the City Bells ring!
 And the Bonafires Kindle, while unto the King
 We pay on our knees the grand tribute that 's due,
 Of thanks and oblation, which now we renew,
 For Mercies that we have received of late,
 From Prudence and Justice diverting our Fate."

—*A Congratulation on Discovery of the Plot.*

ALTHOUGH the "New Song on the Old Plot" seems clearly to belong to a date so early as October or November, 1682, it may well appear at this present juncture, since it afforded an anticipative glance at the results which we now understand to have actually arrived. On the tune *Tangier March*, we write more particularly when considering the demolition of *Tangier Fort*, near the close of this Group, on p. 473.

A New Song on the Old Plot.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Tangier March.*

L Et the *Whigs* repine, and all combine in a damp'd *Association*,
 Let ' *Toney* fret, and *Perkin* sweat, that their *Plot's* grown out of fashion :
 Since our Royal *Jemmy's* come again to spoil their *Usurpation*,
 Rising like the morning Sun, to cheer the drooping Nation. 4

You dull " *Sham Prince*," whose impudence to a Throne would be aspiring,
 See the Rabble crowd, that made you proud, have ceas'd their loud admiring ;
 Curse in time those Rogues of State that taught you Rebel notions,
 And at the true *Successor's* feet pay all your just Devotions ! [*Fork's.* 8

Let ' *Bully Tom*' receive his doom, so long since due in reason, [*Armstrong.*
 For *Murders* then, and now again for *Mutiny* and *Treason* ;
 To kidnap Cully still has been his business of importance :
 And now poor *Perkin* h'as drawn in, and Rook'd out of his Fortunes. 12

In old *Laws* we find, the Cuckold's kind to those that do cornute him ;
 Or why should *Grey* the *Traitor* play, and to *Perkin* be supporting ?
 But the *Corecomb* [surely] fain would be a wittal to a King too :
 That his [*Fop's*] Bastards may again rebel for some such thing too. 16

But, of all Fools, a pox on Tools ! that against all law and reason
 The *Cause* maintain, without the gain, or the profit of the *Treason* :
 What from or Wit or Courage hopes that gaping cully *Br[ando]n* ;
 That does to mungrel *Perkin* stoop, and the Royal side abandon ? 20

Fat Turnspit *Frank*, with wit so rank, has some excuse for starting ;
 Whom we despise, in time may rise to be Jester to King *Perkin*.
 But for *Essex*, *H[owar]d*, *Grey* and *K[en]t*, those fools of Land and Money,
 Why, what the *De'il* was their intent to set up Rebel ' *Toney* ? 24

The *Polish Prince* has some pretence to be *Whigland* Rabble's *Hector*,
 And with reason too may head the Crew, and in time become *Protector* ;
 Since [his] *Ambition* and *Revenge* are motives very moving :
 But a plague on *Fools* that him do bring, to *Rogues* must rule above him. 28

Oh, ye *Tapland* Crew ! that treason brew, and of *Toney* made an Idol :
 And *Perkin* Sham with " *King* " in name : the King of the *Golden Medal* :
 Curse and [recall] the *Black Cabal*, that inspir'd your rebel knowledge,
 Er'e *Billa Vera* find you all—the fate of *Pious College* ! 32

[In White-letter. Date, before Shaftesbury's death, probably in November, 1682.]

There may be doubt as to the elemental adjective in the opening line. Either reading has its advocates; Calvinists preferring the one that we reject, as on pp. 332, 334. Even a Sufferagain *Parry* cannot cavil at the damper.

All the personages here indicated have been already annotated, so they can be dismissed briefly. The allusions to " *Toney* " Shaftesbury clearly mark the date as being previous to his disappearance in November, 1682, while the certain knowledge shown of the confederacy might have led to an erroneous belief that the date was seven months later. But " *Kent* " is mentioned in the sixth verse (11th Earl, Anthony Grey, *alias* " slobbering Kent "), who made his peace at Court before the Rye-House Plot discovery. " *Perkin* " Monmouth; the " *Bully*

Knight" Sir Thomas Armstrong (with a distinct hit at his murder of Sir Car Scroop's brother in the playhouse); Ford Lord Grey, with his frail wife, pliant to Monmouth; "Fat Turnspit Frank" Newport (see pp. 213, 215); Arthur Capell, Lord Essex; Lord William Howard of Escrick (whose "land" was heavily mortgaged to Algeron Sydney, and his "money" was — neither here nor there — nor anywhere); all pass rapidly in review, and there is not forgetfulness of Shaftesbury's supposed claim to the Throne of Poland, as "*Potapski the Firstimus*," before the success of John Sobieski.

Charles Gerard, Lord Brandon, seems to have been peculiarly obnoxious to the ballad-writers, and comes into the fifth verse. His father the first Earl of Macclesfield, or "Maxfield," had many a black mark scored against him by the Court; which was remembered and alluded to from the Bench when the son was in trouble, as the disloyal successor of a disloyal father. On p. 314 we mentioned Brandon's marriage, and ensuing disgrace. Some allusion to the notoriously light character of the lady whom he married, Anne, daughter of Sir Richard Mason, may have been intended in line 42 of our p. 216; if we are to suppose the name refers to Sir Richard Mason of Shropshire, and *not* the other Sir Richard Mason (of Worcester Park, near Epsom): in either case some pimping proclivities seem hinted. Among Anne's injured swains, who loved "not wisely but too well," were enumerated "poor hobbling Dunblaine," severely wounded, with Parker and Duncomb, slight casualties. Probably Captain Parker (afterwards Colonel), who engaged Col. Talmage in a duel, may be one of the men; Charles Duncombe another; and the third is certainly Peregrine, Viscount Dunblaine, so created in the lifetime of his father, Earl Danby; he on the death of Viscount Latimer, his elder brother, succeeded to the Earldom. His own wife Bridget was no more credit to him than his mistress had been. She was daughter of Sir Thomas Hyde, Baronet, of North Mims, Herts, a relation of the Clarendon Hydcs. She is also spoken of as daughter-in-law of Sir Robert Vyner, a former Lord Mayor of London. Having been married to John Emerton, and wishing to be freed, she invoked the King's help; after what Evelyn calls "that scandalous business before the delegates" (*Diary*, ii. 425), at Sergeant's Inn, continuing more than two years from the 5th of July, 1680. Whilst the law-business was still pending, she suddenly avowed her marriage with Viscount Dunblaine, on the 12th July, 1682, and was ordered into the custody of Dr. Dove, Minister of St. Bride's. Ultimately, whilst the delegates still disagreed among themselves, in April, 1683, John Emerton was bought off from continuing the prosecution, by receiving 20,000 guineas. Whether Dunblaine found her worth the price (unless she brought equivalent cash, as freightage of the crazy bark) is not convincingly stated. She was evidently a Beauty, or she would not have applied to Charles II., of whom we are told on p. 417, line 23, "His Majesty had kept no Maid:" the article being scarcely in demand or supply at Whitehall about this period. Evelyn 'saluted her' in the Tower, on the 7th of December, 1683, when he dined with Danby; who did not obtain his release, on Habeas Corpus and bail, until the middle of the following February, after four years' imprisonment. Lady Bridget is named, on p. 448, as listening to "Exeter's Songs:" probably meaning those of John Cecil, fourth Earl of Exeter, who died in 1688. When the satirist (on our p. 314) called Anne "Old *Macclesfield's* daughter, whom *Gerrard* did wed," he meant daughter-in-law; but the expression was used loosely in those days; like "sister" for sister-in-law (*e.g.* on pp. 349, 387).

London's Wonder: The Great Frost, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$.

“ Come, listen a while (tho' the weather be cold),
 In your pockets and plackets your hands you may hold :
 I'll tell you a story, as true as 'tis rare,
 Of a River turn'd into a *Bartholomew-Fair* :
 Since Old *Christmas* last
 There has been such a Frost,
 That the *Thames* has by half the whole Nation been crost.
 Oh ! Scullers, I pity your Fate of extreames,
 Each Land-man is now become free of the *Thames*.

“ 'Tis some *Lapland* acquaintance of Conjurer *Oates*
 That has tied up your hands, and imprison'd your Boats ;
 You know he was [n]ever a friend to the crew
 Of all those that to Admiral *James* have been true. [*Id. est, to York.*
 Where sculls once did row
 Men walk to and fro,
 But e're four months are ended 'twill hardly be so ;
 Should your hopes of a *Thaw* by this weather be crost,
 Your Fortune will soon be as hard as the Frost.

“ In Roast-Beef and Brandy much money is spent,
 And Booths made of *Blankets*, that pay no ground-rent ;
 With old-fashion'd Chimneys the Rooms are secur'd,
 And the Houses from danger from Fire are ensur'd.
 The chief place you meet
 Is call'd *Temple-Street*,
 If you do not believe me, then you may go see't ;
 From the *Temple* the Students do thither resort,
 Who were always great patrons of revels and sport.”

—*Blanket-Fair* ; or, *The History of Temple-Street*, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$.

THAT “ the Whig's hard heart was the cause of the Frost ” was devoutly asserted in a Poetical Broadside (given on our p. 461), sung to the never-wearying tune of *Packington's Pound* (printed in Mr. William Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 124), with its clinking fifth line always suggesting a jig. To the same tune went several other ditties on this hard frost of 168 $\frac{3}{4}$. *First*—the one entitled “ *Blanket Fair*,” from which we cull the three early verses, as our motto. (It formed part of the Collection made by our esteemed friend, the late Frederick Ouvry ; formerly President of the Society of Antiquaries ; another copy is in Luttrell Coll., II. 132.) Its later verses tell of the visitors ; the citizens bringing their wives and daughters, while their 'Prentices come to warm their blood cheaply by exercise, after having been chilled at home by scantiness of fuel ; the country squires and bumpkins, amazed at all they see, becoming the sport and victim of every roguish London urchin : the pest of each neighbourhood even in those early days, and a very pronounced “ Protestant brisk Boy ” no doubt, as his forerunners

had been at October Pope-Burnings. There, on the frozen Thames, "the Rotterdam Dutchman, with fleet-cutting skates," exhibits his elephantine agility. Sledges ply their unwonted attractions "in a circle of folly," while damsels and beaux through the common slides, or purchase toys and trinkets at the booths.

Then, with fear and with care,
They arrive at the Fair,
Where Wenches sell glasses and crackt earthen-ware;
To show that the World and the pleasures it brings
Are made up of brittle and slippery things.

54

Each young Lawyer (like his Parisian analogue of the *Quartier Latin*, with his inevitable *Grisette*,) comes hither with his light o' love lady-bird; he "with his cane and his muff," and she with her giddy movements and luckless tumbles over what Jonathan calls a "snag" projecting from the frozen river. With a cynical warning to maids and sparks against visits by moonlight, "for slippery things have been done on the ice," the ballad concludes:

If their Brains and their Bodies had not been too warm,
It is forty to one they had come to less harm.

72

Second.—Like the former, with a contemptuous reference to the iniquitous and now-discredited impostor *Titus Oates*, the ballad entitled "Freezeland Fair; or, The Icy Bear-Garden," to the same tune of *Packington's Pound*, thus begins:—

I'Le tell you a *Tale* (though before 't was in *print*),
If you make nothing on 't, then the devil is in 't;
'T is no *Tale of a Tub*,¹ nor the *Plotting of Treason*,
But of very strange things have been done this cold Season.

You know there 's a Book——

No, no! I mistook,

For I could not find it, though long I did look;
Yet I do not question, for all the odd freaks,
We shall find it again, when e're the Frost breaks.

If you do believe what was told us by *Oates*,
Ye never again will have use of your Boats;
Without you do now employ the *Whealers* to do 't,²

[=Whalers.]

Ye ne'r will be able to bring all about.
He talkt of a *Plot*,
Believe it or not,
To blow up the *Thames*, and to do 't on the Spot;
Then either the *Doctor* must now be believ'd,
Or else [both] the *Doctor* and we are deceiv'd.

¹ This refers to the sham "Meal-Tub Plot" in which Mrs. Cellier, Dangerfield and Sir William Waller were concerned. (For a short account of this transaction, with a Poem addressed to *Heraclitus Ridens*, see our Vol. IV. pp. 178, 179.)

² As the term *Whealers* for "Four-Wheelers," *alias* Growlers, was then unknown, (most carriages except Wheel-barrows having that number), we believe this term to represent "Whalers," the Greeuland Whale-fishers, who attracted attention at this time. Compare the eighth verse of following ballad, on p. 462.

No water, I see, which does fairly incline
 To make me believe he has sprung now his mine;
 Though that will not do what the *Doctor* intended,
 Yet he may for one thing be said to be commended:
 He said that the *Pope*
 (Pray mind, 't is a *Trope*)
 Wou'd send us his *Bulls* by the way of the Hope;
 And tho' for the *Sign* we have all along been waiting,
 I t' other day saw on the *Ice* a *Bull-baiting!*

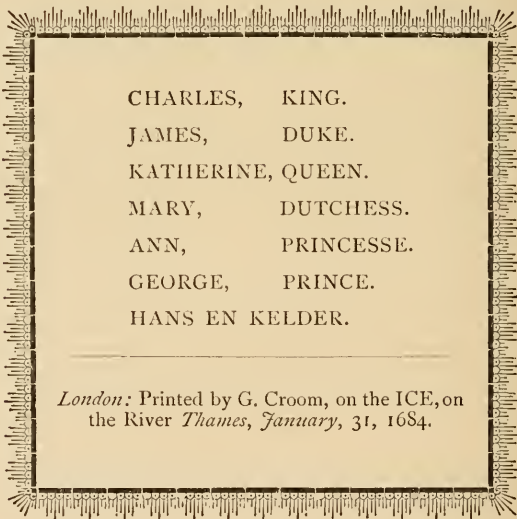
By the clamours of by-standers he had been reminded of the tumultuous manner in which the *Whigs* had recently chosen civic aldermen and shrieves; with a wish to throw crackers among them, and fiery serpents—though they had never lacked serpents so long as Slingsby Bethel with Henry Cornish, and Shute with Papillon, had remained among them. He also saw a man nearly lose his wife on the *Ice*, and sagely believes that in such a case the widower would not have been inconsolable. It was like *Punch's* modern instance, a man whose wife had left him, “She might do worse!” —“She might come back again!!” *Absit omen!!!*

There were evidently many other women present, however, who could not fairly be called wives or maidens: so we may charitably suppose them to be widows. Some of these were masked, and perhaps the black velvet was the more innocent countenance. The *Blanket-houses* had one disadvantage, for the “cellar-door” being left open, occasionally, disposed of awkward visitors who stayed too long without paying the reckoning. Yet there seems to have been always room enough, down below, to accommodate any number of guests, who were not much missed by their families. The ballad includes a characteristic mention of the printing-press established on the *Ice* by George Croom: and from which some of the ballads as well as *Visitor's-Tickets* were printed. The tenth verse ends it:

There's many more *Tricks*, but too long to be told,
 Which are not all new, though there's none of 'em old;
 There's a fellow that *printeth* the *Old Baily Tryal*,¹
 Who to all the dull *Printers* does give a *Denial*;
 He'll print for a *Size*, [=Sixpence. ½]
 (For that is his price)
 Your *Name* (that you may brag 'twas so done) on the *Ice!*
 And faith! I do think it a very fine thing,
 So my *Tale's* at an end. But first, *God save the King!*

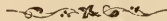
¹ On January 16th the Sessions began at the Old Bailey, and continued until the 19th. Eight persons received sentence of death, seven were to be burnt in the hand, three to be transported, and five to be whipt. “Mr. Bampfild, Mr. Griffith, and other fanatic ministers received sentence as in a case of preminure. And the Grand Jury there made a presentment to the Court for the more strictly putting in execution the laws against Conventicles.” Surely a good pennyworth of news. Holiday gadders loved to hear of “a tidy hanging in store,” and were seldom disappointed. (Griffith has been mentioned on p. 408, with Matthew Mead, and Dr. John Owen, Independent minister, who died on 24th August, 1683.)

One of these Printed Cards, still extant (with a ' *Glory Border*,' similar to our copy below), records the visit of King Charles II., his brother, the Duke of York (named in precedence to the Queen! who comes third), Mary of Modena, the Princess Anne with her husband, indolent "*Est-il-possible?*" George of Denmark; and, lastly, "HANS IN KELDER," *alias* "Jack in the Cellar," the yet unborn offspring of Charles's six-months' married niece (her wedding was on 28th July, 1683). Little Hans was stillborn at the end of next April. It was generally "Much Ado about Nothing," and "Love's Labours' Lost" with Anne: Shakespeareans coolly jested. She made up in quantity, *frequenter*, for deficiency in quality; and yet folks were not happy. Her quiver was neither full nor empty.



Both ballads were printed for Charles Corbet, at the Oxford Arms, in Warwick-Lane, dated 1684: perhaps from the same author.

Third.—To the same tune, with a much more savage spirit of political rancour, runs the ballad of "The Whigs' hard Heart;" which offers a panorama of the Thames Frost-Fair. We give it here, and a picture of the Fair as *Frontispiece* to this Part XIV.



The Whigs' Hard Heart for the Cause of the Hard Frost.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Packington's Pound*. [See p. 457.]



YE *Whigs* and *Dissenters* I charge ye, attend!

Here is a sad story as ever was told,
The River of *Thames*, that once was your Friend,
Is frozen quite over with Ice very cold;
And Fish, which abounded,
Though they can't be drowned,

For lack of their liquor, I fear, are confounded.

Then leave your rebellious and puuep *Presbuteering*,
Or you may be glad of Poor-Jack and Red-Herring. 9

Now, had it been frozen with brimstone and fire,
The wonder had been much deeper at bottom;
Tho' some do believe your Sins do require
A punishment great as e'er fell upon *Sodom*.

But then the poor Fish

Had been dress'd to your dish,

And 'stead of a Plague, you had then had your wish:

Pikes, flounders, together with gudgeons and roaches,
Had serv'd for the luxury of these debauches. 18

But, alas! to distrust ye this Frost is now sent,
As if it would shew ye your Consciences harden'd;
And if each mother's child make not hast[e] to repent,
How the devil d'ye think ye shall ever be pardon'd?

'Tis a very hard case,

As ever yet was,

That the River should suffer from every Ass!

Poor *Thames*! thou may'st curse the foul Lake of *Geneva*,
For whose faults thou dost penance, *sans* hope of reprieve-a. 27

This *Thames*, O ye *Whigs!* brought you plenty and pride,
 So ye harden'd your hearts with your silver and gold ;
 But if ever ye hope to redeem time or tide,
 Hot must be your repentance, your zeal must be cold :

Your puny hungry zeal
 For rank *Common-weal*

Will hurry ye headlong all down to the De'il :
 Then melt your hard hearts, and your tears spread abroad,
 As ever ye hope that your *Thames* shall be thaw'd. 36

Make hast[e], and be soon reconcil'd to the Truth,
 Or you may lament it, both old men and young ;
 For suppose ev'ry Shop should be turn'd to a Booth,
 Oh, were it not sad to be told with a tongue ?

Should *Cheapside* advance
 Up to *Petty-France*,

And *London's Guild-hall* up to *Westminster* dance :
 O! what would become of your wealthy brave Chamber,
 If it were forc'd so far westward to clamber? 45

Cooks' Shops with roast Victuals, and Taverns with Wine,
 Already are seen on the River with plenty,
 Which are fill'd ev'ry morning before you can dine,
 By two's and by three's, I may truly say twenty ;

Jack, Tom, Will, and Harry,
Nan, Sue, Doll, and Mary,

Come there to devour plum-cakes and Canary :
 And if with their Dancing and Wine they be tir'd,
 For a Tester a-piece there's a Coach to be hir'd. 54

There's ginger-bread, small-cole, and hot pudding-pies,
 With bread and cheese, brandy, and good ale and beer ;
 Besides the plum-cakes, too, there's large cakes of Ice,
 Enough to invite him that [soon] will come there ;

All which does betide
 To punish your pride ;

Y' are plagu'd now with Ice, 'cause you love to back-slide :
 Methinks it should warn you to alter your station,
 For y' have hitherto built on a slippery foundation. 63

Ye Merchants to *Greenland* now leave off your sailing,
 And for your train oyl yourselves ne'er sollicite ;
 For there is no fear of your merchandise failing,
 Since the Whales, I'm afraid, mean to give us a visit :

The great *Leviathan*
 May sail to *England*,

To see a worse monster, the PRESBYTERIAN.
 Was ever a Vengeance so wonderful shown,
 That a River so great should be turn'd to a Town! 72

FINIS.

Sold at the Entrance into the Old Spring-Gardens, near Charing-Cross, 1684.

Fourth, the canting Puritanical "London's Wonder" (on p. 463), here first reprinted from the probably unique broadside. It was not known to the Committee of the Percy Society, in 1844, when they issued their *Old Ballads Illustrating the Great Frost*.

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 23.]

London's Wonder :

Being a Description of God's Mercy and Goodness, in the breaking of this late mighty Frost, which began about the beginning of December, 1683, and continued till the 4th of February following.

Great Rich Men hoardeth up their store, as we may plainly see,
En hopes to grind and gripe the poor in their Extremity.

TO THE TUNE OF *Packington's Pound*. (See p. 457.)



This Winter was sharp, it did plainly appear,
The like has not been for this many a year :
The River of *Thames* was congeal'd to a Rock,
And people in multitudes thither did flock ;
Thus many poor Tradesmen was out of employ,
T[h]e Truth I am certain there's none can deny.

*Then let us be thankful, and praise God therefore,
For he in good time heard the cry of the Poor.*

The Frost it was sharp, most bitter and cold,
 It pierced all people the time it did hold;
 Great Cole-Merchants, they that had laid in their store,
 Was void of all pittie, and grinded the poor:
 And in their extremity it did appear,
 They bought 'em in cheap, but they sold 'em out dear.

*Then let us be thankful, and praise God therefore,
 For he in good time heard the cry of the Poor.*

16

Poor Tradesmen [alas!] that great charge [must] maintain,
 I needs must confess they had cause to complain:
 Their hearts was oppressed with sorrow and care;
 They walkt up and down, but most bleak was the ayr,
 And Charity that was as cold as the wind,
 By woful experience some hundreds did find.

Then let us be thankful, etc.

24

On this mighty River they there did invent
 All kinds of vain pastime to reap their content;
 They acted all rudeness there with one accord,
 And little regarded the hand of the Lord:
 Many poor Families suffered this time,
 Whilst some drowned sorrow in Glasses of Wine.

Then let us be thankful, etc.

32

From *Westminster-Hall* to the *Temple* each day
 The River of *Thames* 'twas made a High-way;
 For Foot-men and Horsemen, and Coaches beside,
 And many brave Gentlemen in them did ride.
 But all this great Triumph, we justly might fear,
 Might make our sad Judgment to fall most severe.

Then let us be thankful, etc.

40

Then during the Frost there they followed their blows, [=vaunts
 In Musick and Gaming, and acting of Shows;
 On this mighty River they Roasted an Ox,
 They Bated the Bull, and they Hunted the Fox:
 But yet I was troubled those pleasures to see, [!!!
 For fear that our Lord he should angry be.

Then let us be thankful, etc.

48

But when they perceiv'd the great Frost it did break,
 They were forc'd to pack up, and then *Thames* to forsake:
 The Wind and the Tide it has brok[e] it in sunder,
 And now we will leave them to talk of the wonder.
 Then let us rejoyce still, and be of good chear,
 We hope we may have a most plentiful year;

Then let us be thankful, etc.

56

The Water-men now at all Stairs they shall ply,
“Next Oars” and “Next Sculler!” let this be their Cry :
For now you may see they have changed their notes,
They pull’d down their Tents, and they Row in their Boats.
’Twas the works of the Lord, we may well understand,
He made mighty Rivers as firm as the Land.

*Then let us be thankful, and praise God therefore,
For He in good time heard the cry of the Poor.*

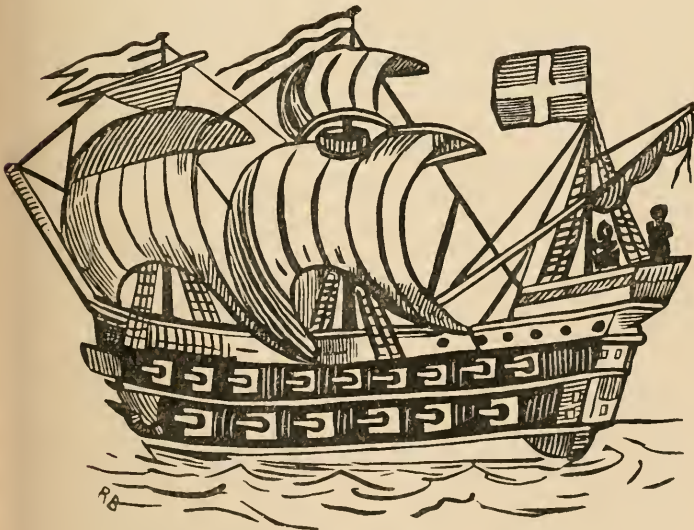
64

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-Street*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts : the first is from an old Civil-War tract of 1641, representing Lord Strafford being ferried by Charon across the Styx, while Wm. Noy awaits him on the Shore. This properly belongs to our series of *Ballads and Songs of the Civil War and Commonwealth*. Other cuts are on p. 461 and here. The date of issue was soon after February 12th, 1683, on which night the Thames was again open, the thaw having begun on the 4th.]

* * * On our next page we add an appropriate woodcut of John Taylor, the earlier Waterman-Poet. He who rowed thus *with three Sculls*, all his own, made an ambiguous answer on mis-hearing the question, “Waterman! how many Oars do ye carry?” He looked at the five ladies, before making reply, “That depends on the company.” They giggled. “Yet this waterman ne’er was in want of a [Frost-]Fair.”





Erra Pater's Prophecy of another Great Frost.

"Mean time, if ought of honour you 've got,
 Let the *Printers* have their due! [Hear! Hear! *nem. con.*
 Who printed your names, on the River *Thames*,
 While their hands with the cold look'd blue.
 There 's mine! there 's thine! will for Ages shine,
 Now the *Thames* aloft does flow;
 Then let 's gang hence, to our Boats commence,
 For the Frost is over now!"

—*The Thames Uncas'd*; or, *The Waterman's Song upon the Thaw*. 1684.

IF we needed to linger over local details regarding the severity of the frost during the Winter of 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, or the amusements pursued by holiday idlers on the frozen Thames, we should find no lack of material. Evelyn's diary records the damage done to his favourite plants at Sayes Court, Deptford, and in the gardens of friends. Than the author of "*Silva*" no better authority could be desired on such a subject. Moreover, he prepared an elaborate treatise, which he modestly calls "A letter of mine to the Royal Society concerning the terrible effects of the past winter," at the end of April, 1684, which was duly printed in their *Transactions*, No. 158. (It has been since reprinted in Dr. Kippis's edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, v. 623.) After five months' residence in London, having returned home early in April, he found "hardly the least appearance of any spring." The frost had locked the Thames so early as the 3rd of December, 1683, and a thaw commenced on February 4th, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, but was followed by a short return of frost.

The booths were quickly taken down, and the river soon resumed its former appearance, when the accumulated blocks of ice were broken up. Small-pox had raged fatally during the intense cold. Since we have mentioned the printing-press and visitor's cards, this memorandum is added, telling how many were employed who would otherwise have been famished like frozen-out gardeners:—

January 24th, 1683 $\frac{3}{4}$.—The frost continuing more and more severe, the *Thames* before *London* was still planted with boothes in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnish'd and full of commodities, even to a printing-presse, where the people and ladyes tooke a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and yeare set down when printed on the *Thames*: this humour tooke so universally, that 't was estimated *the printer gain'd £5 a day, for printing a line onely, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by Ballads, &c.* Coaches plied from *Westminster* to the *Temple*, and from several other staires to and fro, as in the streetes; sleds, sliding with skeetes, a bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet-plays and interludes; cookes, tipling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a Bacchanalian Triumph, or Carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgement on the land: the trees not onely splitting, as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so lock'd up with ice, that no vessells could stir out or come in. The fowles, fish, and birds, and all our exotiq plants and greenes universally perishing. Many parkes of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuell so deare that there were greate contributions to preserve the poore alive.

[Let it be remembered to his honour, that King Charles warmly interested himself for the poor, ordering a town collection to be made for them, and himself setting a good example by giving two thousand pounds. (See Luttrell, ii. 296.)]

Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of *Europe*, even as far as *Spaine* and the most southerne tracts. *London*, by reason of the excessive coldnesse of the aire hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so fill'd with the fuliginous steame of the sea-coale, that hardly could one see crosse the streetes, and this filling the lungs with its grosse particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breath[e]. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen worke, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

Here is another specimen Card, of the common sort, printed on the ice. Of course, all the type would be kept unchanged, except the individual name, which varied. The date 1683 means 1683 $\frac{3}{4}$:

[From the Trowbesh Collection.]

Herr Lawfoold Jo. von Trowbesh:

Reisender nach Nirgends.

Printed on the River of Thames being frozen.

In the 36th Year of King Charles the II.

February the 4th, 1683.

It may here be mentioned that the Thames was again frozen over at the beginning of next year, January 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, but with interruptions of thaw, so that no revived Frost-Fair was attempted. Before we reach the beginning of that year, Charles the Second's last January, we have several political ballads to introduce to notice.

Pictorial representations of this Frost-Fair or "Blanket Fair" as it was more usually called, were numerous, and being of considerable interest they deserve to be reproduced. But to attempt this at present would delay the progress of our work: which needs no rash encounter of additional expenditure to the unsupported Editor. Hereafter they may, nevertheless, be privately executed, for a few choice subscribers and friends in American Libraries.

None of them were copied to adorn the handy little volume (part of vol. ix.) printed for the Percy Society in 1844: *Old Ballads, illustrating the Great Frost of 1683-4, and the Fair on the River Thames*: Collected and Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, F.S.A. He seems to have depended largely on the assistance of other persons: a vicious system in which too many trust, now-a-days, and to which our own practice is entirely opposed. The materials of the little pamphlet (pp. xxxii. and 38) are noteworthy, although their value is injured by Rimbault's unacknowledged mutilation (*ex grat.*, the silent omission of ninth verse, from his p. 14). As already mentioned, our *Roxburghe Ballad* of "London's Wonder" is not included or mentioned, being evidently unknown to the Percy Society Editor and his friends. At that time the unique original belonged to B. H. Bright. *We copy all of ours direct from originals.* We here give a first-line List of the Poems (including only four ballads) which are contained in the Rimbault pamphlet, and end with the "Erra Pater" lines in our next page:

- 1.—"Behold the Wonder of this Present Age."=Great Britain's Wonder; or, London's Admiration. (Poem: Printed by M. Haly and J. Millet; sold by Robert Walton, and John Seller.)
- 2.—"How am I fill'd with wonder for to see."=A True Description of Blanket Fair, upon the River Thames, etc. (Poem: Printed for H. Brugis, in Green Arbor, Little Old Bayly, 1684.)
- 3.—"Come listen a while (tho' the weather be cold)."=Blanket Fair; or, The History of Temple Street. (Ballad: see our pp. 456, 457. Printed for Charles Corbet.)
- 4.—"I'll tell you a tale (though before 'twas in print)."=Freeze-land Fair; or, The Icy Bear Garden. (Ballad: see our pp. 457, 458. Same Printer.)
- 5.—"Ye *Whigs* and Dissenters, I charge you attend."=The Whigs' Hard Heart for the Cause of the Hard Frost. (See our p. 461. No printer's name.)

- 6.—"Fam'd *Thamesis* with shiv'ring winter dresses."=Thamesis's Advice to the Painter from her Frigid Zone; or, Wonders upon the Water. (Poem: Printed by G. Croom, on the River of Thames.)
- 7.—"When *Neptune* saw a wondrous Bridge built o're."=A Winter Wonder of the *Thames*, etc. (Poem: printed for J. Shad.)
- 8.—"Whence is this chance, O heavens! that ye be."=News from the Thames; or, The Frozen Thames in Tears. (Poem: printed for T. Snowden, January 30, 1684.)
- 9.—"The various sports behold here in this piece."=Wonders of the Deep. (Poem: with wood-cut representation of Frost-Fair. No printer's name; date 1684.)
- 10.—Behold the wonders of Almighty God! "=Same title. (Poem. Printed by M. Haly and J. Millet, for P. Brooksby, 1684.)
- 11.—"Come, ye merry men all, Of Waterman's Hall."=The Thames Uncased; or, The Waterman's Song upon the Thaw. To the tune of, *Hey, Boys, up go we!* (Ballad of eighteen twelve-line stanzas. Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Norris, at the King's-Arms, without Temple Bar, 1684.) This forms a fitting but lengthy Finale: we choose a briefer tag instead, leaving what we have to say on "Erra Pater" till we come to "The Wandering Jew" ballad, in our next volume:—

Erra Pater's Prophecy;

Or,

Frost Fair in 1683.

Old *Erra Pater*, or his rambling Ghost,
Prognosticating of this long strong frost,
Some Ages past, said y^t y^e Ice-bound *Thames*
Shou'd prove a Theatre for Sports and Games;
Her wat'ry Green be turn'd into a barc,
For men a Citty seem, for booths a Fair.

And now this stragling Sprite is once more com
To visit Mortalls and fortel their doom:—

"When Maids grow modest, y^e Dissenting Crew
Become all loyal, the False-hearted true,
Then you may probably—and not till then,
Expect in *England* such a Frost agen."

Printed for *James Norris*, at the King's Armes, without *Temple-Barr*.

* * * About this date, 1683, appeared the following "New Song on *Perkin's Disgrace*;" printed by Nat. Thompson (given from the Trowbesh Collection).

A New Song [on Perkin's Disgrace].

TO THE TUNE OF *Ye London Lads be Merry*. [See pp. 24, 25.]

YE *Loyal Lads* be sorry, for *Perkin*, that State Buffoon,
 Despisd by *Whig* and *Tory*, for being so fause a Loon,
 To sham the Court and the Town, and muckle did swear and vow,
 But like *Prance* he has chang'd his tone, and the De'il gang wi' him, I trow!

His Party had taught him his Lesson, and low he did sue for Grace;
 He whin'd out a doleful *Confession*, how great a *Traytor* he was.
 And begg'd his *Pardon* might pass, for he was a *Penitent* now;
 But he bid the *Court* [look an Ass], and the De'il's gang'd wi' him, I trow.

And once more he's got above Hatches, and means to set up for a *King*,
 The *Politicks* of his *Scotch* Dutchess this matter about did bring;
 Uds wounds! she longs to be *Queen*, if *Perkin* and she knew how:
 And yet in a Hempen-string they may gang to the De'il, I trow.

And this last work of his *Treason* is muckle exceeding the first,
 To au Lads of sense and of reason, 't has gain'd him many a Curse:
 He might have seem'd then. at the worst, drawn in for a Cully of Show,
 But now 'tis past all distrust that the De'il's gang'd wi' them, I trow.

Now Heaven bless *Charles* the Second, and grant him of *Brutus's* mind,
 And then his nene Son will be reckon'd among the Traytorous kind,
 And equal Justice will find: by God and St. *Andrew*, I vow,
 Were he o' my Daddy's nene kind, he should gang to the De'il, I trow.

The New Song printed above has been already mentioned on p. 25 of the present volume, and the song of which it is an imitation had been given on p. 24. The present ditty marks the contempt into which "Prince Perkin" Monmouth had fallen after his recantation, and the more solemn Poem entitled "Advice to his Graceless Grace the D[uke] of M[onmouth]," given on our p. 50, was a fitting pendant. But it belonged to an earlier date, by nearly three years.

* * On our pp. 390 and 395 we noted that "between the middle of June and the middle of October, 1683," Monmouth was in ambiguous seclusion, and that King Charles "was not ignorant of Monmouth's hiding-place." We have proofs of every assertion. Here is a State-Paper, a Spy's report, belonging to the Secretary Sir Leoline Jenkins, dated so early as "30 June, 3 o'clock. The D[uke] of M[onmouth] is at *Townton* [=Toddington?], 32 miles off, y^e way to it is behind Montague House [*i.e.* close beside *Eleanor Needham's*]. He hath layen there 2 or three nights, at my Lady *Wentworth's* House near *Tedington*, but two or three hours [*query*, times] he did not see him, but hee is there, and will not shew." It was at the same date when Armstrong escaped from Southwark, and Monmouth had been expected to accompany him to Holland. (Compare p. 480.)



Tangier Demolished, 1684.

“ Build up, and then pull down, and then build up,—
And always in the ruins some are.—Well ! ”

—*Philip van Artevelde*, Act ii. sc. 3.

TANGIER FORT held no unimportant place in the gossip of the time, during the last years of Charles II.'s reign. Originally a part of the dowry belonging to Queen Catharine of Braganza, along with Bombay (a dowry which Portugal higgled over and delayed paying in a sufficiently mean way to disgrace itself), it was somewhat of a “ White Elephant ” burden to the King ; as it had been an encumbrance to Portugal after two hundred years of possession.¹ Our later Parliaments had done their spiteful utmost to impoverish Tangier, by refusing or withholding supplies necessary for the due support of the place in its efficiency ; and owing to the predatory incursions of the Algerine Corsairs, it was required to keep a strong hold on so important a fortress. In 1680, the Emperor of Morocco besieged it, yet the Commons would not grant money.²

¹ Samuel Pepys, having been placed on the Tangier Commission through the influence of Lord Sandwich, was appointed to succeed Thomas Povey as Treasurer. “ At one of the earliest meetings of the Committee, the project of forming a Mole or breakwater [at *Tangier*] was entertained. A contract for the work to be done at 13s. the cubical yard was accepted, although, as *Pepys* writes, none of the committee knew whether they gave too much or too little (February 16, 1663 $\frac{2}{3}$) ; and he signed the contract with very ill will on that score (March 30, 1663). When the accounts were looked into, on April 3, 1663, it was found that the charge for one year's work would be as much as £13,000. Two years after this, the committee agreed to pay 4s. a yard more, and the whole amount spent upon the Mole was found to be £36,000.”—*Samuel Pepys*, p. 67.

² The usual pretence for niggardly caution was unwillingness to encourage a possible growth of Popery ; this too from men who had so little love to the Church that they were either dissenters or unbelievers. Said Sir William Jones (who afterwards with Algernon Sydney's assistance drew up the answer to the King's Reasons for dissolving the Oxford Parliament, and whose epitaph is on p. 481, beginning, “ Sir *William* in *arcta custodia* lies ”), “ *Tangier* may be of great importance to trade, but I am afraid hath not been so managed as to be any security to the *Protestant Religion* ! ” The member for Thetford, William Harbord, declared, “ When we are assured that we shall have a good Protestant Governor and garrison in *Tangier*, I shall heartily give my vote for money for it.” Such were the Commons ! The rats were deserting the ship.

The difficulties were great, and successive expeditions to relieve or strengthen it proved this incontestably. Lord Sandwich had taken possession of it, after the Portuguese governor fell into an ambuscade of Moors, and Henry Mordaunt (second Earl of Peterborough) was the first English Governor in 1662, soon followed by Andrew Lord Rutherford, and others: John Lord Bellasis, in 1664. John, Lord Mulgrave, was sent out in June, 1680, to the colony, and enemies of the Court invented a scandal that he had been despatched in a leaky vessel to ensure his destruction. Some idle grumbling may have been the first occasion of this rumour, but Mulgrave's own later support of the Government is ample proof that he cannot have seriously believed the calumny. The Duke of Ormond's brave son, Ossory, was another who was designated for the thankless office of governing Tangier, without adequate funds or forces, in July; but his premature death, in chagrin (to the affliction of his father, of Evelyn, and every other friend), stayed all the good that he might have effected. Since the maintenance of its garrison was found to be so expensive, and during the repression of parliaments there was the greater need of practising economy, Charles determined to destroy the fortifications, recall the troops, and abandon Tangier as an armed possession.

George Legge, Lord Dartmouth, having been made Captain-General of the English Forces in Africa, and Governor of Tangier, in August, 1683, was sent with a fleet of twenty ships and secret orders to destroy the works, spoil the harbour, and bring home the garrison. He was accompanied by Samuel Pepys, who had long been acquainted officially in the Admiralty with the affairs of the misused colony. A month was occupied in the voyage, they not landing until the 7th of September.¹

Previous to this date the Governor had been that Colonel Percy Kirke, whose tyrannical and sensual habits were already exercised without restriction; and who was afterwards to become more notorious, with "Kirke's Lambs" in punishing offenders after Monmouth's Western Insurrection. Pepys records in his *Tangier Journal* some of Kirke's amiable peculiarities, but admits that he himself felt pleasure in "again seeing fine Mrs. Kirke;" about

¹ Muly Ismael, Emperor of Morocco, wrote to Captain Cloudesley Shovel, after the dismantlement, "God be praised! you have quitted *Tangier*, and left it to us, to whom it did belong. From henceforth we shall manure it, for it is the best part of our dominions." He received an answer, "As for *Tangier*, our master kept it for twenty-one years; and in spite of all your force he could, if he had pleased, have continued it to the world's end; for he levelled your walls, filled up your harbour, and demolished your houses, in the face of your *Alcade* and his army; and, when he had done, he left your barren country without the loss of a man, for your own people to starve in!" So "in spite of all tempt-a-tion, he was an Englishman!" and gave Muly Ismael something hot. But this was two centuries ago, mes amis!

whom, or her namesake, Moll Kirke, we had a Note on p. 219. He held a very poor opinion of the place, and marvelled at the scandalous way in which the truth had been so long hidden regarding its uselessness and waste. He tells his friend James Houblon (who is mentioned on our p. 282, Note 4), by letter,

At no time was there needed any more than the walking once round it by daylight to convince any man (no better sighted than I) of the impossibility of our ever making it, *under our circumstances of government*, either tenable by, or useful to, the Crown of *England* . . . Therefore it seems to me a matter much more unaccountable how the King was led to the reception, and afterwards to so long and chargeable a maintaining, than, at this day, to the deserting and extinguishing it."—John Smith's *Life, Journals and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S.* 1841. It is written of, in 1880 as a "wretchedly edited book;" but this fault could be cured by efficient *re-editing*, which the documents deserve.

Six months were occupied actively in the demolition, the masonry having been well built of old; so that not everything had been mismanaged in the costly undertaking. The mining had to be done piecemeal, and the broken materials were cast into the harbour to choak it from future use. The ruined Mole still remains. It was on the 5th of March, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, when the place was abandoned by Lord Dartmouth, with Samuel Pepys (immediately afterwards made Secretary to the Admiralty), and the Emperor of Morocco soon took possession of the dismantled Tangier.

John Evelyn notes in his diary, under date of 26th May, 1684,—

Lord *Dartmouth* was chosen Master of the Trinity Company, newly returned with the fleete from blowing up and demolishing *Tangier*. In the sermon preach'd on this occasion, Dr. *Can* observ'd that, in the 27th Chapter of *The Acts of the Apostles*, the casting anchor out of the foreship had been cavill'd at as betraying total ignorance: that it is very true our seamen do not do so, but in the *Mediterranean* their ships were built differently from ours, and to this day it was the practice to do so there."

This is the only reference Evelyn makes to the destruction of the Mole at Tangier.

The music of the tune, known as *Tangier March*, is printed in Nathaniel Thompson's *Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685 and 1694, p. 110, accompanying the "New Song on the Old Plot" (which we gave on earlier p. 454), beginning, "Let the *Whigs* repine, and all combine." The tune must have been known, and named, some time before the Demolition of the Forts, for it was used in the Loyal Song of "London's Joy and Triumph," 1682, quoted on pp. 165, 282, "Let the *Whigs* revile, the *Tories* smile!" The original *Tangier March* was not meant for a March Out.



Tangier's Lamentation,

On the Demolishing & Blowing up of the Town, Castle, & Citadel.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Tangier March.*

LET the *Moors* repine, their hopes resign,
 Now the "Pagan troops" are cheated;
 Let Foot and Horse disband their force,
 Since *Tangier* is defeated:
 Alass, *Tangier*! what sudden doom
 Hath wrought this alteration,
 That this thy *March* should now become
 Thy fatal *Lamentation*?¹

8

Now, alas! *Tangier*, that cost so dear
 In money, lives and fortunes,²
 See how the States, the kinder Fates,
 For thy own Fate importunes:
 Had this been *Plotted* by the *Moors*,
 Alass! it were no matter;
 But blown up thus by thy own Store,
 Thou 'dst better swom in water.

[swom=swan. 16

The old Port *Tangier*, where for good cheer
 We never paid extortion;
 Which, whilst it stood, was once thought good
 To be a Monarch's Portion;
 Whilst *English* hearts thy walls possesset,
 They scorn'd e're to surrender:
 Now to the *Foes* is left, a Nest
 For Serpents to engender.

[i.e. *Kate's* dowry.

24

Alass! what now must Sea-men do,
 When they come ashore to Lord it;
 For a little fresh store, and a little fresh $\alpha\lambda\theta\upsilon\mu$?
 Which *Tangier* still afforded.

[No doubt.

- No Ambuscade of treacherous *Moor*,
 Nor shall *Ben Ottor's* Highness³
 Court any more the *British* shore,
 To try the Ladies' kindness. 32
- It would grieve your heart, should I impart
 The Gold and precious matter
 That lies opprest in every chest
 Drown'd underneath the water.
 But now the *Mold* that forc'd the Main, [defended.
 The *Mold* so gay and bonny,
 Is with the chests blown up again,
 But ne'er a Cross of money! 40
- Of how many Souls, and large Punch-bowls,
 Has [this] been the undoing!
 How many tun of precious Coin
 Lie buried in the Ruin?
 Had this been done some years ago,
 Of Horsemen and Postillions,
 'T had sav'd some thousand lives the blow,
 And sav'd beside some Millions! 48
- When the Pile took fire above the Spire
 I wish (for th' good o' th' Nation)
 The walls well cramm'd, with *Rebels* ramm'd
 Of the *Association*: [Shaftesbury's.
 The *Bethels* of a *Common-wealth*,
 Each sullen *Whig* and *Trimmer*,⁴
 That boggle at a *Loyal Health*,
 Yet will not bawk a Brimmer. 56
- Now Heav'n preserve (while *Rebels* starve)
 The King and 's Royal Brother
 While *Traytors* flie, and others die,
 Impeaching one another: [Rye-House Plotters.
 That gracious Prince that values more
 His Subjects' lives and pleasure,
 Than all the wealth of *Africk* shore,
 And *Tangier's* buried treasure. 64

Finis.

[White-letter. Date, the end of April, 1684.]

** Our four Notes are added on the next page.

Notes to *Tangier's Lamentation*.

¹ As shown at the end of introductory remarks, the tune had been popularly known as *The Tangier March*, at least so early as 1682. All three of the songs to this tune bear similar commencements; the Pritchard Installation was second in order, beginning, "Let the *Whigs* revile, the *Tories* smile, that their business is completed." This was of date October, 1682. Probably the earliest (of date the summer of 1682), with allusion to York's recent return, and many gibes at Monmouth, under his usual *alias* "*Perkin*," is the so-called "A New Song on the Old Plot," which we give on p. 455, beginning, "Let the *Whigs* repine! and all combine in a damp'd *Association*;" or, as the Princely Dane observes, "To this effect, Sir; after what flourish your nature will."

² The enormous cost of the fortifications may be seen by consulting the record of expenditure by the Admiralty, kept by Samuel Pepys (*Cf.* Note 1, on our p. 471.) As a man of business, we have every confidence in Pepys, even as we have in the general exactitude of his *Diary*.

³ The visit of the wealthy Morocco ambassador seems to have "fluttered the *Volsees*" at Court in Old Rowley's time, quite as much as did the bejewelled Shah in later days. See the account given by Evelyn, under date January 11th and 24th, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$. The ambassador was Nahmed Hamet, who behaved with grave dignity. "He spake by a renegado Englishman, for whose safe return there was a promise." This may have been "Ben Otter;" who "smells like a fish," as though an Old Salt, captured by Algerine corsairs.

⁴ The *facing-both-ways Time-servers*, who "trimmed their sails to suit each varying puff of gales," were frequently satirized. One Loyal Song was devoted to Gilbert Burnet, not unfittingly, as "a *Trimmer* in the Church," to the popular tune of *A Beggar I will be*; which has suited every employment in life, for parodies. It begins:

Pray listen well, while I describe a *Trimmer* in the Church,
Who Preaches oft, but for the Pray'rs he'll leave you in the lurch:
For a Trimmer he will be, will be; for a Trimmer he will be.

And after seven more verses, on his past life it ends thus, by referring to Burnet's connection with Lord William Russell, and denial of having concocted the "Speech;" also by an indication of his "brother Scot" Robert Ferguson:

No sooner is a foolish Lord [now] for a Traytor known,
But he justifies his *Loyalty*, and confirms it by his own. Etc.

This *Trimmer* then instructs this [foolish] *Traytor* how to die;
But when he 's question'd for 't, he sticks not at a Lie:

This *Trimmer* has a Brother *Scot*, as great a R . . . e as he,
Supporter, and Speech-maker Chief, to th' whole *Conspiracy*.

This *Trimmer-Scot* to stay [behind] to swing [on high] was loath,
But he left his brother *Trimmer* here: I hope, will hang for both:
For Trimmers they will be, will be; for Trimmers they will be.

In an Epilogue by Dryden to his "Duke of Guise," 1682, spoken by Sarah Cook, is a conversation with a *Trimmer*: to whom she speaks,

"*Jack Ketch*," says I, "is an excellent physician."

"I love no blood."—"Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;

But hanging is a fine dry kind of death."

"We *Trimmers* are for holding all things even."—

"Yes; just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven."



Sir Thomas Armstrong's Farewell.

"That Providence which makes the good take heed
 To safety and success, contrariwise
 Makes villains mostly reckless. Look on life,
 And you shall see the crimes of blackest dye
 So clumsily committed, by such sots,
 So lost to thought, so scant of circumspection,
 As shall constrain you to pronounce that guilt
 Bedarkens and confounds the mind of man.
 Human intelligence on murders bent
 Becomes a midnight fumbler: human will
 Of God abandon'd, in its web of snares
 Strangles its own intent.
 Nought in dark corners of great cities done
 Of lewdness or of outrage was unknown
 By him, or unpartaken; nor the woods
 Lodged in their loneliest caves a beast so wild;
 The noise of strife and blows, the cry of murder,
 Were to his ears indifferently common:
 Thus grown at length more reckless than was safe
 For his fraternity, they cast him off."

—*Philip van Artevelde*, Part II. iii. 2.

SIR THOMAS ARMSTRONG having fled across the sea when the proclamation of the Rye-House Conspiracy included his name, with a price for his apprehension, gave a fresh feature of interest to the complicated case. It was necessary to obtain his surrender from the authorities abroad, and (owing to his having been born in the States) his claim on their protection was believed to be strong enough to ensure his safety. But his sanctuary was violated, a sort of irregular extradition treaty was improvised, and, to avoid a rupture of friendly relations between Holland and England, the Leyden men surrendered him to what must have been foreseen as certain death. Not only to please the English, but also to be quit of a troublesome visitor, he was sacrificed. It was not required to institute a formal trial; his having been outlawed after proclamation deprived him of his civic rights. A short shrift was allowed to one who had long been obnoxious as a fomentor of discontent, and who might prove a dangerous leader in rebellion, if not stopped short by summary punishment. His personal character was bad. Unless grossly maligned, he had earned evil reputation for most vices of a reckless life.

He died before the butcheries of knife and hatchet were begun. On the 20th of June, 1684 (almost a year after the earlier victims of the Rye-House Plot had suffered), he was drawn on a sledge to Tyburn, surrounded by a numerous guard. He seemed to be very penitent, praying fervently along with Dr. Tenison. He then delivered a paper to the Sheriffs, and submitted to the executioner. For nearly half an hour he was left hanging, then cut down, quite

dead, and quartered, his remains being brought back again to Newgate on the same sledge which had carried the living man. They were dispersed, one to Temple-Bar, another to Stafford, which town he had represented in parliament. His head was displayed at Westminster. He left a daughter to mourn for him, one who had done her utmost by petitioning to have a trial allowed to him; or a writ of error to reverse his outlawry: but all in vain.¹ Otherwise, scarcely any emotion seems to have been aroused by his death. He had never been a popular favourite; evil stories had circulated against him, from his early days of military license and profligacy.²

It has been already shown (in pp. 229, 230), that in malicious anticipation of Shaftesbury's death was a Satire entitled *The Last Will and Testament of Anthony King of Poland*, 1682: the Earl was supposed to bequeath legacies to his friends, thus:—

Then for my *Polish* Crown, that pretty thing,
 Let *M[on]mouth* take 't, who longs to be a King;
 His empty head soft Nature did design
 For such a light and airy Crown as mine.
 With my Estate, I'll tell you how it stands,
Jack Ketch must have my Cloathes; the King my Lands. . . .
A[rmstrong], in murthers and in *Συροια* skill'd,
 Who twenty bastards gets for one man kill'd, [Cf. p. 138a.
 To thee I do bequeath my brace of *σατορα* . . .
H[owa]rd, my partner in captivity,
 False to thy God and King, but true to me;
 To thee some heinous Legacy I'll give,
 But that I think thou hast not long to live:
 Besides, thou'st wickedness enough in store.
 To serve thy self, and twenty thousand more.
 To thee, young *G[re]y*, I'll some small Toy present,
 For you with any thing can be content;
 Then take the knife with which I cut my Corns,
 'Twill serve to pare and sharp your Lordship's Horns,
 That you may rampant *M[on]mouth* push and gore,
 Till he shall leave your House, and change his wh . . .
 . . . I leave old *Baxter* my invenom'd Teeth,
 To bite and poyson all the Bishops with.

Robert Ferguson wrote an "Elegie on Sir Thomas Armstrong" in Latin and English. The former we need not wholly repeat, it begins,

¹ Sir Thomas Armstrong's daughter was wife of Captain Abraham Matthews (who afterwards joined Monmouth in the Western Insurrection, commanding with the white colours, and was executed at Taunton, September 30, 1685). She cried out, during the examination of her father before the Lord Chief Justice at the King's Bench Bar, "My Lord! I hope that you will not murder my father. This is murdering a man!" Armstrong had tried to silence her, and she was ordered away, but cried aloud, "God Almighty's judgements light upon you!" Jeffereys replied, that they would fall on those who were guilty of High Treason. She exclaimed "Amen!" and was carried out of the court.

² Lord Fountainhall (John Lauder, in his *Chronological Notes*, 1822 ed. p. 37) writes of Armstrong, "He had been a man of profligate lyffe, yet his wyffe gave in several petitions for his life, which were all refused." He died penitent.

Æternæ Infamiae
 Civitatis *Leydenſis*,
 quæ post Religionem et Libertatem a majoribus suis
 Rebellionẽ
 Et Armis juſtiſſimis vindicatam ;
 Et
 Tam Potentiam, quam Opulentiam profugos, et Extorres,
 Recipiendo, et protegendo, Magnopere auctam :
 Nihilominus, DD.
Thomam Arm'ſtrong, Eq. Aur. Natalibus Noviomago-Geldrum, etc.
 Ac
 à D. *Howardo de Eſcrick* delatus,
 (Fidem obteſtor veſtram, O *Batavi* !
 quid Monſtri et propudii Hominiſ,
 Quibuſque eriminibus, etiam vobis Conſciis,
 Notatus.) etc. etc.
Sic ſcripſit Robertus Ferguson.
Heu ! Quantum mutatus ab illo !

To the Eternal Infamy of the City of *Leyden*,
 Whoſe anceſtors,
 At the coſt of their deareſt blood,
 Procured the Settlement of their Religion and Liberty,
 and,
 By protecting Foreigners and Refugees,
 increaſed not only their power but their wealth :
 Nevertheless, in this City,
 Sir *Thomas Armſtrong* was baſely and ſcandalouſly apprehended,
 on his way to *Cleves*,
 (Where he had lived ſome time, and had been kindly received and protected)
 by the Scout or Mayor of the Town,
 and with connivance of the Magiſtrates,
 at the requeſt of the *Engliſh* Embaſſador,
 and
 for the ſake of five hundred pounds,
 that needy Dutchman's *God*.
 Now 'tis to be obſerv'd,
 Sir *Thomas Armſtrong* was born at *Nimmegen*,
 and ſo was a native ſubject to the States General,
 Whoſe intereſt he preferr'd before his own,
 and whoſe good offices in Parliament for the *Dutch*,
 in the year 1673,
 Put him out of King *Charles's* favour ever after ;
 And ſince that, ſtanding up for the Rights of the People,
 and the Laws of the Land,
 He was accuſed of High Treason ;
 being impeached by my Lord *Howard of Eſcrick* . . .
 moſt certainly to be murdered :
 and for no other reaſon
 than for ſtanding by the Proteſtant Religion,
 aſſerting the Liberties and Laws of *England*,
 and taking Sanctuary in your Country. . .
 And this will ever be recorded in Hiſtory,
 To your *Eternal Infamy*.

Count d'Avaux relates an incident connected with Monmouth's residence at Diren, where he used to hunt with William of Orange; to whom the City of Leyden sent a bailiff and one of their counsellors on business connected with their own local government. "These two deputies having been introduced into a room, the Prince of Orange in a little time came to them, and, without allowing them to speak, he told the bailiff of *Leyden* that he was extremely impudent to dare to come into his presence after the infamous action he had been guilty of, in delivering up *Armstrong* to the King of *England*; and asked him if he knew the danger he was in at *Diren*, for the Duke of *Monmouth* was there, and would perhaps take vengeance on him for the shameful action he had committed. He then commanded him to quit his house, and forbad him ever to appear again in his presence."—*Negotiations of Count d'Avaux*, Ambassador from Louis XIV., iii. 34, printed in 1755.

The Escape of Sir Thomas Armstrong from England had been nearly hindered; this we find from a secret Information addressed to Sir Lionel Jenkins, among his State-Papers at the Record-Office:—

"Sir,—I was the last night to wait on yr. honr. to give you an account of the Duke of *Monmouth*, how he and Sr *Thomas Armstrong* did designe their escape; which was that there was to be a Boat ready at St. *Saviour's* stairs [Southwark] with eight or ten oars on each side, and about two of the clock the Duke was to come to the boat, and thence they intended to goe downe the River below *Graves-end*, where there lay a vessell ready to receive them, which vessell is man'd with about one hundred resolute fellows, the most part shoemakers. The Duke is designed for *Scotland*, and designs there to raise an army, and to return into *England* about the latter end of *September*, by which time all things will be ready. Sr. this account I should have given you the last night, but yr. honr. being gone to bed, Mrs. *Shippie* would not suffer mee to have admittance to send to yr. honr., which if you had had timely notice they might have been stopt before they had gotte off. I went likewise to Sr. *John Evelyn's*, and he told me he could doe nothing in it, but ordered me back to yr. honr., but all in vaine. This Captain of the vessell is one that is out of favour at Court, being turn'd out, as I understand, not long since. They have armes for two or three hundred men, and that these persons that are fled are making what patrol [*query?*] they can, both in town and country."—Dated, "June ye 30th 1683."

We know that Monmouth did not attempt to flee at this time, but was actually at Toddington (see pp. 391, 470). It is probably a true account of Sir Thomas Armstrong's flight.

We learn from Lord Fountainhall that the information as to where Sir Thomas Armstrong was to be found in Holland was given by 'Mr. John Constable, a Scotsman,' to Thomas Chudleigh, and that Armstrong was born at Leyden: Ferguson says, at Nymeguen. Sir Richard Bulstrode records that Chudleigh got notice "that seven or eight Englishmen were come to *Rotterdam*. He sent his Secretary, who discovered them at *Delft*, and followed them to *Leyden*, and having lodged them, he applied himself to the Scout [or magistrate] in pursuance of an Order Mr. *Chudleigh* had obtained some time before of the States; and, having the Scout's assistance, he went to

the House where they were, and seized *Armstrong* without any opposition. The others with him were not meddled with. . . . *Armstrong* was carried to Mr. *Chudleigh's* house at the *Hague*, and from thence to board the yacht at *Rotterdam*." We have seen (on p. 480) how William of Orange affected indignation on this breach of Dutch hospitality, and threatened the Leyden representative with the vengeance of Monmouth, being Armstrong's friend. Monmouth does not seem to have done anything in reprisal, except vapour. Yet their connection had been intimate, from early days spent together in the Guards. When Sir Thomas was seized, he made an attempt to destroy his papers, by dropping them into a *cloaca*, "but they were found, and amongst them were Letters from the Duke of *Monmouth* to the *Sieur Dien*, the *Brandenburgh* Minister at the *Hague*, and another to one of the States, recommending Sir *Thomas Armstrong* to them in the most pressing manner imaginable."

The yacht that conveyed Armstrong from Holland landed him at Greenwich. "He was brought on shore by Captain *Richardson*, the keeper of *Newgate*, who put shackles upon him, and brought him to *Whitehall*, where he hath been examined by a committee of Lords, but would confess nothing." Later, he was questioned at the King's Bench, before Jeffereys, who speedily passed sentence.

In Luttrell Coll. (I. fol. 4), is "An Elegy on the never-to-be-forgotten Sir *Thomas Armstrong*, Knt., Executed for conspiring the Death of his most Sacred Majesty and Royal Brother, June 20th, 1684. With some Satyrical Reflections on the whole Faction." London: Printed for William Bateman, in the Old 'Change. It begins, "Stand forth, ye damn'd deluding Priests of *Baal!*"

* * * On p. 471, Note 2, we mentioned a Satirical *Epitaph* on Sir William Jones, who died May 2nd, 1682, and we give it here, complete:—

On Sir William Jones: an Epitaph.

SIR *William* in *arcta custodia* lies,
 Committed by Death *sans* Bail or Mainprize; [= See p. 121.
 Forsaking his King, a very good Client,
 He turn'd *Jack Presbyter*, O fie on't!
 And being thus from his Allegiance free,
 Returned was by him for Anarchy.
 A Gem call'd the Law in his head there lay;
 So Toads hold Pearls *in capite* they say;
 And stor'd he was with Poison like those creatures,
 Which made him swell so big against his betters:
 His eyes so full were with infection fill'd,
 Loyalty seem'd a Statute-Law repeal'd:
 [Hence] he stuck close on the *Republick*-side,
 And, having spit his Venom out, he died.

Specimen of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*—but the *clear contrary way*.



[British Museum Coll., Press-mark, 1872, a. 1, fol. 126 verso.]

The Bully Whig ; Or The poor S. M. M. Lamentation for the Apprehending of Sir Thomas Armstrong.

TUNE OF, *Ah, Cruel bloody Fate ! etc.* [See p. 234, and Vol. IV. p. 33.]

AH ! cruel bloody *Tom* ! What could'st thou hope for more,
Than to receive the Doom of all thy Crimes before ? ["Then."]
For all thy bold Conspiracies thy Head must pay the score,
Thy Cheats and Lies, thy Box and Dice, will serve thy turn no more. 4
Ungrateful, thankless Wretch ! how could'st thou hope in vain
(Without the help of *Ketch*,) thy *Treasons* to maintain ?
For Murders long since done and past, thou Pardons hast had store,
And yet would'st still stab on, and kill, as if thou hop'st for more. 8
But *Tom*, ere thou would starve, more blood resolv'd to 've spilt, ["ere he."
Thy flight did only serve to justifie thy Guilt :
While they whose harmless Innocence submit to Chains at home,
Are each day freed, while Traytors bleed, and suffer in their room. 12
When *Whigs* a Plot did vote, what Peer from Justice fled ?
In the *Phanatick* Plot *Tom* durst not shew his Head.
Now sacred Justice rules above, the Guiltless are set free, [=Arundel, etc.
And the Napper's Napt, and the Clapper's clapt, in his Conspiracy. 16
Like *Cain*, thou had'st a mark of Murder on thy Brow ;
Remote, and in the dark, Black Guilt did still pursue ;
Nor *England*, *Holland*, *France*, or *Spain* the Traytor can defend ;
He will be found, in Fetters bound, to pay for 't in the end. 20
Tom might about the Town have Bully'd, Huff'd and Roar'd,
By every *Venus* known, been for a *Mars* ador'd ;
By friendly Pimping, and false Dice, thou might'st have longer liv'd,
Hector'd and sham'm'd, and swore and gam'd, had'st thou no Plots contriv'd. 24
Tom once was Cock-a-hoop of all the Huffs in Town ;
But now his Pride must stoop, his Courage is pull'd down.
So long his Spurs are grown ; poor *Tom* can neither flye nor fight,
Ah, cruel Fate ! That at this rate the 'Squire¹ should foil the *Knight*. 28
But now no remedy,² it being his just reward :
In his own Trap, you see, the *Tiger* is ensnar'd ;
So may all Traytors fare, till all, who for their guilt did flie,
With Bully *Tom* by timely Doom, like him, unpity'd die. 32

Finis.

Sold [by *N. T.*] at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden*, June, 1684.

¹ "Squire Ketch," the hangman, revelled in the disgusting butchery of cutting down the half-hanged victims who suffered for High-Treason, with the hideous details of disembowelling, beheading, quartering, and soaking in pitch.

² "But alas ! no remedy," was frequently a burden of laments. We find it in the pathetic poem attributed to George, Viscount Rochfort (his sister Anne Boleyn was incapable of writing so well), "O Death, rock me to sleep !"

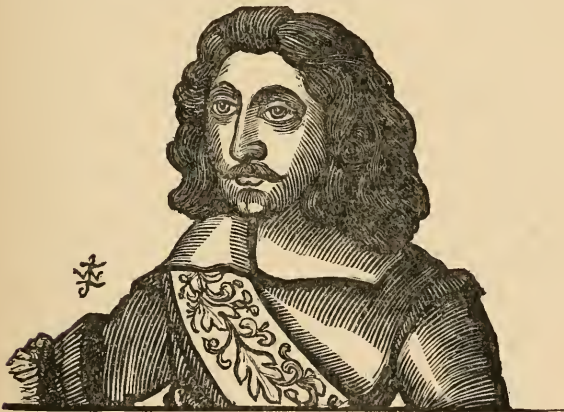


[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 29.]

Sir Thomas Armstrong's Farewell:

Who for High-Treason (conspiring against the Life of the King and his Royal Brother, and the Subversion of the Government;) was on the 14th day of June, 1684, condemned to be Drawn, Hang'd, and Quarter'd; and was accordingly executed at Tyburn on the 20th of the said Month, in the view of many Spectators.

TUNE OF, *Digby's Farewell*; Or, *Packington's Pound* [pp. 327, 457].



Farewel, Worldly Pleasures and fading delight,
 For now all my days must be turn'd into night;
 Now suffer I must, and the race I have run
 Has shortened my days, and my thred it is spun:
 Ah! wretch that I was, for to Plot and Conspire
 Against that good Prince, who[m] the world do admire!
*And now for the same I am in a sad plight,
 A poor and distressed, unfortunate Knight.*

8

How might I have lived in splendour and fame,
 That now by true Subjects am greatly to blame!
 No pitty I find there is fall'n to my share,
 My spirits decay, and I fall in despair:
 But how could I expect any favour to find,
 That harbour'd such thoughts in my treacherous mind?
*All you that in mercy do fix your delight,
 Now pitty [a poor unfortunate Knight].*

16

My days, that long time I in pleasure did spend,
 In shame and disgrace like a Traytor I end;
 Though it grieves me to think, yet confess it I must,
 The Sentence past on me is nothing but just:
 For the deeds I have done, and the words I have said,
 Were I to be punish'd by losing my Head,
Grim death would the less then my senses affright,
That am a distressed [unfortunate Knight].

24

But the thoughts of a Rope are most dreadful to me,
 That must hang for my Crimes at the 3-corner'd Tree,
 And there in the view of a thousand, or more,
 Receive what I long had deserved before.
 Oh Justice severe! how swift are thy wings,
 To pursue the Blood-suckers of mercifull Kings:
Who in thoughts are oppressed by day and by night,
Like me, a distressed [unfortunate Knight].

32

Though I had got over and crossed the Seas,
 My mind was afflicted, my soul not at ease,
 My conscience was filled with horrour and dread,
 That Vengeance would follow where ever I fled;
 And now to my sorrow most certain I find
 That which so long time hath afflicted my mind,
And will now put an end to my joy and delight,
That am a distressed, unfortunate Knight.

40

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

My Crimes are so great, and so heinous indeed,
 That the thoughts of them now make my Soul for to bleed;
 And now 'tis high time for to mourn and lament,
 That my precious time have so wickedly spent:
 Oh! now let me mourn in showres of tears
 That I have so wickedly spent all my Years:
Now Death is continually in my sight,
Oh, pitty a poor and unfortunate Knight!

48

My griefs and my sorrows what tongue can express?
 And few there is pitty me in my distress;
 But all will allow it is nothing but reason,
 That Traytors should dye for the hatching of Treason:
 For I must confess 'tis by Heaven forbid,
 And, like unto Murder, long never lies hid:
But one time or other it cometh to light,
Oh, pitty [a poor unfortunate Knight!]

56

And bloody designs seldom take their effect,
 Because they're unjust, and their course indirect.
 Let others beware of my sorrowful end,
 That did on the hopes of preferment depend ;
 But now you may see, by my Pride and Ambition,
 I've brought my self into a wofull condition :

*All you that do come for to see this sad sight,
 Pray pittie a poor [unfortunate Knight !]*

64

Let reason prevail, and your conscience convince
 That you ought to obey your most Sovereign Prince ;
 For I do confess, at this minute of death,
 A more merciful Prince never yet did draw breath
 Than *Brittain's* great *Charles*, who rules in the nation,
 True Subjects' delight, and the world's admiration :

*Tho' by doing of things too unjust, and not right,
 I now am [a distressed, unfortunate Knight].*

72

And now, all my friends, I must bid you adieu,
 The time is but short I can tarry with you.
 Oh! learn to be wise, and take warning by me ;
 The fruits of High-Treason are bad, as you may see :
 And now 'tis too late, I in sorrow lament,
 That I like a Traytor my life-time have spent.

*Let your actions be just and your dealing upright :
 Nor like this same poor unfortunate Knight.*

80

[Finis.]

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, both given. Date, June, 1684.]



E.

[Jack Ketch's "Tyburn Mare" (pp. 295, 486).]

One end of the Bully Knight.

“ The saddle is now on the right Horse,
 The *Whig* must mount for *Tyburn* in course,
 For these can be no false alarms :
 We have their Confession, the Men, and their Arms.
Jack Ketch perceives his Harvest is near, [cf. p. 168.
 He swears, if his Horse do not fail him, [= ‘ *Tyburn Mare*.’
 He ’ll not take a Thousand Pounds this yeare
 For what his Trade may avail him.”

—*Five Years’ Sham Plots Discovered.*

THE probably unique broadside, formerly belonging to Benjamin Heywood Bright’s private Collection (which by purchase became part of the supplementary volume ending *The Roxburghe Collection of Ballads* in the British Museum Library: C. 20. f. 10), does not afford an attractive picture of Sir Thomas Armstrong’s suspension by the Law, although it gives his portrait (copied on pp. 485, 483).

Tom D’Urfey, in his rare *New Collection of Songs and Poems*, 1683, p. 3, reprinted his Song of the Bully, which he had written for his Comedy of “The Fool turned Critick,” acted at the Theatre Royal, and published in 1678. The music was composed by Matthew Locke. The comedy was chiefly plagiarized or purloined, but there was never need for Tom to steal anybody’s songs, as he could manufacture for his own requirements and for his friends whatever he needed. Since Armstrong was always considered the prize Hector and “Bully Knight,” here is the other Tom’s portrait of

The Bully.

Room, room, room for a man o’ th’ Town,
 That takes delight in roaring ;
 That dayly rambles up and down,
 And spends his Nights in *ΣΥΛΛΟΓΑ* ;
 That for the Modish name of Spark
 Dares his companions rally,
 Commits a Murder in the dark,
 Then sneaks into an Alley.
 To every Female that he sees
 He swears he bears affection ;
 Disdains all Law, Arrests, or Fees,
 By help of a Protection :
 At last, intending worsè wrongs,
 By some relenting Cully,
 He’s decently whipt through the Lungs,—
 And there’s an end of Bully !

Sir Thomas Armstrong's Ghost.

“The time has been

That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: But now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.”—*Macbeth*, iii. 4.

THE pasquinaders of those factious days would not allow any public men to drop quietly into oblivion. Some crept into a corner, to die unseen; others soared like a rocket into the fame of political martyrdom, by going “up a lang ladder and down a wee tow.” But in neither case, whether Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's or the dissimilar Sir Thomas Armstrong's, were they permitted to end existence by merely shuffling off this mortal coil. Public curiosity demanded that each of them should have a Ghost; and the Ghost was generally expected to be as verbose, didactic, and unconciliating when out of the body, as it had been before expulsion. We find the melancholy magistrate, as a Ghost, figuring unpleasantly in several distinct poems. So did Sir Charles Lucas, John Cleaveland, Tom Ross, Andrew Marvell, Dr. Wild, Coleman, Rochester, Viscount Stafford, even Stephen College the Protestant Joyner, Captain Vratz, and Tom Thynne: “Cæsar” (Charles II.) would have one too, a few years later. Here now comes Armstrong's. A large assortment of these spectres was always kept on hand, from Wolsey downward (as we have already shown, Vol. IV. p. 426). To increase the attraction

there appeared ghastly woodcuts, of bare-footed apparitions; duly garmented in shrouds, that terminated at top like a cockatoo's crest; and with a candle in hand, as a polite hint of whence they got the advantage of a flame or two when *at home*. One cut had belonged to “Ratsey's Ghost”; another had originally shown Thomas Nash the satirist, probably a good likeness (the better of two portraits extant, both of which re-appeared in ballads: the second being in fetters, *Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 234); another, almost ludicrous in its grim literality and painful energy, showed the spectre of ill-starred Robert Greene, the assailant of “Sweet Willie,” seated at a table and inditing *The Tragique History*



of the *saire Valeria of London*. Even so he appears in John Dickenson's *Greene in Conceit*, 1598. We leave Armstrong's Ghost to be addressed by its admirer, and stand aside discreetly.

Sir Thomas Armstrong's Ghost.

THE Groans, dear *Armstrong*, which the World employ,
 Would please thy Ghost, to see transform'd to Joy.
 Had'st thou abroad found safety in thy Flight,
 Thy 'nmortal Honour had not shin'd so bright ;
 Thou still had'st been a worthy Patriot thought :

But now thy Glory's to Perfection brought.
 In Exile and in Death to *England* true,
 What more could *Brutus* or just *Cato* do ?
 What can the Villains spread to blast thy Fame,
 Unless thy former Loyalty they blame ?

10

To be concern'd the *Stuarts* to restore
 Is a reproach that hardly can be bore ;
 The utmost Plague a Nation could befall :
 Like the forbidden Fruit, it curst us all.
 Yet thou in season a brave Convert grew,
 Abhorr'd their Counsels and their Int'rest too ;
 And Death at last before their Smiles prefer'd :

So holy *Cranmer* burnt the Hand that err'd ¹
 Let 'em now place thy Quarters in the air,
 'Twill please thy Soul to think they flourish here :

20

Thou scorn'st to hope for Freedom in the Grave,
 And slumb'ring lie, whilst *England* was a Slave.
 Thy carcase stands a Monument to all,
 Till the whole Progeny a Victim fall ;
 And, like their Father, tread that Stage, which some
 In a blasphemous strain call Martyrdom :

For they in guilt transcendently excel
 All that e'er Poets or Historians tell.
 To act fresh Murders, and by flames devour,
 Is but the recreation of their Power :

30

For they alone are for destruction chose
 Who either *Rome* or Tyranny oppose :
Tarquin and *Nero* were but types of these,
 In whom all Crimes are in their last Degrees,
 Swelling like *Nile* in a prodigious Flood
 Of execrable Villanies and Blood.

Yet how the Age their Lives and Peace betray,
 And those they ought to sacrifice th' obey !
 They lick up Poison, and to Tortures run,
 And madly hug all *Egypt's* Plagues in one.

40

Degenerous Slaves, such Monsters to adore !
 Was ever *Sodom* so caress'd before ?
 Quick Vengeance put a period to their breath,
 By their destruction ease the groaning Earth !

For Mortals attempt the righteous Work in vain ; }
 Heaven it self does th' immediate Glory claim, }
 For they're reserv'd by Thunder to be slain. }

[By Robert Ferguson? Date, July, 1684.]

¹ The time-server Cranmer, pliant tool of so ruthless a tyrant as that *Defensor fidei* Henry VIII. To save his own miserable life, he was weak enough to make any concession : his foes thirsting for his blood, goaded him into martyrdom.



Monmouth, as a Wandering "Perkin."

"*Perkin* makes fine legs to th' shouting rabble,
 Who to make him King he thinks are able ;
 But the Bauble
 Is only shewn for use :
 The silly Idiot serves but for a Tool still,
 For knaves to work their Fates,
 But doth remain a dull mistaken Fool still,
 For all their puny Cabals and *Wapping* Treats."

—*The Riddle of the Roundhead.* (Cf. p. 226.)

FUTURE enquirers into the secret history of the time now under examination will have the advantage of access to some private collections of family papers that cannot fail to yield the links necessary to re-establish many a broken chain: documents as yet hidden from us. The motives of most conspirators of that period are tolerably clear, however, thanks to what is even now open to inspection; such additional evidence will do little except reveal the self-contradictions and inconsistencies of the Revolutionists; their time-serving policy and innate selfishness, thinly disguised under a pretence of patriotic enthusiasm. Of real courage scarcely any among them possessed a particle. Unless supported by the applause of a mob, and assured of holding an overwhelming majority, they were totally devoid of spirit; they fell immediately to despondency, or to secret plotting of assassination and purchased rebellion. Few among them could resist temptation of a bribe, and had the Court not been impoverished by previous wasteful extravagance, Charles might have purchased the apostacy of nearly every one of their leaders, in addition to securing the less important renegadoes.

We learn gradually to trace the 'whereabouts' of Monmouth, during each day of the twelve months intervening between his disgrace at Court on December 7th, 1683, and his final return to Holland (after a secret visit to Charles, in November) at the close of 1684. Scattered are the records of those days, but not lost.

That Charles was playing a double game is absolutely certain. He showed privately his affection to the headstrong and indiscreet Monmouth, whom he regarded as his son, while he felt himself obliged to humour his own brother James of York by making some public demonstrations of extreme anger at Monmouth's misconduct. Duplicity in such cases seemed natural to him. He had of old faced both-ways between his parliament and his secret ally of France. He was now unwilling to relinquish either his brother or his (putative) son. To the last he played the two men and their clashing interests against one another. No wonder is it that disaster followed. Without remembrance of this double-part played by Charles old records would be unintelligible, in their apparent contradictions.

Monmouth's own Note-Book (our p. 410) records simply "December 19th [1683], — A Letter from 29 [=King Charles], bidding me stay till I heard further from him."

On the first day of January, 168 $\frac{2}{4}$, died unmarried Henry Jermyn, the old Earl of St. Albans (whose title was given, a fortnight later, to Charles Beauclerk, eldest son of Nell Gwynne and the King); on the same day a Knight-Companionship of the Garter was bestowed on another of Monmouth's rivals for Court favour, the indolent, phlegmatic and utterly uninteresting Prince George of Denmark: six months earlier married to York's daughter Anne. Charles had vainly tried him with every topic of conversation, but the dull Dane was impervious to wit, indifferent to science, and wrapt in so close a garment of complacent self-conceit that the bestowal of a garter might have been a delicate hint that he should use it gracefully to hang himself. "Est-il-possible" that the world could have got on better without him?

Being forbidden the Court, which included Windsor Installation, Monmouth could not then attend any of these festivities; but he may have left England. We have this record of him, between the 6th and the 10th of the same month:—"The Duke of *Monmouth*, since his being forbid the Court, has lodged at a private house in *Holborn*, and been at his house at *Moor-Park*, [*Herts*]; but since, 't is said, he is gone into *Holland*, thinking it not safe to continue here any longer."

The true reason of his departure was, no doubt, the desire to be out of England before the Trial of John Hampden began, at the Old Bailey, on the 6th of February; lest he should be compelled to appear there and give evidence against him: with which purpose Monmouth had been (before January 26th) subpœnaed as witness for the prosecution. Charles himself was probably in secret assisting him to escape this disgrace. On Eserick Howard's testimony, and on that of others, Hampden was brought in guilty of High Treason, and, although his life was spared, suffered severely in purse by the fine of £40,000 (see p. 443).

It appears that Monmouth was absent by the 4th of January, for on that day the Duke of York wrote from London to the Prince of Orange, about Monmouth's misconduct and unknown movements:

I do very easily believe you were surprised at the extraordinary carriage of the Duke of *Monmouth*, and, since he was no truer a convert, 'twas very well he shewed himself so soon, for had he stayed and dissembled, he might have done much mischief; but now he can do but little, for all the world is now satisfied he is never to be trusted, and then he has all his vain fancies in his head. 'Tis not now certain where he is: his wife and some others of his friends say, he is gone beyond sea, and by a letter out of *Zealand* they give an account of two *English* gentlemen which landed there, and went for *Antwerp*, and, by the description they make of them, one of them should be he: if he be in *Flanders*, I suppose by that time you have this [letter] you will have heard of it. [Cf. p. 416.]

York was generally well informed by his foreign correspondents and home spies; few persons except his brother managed to deceive him, and these not often or long. The two Englishmen seen at Zealand were Monmouth and his confederate Charles Gerard, Lord Brandon, who had emerged from the Tower on his *habeas corpus*, and then been bailed. (See pp. 314 and 456.)

Under March 13th, the rumour is recorded that Monmouth "hath retired to *Flanders*, and that he hath some command in the *Spanish* forces there" (Luttrell, i. 303). Again, at end of April, the same writer mentions: "The Duke of *Monmouth* is now at *Brussels* with the Marquis of *Grana*, and appears there openly, and lives in great splendour, and has the command of a Spanish regiment in the Low Countries." At this same time, Charles was enquiring affectionately about Monmouth, through Lord Sunderland, as to whether the horses which the Duke had left behind at Newmarket were to be sent on to him at *Flanders*. Letters, messages, and money, were certainly sent abroad to "the Prodigal Son" by the King; and some Courtiers who attempted to curry favour by abusing the absent favourite, because they thought him to be in disgrace, found by the King's manner that their imprudence had ruined them.

Sir Richard Bulstrode, English resident at Brussels, wrote to the Duke of Ormonde, that he "had received his Majesty's orders to enjoin the *English* officers in the *Spanish* service not to pay their court to his Grace on his arrival at *Brussels*." The Marquis de Grana, the Spanish Governor, said, in explanation of the attentions paid to the young man, that he (the Governor) knew not whence the King's displeasure came, but that "the Duke of *York* was the great enemy of the Duke of *Monmouth*, whom the King loved as his own eyes." In Brussels, during the month of April, Monmouth had been warmly received by William of Orange, who was at Dighnin, angry at French intrigues. In May, William gave the old *Hoffe* at the Hague, where his own grandmother had lived, to Monmouth. The Duke of York wrote to his nephew and son-in-law from Windsor on the 20th of the same month, displeased at the countenance shown to the exile:—

I see by [your's] you were come back from *Filwood*, and . . . that the Duke of *Monmouth* had been to see you. I do not at all wonder that he did not send to advertise you of his coming to you, but do think it odd enough for him to present himself to you, after his having been engaged in so horrid a conspiracy, for the alteration of the government, and ruin of the King and our family; and his refusing, since he had his pardon, to own that under his hand which he confessed to the King, I being by, is sure in its self as offensive to his Majesty and myself as any thing can be, and shews he did it to keep up his credit with his rebellious party, and his vain pretensions to the Crown. For what else could have made him refuse to sign what he had himself owned to the King and me, which is the greatest reflection imaginable upon both of us, as if he had not owned that to us, which his Majesty required him to sign? . . . Let him give what reasons he pleases for the occasion of his being at *Bruxelles*, I can never trust to what he says or believe him, and I think you will be to blame if you do.

We know not at what precise date King Charles made his arrangement with William of Orange to preserve a double intercourse, but Bentinck told "Gibbie" Burnet long afterwards that to evade the interference of York, who was perpetually urging his brother to humiliate and restrict Monmouth from being countenanced in Holland, Charles sent word to William that he was to disregard any letters that might seem to be indignant remonstrances, *unless they were sealed with one particular signet*, which alone was to mark them as genuine! We may believe this, although Burnet is the authority. But of course the trick was to be kept secret from York. As there had hitherto been coldness between the English Court and its Lilliputian mimicry at the Hague, this arrangement cannot have been made earlier than Monmouth's first arrival at Brussels. D'Avaux did not guess this secret. He is singularly exact in what he *did* know. Thus the letters that arrived from the Duke of York to his daughter Mary, causing her to shed tears and prevaricate, were reported by D'Avaux, and are still extant. (See next page.)

The Duke of York believed that Sir Gabriel Silvius (envoy between St. James's and the Hague) was devoted to him, but the man was ere long detected to be in the interest of Orange. "*Chudley*" now mentioned is Thomas Chudleigh, the King's envoy to the States, who preceded Bevil Skelton. Here is one of D'Avaux's reports to Louis XIV. :—

Silvius made complaints to the Prince of *Orange*, of his treating the Duke of *Monmouth* with so much respect. The Prince of *Orange* replied, that if the King of *England* had let him know sooner that this displeased him, he should have known how to have acted; but that his *Britannic* Majesty had ordered nothing relating to this to be said to him 'till he was engaged to receive the Duke of *Monmouth* at *Diren*. That *Chudley*, who had instructions to speak upon this subject, and a letter from his master to that effect, had kept it in his own custody, and had excused himself by saying that he durst not leave the *Hague* to come to find him at *Vilvorde*: and from this time that he had kindly received the Duke of *Monmouth*, nor could he now dismiss him, but would continue to live with him as he did at present. *Silvius* said that upon his return from *England* he had delivered the Princess of *Orange* a letter from the Duke of *York*, wherein the Duke reproached her for having received the Duke of *Monmouth*; that the Princess of *Orange* shed tears at reading it, and said that *the Prince was her Master*; and, as he would have it so, *she was obliged to obey*. Since this time however she altered much in her sentiments.

That William tyrannized over Mary at this date, and generally, is proved by a letter to Skelton from the Chaplain Covel or Cowell. It so happens, that William of Orange wrote an account to his *fidus Achates* William Bentinck, of what he terms the insolence and impertinence of this envoy, Thomas Chudleigh, whom he personally disliked (and who is said afterwards to have become a Romanist, in 1686). Chudleigh's remonstrance with him, telling of Charles being angry at the reception of Monmouth and Brandon, was delivered two days before July 7th, N.S. (when William wrote from the Hague).

The letter from her father, which caused Mary to shed tears, was dated "Windsor, June 6, 1684," and contains a severe rebuke to her. The intimacy of the Prince and Princess of Orange with Monmouth (Lady Henrietta Wentworth living with him, as his avowed Mistress, shamelessly) had become notorious; thus the Duke of York was justified in expressing his sorrowful indignation to his daughter Mary. He declared that

"It scandalises all loyal and monarchial people here, to know how well the Prince lives with, and how civil he is to the Duke of *Monmouth* and Lord *Brandon*, . . . being declaredly my mortal enemies. And let the Prince flatter himself as he pleases, the Duke of *Monmouth* will do his part to have a push for the crown, if he, the Duke of *Monmouth*, outlive the King and me . . . It will become you very well to speak of it."

After this we find York evidently ill at ease with his son-in-law, and ending his letters habitually "you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect." Formerly it had been, "as kind to you as you can desire." The change is significant.

In these intricate cases documentary evidence is valuable, as a sort of "portable property"; the letters are mutually corroborative. Louis XIV. well knew that he had nothing more to expect from the Whigs who stood by Monmouth (he had bribed most of them through Barillon in time past, while Parliaments sat), and Count d'Avaux from the States sent detailed reports to him, which serve our need. Allowing something for bias, the accounts are clear. He tells that,

The Prince of *Orange*, during the whole time he had been in *Flanders*, before that Treaty was signed [*viz.* 29th June, 1684], had continued to shew the utmost marks of friendship to the Duke of *Monmouth*, and he wanted to give him the most convincing proofs thereof. The King of *England* had forbid his subjects, in all parts, to shew any respect to the Duke. The Prince of *Orange*, on the other hand, had commanded all the troops of the *States* to pay the same honours to the Duke of *Monmouth* as they did to Count *Wahlbeck* their General. The *English* [=Officers in the States, owing allegiance to *Charles*], who received these orders (as well as the other troops), did not choose to conform to them, because of the express injunction to the contrary from the King their Master: but the Prince of *Orange* sent to the principal persons amongst them, informing them that he would break the first man who should fail to treat the Duke of *Monmouth* as he had commanded.

After the Treaty was signed, he invited the Duke to hunt with him at *Diren*, and asked at the same time my Lord *Brandon*, and several more *English* who were concerned in the last conspiracy; so that he could not in a more wanton manner, and with less necessity, offend the King of *England*, and particularly the Duke of *York*.—*Negotiations of Count d'Avaux*, iii. 8, 9.

These things were not done in a corner, as a later extract shows:

On the 25th of July, I acquainted our Court [of *France*] that the Duke of *Monmouth* had been for some days before at *Diren*; that the Prince of *Orange* not only entertained him there in the grandest manner, but that he had taken care he should be received in his journey to *Nimeguen* with extraordinary honours, which would not have been, had he not given express orders for that purpose; for, in the towns of the Republic they never pay such honours to Embassadors, nor to persons of the most distinguished rank.—*Ibid.*, iii. 18.

Count d'Avaux, like Macbeth, might have boasted that

There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.

It could not have been pleasant, for so cold-blooded and wily an intriguer as William of Orange, to know that his every action was watched stealthily, and reported quickly to his declared enemy; that no letter arrived from across seas of which the contents might not have been already made known to Louis, even before it was read by the person to whom it was directed, the seal apparently unbroken, the messenger a person of condition. In that corrupt time there was scarcely any one who disdained a bribe or loved the truth for its own sake. The sole difference known publicly to divide classes of men from each other was this: the later Cavaliers or Tory courtiers, with those who held by them, were unblushingly open in their faults; the Revolutionists imperfectly cloaked their worse vices under an outer show of "reputable" and pious hypocrisy, but were as sensual, sordid, cruel, and irreverent at heart as their own tools William Bedloe, Titus Oates, or Thomas Dangerfield, who merited the gibbet they so narrowly escaped.

The Duke of York seems to have habitually written twice a week to William of Orange (directing the letters to one Dalone, a Secretary, who conveyed them to Silvius at Dieren), and *William then shut himself up with Monmouth for two hours, over these letters!* There was not real confidence betwixt William and his father-in-law at any time. Sidney Godolphin tried to influence Orange to more warmth and friendship, but the Dutchman was innately ungenial, and the attempt failed. One of Monmouth's friends, despatched to England, boasted in a fit of drunkenness that "in a little time the world would see a considerable revolution in *England*;" and he gave his hearer to understand that he meant the re-establishment of Monmouth. This news was sent in September, and an additionally disagreeable impression was received from Orange filling up the English troops in Holland with officers who were dependent on Monmouth; as though in readiness to alienate them from the King. Count D'Avaux adds, that "M. de *Monmouth* is on his return from *Soesdycht*, the Prince of Orange's house: they say he will pass the winter at the *Hague*. The Princess of *Orange* has shown extraordinary marks of honour to a young lady of quality from *England* who publicly passes for the Duke of *Monmouth's* mistress." — *Negotiations*, iii. 65, of date immediately preceding 5th October. This outrageous indecency of Mary was perpetrated in favour of Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth (as shown on our p. 493).

Monmouth not only intrigued with the "Sieur *Dien*," at the Hague, but pursued ambitious designs farther inland: "The envoy of *Brandenburg* showing great respect and kindness to the Duke of *Monmouth* at *Berlin*." (Bulstrode's *Memoirs and Reflections*.)

Lastly, D'Avaux records (end of November) that "The Duke of Monmouth did not go directly to *Brussels*. He has gone secretly from town to town, even in the country of *Cleve*, conferring with the *English* refugees, and it appears as if there were something in agitation."—*Negotiations*, iii. 97. This suspicion was entertained in England also, as it had been three months earlier when the assizes at Newcastle brought out the evidence of what the "Scotch pedlars" had been trying to work, in spreading sedition.

Sir Richard Bulstrode's account may here serve our turn:—

"It appears that the design of the Conspirators was to have surprized *Berwick*, and thereby to have opened their way to *Newcastle*, where the Plot hath been also discovered: for the Lord Chief Justice *Jeffries* being upon the Bench, Information was given him that several considerable persons of that town [*Newcastle*] had signed an *Association for reforming the Abuses of the Government in Church and State*: that the original of this *Association* was burnt, upon discovery of the Plot against the King and Duke [*viz.* in June, 1683], but a copy was produced to the Lord Chief Justice, and one that [had] signed the original [paper] swore it to be a true copy. Upon which sixteen or seventeen principal persons of that place were apprehended and committed to prison for High-Treason, before the Assizes were there ended; and since the Lord Chief Justice's return he hath given an account thereof to the King.—*Bulstrode's Memoirs*, p. 388.

In connection with our ballad of "the Newcastle Associators" these words of the shifty and unvaracious Gilbert Burnet may be taken for what they are worth:—"Great pains were taken there [*in Scotland*] to make a farther discovery of the negotiation between the *English* and the *Scots*. A gentleman, who had been at *Bothwell-bridge* [*in 1679*], was sent over by the *Cargillites* to some of their friends in *Holland*; and he carried with him some letters written in an odd cant. He was seized at *Newcastle*, together with his letters; and was so frightened that he was easily managed to pretend to discover any thing that was suggested to him: but he had never been at *London*, so he could speak of that negotiation but upon hearsay. His story was so ill laid together that the Court was ashamed to make any use of it: but it turned heavily on himself, for he went mad upon it.¹ Two others came in, and charged Sir *Hugh Campbell*, of *Cessnock*, an ancient gentleman of good estate, that he had set on the rebellion of *Bothwell-bridge*, and had chid them for deserting it."—Burnet's *Own Time*, p. 376. The ballad is brought here, however, less for its individual details, than as a general *finale*, on the discomfiture of the Plotters, who declared Monmouth to be their nominal leader.

¹ No doubt this refers to Alexander Gordon of Earlston, who appeared to have become insane during examination, and was sent to the Bass-Rock prison (between the 8th and 15th of August, 1684); whence he was afterwards brought back, when a suspicion had grown that he had simulated madness to avoid giving evidence. After enduring torture he escaped from the Tolbooth, Edinburgh, but was recaptured, about the 7th of September.

The Newcastle Associators ;

Or,

The Trimmer's Loyalty.

Being a true Relation how several Sanctified Brethren were Apprehended, and found signing the Association, (several others having made their escapes,) at the Assizes at Newcastle, August the 2d, 1684.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Ignoramus* [= *Lay by your Pleading*. See p. 199.]

Lay by your Reason, *Truth's* out of season,
 Since Treason's *Loyalty*, and Loyalty is *Treason*.
Toney the jealous, and *Sydney* the zealous,¹
 Contriv'd the Nation's fall, yet both were "Loyal Fellows!"
 With *Patience*, "Narrations," and "Associations,"²
 Lord, what ado there was for *Teckley's* Reformations!³
They Plotted, and Lotted, and sotted, and voted,
And never will have done, till their Heads are all promoted. 8

With Insurrections, lawless Objections,
 They study'd to promote the *Commonwealth* projections.
 Monarchy-haters, *Associators*,
 Did swear into a League with rascals, *Whigs* and Traitors:
 They venture, Indenture, in Bond they do enter,
 While at the *Royal Pair* their malice still did center.
They Plotted, and Lotted, and sotted, and voted,
And never will have done, till all the Tribe's promoted. 16

But the brave *Chief-Justice*, in whom our trust is,⁴
 Will do the *Rebels* right, [he] who in Law the first is;
 In this high station, purging the Nation,
 Of all that did promote the p,uuwp "Association:"
 Bakers and Quakers, and Monarchy-haters,
 And all that joyn in League with *Associators*.
They Plotted, and Lotted, and sotted, and voted,
And never will have done, till all their Train's promoted. 24

He late surprizes, in quaint disguises,
 No less than seventeen at *Newcastle 'Sizes*;⁵
 Villains he scented, that had indent'ed,
 And with the *Cooper* had a new *Tap* invented. [= *Ant. A. Cooper*.
Jack Shallow, Sim Swallow, Will Weeks, and Tom Tallow,
 Nine were for Traytors found, the rest in course will follow.
They Plotted and Lotted, and sotted, and voted,
And never will have done, till all the Tribe's promoted. 32

These, on their Trial, wou'd all be loyal ;
 Although the Royal Race they study'd to destroy all ;
 Their false hearts sounded ; the rest confounded,
 Guilt flying in their face for the *fact*, absconded.
 Both *Richard* the pitcher, and *William* the lether,
 Whilst *Thumb*, and *Dick*, and *Tom*, are left behind to stretch for't.⁶
They Plotted, and Lotted, and sotted, and voted,
And in good time we hope will likewise be promoted. 40

Toney, that scented, and first invented, [T' *Tony Shaftesbury*.
 This *Holy Covenant*, was the first absented :
 Of all forsaken, to save his Bacon,
 He into *Whigland* crawls, but was overtaken. [= *Holland*.
 The Starter's a Martyr, Death gives no quarter
 Whilst *Walcot* and the rest were by the head cut shorter. [p. 292.
They Plotted, and Lotted, and sotted, and voted,
And never will have done till their heads are promoted. 48

Russell did try for 't, *Sydney* did die for't,
 While *Rumbold*, *Grey*, and *Tom*, with the rest did fly for 't :⁷
 For all their teaching, [*Bob*] *Ferguson's* preaching,
 His Head's upon a pole, and his Quarters bleaching.⁸ [*Armstrong's*.
 The Starter's a martyr, the 'Squire gives no Quarter, [*Jack Ketch*.
 For now the *Bully Knight* is by the head cut shorter.
They Plotted, and Lotted, and sotted, and voted,
And never will have done till their quarters are promoted. 56

Now be confounded, *Whig*, *Trimmer*, *Round-head*,
 And all the factious lump of *Treason* so confounded.
 By every action, we see your Faction
 Tends only to involve the Nation in distraction.
 Your *Lopping* and *Fopping*, and *Blunderbuss* popping,⁹
 And all your flying for't, won't save your necks from *Chopping*.
You Plotted, and Lotted, and sotted, and voted,
And in good time we hope you shall be all promoted. 64

FINIS.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Printed for Nat. Thompson, 1684.]

Notes to "The Newcastle Associators."

¹ Although both had already died, it was not forgotten that "Tony" Shaftesbury and Algernon Sydney had been the real plotting heads, to whom the other conspirators were only clumsy limbs of mischief.

² Sir Patience Ward, who had fled in May, 1683; the numerous lying "Narrations" of anti-Papal Discoverers; and the Shaftesburian "True Blue Protestant Association" to exclude any "Popish Successor," have all been previously annotated. This Newcastle Association was a local imitation. See the extract from Bulstrode, on p. 492.

³ The name of Teekley = Tekeli, the Hungarian insurrectionist and ally of the Turks (see p. 383), is here used disguisingly to indicate the Duke of Monmouth.

⁴ Sir George Jeffereys, raised to this office in September, 1683. (See p. 339.)

⁵ Disaffection had been greatly extended by a number of Scotch emissaries who were either pedlars of small wares, or carried on enough of such mercantile business to disguise their real employment of spies and spreaders of sedition. A vigilant search was made for them, by Sir John Reresby and others, after the discovery of Spence's mal-practices, and several were apprehended during the summer of 1683.

⁶ This Jack Thumb was often mentioned disparagingly, among the intolerant and disaffected Sectaries. Thus in "The *Tory* Song, on His Royal Highness's Return from Scotland," in 1682 (beginning, "Room, room for Cavaliers! bring us more wine!"), the second verse ends,

John Thumb is confounded, that brazen-fac'd *Round-head*,
Then let us be loyal and true to our King!

Again, in 1684, when the Loyal Company of Stationers, after the general forfeiture, obtained the first London Charter, and were honoured with a new song in their praise, to Tom Farmer's Tune of D'Urfey's *Roxburghe Ballad*, "The Winchester Wedding," the fourth verse mentions some of the dissenting irreconcilables who were withdrawing, and John Thumb appears the noisiest:—

With limping *Dick* the Zealous, went doting *Yea and Nay*,
And squinting *Jack* so jealous, lest Loyalty got the day.
With these *Jack Thumb* was reckon'd, and hungry *Will* of the Wood,
And *Frank* the first and the second, and *George* that will never do good.
And thus they did trip it along, whilst *William* led up the Brawl,
But *John* did storm above any, to be turn'd out of the Hall.

Probably this "limping Dick the zealous" is the same as the Dick of our text, who is Richard Baldwin, or Richard Chiswell, or "Impudent Dick Janeway," all being publishers, and severally entitled to bear the cognomen of "Seditious Dick," that its proper owner can scarcely retain a monopoly. One of the two *Franks* is Frank Smith, "the leacherous Anabaptist" publisher of libels. The "Tom" of our text is certainly not Sir Thomas Armstrong, the "Bully Knight," who was not only at Tyburn "stretched" longer, but "cut shorter."

⁷ All three had escaped to Holland, but Armstrong was apprehended, brought home, and executed without trial, on the outlawry, within the time of grace: quite unnecessarily, as he could have been secured after the probationary term had expired. He certainly had not intended to surrender himself. His escape from England was nearly frustrated (as we show on p. 480).

⁸ There can be no difficulty in seeing that it is Sir Thomas Armstrong's execution that is here meant. Robert Ferguson has been described on pp. 287, 288. "The 'Squire" had long been a nickname of the common hangman, before Jack Ketch at this date held the office, and while it was borne by Dun and Derrick. Near this time the Edinburgh hangman Monro was deprived of his office (August, 1684) for sorely beating a beggar. His predecessor, Cockburn, had been hanged for killing another beggar (16th January, 1682). Ormiston, "a well-favoured discreet fellow," got Monro's post of executioner.

⁹ We have shown (on pp. 290, 303) that "*Lopping*" was the euphemism for murdering, used by the Rye-House Plotters, when discussing the intended ambuscade in Hertfordshire. "*Fopping*" alludes to Monmouth's progresses, levées, and King's-Evil-Touching: he being usually stigmatized as "the Pop" *par excellence*: "the Fop-King," when he landed at Lyme.

The Beginning of the End.

“All but mere Fools may easily foresee
 What will the fatal End of these things be;
 If one bigotted in the *Romish* way
 Should once again the *English* sceptre sway; . . .
 T’ attempt or struggle then will be in vain,
 For *Persecution* will a Tyrant reign.”

—*A Satyr against Persecution*. 1682.

THAT Monmouth paid a secret visit to England, near the close of 1684, was not only suspected but known by the Duke of York and Count d’Avaux; also, it must have been known to Orange, and approved of by him. At this time, in the intimacy with his guest (as Monmouth frequently was, and almost continuously), their interests appeared identical. Monmouth had persuaded him that no pretensions to the Crown were retained, and that, in any public restoration to favour of himself, his influence should be exerted for his friend.¹ Some, like Barillon, believe that the visit was arranged for Monmouth by Lord Sunderland, along with Sidney Godolphin, at the Duchess of Portsmouth’s. Others think that Monmouth did not obtain a personal interview with the King; but the well-informed Bentinck asserted the contrary. The Duke evidently held some intercourse with a representative of the King’s wishes, if not with the King himself. In Monmouth’s pocket-book still remain the lists of posts: (on p. 133) “The Rode that is to be taken from *Bruzels* to *Diren* the Pri: of *Orange’s* house;” (p. 134) “The Road from *Bruzells* to *Sousdyck*, the Prince of *Orange* his house;” (p. 135) has “The way that I tooke from *Diren*, when I went for *England*, *Nov:* the 10, ’84”—*the important date which we require*: and (p. 137) “The way that I took when I cam from *England*, *December* the 20th, ’84.” He seems to have lingered on the journey, for (p. 139) we read, “The way that I took the first day of *Jan:* N[ew] St[yle], from *Bruzells* to the *Heagu*” (*sic*). That this visit, lasting more than a whole month, in no way injured his position at the Hague is proved incontestably by what we know of the festivities there, even to the suggestion of scandalous gossip. This was the last month of social diversion ever enjoyed by Monmouth.

January 11, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$.—The Prince of *Orange* still continued to heap caresses upon the Duke of Monmouth; and though he is asthmatic, and fond of no recreation, much less that of dancing, yet sometimes he spent part of the evenings in dancing with the daughters [probably a mistranslation of “*filles*” = Ladies of Honour] of the Princess of *Orange*, and the Duke of *Monmouth*.

¹ There seems reason to believe that Charles intended to send York back to Scotland before April, 1685: had he not died before putting it into execution.

January 18, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$.—The Prince of *Orange* did not know how to caress the Duke of *Monmouth* enough. Balls and parties of pleasure were often made; four or five days before this, they went in a Sled upon the ice, together with the Princess of *Orange*, to a seat of the Prince three leagues from the *Hague*; and when they danced, the Princess of *Orange* was the Duke of *Monmouth's* partner? He went every day regularly to the Princess, at her dinner time, though she dined alone and in private, and then he went and dined with the Prince of *Orange*. It was observed that this Princess, who [hitherto] never walked on foot to the public places, was [now] almost every day in the *Mall*, which is in a very pleasant wood, at the gates of the *Hague*; and that the Duke of *Monmouth* was there very regularly. Mean time, 'tis not to be conceived how the Prince of *Orange*, who is by nature the most jealous of all men living, could suffer all those airs of gallantry, which were so public to the world, between his Princess and the Duke. People were very eager to know what the King of *England* thought of this conduct of the Prince of *Orange*, and the public suspended their judgement till they knew what were his sentiments of the affair.

Others, who were better informed, suspected that King Charles still retained such a warm inclination to the Duke of *Monmouth* as led him to give his "secret consent to whatever step the Prince of *Orange* took in his favour." If remonstrances made by Chudleigh were sincerely authorized, then surely *Orange* was insulting Charles by disobedience; but if they were merely formal and deceptive, no less surely York would discover the fraud.

Monmouth had unrestricted entry on the privacy of either William or Mary, and he was courted by all who desired favours from them.

It looked also as if the Prince of *Orange's* temper were altered, or that he had some impenetrable design; for he, who is so jealous that he does not permit his Princess to receive any private visits—not only from men, but women—presses the Duke of *Monmouth* to go after dinner to her, to teach her country-dances. They even made her act in characters which are unsuitable to a Princess, and which I should term ridiculous in an ordinary woman: for, in the great frost which happened this year, the Prince of *Orange* obliged her (such is her complaisance to him) to learn to skate upon the ice, because the Duke of *Monmouth* was also desirous of learning it. 'Twas a very extraordinary thing to see the Princess of *Orange*, with very short petticoats, and those tucked up half-way to her waist, and with iron pattins on her feet, learning to slide, sometimes on one foot, sometimes on the other.

Till this time the Princess of *Orange* had lived so regularly that, from the hour that she rose in the morning till eight o'clock at night, she never stirred out of her apartment, except perhaps once a week in summer, to take an airing; and no person whatsoever had the liberty of entering her chamber, not even her lady of honour, nor her maids of honour. There were only four, who were a little inferior to maids of honour, but superior to chamber maids, two of whom were in close waiting upon her every day, and had orders not to leave her.

The year 1684, that began with severe frost, had by August suffered a burning drought. Grass was scorched and withered, so that cattle could find none to feed on, and all provisions were dear. Such corn as had not been injured was ripe for the sickle. Flowers long had faded and hopes died with them. The rebellious plots of disaffected Sectaries, commingled with unselfish aspirations after a freer and more virtuous life cherished by a few powerless enthusiasts,

had been trodden down like the summer rose or scattered like the seeds of thistles and dandelions, to take root in unexpected quarters, whithersoever they could wend. At such times a disappointed leader, if of philosophic turn, might well feel despondent and forget that the darkest hour precedes the dawn :—

And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise : while some opine
"Freedom grows License," some suspect
"Haste breeds Delay," and recollect
They always said "such premature
Beginnings never could endure!"
So with a sullen "All 's for best!"
The Land seems settling to its rest.

On the whole, the land was both thinking and saying it. The Shaftesbury faction, containing the dregs of the Puritan sectaries, had made life a burden, and England little better than a prison; a purgatory if not worse. They had poisoned the very well-spring of enjoyment, for by their canting hypocrisy, and malignity cloaked in scriptural phraseology, they had polluted the name of Religion, and done their best to make men think that all devotion was a lie, as it had been with the old Cromwellians in their intolerance.

Now and again some disagreeable person was committed to prison; occasionally for treason, as Thomas Rosewell, a fanatic minister, to the Gatehouse in October, thence on the 25th to the King's-Bench bar, and left for trial; and Joseph Hayes, merchant, who had sent money to Israel Hayes, for Armstrong while living in Holland: (but Joseph got a discharge). Oftener for libels written; for scandalous words spoken, innumerable. Sometimes it was for drinking seditious healths, to the memory of executed traitors; thus Elias Best pledged the memory of Stephen College (which cost him a fine of 1000*l.* and the pillory). Altogether, informations were flitting about to an extent which scarcely proved this to be "the best of all possible worlds." There was the customary abundance of crime, and not much less than the usual poverty or disquietude. Perhaps, despite the lawyers, there was not an increase of evil speaking, "malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness." Another severe winter had begun, and by New Year's day the Thames was frozen above Chelsea; this after a fortnight's bitter cold. Dangerfield and Titus Oates were already trembling at the threatened turning of tables against them; they gloomily expected, all that they afterwards most richly experienced, by the way of "brushing up" and air-cutting, in immediate sequence to a cart's-tail. Investigations were beginning in other knavish pieces of work; such as frauds on the revenue, breaches of contract, and infringement of chartered rights.

It is certain that very few persons felt anxiety about political troubles impending, or grieved at the delay in summoning a Parliament, although more than three years had elapsed since the Shaftesburian plans had been countermined by the abrupt dismissal at Oxford. On the whole, affairs in England were going on more smoothly than they had done for a long time previous. There were the usual marryings and giving in marriage, without any suspicion that the Flood was near. Continental movements, the perpetual activity of French troops in support of their own King's ambition, caused no scarcity of provision among ourselves; and while an Englishman's dinner is safe, he is easily pacified.

Despite many murmurs, for the most part from the national tendencies to be dissatisfied and to be noisy over our grievances, Charles had been a favourite in the affections of his people. Failures and faults, personal or political, had never wearied the nation of the monarch "*Charles Gustavus!*" who came back welcome to his throne, after the heavy tyranny of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, or the anarchy that followed them. Loyal Cavaliers had cheerfully sung their ditties in his honour. So early as 1667, set to music by Jeremiah Saville, this had been heard:—

A Catch.

Here's a Health unto his Majesty; *with a fa la la, la la.*
 Confusion to his Enemies; *with a fa la la, la la.*
 And he that will not pledge this Health,
 I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
 Nor yet a Rope to hang himself: *with a fa la la, la la.*

Even those who most constantly contended for the legal succession of the King's brother James were not impatient to exchange the merry monarch Charles for the heavier and religiously bigotted James; unless some few zealots who hoped to see an alteration made in the National Church. With these exceptions, all desired a longer reign for "Old Rowley;" and, until after Christmas, there seemed probability of the wish being gratified, as expressed in the following:

A Catch. 1684.

Now happily met, let's cast away care,
 And each man unto mirth himself prepare;
 Let all that are *Plotters* be kick'd like a Ball,
 And, tumbling down, break their Necks in the fall;
 While we who are Loyal do pray for our King,
 Long reign he, in peace and in plenty! let's sing.

A song "In Praise of the Bottle" not inaptly reveals the sentiments of many who were weary of the interminable controversies of rival sects. Written by Tom Brown, it connects with the Group.

In Praise of the Bottle. A Song.



What a Pox d'ye tell me of the *Papists'* Design?
 Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink off your Wiue.
 Away with your Glass, Sir, and drown all Debate;
 Let's be loyally merry; ne'er think of the State.
 The King (Heav'n's bless him!) knows best how to rule;
 And who troubles his Head, I think's but a Fool. 6

Come, Sir, here's bis Health; your Brimmer advance;
 We'll ingross all the Claret, and leave none for *France*;
 'Tis by this we declare our Loyal Intent,
 And by our carousing the Customs augment. [See p. 68.]
 Would all mind their Drinking, and proper vocation,
 We should ha' none of this Bustle and Stir in the Nation. 12

Let the Hero of *Poland*, and Monarch of *France*,¹
 Strive by Methods of Fighting their Crowns to advance.
 Let Chapels in *Lime-street* be built or destroy'd,²
 And the Test and the Oath of Supremacy void;
 It shall ne'er trouble me: I'm none of those Maggots,
 That have whimsical Fancies of *Smithfield* and Faggots. 18

Then banish all groundless Suspicion away;
 The King knows how to govern, let us learn to obey.
 Let ev'ry Man mind his [own] Bus'ness and Drinking,
 When the Head's full of Wine, there's no Room left for thinking.
 'Tis nought but an empty and whimsical Pate.
 That makes Fools run giddy with Notions of State. 24

[By Tom Brown.³]

¹ For the deeds of "the Hero of Poland," John Sobieski, see pp. 356 to 376.

² The Romanists' Chapel was in Lime Street; afterwards wrecked and burnt by the Protestant London 'Prentices and other rabble, 11th December, 1688, along with another chapel in Bucklersbury. Plunder and mischief they loved.

³ We give this later ditty from *The Works of Thomas Brown* (1709 edit. iv. 1).

“The Best-Bred Man alive” grown weary.

“World, in thy ever-busy mart
I’ve acted no unnoticed part,
Would I resume it? Oh no!
Four acts are done; the Jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale:
And Reason asks—*Cui bono?*”

—James Smith’s *Poem on Chigwell*.

THAT a great change had taken place in Charles the Second during the last three months of his life was evident to all observers. Still in the vigour of middle age, with a good constitution that had not been impaired by the strain of either excessive abstinence or indulgence, a brisk walker, with a fondness for that busy idleness which is perhaps the best preservative of health, he might have been



expected to survive for at least another score of years beyond 1684. But some spring gave way. He lost his cheerful spirit, he forgot even his habitual courtesy: for sadness and languor had seized him. Dalrymple partly accounts for this: “Two years before his death Charles came to know that Louis XIV. in pretending to be his friend, had been intriguing against him with that part of his subjects which opposed him: and perhaps a consciousness that he was [growing] unpopular at home, distrusted by foreigners, and betrayed by that very Prince in whose cause he had suffered,

brought on the melancholy which was observed in him towards the end of his reign.”¹

That he had grown weary of the incessant intrigues and falsehood around him, the selfishness and greed of courtiers, the fickleness of

¹ Dalrymple’s *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1773, ii., Appendix, p. 74.

mistresses, the irreconcilable factiousness of politicians, sectaries and mock-patriots, the rebellious obstinacy and pride of his own blood-relations, in whose affection it was impossible to trust, is a sufficient explanation. If his Queen Kate had borne him a son, the complication of State-affairs would not have been oppressive. He really loved his children, and provided generously for each of them, although illegitimate. Since none of them could succeed him on the throne, and he had remained firm against all temptations to divorce his Queen for the sake of marrying another, or to deprive his brother James of the hereditary right to his Crown, the bitter feud between Monmouth and York must have caused Charles many a sad hour. Of late he had seen far too much open "worship of the rising-sun." James was still dear to his affections, but had been an ungovernable brother, and continued to rule him tyrannically. Even in his own Court there were numerous Yorkist spies and Monmouthite spies upon the King, ready to inform evil against him. Clear-sighted himself, devoid of the bigotry which he knew would be so dangerous a quality in his successor, he made remonstrances and attempts at reconciliation that were equally unavailing. In the midst of his very plenitude of power he felt himself impotent to controul the future. After the loss of his gaiety, the society of his Court Beauties could yield little enjoyment, and his nobility were heartless enough to show their preference for the more energetic rival from whom future favour was expected.

We see no reason to doubt that the Duchess of Portsmouth, despite her insatiable covetousness and reckless profusion, really loved King Charles; so far, at least, as this class of women can love any one beyond self. Her conduct at his death-bed is sufficient proof of this, even after making allowance for her desire to ingratiate herself with the Romish hierarchy by securing a Royal Convert. The wily Sunderland systematically held to the policy of hedging his bets, by double intrigue or falsehood all round. He probably had wrought upon Charles (by means of one fickle ally of York, the Duchess of Portsmouth herself), to admit the Duke of Monmouth to a secret interview, soon after he had arrived from Holland. That Monmouth did thus hurry over, probably with the connivance of the saturnine William of Orange, is established indisputably, not only by Monmouth's own secret note-book record, but by the report of Barillon to the French king. Something was expected to arise from this step. Monmouth, being now more amenable to discipline, would have been soon recalled, publicly; the Duke of York's absence for awhile, either in Scotland or on the Continent, would have been insisted on by his brother Charles; and a closer treaty might have been formed with William of Orange, to combine in resistance against the tyranny of Louis XIV. Monmouth at the Hague was meantime in high spirits, enjoying sports on the ice in

the daily companionship of his "cousin" Mary. Then all at once came the news of the King's brief illness, his partial recovery, and his death, with startling suddenness to those who heard of it at a distance.

The death of our King Charles the Second occasioned almost universal grief throughout the nation. He had regained popularity when the supposed Popish-Plot denounced by Oates was found to be a delusion, while the seditious excitement which culminated in the Rye-House discovery, involving the proposed insurrection of Argyle in the North, simultaneous with uprisings in the West, was felt to be a threatening reality. The shallow evidence on which men had believed the accusation against the Jesuits was remembered, in contrast to the more solid proofs of desperate men planning the assassination of both Charles and James on their return from Newmarket. Not only an affectionate loyalty to the sovereign followed, but an abhorrence of the conspirators who would gladly have brought back the horrors of Civil-War, such as England had known a quarter of a century before. To hear of the King's illness and danger, next of his being better, and then of a speedy relapse, excited keen anxiety, and earnest prayers were raised for his recovery. Some few Ultra-Protestant dissenters might desire his death, in hope of Monmouth gaining a chance of succession; a larger number of Roman Catholics would hold scarcely dissembled joy in the prospect of James coming to the throne: but the majority of the nation desired the longer life of Charles, whose faculties of mind and body had promised to endure for several years. When news came that he had passed away, the national grief was unfeigned. Even the declaration made by his brother, of their King having become reconciled with the Church of Rome in his last hour, scarcely affected the general estimate. It is the fashion of modern days to see nothing but faults in Charles, and to rave spleenetically against him, without forgiveness for his errors or acknowledgement of his numerous good qualities. To him such conduct matters not, but it is an offence against truth. We always regard him as a good King spoilt. Many have been the monarchs inferior to "Old Rowley."

It is a striking circumstance that on his death-bed, with kindness shown towards all, a quiet courage in facing the departure, and a frankness in recognizing his own faults and need of forgiveness, Charles expressed no hopes or anxiety concerning Monmouth. The arrogant presumption of the young man, his disobedience, selfishness, and unworthy choice of *Associators*, even if he were guiltless of their deliberate plots for the overthrow or death of the King and his brother of York, had at last weakened the fondness so often displayed towards him. Whatever might have been possible or planned a few days earlier in his favour, Monmouth was now unmentioned. The tender feelings of pity for Catharine, for Nell Gwynne, for his children left behind in a world full of unkindness,

temptations, and perils, touched the King's heart deeply; and the love for his brother James, which is one of the redeeming qualities in his misused and wasted life, glowed with undiminished warmth. The account written to Richard Butler, Earl of Arran, by Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, who was in close attendance on the King at the last, "*of which I was a witness, as having watched two whole nights with him and seen him expire,*" deserves to be given:

"He died as a good Christian, asking and praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage in never repining at the loss of life, or for that of three kingdoms: as a good-natured man, in a thousand particulars. When the Queen sent to ask his pardon for anything that she had ever done amiss, he answered that she never had offended him, and therefore needed no pardon, but that he had need of hers, and did hope that she would not refuse it him."

"He expressed extraordinary great kindness to the Duke his brother, and asked him often forgiveness for any hardships he had ever put upon him, assuring him of the tenderness of his love, and that he willingly left him all he had; desiring him for *his* sake to be kind to his poor children when he was gone. Lastly, *he asked his subjects' pardon* for anything that had been *neglected*, or acted contrary to the best rules of good government; and told those who stood about his bed, *how sorry he was for giving them so much trouble by his being so long a-dying*: desiring often Death to make more haste to free him from his pain, and the bystanders from their attendance."—*Letters of Philip, Second Earl of Chesterfield*, printed in 1837, pp. 278, 279.

Also, it is elsewhere related by John Evelyn, that the King "gave his breeches and keys to ye Duke, who was almost continually kneeling by his bed-side, and in tears. He also recommended to him the care of his natural children, all except the Duke of *Monmouth*, now in *Holland*, and in his displeasure. He intreated the Queene to pardon him (not without cause), who a little before had sent a Bishop to excuse her not more frequently visiting him in regard of her excessive griefe, and withall, that his Majesty would forgive it if at any time she had offended him. [*'Alas! poor lady,'* exclaimed *Charles*, she beg my pardon! I beg hers, with all my heart.'] He spake to the Duke [*of York*] to be kind to the Duchesse of *Claveland*, and especially *Portsmouth*, and that *Nelly* might not starve."—*Diary of John Evelyn*, ii. 444.

He adds:—"It was enjoyn'd that those who put on mourning should wear it as for a father, in ye most solemn manner."

His real nature was good, his disposition easy, but his pliability left him a victim to rapacious women and dishonest statesmen. That his faults were great is conceded, but there were other men a thousand times worse who are still belauded to the echo. We may even now read with profit the address written to him by honest Robert Barclay, in dedicating his *Apology for the Quakers* to the King:

"There is no King in the World who can so experimentally testify of God's Providence and Goodness; neither is there any who rules so many free people, so many true Christians, which thing renders thy Government more honourable, thy self more considerable, than the accession of many nations filled with slavish and superstitious souls. Thou hast tasted of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native Country; to be over-ruled, as well as to rule and sit upon the Throne: and, being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the Oppressor is both to God and Man. If after all those warnings

and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the LORD with all thy heart, but forget Him who remembered thee in thy distress, and give up thy self to follow Lust and Vanity, surely great will be thy condemnation."—Dedication to King Charles II., by Robert Barclay, prefixed to his *Apology for the Quakers*, 1678. (The original, in Latin, was of 1676.) Charles took this in a good spirit.

The news suddenly spread, on the second day of February, that an alarming attack of illness had left the King speechless. It was a stroke of apoplexy, and people remembered the preceding attack. A slight rallying encouraged hopes, but they were fallacious. On Friday, four days later, within a few minutes of noon, "Gustavus" passed away, peacefully. The tidings quickly passed among his deeply sorrowing subjects that Charles the Second was dead, and that James the Second reigned at Whitehall;

Le Roi est mort: Vive le Roi!

How instantaneously this event affected the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth may fittingly be shown in the next Group of Ballads.

Had it not been already reprinted (in Vol. II. pp. 210-212), by Mr. William Chappell, we should have here given the *Roxburghe Ballad* on the death and funeral of King Charles the Second; but it may well be added, at beginning of next Group, for the National Lament loses interest by being too far separated from its historical context. Our esteemed friend, the former Editor, believed less in the good qualities of the "chaste, pious, prudent Charles the Second" than we Cavaliers do; or he would not at that time (1873) have quoted the ungrateful Earl Rochester's ribaldry, while reprinting the loyal ballad-singer's lines on a death that seriously afflicted all England. The *Roxburghe Ballad* is entitled, "The Mournful Subjects; or, The Whole Nation's Lamentation," etc., beginning "True Subjects Mourn, and well they may." It was sung to the tune of, *When Troy Town for ten years' wars*, or, *The Duchess of Suffolk's Calamity*. Printed for Jonah Deacon. On next page, we give one of the two funeral woodcuts.

Of loftier strain, John Dryden wrote "*Threnodia Augustalis: A Funeral Pindaric Poem to the Happy Memory of King Charles II.*," published before March 9th, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, and extending to 517 lines; the first of which is, "Thus long my grief has kept me dumb."

Among the many black-bordered Elegies on Charles II., printed by J. Millet, George Croom, L. C. near Fleet Bridge (Langley Curtis?) Elizabeth Mallet, etc., may be mentioned some, beginning respectively, "So left the World *Jerusalem's* Great Guide;" "Come consecrate your eyes before you weep" (by one P. K.); "Can great illustrious *Britain's* Monarch dye?" "Hang all the Streets with Sable sad" (this is also by P. K.); "Unwelcome news! *Whitehall* its sable wears"; "If Sorrow's all we pay a Heav'n-crown'd Head;" etc.

Numerous Loyal Poems mourned the death of King Charles, with what would now be deemed excessive laudation. A few lines may well be given here, as a specimen of their mournful style.



The following verses are from “An Elegy on the deplorable, and never enough to be Lamented Death of the Illustrious and Serene *CHARLES* the Second, King of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, etc., who departed this life February the 6th, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$.”

HAng all the Streets with Sable sad, and call
 The Royal Palace, *Black* and not *White-Hall* . . .
 All *Israel*, when good *Hezekiah* dyed,
 To his last breath true Loyal honour paid ;
 Where 's then the boldest Critick can deny
 Great *Charles's* worth a doleful *Elegy* ? —
 His worth to Time's last period shall endure
 In spite of Envy or the Grave, secure :
 And children yet unborn with Tears shall pay
 A mournful Tribute to his sacred clay.
 He from his childhood was of great renown ;
 He bore his Cross before he wore his Crown.
 Brancht in the stock of Trouble ('t is well known)
 His Fruit was ripe, the Blossom yet unblown . . .
 And (since our sore a salve alone doth bring)
 God save Great *James* our Second Sovereign King ! . . .
 Let Loyal Subjects all both cry and sing,
 Like birds reviv'd in the returning Spring.
 Let Court and City raise their Joyful Voice,
 And Loyal sighs still echo back “Rejoyce !”
 Till Plotters all conspiracies lay by,
 And Treason turn to purest Loyalty.

Entr'Acte.

" Authority forgets a dying King,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye."
—*The Epic: Morte d'Arthur.*

THEY kept not well their watch and ward,
But left Whitehall unclosed to me,
While I slept coolly past the Guard,
And rov'd through every chamber free.

The Pages yaw'n'd, though 'twas high noon,
Some half-asleep lean'd near the Throne ;
Careless, tho' CHARLES might enter soon,
And mock them in his light gay tone.

They heeded not, or idly stared,
But scandal lisp'd in languid drawl ;
While on through mirror'd rooms I fared,
Leaving with haste the Banquet-Hall. [In Mem. 30 Jan.

Pictures of Saints and Nymphs on high,
Brocades flung loose across the screens ;
Here " Madam Carwell's " haunts I spy,
Tenfold more gorgeous than the Queen's.

Lap-dogs sleep cushion'd near the fire,
A crucifix, gold chains, and pearls,
A French Romance, half froth, half mire,
Lie heap'd, with harp-strings and false curls.

Ye Gods ! who holds yon sleeping-room ?
What faëry-land retreat I see !
Faint with comminglings of perfume ;
Hush'd from all sounds of revelry.

Not tenantless, when I draw near
To cross the threshold, half in dread :
I see her laughing face appear,
With rosy flush, from out the bed.

*Swift through the Corridor I grope,
An open door admits me then
Into the chamber of my hope :
It is—" Old ROWLEY'S " Secret Den !*

*Here crucibles, retorts, and flasks,
Gossamer threads of poisèd scales,
Tell of the questions Science asks,
And tell how oft the answer fails.*

*For here Projection has been tried,
Gold wasted, but no gold return'd ;
The flame long fed, that luckless died ;
The midnight oil, that useless burn'd.*

*Here too are skeletons, all blanch'd,
Jointed with springs, of rarest skill ;
Models of ships, that ne'er were launch'd :
Vials, with drugs, to cure or kill.*

*Tired of Earth's follies, crimes, and wars,
Hither our King was wont to pass,
And, girt by all these charts of stars,
Peer through this mounted object-glass.*

*Free, for the hour, from wanton wiles
Of Gipsies, whom none else could trust ;
Free from the magic of their smiles,
Their boundless greed, their saucy " Must ! "—*

*Here, in the silence of the night,
He heard some better voices call :
Won glimpse of Heaven's diviner light,
And reign'd sole Watcher in Whitehall.*

Y^E EDITOR, J. W. EBSWORTH.

Here Ends
the
Third Group of Ballads
devoted to
James Duke of Monmouth.

The Last Struggle

BETWEEN

York and Monmouth.

FOURTH GROUP OF ROXBURGHE BALLADS

ON

James, Duke of Monmouth.

INCORPORATING, IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER,

The Accession of James II. ; the Secret Conspiracy in
Holland ; the Scotch Expedition of Argyle ; the
Landing at Lyme-Regis ; the Insurrection in
the West ; the Fight at Sedgemoor ; with
Suppression of the Rebellion, and
Execution of Monmouth.



FORMING A FINAL GROUP, ON THE
Struggle for the Succession between York and Monmouth.



Now first Collected, Annotated, and Reprinted for the Ballad Society,
By J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

1885.

The Last Struggle for Supremacy between York and Monmouth.

“Come, now let's rejoyce and the City Bells ring,
And the Bonfires kindle, while unto the King
We pay on our knees the grand tribute that's due,
Of thanks and oblation, which now we renew,
For Mercies that we have received of late,
From Prudence and Justice diverting our Fate.

“The Curtain is drawn, and the clouds are dispers'd ;
The *Plot* 's come to light, that in darkness was nurst ;
Jack Calvin's display'd with his colours in grain,
And who were the Traytors and Villains 'tis plain.
The Traps that they laid, and the Snares that they set,
Have caught them at last in their own silly Net . . .

“With Wine of all sorts let the conduits run free,
And each true heart drink the *King's Health* on his knee !
No Treason shall lodge in our breasts while we live,
To God and to *Cæsar* their due we will give :
We'll pray with our hearts, and fight with our hands,
Against all *Fanaticks*, when great *JAMES* commands.”

—*A Congratulation on Discovery of the Plot.*

“Old *Chiron* thus preach'd to his pupil *Achilles*,
'I'll tell you, young Gentleman, what the Fates' will is.
You, my Boy, you, my Boy, must go,
The Gods will have it so,
To the Siege of *Troy* ;
Thence never to return to *Greece* again,
But before those walls to be slain.
Let not your noble courage be cast down,
But, all the while you lie before the Town,
Drink, and drive care away ! Drink, and be merry !
You'll ne'er go the sooner to the *Stygian Ferry*.'”

—Walsh's *Orpheus Britannicus*.

“To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my head
Brought to the axe by Knaves that cheat for bread !”

—B. & F.'s *Bloody Brother*, Act v.



The Accession of King James the Second.

“Old Stories of State grow now out of date,
 And factious *Promoters* obstructed by Fate;
 Great *James* in his Throne protects us alone,
 Without those wild maggots which *Calvin* has blown.”

—*Newgate Salutation*, 1683.



FOR weal or for woe, whichever it might prove, JAMES Duke of York was now acknowledged King of England, on the death of his brother CHARLES. The anticipations of many pessimist prophets, the evil auguries of the superstitious fanatics, who could tolerate no other person's superstition or fanaticism, were now to be put to the test. Their utmost endeavours for the Exclusion of James from the throne had failed. By their headstrong opposition they had not only hindered the late monarch from enacting any limitations on the future power of his “Popish Successor” (which antecedent enactments might nevertheless have availed little to curb him, if he desired to over-ride the limitations, in the same manner as he afterwards outraged other existing laws); but they had left an embittered remembrance in the mind of the monarch whom they had vainly sought to destroy.

It is true that his first words were full of clemency, with promise to maintain the Church of England and the liberties of the subject, no less than the prerogative of the Crown. He seemed to be desirous, if his nature would allow it, of casting into the waters of oblivion all disagreeable matters of old-time. James the Second could afford to pardon the offences wrought against the Duke of York. But he had never been the man to achieve victories over himself, and it was not likely that he would exert himself strenuously, or succeed gloriously, in the present attempt. *Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*

It was reported that amid their troubles the shrewd Charles had said to him, “I am too old to begin my travels again; but *you*

may, if you like." The warning slumbered for awhile in people's memories, but the truth of the prediction came forcibly to mind on its fulfilment within four years of James's Accession to the Throne.

Two years before his death, Charles the Second said to Sir Richard Bulstrode that he "had seen many countries, of which none pleased him so much as that of the *Flemings*, which were the most honest and true-hearted race of people that he had met with," and then added, "but I am weary of travelling. I am resolved to go abroad no more. But when I am dead and gone, I know not what my Brother will do: *I am much afraid that when he comes to the Crown, he will be obliged to travel again.* And yet I will take care to leave my kingdoms to him in Peace, wishing he may long keep them so. *But this hath all of my fears, little of my hopes, and less of my Reason;* and I am much afraid that when my Brother comes to the Crown, he will be obliged to leave his native soil."—Bulstrode's *Memoirs*, p. 425.

Probably the first shock given by James to the loyal feelings of the nation was caused by the indecent haste with which he proclaimed that Charles had died in union with the Church of Rome. In earlier years, seditious praters made rash assertions of such reconciliation having been made by both the brothers, at the instigation of their mother, the Queen-Dowager Henrietta Maria; but that while York was imprudent in avowal, Charles held politically secret the change of creed. Dangerous admissions and promises had certainly been made in the Treaty of Dover, 1670; but such treaty obligations, like others carefully stipulated, were often found to be a dead letter, so soon as one of the signatories found it convenient to explain away the sense of the passage. This trick is not yet obsolete. There is no sufficient reason to believe that King Charles had taken the decisive step of 'conversion' before the death-bed agony reduced his mind and body; when Louise, the Duchess of Portsmouth, consulted with James "to save his soul."¹

¹ Great as were the faults of Louise de Quérouaille, her unselfishness and sympathy for the dying King (as mentioned on pp. 505, 517) should be remembered to her credit. One of the many attacks on her was a licentious novel, extremely rare, and in our possession, entitled *The Secret History of the Dutchess of Portsmouth*, giving an Account of the Intreagues of the Court, during her Ministry. And of the death of K. C. II. London, Printed for Richard Baldwin, in the Old Baily, 1690 pp. 162. It begins, "*Francelia* was the daughter of a French Merchant of *Tron*, who having by his own industry got a small estate, retired with it from the tumult and bustle of the great and populous city of *Paris* to the country," etcetera. *Francelia* represents the Duchess Louise de Quérouaille. All the other characters are intended for real persons. Sir Edmundus = Sir Edmond Bury Godfrey. The Duke de Bellame carries her to Candia. Chandore is his page. There is also a Marquess and a Courtier Urbirnpa. Her mistress the Princess Dorabella is evidently meant for the ill-starred poisoned Duchess of Orleans. Cornelia is Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleaveland. Helanda *alias* Helliana is Nell Gwynne. Villarius = George Villiers the second, Duke of Buckingham. The Prince = Charles II. Sancti Pater = the Grand Prior Vendôme, who excited much jealousy. Tyrannides = Louis XIV., and Artabaces figures prominently, the Duke of York not being forgotten.

M. Barillon's letter to Louis XIV., of "February 18th" (N.S.), = 8th, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, is important, not only for its fullness of detail, but especially from it being evidently trustworthy, the narrative of an eye-witness who had the closest personal contact with the chief individuals concerned. It was copied from the French original, in the dépôt at Versailles, and also translated, in the Appendix to Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. pp. 90 to 98. Barillon held admission at any hour to Whitehall during the fatal illness of Charles, by order of James, who was continually in the King's ante-room, save when he had to give orders upon matters connected with the coming announcement of himself as successor. This he remembered to do.

'As soon as I arrived, the Duke of York said to me, "The physicians think the King in extreme danger. *Je vous prie d'assurer votre Maître qu'il aura toujours en moi un serviteur fidèle et reconnoissant.*" I was five hours in the King's anti-chamber. The Duke of York made me come into the bed-chamber several times, and spoke to me of what was passing without doors, and of the assurances given him from every quarter that all was very quiet in the town, and that he should be proclaimed King the moment the King his brother was dead. I went out for some time to go to the Dutchess of *Portsmouth's* apartment. I found her overwhelmed with grief; the physicians having taken all hopes from her. However, instead of speaking to me of her affliction, and the loss she was on the point of sustaining, she went into a small closet and said to me: "Monsieur the Ambassador, I am to tell you the greatest secret in the world, and my head would be in danger if it was known. The King of *England* at the bottom of his heart is a Catholic; but he is surrounded with Protestant bishops, and nobody tells him his condition, nor speaks to him of God. [*Le Roy d'Angleterre dans le fonds de son cœur est catholique, mais il est environé des evesques protestants, et personne ne lui dit l'état ou il est, ni ne lui parle de Dieu. Je ne puis plus avec bienséance r'entrer dans le chamber.*] I cannot with decency [re-]enter the room; besides that the Queen is almost constantly there; the Duke of *York* thinks of his own affairs, and has too many of them to take the care he ought of the King's conscience; go and tell him I have conjured you to warn him to think of what can be done to save the King's soul. He commands the room, and can turn out whom he will; lose no time, for if it is deferred, ever so little, it will be too late.'

'I returned instantly to find the Duke of *York*, and begged him to make a pretence of going to the Queen [*Catharine*], who had left the King's room, and who having fainted was just blooded. The room communicated with both apartments; I followed him to the Queen's, and told him what the Dutchess of *Portsmouth* [had] said to me. He recovered himself as from a deep lethargy, and said, "You are in the right [= *vous-avez raison*]: there is no time to lose. I will hazard all rather than not do my duty on this occasion." An hour after he returned, under the same pretence of going to the Queen, and told me he had spoken to the King his brother, and found him resolved not to take the sacrament which the Protestant bishops had pressed him to receive; that this had surprised them much; but that one or other of them would remain always in the room if we did not find a pretence to make everybody leave it.—(2nd ed., 1773.)

Soon afterwards Father Huddleston was brought up secretly by the back-stair, and administered extreme unction to the dying convert. Since ghostly comfort was to be accepted, it was not improbably more welcome from a well-proved faithful loyalist like this, than from the bishops who crowded the bed-chamber. (Compare p. 524.)

Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, who (as shown on p. 507) had closely attended the death-bed of his honoured master, thus notes his absence when the rites were performed: "My master, King *Charles* the Second, falling desperately ill of something like an apoplexie, the privy council ordered mee and two other privy councillors to watch all night with his Majesty; who, towards the morning, finding himselfe decline, commanded every body to leave the room, except his brother the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earl of *Bathe*, and the Lord *Feversham*; which being done, it is more than probable that a Romish priest was introduced by a back door that opened by his bedside, and that his Majesty died a Roman Catholicke. But halfe an hower after that wee had been put out, wee were recaled into the roome again; and then his Majesty prayed heartily with a protestant Bishop [*viz.* Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells], (which in his sickness til that time hee had refused to do); yet when the Bishop desired him to receive the Sacrament, he answered him, that hee hoped hee had already made his peace with Heaven, and refused it. Hee died with as great resolution and courage as a man is capable of; never repining at the loss of life, but wishing often that death would make haste to free him from his pain, and the bystanders from their attendance.

"Immediately after the King's death the Privy Council assembled, where all the counsellours and other great offisers kist the hand of King *James* the Second, and told him that their offices were void by the death of the last King. Whereupon his Majesty commanded both them and others to keep their places till further order; and after this, his Majesty made a very handsome speech to his privy council, promising to maintain the Laws and the Religion as they were established, and so dismist them: commanding them to goe immediately and see him proclaimed in the city, which was accordingly done that afternoone."—Chesterfield MS. found at Bath House in 1809-10, p. 46 of *Memoir*.

We attach little weight, proportionate to that which James had laid, to the *Two Papers*, written by the Late King *Charles II.* of *Blessed Memory*; an original folio-size print of which, on eight pages, enriches our private collection at Molash. Each is attested by James as being "a true copy of a paper written by the late King my Brother in his own hand, which I found in his closet." That the handwriting was that of Charles we have no reason to doubt, in the absence of the original; but the composition was some other person's. The hand feels like Esau's, but the voice is certainly that of his brother Jacobus. Indeed, it is Jacob's voice echoing the teaching of his mother. For him to prevail on the King to transcribe certain short papers, by way of making him read them and meditate on their argument, was no difficult matter to achieve. Charles was quite capable of composing much better theses himself, had he chosen so to do. That he had long been favourably disposed towards many of the tenets of Rome's hierarchy we admit freely; but in his usual robust health he would not have given his total adhesion. The wretched errors of the fanatics, who boasted perpetually of their "true Protestantism" being the sole religion, while their actions proved them to be destitute of Christianity, was the chief cause of weakening his faith. Their noisy polemics made him distrust the strength and beauty of our Church of England, in which distrust he erred fatally. Our Church is far superior to its mere "Protestantism." In themselves the *Two Papers* are by no

means unimportant; but there is no proof of Charles having intended them to be his solemn declaration of faith and private opinion. They were left undated, unsigned. We accept Algernon Sydney's manuscripts as genuine; although not totally beyond suspicion of having been tampered with by Toland; but the attestation of these Stuart documents, “found in the King's strong box,” proves only the caligraphy. (We give both on pp. 522, 523.)

While the Romanists rejoiced at having once again a Roman Catholic on the throne, for the first time since Catharine of Arragon's daughter reigned, there were many who considered James to be the favourite of Heaven, guarded hitherto by special interventions of Providence, such as were then deemed miraculous.

The folio pamphlet entitled “*Day Fatality; or, Some Observations of Days Lucky and Unlucky*,” pen'd and publish'd whilst his present Majesty, the most serene King, JAMES II. was Duke of York, persecuted by the *Excluding Party*, and Retir'd into the *Low-Countries*,” was in 1686 republished in a second impression, with large additions; especially the “Prince-Protecting Providences” and “The Swan's Welcome.” All written by an Officer at Arms, author of a Book entitled *Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam*, etc. We borrow from his pamphlet this Poem:

The Shipwreck of the Gloucester. (May 6th, 1682.)

Great JAMES, whom Shipwreck lately hath assail'd,
 But whom Divine Protection never fail'd,
 And upon whom great Glory is entail'd,
 And at whose presence, all his foes are quail'd:
 Still trust in Him, who is of Kings the shield,
 And to good Princes always help doth yield.
 Those that presum'd thou wert of God forsaken,
 Must now confess themselves Fools, and mistaken.
 The malice of the Devil, Wind and Sea,
 To check thy Fortunes, can hold forth no plea.
 Good Omens still accompany thy state,
 And God Himself forbids disastrous Fate.
 The malice of thy Foes has now an end;
 And they, with the lost Frigate downward tend:
 But thou, buoy'd up with Providence Divine,
 Shall float above, and fear no undermine.
 He whom the Seas did dare, but could not harm,
 Need not to fear the mean Phanatick Swarm:
 A Signe from Heaven has those Jews confounded,
 Whose canere once against thy Face abounded.

It was easy now to show that James the Unlucky, whom misadventures had pursued, was to be rightly considered James the Providentially Fortunate, since nothing had been so bad as it might have been. “'Tis true, he lost his *Ship*; but that is like the *Snake's* casting off his Skin (foreboding a Renovation of Felicity).” Not quite so consoling perhaps for the distinguished persons who were drowned on that occasion: there is always a hitch somewhere.



[Trowbesh Collection, Vol. V.]

On the most High and Mighty Monarch
King James the Second,
 His Exaltation to the Throne of England.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hark! the thund'ring Cannons roar.* [See p. 366.]

HArk! the Bells and steeples Ring!
 A Health to *JAMES* our Royal King,
 Heav'n approves the Offering,
 Resounding in a *Chorus*;
 Let our Sacrifice aspire,
 Richest Gums perfume the Fire,
 Angels, and the Sacred Quire
 Have led the way before us.

8

Through loud Storms and Tempest driv'n,
 This wrong'd Prince to us was giv'n,
 The mighty *James* preserv'd by Heav'n
 To be a future Blessing:
 The Anointed Instrument
 Good great *Charles* to represent,
 And fill our Souls with that content
 Which we are now possessing.

16

Justice, Plenty, Wealth and Peace,
 With the fruitful Land's increase,
 All the Treasure of the Seas
 With him to Us are given;
 As the Brother, Just and Good,
 From whose *Royal Father's* Blood
 Clemency runs like a flood,
 A Legacy from Heaven.

24

Summon'd young to fierce alarms,
 Born a *Mars* in midst of Arms,
 His good Angels kept from harms
 The People's Joy and Wonder;
 Early lawrels crown'd his Brow,
 And the crowd did Praise allow,
 Whilst against the *Belgick* Foe
 Great *Jove* employ'd his Thunder.

32

Like Him none e're fill'd the Throne,
 Never Courage yet was known
 With so much Conduct met in one,
 To claim our due Devotion ;
 Who made the *Belgick Lyon* roar,
 Drove 'em back to their own shore,
 To humble and ineroach no more
 Upon the *British Ocean*. 40

When poor *Holland* first grew proud,
 Sawey, insolent, and loud,
 Great *James* subdu'd the boyst'rous crowd,
 The foaming Ocean stemming.
 His Country's Glory and its Good,
 He valu'd dearer than his Blood,
 And rid sole Sovereign o're the Flood,
 In spight of *French* or *Fleming*. 48

When he the Foe had overcome,
 Brought them *Peace* and *Conquest* home,
 Exil'd in Foreign Parts to roam,
 Ungrateful *Rebels* vote him :
 But spite of all their insolence,
 Inspir'd with God-like Patience,
 The *Rightful Heir*, kind Providence
 Did to a Throne promote him. 56

May *Justice* at his elbow wait,
 To defend the *Church* and *State*,
 The subject, and this Monarch's date,
 May no storm e're dissever :
 May he long adorn this place,
 With his Royal Brother's Grace,
 His *Mercy*, and his Tenderness,
 To rule this Land for ever ! 64

Printed, and are to be sold by *Richard Butt*, in *Princess-street*, in
Covent-Garden, 1684.

[White-letter. No woodcut. Date, March, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$.]

Tom D'Urfey's Viennese Song, "Hark ! the thund'ring Cannons
 roar" (given on p. 366), furnished the lively tune required for the
 foregoing Loyal Ditty on the Accession of James II.

Papers attributed to Charles the Second.

“ Faith is not built on disquisitions vain,
 The things we must believe are few and plain.
 But since men will believe more than they need,
 And every man will make himself a creed,
 In doubtful question ’tis the safest way
 To learn what unsuspected Ancients say :
 For ’tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of Heaven than all the Church before :
 Nor can we be deceiv’d, unless we see
 The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.”

—Dryden’s *Religio Laici*, 1682.

*** Subject to the limitations of credit hinted at on p. 518, we give here unmutilated copies of manuscripts said to have been in Charles’s handwriting.

Copies of Two Papers written by the Late King Charles II. of Blessed Memory.

THE FIRST PAPER.

THE discourse we had the other day, I hope, satisfied you in the main that Christ can have but one Church here upon Earth, and I believe that it is as visible as that the Scripture is in Print; That none can be that Church but that which is called the Roman Catholick Church. I think you need not trouble your self with entering into that Ocean of particular disputes, when the main, and in truth, the only question is; Where that Church is, which we profess to believe one Catholick and Apostolick Church, *and it is not left to every phantastical man’s head to believe as he pleases*, but to the Church, to whom Christ left the power upon Earth to govern us in matters of Faith, who made these Creeds for our directions. It were a very Irrational thing to make Laws for a Country, and leave it to the Inhabitants to be the interpreters and judges of those Laws; For then every man will be his own Judge, and by consequence no such thing as either right or wrong. Can we therefore suppose that God almighty would leave us at those uncertainties, as to give us a Rule to go by, and leave every man to be his own Judge? I do ask any ingenuous man, whether it be [p. 4] not the same thing to follow our own fancy or to interpret the Scripture by it? I would have any man shew me, where the power of deciding matters of Faith is given to every particular man. Christ left his power to his Church even to forgive sins in Heaven, and left his Spirit with them, which they exercised after his Resurrection: First by his Apostles in these Creeds, and many years after by the Council at *Nice*, where that Creed was made that is called by that name, and by the power which they had received from Christ, they were the Judges even of the Scripture it self, many years after the Apostles, which books were Canonical and which were not. And if they had this power then, I desire to know how they came to lose it, and by what Authority men separate themselves from that Church? The only pretence I ever heard of, was, because the Church had failed, in wresting and interpreting the Scripture contrary to the true sense and meaning of it, and that they have impos’d Articles of Faith upon us, which are not to be warranted by God’s word! I do desire to know who is to be Judge of that, whether the whole Church, the Succession whereof has continued to this day without interruption, or particular men who have raised Schisms for their own advantage?

This is a true Copy of a Paper I found in the late King my Brother’s strong box, written in His own hand.

James II.

IT is a sad thing to consider what a world of Heresies are crept into this Nation; Every man thinks himself as competent a Judge of the Scriptures as the very Apostles themselves; and 'tis no wonder that it should be so, since that part of the Nation, which looks most like a Church, dares not bring the true Arguments against the other Sects, for fear they should be turn'd against themselves, and confuted by their own Arguments. The Church of *England* (as 'tis call'd) would fain have it thought that they are the Judges in matters Spiritual, and yet dare not say positively that there is no Appeal from them: for either they must say, that they are Infallible (which they cannot pretend to), or confess that what they decide, in matters of Conscience, is no further to be followed than it agrees with every man's private judgment. If Christ did leave a Church here upon Earth, and we were all once of that Church, how? and by what Authority, did we separate from that Church? If the power of Interpreting of Scripture be in every man's brain, what need have we of a Church or Church-men? To what purpose then did our Saviour after he had given [p. 6] his Apostles power to Bind and Loose in Heaven and Earth, add to it, that he would be with them even to the End of the World? These words were not spoken Parabolically, or by way of Figure. Christ was then ascending into his Glory, and left his power with his Church even to the end of the World. We have had, these hundred years past, the sad effects of denying to the Church that Power in matters Spiritual, without an Appeal. What Country can subsist in peace or quiet, where there is not a Superior Judge from whence there can be no Appeal? Can there be any Justice done where the Offenders are their own Judges, and equal Interpreters of the Law, with those that are appointed to administer Justice? This is our Case here in *England* in matters Spiritual; for the Protestants are not of the Church of *England*, as 'tis the true Church from whence there can be no Appeal; but because the Discipline of that Church is conformable at that present to their fancies, which, as soon as it shall contradict or vary from, they are ready to embrace or joyn with the next Congregation of people whose Discipline or Worship agrees with their opinion at that time; so that, according to this doctrine, there is no other Church, nor Interpreter of Scripture, but that which lies in every man's giddy Brain. I desire to know, therefore, of every serious considerer of these things, whether the great work of our Salvation ought to depend upon such a Sandy foundation as this? Did Christ ever say to the [p. 7] Civil Magistrate (much less to the People) that he would be with them to the End of the World? Or did he give them the power to forgive Sins? St. Paul tells the *Corinthians*, 'Ye are God's Husbandry, ye are God's Building; we are Labourers with God.' This shews who are the Labourers, and who are the Husbandry and Building; And in this whole Chapter, and in the preceding one, St. Paul takes great pains to set forth that they, the Clergy, have the Spirit of God, without which no man searcheth the deep things of God; and he concludeth the Chapter with this verse, 'For who hath known the mind of the Lord that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.' Now if we do but consider in humane probability and reason, the powers Christ leaves to his Church in the Gospel and St. Paul explains so distinctly afterwards, we cannot think that our Saviour said all these things to no purpose. And pray consider, on the other side, that those who resist the truth, and will not submit to his Church, draw their Arguments from Implications, and far-fetched Interpretations, at the same time that they deny plain and Positive words; which is so great a Disingenuity that 'tis not almost to be thought that they can believe themselves. Is there any other foundation of the Protestant Church, but that, if the Civil Magistrate please, he may call such of the Clergy as he thinks fit for his turn at that time; and turn the Church either to *Presbitery*, *Independency*, or indeed what he pleases? [p. 8] This was the way of our pretended Reformation here in *England*; and by the same Rule and Authority it may be altered into as many more Shapes and Forms as there are Fancies in men's heads.

This is a true Copy of a Paper written by the late King my Brother in his own hand, which I found in his Closset.

JAMES II.

So far as there is real force in the argument it is destructive of belief in the right and sufficiency of private judgement in matters of Religion. There is much truth in the objections urged; but they are objections such as James would use against the somewhat agnostic tendencies of the much shrewder Charles.

It seemed better to give these papers entire than either to analyze with brief quotations, or to suppress mention of them altogether. We are not called on at this place to write any special *Defence of the Church of England* against the attacks of her enemies, the bitter irreconcilable sectaries. She stands grounded firmly, not on "a sandy foundation," as the second Paper insinuates, but on a Rock not easily shaken, though attempts are still being made to undermine it. She claims a true Apostolical Succession. Her title-deeds have never been lost, despite the woful errors of many time-servers and traitors, who permitted too much authority to be wrested tyrannically by such a "Civil Magistrate" as the Eighth Harry or his daughter Bess, in spiritual matters beyond their legitimate controul. Both to Scripture and Tradition our Church yields duly a separate or united reverence; but she strives to maintain purity of doctrine and of practice, irrespective of quibbling pedantry on the one hand, or of childish superstition and fetishism on the other. Many are the assaults that have been made on her, by treachery within her circle, by ravenous spoilers and blasphemous revilers outside her pale. We entertain no fear for the ultimate result. She has often weakened herself by silly fears against Popery. She has more frequently been wronged and robbed by the Nonconformists and Dissenters, who are ravenous to destroy her that they may revel in the spoils. Not only for her wealth (which is not great, considering her needs, although it be apportioned inadequately and unequally), but because of the social position, weight, and influence that she possesses, the struggle is likely to be continuously fierce. Those who are wise enough to read the signs of changing tides and seasons know well that conflict is impending, and wrongs are to be endured; but, loving and venerating the true Church of our forefathers, they see wherein her strength resides, and will be preserved from the worst of all evils—the trusting in any illusory compact or compromise, to be ever made with the multitudinous sects, whose heresy and schism have already done so much to defame the name of Religion. It was the remembrance of these calumniators that made Charles II. waver in his faith.

If the crowd of courtly Bishops of his time had spoken truth boldly, he might perhaps have become a better Christian. There were among them many men of learning, of piety, and of worldly shrewdness; but scarcely one divine so loyal as the witty and unselfish Dr. Robert South, who in King Charles's closing years held no exalted rank. He was one of his Majesty's domestic

chaplains, but several times refused a bishopric. *Nolo Episcopari* was his motto.

Had all their diatribes against the Papacy done no more than weary Charles? He erred in steering too nigh Rome, but at least escaped the far worse shipwreck of entering the Syrtes of the Protestant Dissenters, which swallow up and destroy so many goodly barques. Each self-elected self-inspired interpreter of ultra-Protestant new lights, contemner of authority and tradition, is ready to lead men into the morass. Their errors Charles could see and avoid. Part, if not all, of Dryden's teaching had remained with him: as declared in the *Religio Laici*. He revered the Scripture, although he had often failed to obey it.

400

The Book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each presumed he best could understand,
The Common Rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the Rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd,
And he was "gifted" most who loudest bawl'd;
The Spirit gave the Doctoral degree,
And every member of a company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free!
Plain truths enough for needful use they found,
But men would still be itching to expound.

Altogether, we are by no means satisfied regarding this ambiguous conversion of King Charles, when almost *in articulo mortis*. He seems to have yielded once more and finally to the dominant will of his brother, as in a matter which "couldn't do him much mischief." He was far too sensible a man to have ever become a bigot, even if he had recovered from the fatal illness which came opportunely to suit the wishes of certain Romanist schemers; so opportunely, in fact, that it is not surprising if an idea prevailed of foul play having removed the King, before he could replace Monmouth at Court and banish James of York. There is no proof of poison having been used; but it is not altogether improbable that some unscrupulous underlings might have administered it, when Charles last supped with Louise de Quérouaille. She and his brother James are above the reach of such a suspicion. It is a doubtful case, for many reasons. We can believe the narrative of Father Huddleston as in the main correct; but the Church of Rome gained little, if anything, by a death-bed twisting round of the worn and weary Charles the Second, *en dernier ressort*, or *au pis-aller*.

The Funeral of King Charles the Second.

“When men turn slaves, needs must be tyrants. God
 Provides us tyrants, and through tyranny [Cf. p. 17.
 Goads us to freedom. Men had cried ‘A King,
 Give us a King!’ And so a King they had.”

—John Le Gay Brereton's *Goal of Time*.

FOR reasons already indicated on p. 508, we here repeat the *Roxburghe Ballad* of “The Mournfull Subjects,” but in small type to save space, and running four short lines into two in each of the thirteen verses. Mr. William Chappell had noted that the word “solid” in first stanza, and in sub-title, stands for solemn: as nurses still say, “you’re looking very solid!” meaning grave or dumpish. And “aye” or “ay” in the tenth stanza had been originally printed “I,” as was usual of old.



Now to the tune, named from its first line, we have soon to give the ballad of “The Wandering Prince of Troy,” or “Queen Dido” as the tune is oftener called, beginning, “When Troy Town for ten years’ warres.” “The most rare and excellent History of the Dutchesse of Suffolke’s Calamity,” to the same tune of *Queene Dido* (Roxb. Coll., I. 94, 95), was reprinted in Vol. I. p. 288, of these *Roxburghe Ballads*. The tune of *Queen Dido* is in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 372.

The declaration made by James II. that his brother Charles had died in the communion of the Roman Catholic church was supposed to have caused a diminution of the external rites which might have attended his interment in a place of worship under Protestant controul, such as was the venerable Westminster Abbey. Oddly enough, Prince George of Denmark officiated as chief mourner; he whose weak brain and shallow heart could never have known intense grief, love, or any sentiment of honour. It was indeed a solemn mockery of death to have such a clothes-prop officiating as Chief-mourner, but probably he felt as much sorrow as his wife could do, or her sister either, and her husband. Death had removed one obstacle from their path to sovereignty.

If the quiet corpse of their uncle had retained the shrewd humour which had once animated him, it is not too much to suppose a grim smile flitting over his cold lips. Had he known what hypocrites they were, these kindred-mourners George and Anne? Well for us, if our spirit flits quickly from the confines of earth, for the increase of *such* knowledge would be but sorrow and vexation.

[Roxburghe Collection, I. 282 : Pepys Coll., II. 228.]

The Mourfull Subjects ;

Or,

The whole Nation's Lamentation, from the Highest to the Lowest : who did, with brinish tears (the true signs of sorrow), bewail the death of their most Gracious Sovereign King, Charles the Second, who departed this life, Feb. 6th, 1684 [=168 $\frac{1}{2}$], and was interr'd in Westminster-Abby in King Henry the Seventh's Chappel, on Saturday night last, being the 14th day of the said month ; To the sollid grief and sorrow of all his loving Subjects.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*When*] *Troy Town* [*for ten years' Wars*] ; or,
The Dutchess of Suffolk[*'s Calamity*].



True Subjects mourn, and well they may, of each degree, both Lords and Earls,
Which did behold, that Dismal Day, the Death of Princely Pious *Charles* :
Some thousand weeping Tears did fall
At his most sollid Funeral.

He was a Prince of Clemency, whose love and mercy did abound ;
His death may well lamented be, through all the Nations *Europe* round :
Unto the ears of Christian Kings
His Death unwelcome tydings brings :

12

All those that ever thought him ill, and did disturb him in his Reign,
Let Horreur now their Conscience fill, and strive such actions to refrain :
For sure they knew not what they do :
The time will come when they shall rue.

- How often Villains did design, by cruelty, his blood to spill ;
 Yet, by the Providence Divine, God would not let them have their will :
 But did preserve our gracious King,
 Under the Shadow of His wing. 24
- We griev'd his Soul, while he was here, when we would not his Laws obey ;
 Therefore the Lord he was severe, and took our Gracious Prince away :
 We were not worthy to enjoy [" was."]
 The Prince whom subjects would annoy.
- In Peace he did lay down his head, the Scepter and the Royall Crown,
 His Soul is now to Heaven fled, above the reach of Mortal frown ;
 Where joy and glory will not cease,
 In presence with the King of Peace. 36
- Alas ! we had our Liberty ; he never sought for to devour ;
 By a usurping Tyranny, to Rule by Arbitrary Power :
 No, no, in all his blessed Reign,
 We had no cause for to complain.
- Let Mourners now lament the loss of him that did the Scepter sway,
 And look upon it as a Cross that he from us is snatch'd away :
 Though he is free from care and woe,
 Yet we cannot forget him so. 48
- But since it was Thy blessed Will to call him from a sinful land,
 O let us all be thankful still that it was done by Thine own hand :
 No pitch of Honour can be free
 From Death's usurping Tyranny.
- The fourteen day of *February* they did interr our Gracious *Charles*,
 His funeral solemnity accompanied with Lords and Earls :
 Four Dukes, ay, and Prince *George* by name,
 Went next the KING with all his Train. 60
- And thus they to the *Abby* went, to lay him in his silent Tomb,
 Where many inward Sighs was spent, to think upon their dismal doom :
 Whose showers of Tears afresh there fell,
 When they beheld his Last Farewel.
- Since it is so that all must dye, and must before our God appear,
 O let us have a watchful eye over our Conversation here :
 That like Great *Charles*, our King and Friend,
 We all may have a happy end. 72
- Let *England*, by their Loyalty, repair the breach which they did make ;
 And let us all united be to Gracious *James*, for *Charles* his sake :
 And let there be no more Discord,
 But love the King, and fear the Lord.

Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts, two being a small skeleton in duplicate; another was given on our p. 509 : the fourth is similar to the Royal Funeral on p. 527, but inferior to ours and reversed. Date, February, 186 $\frac{1}{2}$.]



Monmouth's Reception of the News from England.

Donaldbain.—"What is amiss?"

Macbeth.—"You are, and do not know it.

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd: the very source of it is stopp'd."

Macduff.—"Your royal Father's murder'd!"

—*Macbeth*, Act ii.

IT may be well for us to give such documentary evidence as we possess, indicating the manner in which Monmouth received the news of King Charles's death, in addition to what has been already printed (on our p. 410). Plaything of Fortune and of the Fates, it had been in the month of February, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, when his prospects were brightest, when secret missives with gifts of money were opening to him a return to Court-life in England, preferment to be won, and perhaps the highest possible station as "presumptive Heir!" that the sudden death of the King (not without suspicion of having been poisoned, although this rumour came later), defeated all the young man's calculations, leaving him disappointed, helpless, purposeless, and embittered. He might well write in his note-book,

February 16.—*The sad news of his death by L. [=George Saville, Marquis of Halifax]—O cruel Fate!*

Elsewhere we are told that it was from William of Orange on the 19th that Monmouth heard of King Charles's death. No doubt the discrepancy is delusive, caused by confusion of Old Style in England and New Style in Holland. Also by this: the letter from Halifax to Monmouth would be for safety and expedition sent to the care of Orange. The difference of date is apparent, not real. Charles had died on the 6th, English reckoning, Old Style. Dutch computation (New Style) would make this date the 16th. The news had taken a few days to cross England and the sea; therefore it would be the 19th (N.S.), night, when it reached William and Monmouth. The latter wrote on the 20th concerning the sad event having happened on the 16th. This solves the difficulty.

February 20 [N.S. = Feb. 10, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$].—Letters of the 16th from England arrived yesterday at seven o'clock in the evening, with the melancholy news of the death of the King [*Charles*]. The Prince of *Orange* did not go up to the Princess's chamber, where the Ladies of the Court were paying her their attendance, but sent to desire her to come down, when he told her the news. The Duke of *Monmouth* was there also, who afterwards retired to his apartment, and did not return back to the Prince of *Orange's* apartment till ten at night, and they two remained shut up by themselves till midnight. The Duke of *Monmouth* set out very secretly in the night; and, the better to conceal his departure, he caused it to be given out this morning till near noon, that he was still in bed. I have heard that the Prince of *Orange* lent him money, but no great sum, probably to defray the expense of his voyage.—D' *Avaux's Negotiations*, iii. 146.

D'Avaux was wonderfully accurate as to facts, and seems to have better gauged the duplicity of William than any other observer of his time. It was a long game that was being played by France. Her intrigues were actively maintained to keep influence over citizens of Amsterdam, of Dort, Friesland, etc.; and the presence of so astute a watcher near the Hague was an immense advantage. Nevertheless, defeat was impending, not because of blunders on the part of D'Avaux, but owing to the incomprehensible folly of King James, playing into the hands of his treacherous son-in-law. Errors might come through false intelligence, of course, but D'Avaux had so many skilful emissaries that the correction of any one informant's mistakes speedily followed on the first report. Thus he soon learnt that when Monmouth left his apartments at five o'clock in the morning, before it was day, it was not to make a flight, but to consult with Bentinck, "where he was close shut up, so that it was six at night before he returned to the *Hague* The Duke of *Monmouth* has been ever since like a man raving mad. He has been heard, in the little house where he lodges, making bitter cries and lamentations. 'Tis said he set out this morning [February $\frac{2}{12}$], betwixt four and five o'clock."

It is impossible, after examining the documentary evidence, to doubt the duplicity of William of Orange in his relations to James and in his pretended ignorance of Monmouth's disloyalty. On the death of Charles II. William sent over M. Ouerkerque (=Auverquerque, or Overkirk) to effect a reconciliation with the new king, making acknowledgement of former errors in having opposed him strenuously; assuring him of intentions to make reparation by future conduct, and agreeing to James's demands that he should dismiss Monmouth from Holland, and also remove from the English regiments in the States those officers who had already committed themselves seditiously in Monmouth's favour. Among these was Lieut.-Colonel Babington, in whose behalf William wrote a letter of introduction and commendation (10th March, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$), in vain.

Outwardly there were signs of a good understanding being re-established between Orange and his father-in-law, who had never ceased writing to him, even while dissatisfied. That Orange was secretly hating and despising James, while pretending to be submissive, is absolutely certain. He chose to make a pretence of dismissing Monmouth from the intimacy hitherto notorious, but held secret interviews with him instead of public audiences.

He was already laying fresh plans to win advantages by the affectation of becoming protector of the interests of Protestants in religion. Even a few hours before the death of Charles was known, the Count de Waldeck told Skelton that the intimacy with Monmouth had been maintained for the sake of this protection to the Protestant Religion. Three weeks previously, d'Ouerkerque,

captain of William's guards, had entertained Monmouth at dinner, when they drank to the Confusion of York and all Papists. The same evil toast had been drank by Orange and Monmouth on St. Hubert's day; as Chudleigh took care to inform York. In the January previous to the King's death, a marked insult had been paid by Orange against keeping the anniversary of "martyrdom of Charles I." as a day of sadness, when he forced his wife to join in revelry. About the same date, or earlier, "the English rebels, who were scattered in many of the towns of *Holland*, and the Duchy of *Cleves*, held another meeting at *Utrecht*, under the protection of *M. Dyckveldt*." On the day that they heard of the death of Charles II., "they made great feasts and carousals, by way of rejoicing." But until this time Monmouth had avoided compromising himself by too great familiarity with them.

There were numerous refugees and outcasts who had received a dangerous welcome in Holland. It was perpetually a focus of sedition against the English Government, a Cave of Adullam for all the discontented Sectaries. Men whose only religion was disquietude and spiritual pride found a fitting refuge among these Calvinistic Brownists, with whom, however, they could never wholly coalesce, for they were themselves of discordant opinions, and only united in their bitterness of hatred. Scottish exiles were there, who held by the "Solemn League and Covenant;" Plotters for an imaginary Republic, in which the Saints were to be not only predominant, but to possess power to exterminate their foes; libellers in hiding to escape fine or pillory; bankrupt traders whose dishonesty had been detected and punished, and many who had carried their liberty of thought into Atheism.

For several months Monmouth had been more anxious to form a strong party with the help of the wealthy local magnates, than to enter into league with his disaffected countrymen and the associates of the embittered Argyle. They invited him, less as a leader than as a tool or serviceable ally. In fact, a large number of them distrusted his sincerity in matters of religion, whispering that he was "not sound," and would not improbably become a Romanist. He had resisted their advances, which they could not pardon, but it was because he knew them to be disreputable unpleasant companions, noisy, needy, swaggering, and dishonest. He temperately refused to embark in their ruinous enterprise.

A Letter from the Duke of Monmouth, Written in his Retirement in Holland
(a little before making his attempt in the West of England), 1684-85.

I receiv'd both yours together this morning, and cannot delay you my Answer longer than this Post; though I am afraid it will not please you so much as I heartily wish it may. I have weigh'd all your Reasons, and every thing that you and my other Friends have writ me upon that Subject; and have done it with the greatest Inclination to follow your Advice and without prejudice.

You may well believe I have had time enough to reflect sufficiently upon my present state, especially since I came hither. But whatever way I turn my thoughts, I find insuperable difficulties. Pray do not think it an effect of Melancholy, for that was never my greatest fault, when I tell you That in these Three Weeks Retirement in this Place, I have not only look'd back but forward; and the more I consider our present Circumstances, I think them still the more desperate, unless some unforeseen Accident fall out, which I cannot divine nor hope for.

[Here follow sixteen lines in Cypher: unfortunately not transcribed by Welwood, therefore inaccessible now for our interpretation.]

Judge then what we are to expect, in case we should venture upon any fresh attempt at this time. It's to me a vain Argument, that our Enemies are scarce well settled; when you consider, That Fear in some, and Ambition in others, have brought them to comply; and that the Parliament being made up for the most part of Members that formerly run our Enemy [*York*] down, they will be ready to make their Peace as soon as they can, rather than hazard themselves upon an uncertain Bottom. I give you but hints of what, if I had time, I would write you at more length. But that I may not seem obstinate in my own Judgment, or neglect the Advice of my Friends, I will meet you at the Time and Place appointed. But for God's sake, think in the mean time of the Improbabilities that lye naturally in our way; and let us not by struggling with our Chains make them streighter and heavier. For my part I'll run the hazard of being thought any thing, rather than a Rash, Inconsiderate Man. And to tell you my thoughts, without disguise, I am now so much in love with a Retired Life, that I am never like to be fond of *making a Bustle in the World again* (*sic*). I have much more to say, but the Post cannot stay; and I defer the rest till meeting, being entirely Yours, [unsigned: **Monmouth.**]

Of the foregoing letter we may notice these points. 1.—That it was written most certainly after the death of Charles the Second, the accession of James II., and the summoning of the Parliament of 1685 (which was announced by proclamation of 12th February, and met on 19th of May). 2.—That it shows clearly the present disinclination of Monmouth to enter anew into intrigues with the plotters. He is not so much despondent and fearful of defeat, as unwilling and indolent. 3.—That the expression of his thoughts, and even the thoughts themselves, being far above his usual strain, must be taken to indicate, the assistance of a superior mind in dictating, or at least, in revising the first copy of his letter. 4.—That although undated, we cannot err in attributing it to the time intervening between the middle of February, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the 19th of May, 1685. 5.—That the Letter, *an original in Monmouth's own handwriting*, had been in possession of James Spence, *who possessed the key of the cypher*, and was still held in safety twenty years later when a copy was made from it, *minus* the important portion in cypher. Nothing that the ingenuity of man can frame of secret writing is able to resist for ever the investigation of a skilled interpreter. We regret not having this cypher open to study.

Although we know not with absolute certainty the name of the person with whom this appointment by letter was made, nor the intended place of meeting, nor the precise day, it tells the rest with

sufficient exactitude.¹ It was directed either to the Earl of Argyle (whom Monmouth met at Rotterdam about the $\frac{2}{4}$ th of February), or to one of his emissaries, probably to Major Abraham Holmes or Rumbold ; otherwise it was not likely to have come afterwards into the possession of James Spence, who assuredly knew the key to Argyle's cypher, which Holmes did not. The latter in May accompanied Argyle to Scotland, where Rumbold perished on the scaffold, after having been severely wounded, so that he might have died on the journey if sent to England. It is not likely that Spence was at liberty to move about and meet Monmouth in April. As to the trysting-spot, it was *Rotterdam* or another of the Dutch towns, near the Hague ; the date of letter probably about April, 1685.

Evidently, while thus irresolute, Monmouth assured William of Orange that he was meditating no insurrection. He wrote in his own name, or caused to be written for him by the Count de Waldeck, a Letter to King James the Second ; apparently a Loyal Address, accepting the situation philosophically without a murmur, and professing allegiance to him.² *But this letter was never despatched to England.* Either it was a subterfuge, to deceive William by the knowledge of it being concocted, so that time could thus be gained for the present unsuspectedly ; or else vacillation caused a change of plan. This was near the end of February. Waldeck told Skelton, March 1st (N.S.), that Monmouth did not send the letter because of judging such a method not respectful enough ; "and that he had thought it more proper to interpose the good offices of the Duchess of *Monmouth* or one of her friends." But D'Avaux shrewdly suspected that the Duke had other purposes in view, and a written submission might discourage his Revolutionary friends.

A week later, 8th of March (N.S.), it was known that Monmouth was at Amsterdam, whence he made a tour in the neighbourhood of the Hague, and was believed to have had several secret interviews with William at a seat three miles distant.

The condition of discomfited Whigs is shown in next ballad, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$.

¹ " *Vandervaye* the minister [from the Prince of *Nassau*] has assured the person who went from me [*D'Avaux*] to discourse with him, that the Earl of *Argyle* came into this country not long before the death of the late king of *England* ; and 'tis highly probable that he came to concert measures with the Prince of *Orange* and the Duke of *Monmouth* : and this day [March 9th, N.S. at least before the 15th] I heard that the Earl *Argyle* met the Duke of *Monmouth* at *Rotterdam*, when the latter went thither four days after the news of the King of *England's* death. The consequences of these interviews appeared soon after." —*D'Avaux*, iii. 164. This meeting would therefore be about our St. Valentine's day.

² Of this Monmouth Letter to James we are told that " In the most respectful terms, it assured him of his perfect obedience and entire fidelity, and most humbly asked pardon for all his past offences. The Prince of *Orange* declared that he entirely approved of the letter, and that he advised the Duke of *Monmouth* to send it. It was drawn up by the Count de *Waldeck*." —*D'Avaux*, iii. 154.

The
Whigs' Lamentable Lamentation.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *Sweet England's pride is gone, O hone! See p. 315.*]

- W**Hat have the *Whigs* to say? *O hone! O hone!*
 Tories have got the day; *O hone! O hone!*
 Lord *Shaftsbury* is dead, and the Duke of *Monmouth* fled,
 We're bravely brought to bed; *O hone! O hone!*
 Our gracious Sovereign too, *O hone! O hone!*
 Is taken from us now; *O hone! O hone!* [Feb., 168⁸]
 Tho' he was the best of men, yet we try'd too, and agen,
 Daily to murder him: *O hone! O hone!* 8
 As we did *Charles* the First; *O hone! O hone!*
 For which we are accurst; *O hone! O hone!*
 But he's to Heaven gone, who[m] we did trample on;
 Old *James* sits on the Throne: *O hone! O hone!*
 Many ways we did try, *O hone! O hone!*
 The Crown him to put by: *O hone! O hone!*
 We made this conclusion, drew Bill of Exclusion,
 To work his confusion: *O hone! O hone!* 16
 But our late Sovereign dear, *O hone! O hone!*
 Declared *York* his Heir: *O hone! O hone!*
 Then our good Parliament forc'd him to Banishment,
 And wou'd to Hell him 've sent: *O hone! O hone!*
 With rage we are inflam'd, *O hone! O hone!*
 That he's each where proclaim'd: *O hone! O hone!*
 But that which Plagues us most, is, our dear *Knights o' th' Post*
 Do not now rule the Roast: *O hone! O hone!* 24
 More and more we are vext, *O hone! O hone!*
 That he's crown'd, *April* next, *O hone! O hone!* [April 23.
 A Parliament in *May* shall be call'd, he does say,
 But there we'll hold him play: *O hone! O hone!*
 For that is our last Game, *O hone! O hone!*
 Or rather, surest sham; *O hone! O hone!*
 If we must have our ends, our "Associating" Friends
 Must make us all amends: *O hone! O hone!* 32
 But if these damp'd *Tories*, *O hone! O hone!*
 In which he so much glories, *O hone! O hone!*
 We mean Church of *England* men, shou'd prove eleven to ten,
 Then we're quite undone, (*Amen!*) *O hone! O hone!*
 Then how like Rogues we sit, *O hone! O hone!*
 And look as if bes[m]it; *O hone! O hone!*
 Scratching our Plotting pates, forfeiting our dear Estates,
 And Quarters on City Gates: *O hone! O hone!* 40

The Tories' Triumph.

“ May I live far from *Tories* and *Whigs* of ill nature,
 And farthest of all from a sly *Observer*:¹
 May it ne'er be my fate to scribble for bread,
 Nor write any longer than wise men will read.
 May I ne'er be the man who will slight all the Laws,
 And prostrate my Soul for the Pope and his cause;
 Forget my dear Country, my youth, and my place,
 Have a conscience like steel and a metallic face;
 Be *Sawney* for Int'rest, and a politick Knave,
 And go with a National curse to the Grave.
 Let it not be my fate to part with my sense,
 Nor yet with my conscience, for lucre of pence;
 But keep my Religion, which is sober and brave,
 My Property likewise, and not be a Slave,
 But with good reputation lie down in my grave.
 May I govern my Pen with absolute sway,
 And write less and less as my wits wear away.”

— *On Le Strange*: to the Tune of “ *The Old Man's Wish*.”

IT was not to be expected that the Yorkists would place restraint on themselves in their joyful exultation at their favourite James having so far overcome his enemies as to have peacefully mounted the Throne. They certainly had never been taught moderation in prosperity or dignity in adversity by their foes the Whigs, and consequently they may be pardoned for indulgence in somewhat excessive laudation of themselves in the following loyal ditty. “ It is a poor heart that never rejoices ! ” and if open confession be good for the soul, their state is the more gracious for making an honest confession that “ If one Tory another doth see, they straight to the Tavern, and sing, There's none are so happy as we ! ” They were easily pleased.



E.

¹ *The Observer*, Roger L'Estrange's periodical Dialogues betwixt Jest and Earnest, had made the Whigs bitter against him, and references to the serial have been frequent. Our motto gives complete the Epigram which is based on Dr. Walter Pope's "Old Man's Wish." The original, issued in 1684, will follow. Above, is our caricature portrait of Roger L'Estrange, as Press Licenscr.

The Tories' Triumph ;

Or,

The Downfall of the Whigs.

[Tune, probably one newly composed, *None so happy as we !*]

Come, let us be joyful and sing,
Great-Britain will soon be at rest ;
 Here's a Health to all those love the King,
 Confusion to all the pest. [orig. "rest."
 Then let us be merry, for we
 O'er *Rebels* do bear the sway ;
 [*None others are happy as we,*] [Dropt line.
 And drink till 'tis break of day. 8

Then what cause have we to repine,
 Since our Nation is settled and strong ?
 Let ev'ry man drink off his Wine,
 Whilst *Rebels* must hold their tongue.
Great-Britain the World shall command,
 Rest in Love, Peace, and Unity ;
 Foreign Nations amaz'd shall stand,
To see none so Happy as we ! 16

Then let us be merry ! fill Wine !
 Let's drink while our Money doth last ;
 The *Zealots* have cause to repine,
 Whilst we think not on Dangers past :
 Let each man discharge a full Bumper,
 Here's a Health unto Loyalty ;
 [Confusion] then light on each *Rumper*,
To see none so Happy as we ! 24

The D[umb-founded] *Whigs* they do grumble,
 To see us so happy and great ;
 But they dare not speak plain, but to mumble,
 Each *Presbyter's* fearing's just fate :
 While *Tories* quaff Bumpers a-main,
 And under no Nation they be,
 We care not for *France*, or for *Spain*,
For none are so Happy as we ! 32

Now *Tories* may walk in the Street,
 None to the contrary dare say ;
 And if that a *Whig* we do meet,
 The *Whig* goes another way :

- But (as 'tis a usual thing)
 If one *Tory* another doth see,
 They straight to the *Tavern*, and sing
 " *There's none so Happy as we !* " 40
- Such strange Alterations we've seen
 In *Britain*, within these few years ;
 There lately such a Tumult hath been,
 Caus'd Loyalists shed many tears :
 But now it is past and quite gone,
 I hope no more Ryots to see ;
 We've no cause our selves to bemoan,
For none are so Happy as we ! 48
- Great Britain's* blest Monarch shall reign,
 Not fearing for to be supprest,
 By the fury of *Spaniard* or *Dane*,
 But undoubtedly shall be now blest.
 If Domestic Tumults do cease,
 And *Plots* discover'd all be,
 Brave *Englishmen* may then sing in Peace,
 " *There's none are so happy as we !* " 56
- Great *York* [was] despis'd by the Rabble,
 Though he's a matchless brave Prince,
 While all did praise *Perkin*, that Bauble,
 A *Puny* in common sense : [= *Monmouth*
 that puppet.
- But now they are quel'd and do say
 They'l practice no *Disloyalty* :
 And now the *Whigs* hang themselves may,
Whilst none live more Happy than we. 64
- Some *Rebels* were still left behind,
 Who fear'd neither Justice nor Laws,
 But strive themselves to entwine
 In the puppet pernicious *Old Cause* ;
 But now they are all fled away,
 And they most Unhappy now be ;
 Then surely we've great cause to say,
 " *There's none more Happy than we !* " 72
- Then let this suffice, we have Power,
 All Nations shall unto us bow ;
 Was *England* so Happy before,
 Or ever so Glorious as now ?
 Now, we have a most Gracious *Prince*,
 By none this denyed can be :
 Then surely we'r all blest, since,
There's none more Happy than we ! 80
- [In White-letter. Date of first issue, 1688.]

Coronation of King James the Second and Queen Mary Beatrix.

“ Noble-hearted *English* boys,
Fill the air with musick noise,
James the fountain of our joys,
the Nation's sole defender :
He's the Monarch of the Land,
We'll obey his great Command ;
Tis but Duty, heart and hand,
when we do all surrender.

—*England's Royal Renown in the Coronation.*

IN the Bagford Collection of broadside Ballads (II. 169 *verso*) is preserved a probably unique illustrated Loyal Song on “the Coronation of our gracious King *James* the Second, and his Royal Consort Queen *Mary*, which was accordingly celebrated in a most glorious splendor, on the 23rd of April, 1685.” It was sung to the tune of *Hark! the thund'ring cannons roar* (D'Urfey's “Carouse to the Emperor,” for which see p. 366 : it was also printed “Hark! I hear the cannons roar.” Jonah Deacon was the printer). We have already given the song complete in our *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 590 to 595 inclusive, with introduction, notes, and the four woodcuts ; also the important passage from Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, chapter iv., concerning the mingling of parsimony and profuseness displayed by James at his coronation. The first verse and title of the Bagford Ballad form our present motto.

If complaint had been made of niggardliness and economy in Denmark, marking the haste with which “the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the wedding feast,” there were not lacking in England objectors who declared that a more lavish expenditure ought to have been made, both for the removal of the body of the late King, and also for the public celebration of his brother's Coronation. The giddy multitude, who delight in shows that cost them nothing beyond the loss of a day's earnings, are certain to become discontented on detecting any curtailment of external decoration. Processions through the streets and on the river, discharge of ordnance in Salutes of Honour, feasts and balls which they can only hear about, or catch some glimpse of the rich garments as guests are borne past in their carriages and received at the portals, all have a certain value in allaying that dangerous discontent, which begins in selfish grumbling but soon turns to sedition or rebellion.

There are several poems descriptive of the Coronation, written by such versifiers as were ready to affect enthusiastic delight when they beheld what others deemed a niggardly festival. One of these *Loyal Poems*, in our own possession, begins thus ambitiously :

MY ravished Muse in such bright mazes dance,
 So rapture-struck, and all dissolv'd in Trance,
 That I her pencil but in vain provoke
 To shadow out the Visionary stroak.

But we have to struggle through much tedious verbiage about Guardian Angels, Æolus, Bounteous Nature, the Royal pair James and Mary, "She as a Goddess, He so like a God!" with mention of Orphean Grove, and Thames discoursing loyally concerning his preference of the new monarchs to Neptune or Thetis. All this was no doubt proper, but is certainly wearisome, and keeps us from the contemporary "*Description of the Coronation*:"—

Such numerous crowds both far and near were seen,
 That streets seem'd pav'd, and houses tyl'd with men;
 Chequer'd with the Fair Sex, appear'd more bright,
 Who with hard gazing fed their eager sight,
 Then sigh'd and wish'd, and did the rest in dreams at night. }
 So closely prest, they did one mass appear, } 150
 But, when bright *James* and his fair Queen drew near,
 The mighty bulk did its own self divide,
 And made a Golden Wall on either side;
 Through which they to the Prince's Chamber past,
 To take repose, for Goodness' self must rest:
 Where having had some short Refection,
 And glorious proper Robes of State put on,
 In the *Abbey* now, where Pomp and Tryumph waits,
 Behold the Royal God-like CANDIDATES!
 Where, after numerous Ceremonies past,
 Of *Uction*, *Oaths*, which several hours did last,
 Their Sacred Heads receiv'd th' *Imperial Crown*,
 By *CANTERBURY'S* happy hand set on. [Saneraft.
 Blest Man! what bliss hast thou receiv'd this hour,
 What could'st thou wish, or could Heav'n give thee more?
 Th' exact description of the Cavalcade,
 And the bright figures ev'ry Order made;
 What hands the Scepter, Sword, Staff, Orb did wear, }
 Or who *Curtana*, or the *Spurs* did bear;¹ }
 Or by what Peers the Crowns supported were;
 What Favourites next the Presence did remain,
 Or what bright Youths bore up the Royal Train;
 How from the *Temple* to the *Hall* they pas'd,
 (Where waited for them a stupendous Feast,)
 What *Hecatomb* fell victims to their board, } 175
 Or what vast Seas of Wine it did afford;
 And lastly, how with the vast infinite Train
 They to *White-Hall*, now Crown'd, return'd again,
 Are Themes that would a mighty Volume ask:
 Nor is 't a *Poet's*, but the *Herald's* task.
 Besides it would more charge of time require,
 Than now my niggard Fate is pleas'd to spare.

¹ *Curtana* is the edgeless Sword of Mercy, said to have belonged to King Edward the Confessor, carried at the successive Coronations.

Not that he is going to let us escape altogether, for he is most willing to tell of the mob, the bone-fire like burning groves, the rockets and floating combustibles on the Thames. These we might endure and survive, but, Oh! ye Gods and little fishes (there *were* fishes, if no Heathen Gods, peopling the silver Thames in April, 1685), what awful sensations are given by the Poet's declaration that "Ten thousand *Bells* in one loud consort joyn!"¹

But having yet survey'd the *Court* alone,
 I now would make the People's transports known; }
 But I, alas! want Language to express my own. }
 Ten thousand Bells in one loud Consort joyn [Ach, Weh!
 Both *Earth* and *Heaven* its self to entertain:
 Sure for this Reason they were rais'd on High, [Juchhe!!
 That th' Gods might better hear this *Harmony*!
 The pleasant *Musick's* nimble foot-steps hear,
 Passing Harmoniously from Sphere to Sphere!
 Which now the Starry Battlements has found,
 Which, *Hark!* reverberates and multiplies the sound!
 They Man's Officious, and Injurious call,
 Who interpos'd the design'd Miracle. [sic.
 For Joy, their useless Ropes away they'd throw,
 For Musick on their own accord bestow.²

¹ It is too-too utterly awful! A vile Rochesterian satire, in Harleian MS., does indeed maliciously proclaim, "Hark, how the Bells of *Paradise* ring!"—but then John Wilmot knew absolutely nothing about Paradise, acquaintanceship being with a locality quite in the opposite direction; and we may be sure that Burnet could give him very little information except of heterodox hearsay. Bells of Paradise indeed! Those hideous inventions were (like mothers-in-law), a product of the Fall. They never by any possibility could have been known in the Garden of Eden. Why are they tolerated in a Christian country, and honoured or mocked by a form of Consecration? In quiet villages, across very wide meadows or intervening valleys, Church-Bells may sound sweetly, but all the better the farther off they are; like Scotch bagpipes. In towns, they afflict thousands of fever-stricken patients; they jar on the nerves of tired students; they are fit for nothing but discord, and drunken revelry of the dullest and stupidest of men. We need no peal of bells to tell us that the doors of theatres are open, and performances about to begin. Why then should we retain these noisy and expensive abominations, on pretence of their giving invitations to Church and aids to worship? The Giants of old could not have been so bad as they are called, since we have it on the best Whistle-craft authority that they hated above all things the Ringing of Bells: and so do dogs.

² *Verbatim et literatim punctuatimque*. The Poet has become so intoxicated with "the tintinabulation that so musically wells, from the jingling and the tinkling of the Bells," not to mention the jangling and the clanging, that his verse is here a little "mixed." No fault of ours. We leave him to his own devices. A man who revels in belfry raptures is past praying for, or reasoning with. *De gustibus*, etc. Yet we may add that it was *not* to lift bells nearer to Heaven, but some merciful intervention to get them so far as possible lifted away from earth, that caused the providential invention of steeples. As for the people mentioned above, "For joy, their *useless Ropes* away they throw!" we can suggest an employment for these articles which (if regularly practised) would ensure peace and quietness in a neighbourhood immediately after bell-ringing. Either end of each rope has its uses; but *both* knit firmly suit best. A sensible mob might, when tired of such "Music, on their own a Cord bestow."

Next, *Loyal Fires* (the People's Offerings) see!
 Like *Burning Groves* raising their heads on high!
 As if this night was destin'd to devour 200
 What was design'd for the next *Winter's* Store.
 See, how it mounts! as if 't had an intent
 To reach the *Stagyrites* fictitious Element!
 Whilst on *Thames*, too, they such vast *Fire-works* make,
 That all her streams seem but one *Flaming Lake*.
 The fright'ned Gods, thinking their Skies on fire,
 For safety to farthest Heav'ns retire:
 They fear'd another Race of *Gyants* rose, [Cf. Note 1.
 Who now had fire instead of mountains chose.
 But when discreeter Gods saw the intent,
 Instead of Thunder and Revenge they sent }
 A Herald to proclaim this Complement. }

“Blest change! and now the Heavenly Powers rejoice
 That *England* does approve of their wise choice:
 And to its Throne wrong'd *Loyalty* restore,
 Whose *Treason* stretch'd its ugly limbs before.
 Being Loyal grown, your bliss is now compleat,
 For you before all Blessings had but That;
 This day you've crown'd a King, whose God-like reign
 Restores you the blest *Golden Age* again.”

Thus ends it. Elkanah Settle had been the self-elected “True Blue Protestant Poet” so long as Protestantism offered the best pay or promise; but he now hastened to become converted to Romanism as it was “looking up,” and he is not unlikely to have written this, or some much inferior set of verses on the joyful occasion. The rhyming Turu-coat fell back on Protestantism when William of Orange came over, and found his own fitting apotheosis in filling a dragon's hide at Southwark Fair, there vomiting fire and smoke, but no longer only figuratively. Dryden has immortalized the reptile-impersonator, as *Doeg*. If the verses in laudation of King James II. appear miserable trash, we must remember that they were for the greater part written by such 'verted Protestants, who formerly libelled him. These gentry now came foremost in self-prostration and servile flattery.

Another contemporary “Poem on the Coronation,” of one hundred and forty-seven lines, begins thus, “Flie, Envious Time! why dost our Bliss delay?” It really seems to have a *Doeg* authorship: for thus are the garments celebrated:

What rich attire the *Spirit'al Lords* array!
 What massie *Coronets* adorn the *Lay*!
 Such Cloath of Gold and Silver kill my Brain!
 My *Opticks* fail, and I grow Blind again.
Arch-Angels sure, leaving their glorious Sphere, }
 Once more themselves have Bodified and here } 75
 Resolve as *English Nobles* to appear.

Aut Settle aut *Diabolus*. When at his best he had been truly shown by the Master hand of Dryden, in *Absalom and Achitophel*:

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of Melody ;
 Spur'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
 Though Sense and Nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And, in one word, Heroickally mad :
 He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
 But faggotted his Notions as they fell, }
 And if they rhim'd and rattled all was well. }
 Spightfull he was not, though he wrote a *Satyr*,
 For still there goes some *thinking* to Ill-Nature :
 He needs no more than Birds and Beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call 'Rogue' and 'Rascal' from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a Parrot :
 The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
 To fetter 'em in verse is all his Trade. . . .
 In Fire-works give him leave to vent his spight :
 Those are the only Serpents he can write.

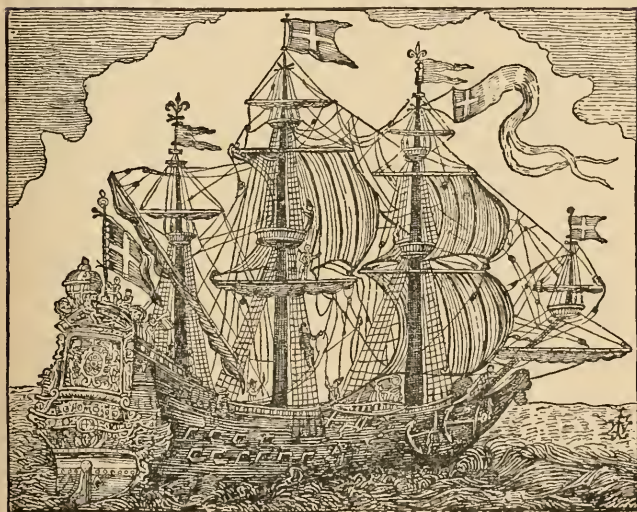
It is at least a change of diet, when we come from this Settle and "prisoner of Sion" J. Taylor, to the *Roxburyhe Ballad* here following, which also takes the Coronation of James the Second as its theme. The idea is good, of the two wandering Englishmen who have been chased out from land to land by the reproaches of the natives, first enquiring, "You Rebels of England, what do you here?" and next expressing abhorrence of Cromwellian Regicides, by "Crying, 'You Rebels of England, you murther'd your King!'" There are Nonconformists now, who openly avow their approval of this base and brutal act of assassination, enforced by an illegally constituted assembly of rebels: they would be ready to repeat it no doubt. Others (whom we in all save political opinions respect and admire) actually express their indignation at the rightful term of "Usurper" being applied to Oliver Cromwell; although he was such, even against the authority of the Pride-purged and enslaved Rump-Parliament. Yet we are coolly told that, "*It is to traduce the nation's deliberate choice*, and to slander England's greatest Ruler!" (Camden Society: John Glanville's *Voyage to Cadiz in 1625*, p. xxix. of Introduction.) Why the nation was allowed no such choice; and never approved it. But this is the spirit of Dissent, in the seventeenth and the nineteenth century alike: "You Rebels of England, you murdered your King."



[Roxburge Collection, II. 446; Pepys, II. 232; Douce, II. 212.]

The Success
of the
Two English Travellers,
newly arriv'd at London.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW *Irish Tune.*



AS we was a ranging upon the salt Seas,
For *France* and for *Spain*, our humours to please,
But when we came there, the first News we did hear,
Was, "You Rebels of *England*, what do you here?" 4

When we was a walking along in the Street,
Both Men, Wives, and Children, and all we did meet,
They gathered up Stones, and at us did fling,
Crying, "Rebels of *England*, you murder'd your King!" 8

All this being odious unto our own heart, ["hearts."] 8

Then from the *French* we were fore'd to depart;
The *French* did deride us, with scornful disdain;
We hoised up *Top-sail*, and sailed for *Spain*. 12

But when we came there, we'd not set foot on Land,
 But straight they perceiv'd that we were *English-Men*;
 With their hands on their Rapiers, their Cloaks off did fling,
 Crying "Rebels of *England*, you murder'd your King!" 16

All this being odious unto our conceits,
 We hoised and hast'ned up into the *Straits* : [p. of hoise.
 Next Port unto *Venice* intending to go,
 Not fearing, nor dreading, they did of it know. 20

But when we came there, our Ships they did sean, ["ken."
 They saw by our Colours we were *English-Men* :
 Oh! they laugh'd in their Lingo, and at us did flier,
 "You Rebels of *England*, what do you do here?" 24

Thus twenty Years wand'ring from Sea-Port to Town,
 In all parts abused, resolv'd to turn home ;
 We steer'd up for *London*, but when we came there,
 The Court all in Mourning put us in despair. 28

Then Great *Charles* of *England* we found was Interr'd,
 And some known Offenders in Mourning appear'd ;
 Who, for some years together, had design'd and swore
 To serve him as they did his Father before. 32

Great *James* of his Birth-Right they sought to Depose,
 But now for ten *Guinneys* you'll find none of those :
 King *James* is Established safe in His Throne,
 And none shall Invade the just Rights of the Crown. 36

And now we 're resolved in *England* to stay,
 And wait for to serve, and our King to obey,
 In His Royal Consort Queen *Mary's* blest Name :
 And we'll drive both the *French* and the *Dutch* o're the *Main*. 40

London : Printed for *C. Bates*, at the *Bible and Sun*, in *Pye-corner*.

[Black-letter. Different cut of Ship. Pepys copy printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye-corner*: with three woodcuts. Some few variations are noted as *marginalia*. Compare Vol. IV. p. 289. Date, the end of April, 1685.]

We add three more songs on the Coronation, which bear a strong family resemblance to one another, although of varied rhythms and appointed to be sung to diverse times. Reference is given to the pages whereon these tunes have been previously mentioned; one being a Vienna-Siege celebration; another the never-ending *Hey, boys, up go we!* and the third, *State and Ambition*, belonging to Tom d'Urfey's song "State and Ambition, alas! will deceive ye." The original, a Love Song, to *Sylvia*, is given on our p. 561.

A New Song on the

Coronation of King James Second,

Being St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1685.

TUNE OF, *Hail to the mighty Monarch, valiant Pole!* [See p. 383.]

Hail! thou mighty Monarch, valiant *James!*
 Whose Praise our song proclaims,
 The first great Conqueror over Sea and Shore,
 That made the sturdy *Hogan-Mogan* State to low'r; [= *Dutch.*
 To MARY his fair Queen, and all her Train,
 That grace his happy Reign,
 Who sits amongst the bright Orb of her Ladies *Crown'd*,
 As Heaven's Imperial Orb amongst the Stars enthron'd.
 For 'tis she, 'tis she, that Heavenly Gem,
 That adorns the Royal Stem
 With the brightest Diadem,
 And brings that Comfort, Peace, and Joy,
 Which Tyrants wou'd destroy.
 For our JAMES, with his *Jove*-assisting Arm,
 The lowd Factions shall so charm,
 That they shall do no harm;
 Both *Whig* and *Trimmer*, *Turk* and *Jew*,
 And all that *England's* Peace undo.

18

See the Cloud's dispers'd, hang'd o're our head
 Since mighty *Charles* was dead;
 The day smiles on our joys, and the morning clears,
 A rising Sun succeeds the Deluge of our Tears:
 The mighty *Charles* is gone, but in His room
 The Rightful Heir is come.
 Great JAMES, the Pledge of our Deceased Prince,
 That loss, the only Blessing that cou'd recompence.
 'Twas he, with Drums' and Trumpets' sound,
 That did sit this day Enthron'd,
 And above the Nobles *Crown'd*
 With Virtue, Truth, and every grace
 That compleats a Prince's Praise.
 'Tis He, who in spite of Envious Fate
 (His rebellious subjects' hate)
 Will defend the *Church* and *State*,
 Their *Rights*, their *Liberties*, and *Laws*,
 Against all that dare oppose.

36

Such heroick virtues who can find
 Adorn a Prince's Miud ?
 Such courage, clemency, Majesty and Grace,
 A Legacy bequeath'd unto the *Royal Race* ;
 Fortitude and conduct both agree,
 And make a Harmony
 With Justice, Tenderness, each a lovely guest,
 That move, and keep, a Consort in his Royal breast.
 'Twas he, 'twas he (in spite of *Plot*)
 That reclaim'd the stubborn *Scot*,
 Who subdued him on the Spot,
 And brought the proudest of his foes
 In obedience to the Laws.
 'Twas he that curb'd the *Belgick State*,
 Made the *Hogan* yield to Fate, [= The Dutch.
 And the *Monsieur* stoop of late :
 For fear, so oft his courage try'd,
 Should take down the *Monsieur's* pride. 54

May our Mighty Monarch ever reign,
 Great *James* to rule the Main,
 The dread Sovereign over Seas and Land,
 To exercise the Power of his vast Command ;
 May he in Peace and Plenty ever reign,
 The dread of *France* and *Spain*,
 To curbe the Insolence of his proudest Foe,
 And keep the haughty Bully *Monsieur* still in awe.
 May He in Health for ever live,
 Truth and Justice to retrieve,
 With his due Prerogative,
 To avenge the loss of *Guiltless Blood*, [i.e. The Jesuits'.
 To reward the Just and Good.
 May he in grandeur, wealth, and peace,
 Lord it over Land and Seas,
 And his Glory still increase,
 Whilst every Glass that keeps the round,
 With our Sovereign's Health is crown'd. 72

* * * Another Congratulatory Ballad on the Accession of King James II. follows, to the well-known tune of *Hey, boys, up go we !*



A new Song in Gratulation of
**King James the Second coming to
 the Crown.**

TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go we.* [See p. 309.]

NOW, now King *James* of High Renown,
 the Second of that name,
 On's lofty Brow bears *England's* Crown,
 as lawful Heir of th' same.
 No vain pretence can interpose
 between him and His Throne ;
 For all the Writings of our Laws
 declare it is his own. 8

No crafty Rogues can take the Right
 from *James* of Royal Race ;
 Nor perjur'd *Oates*, with all his slight,
 abjure him from his place ;
 Now *Shaftsbury*, that cursed fiend,
 is dead and gone away :
 And *Monmouth*, his unfortunate friend,
 is fled and dare not stay. 16

You *Tories* then, in common Joy,
 express your present ease,
 Since Knavish *Whigs* no more annoy
 brave *England's* happy Peace.
 You citizens, with one consent,
 in joyful Consort sing,
 Hymns to your God, since He hath sent
 great *James* to be our King. 24

Let pleasant Groves and Meadows ring
 with echoes of his Praise,
 And good Subjects be taught to sing
 his Name, in warbling Lays.
 May 's mighty Fame yet higher rise,
 in much more glorious sort,
 Mounting above the starry skies,
 and *Jove's* bright-shining Court. 32

Raise up your Voice in higher notes,
 and Honour's lofty strain,
 Wish Royal *James* with common Votes
 a long and happy Reign :

- Extoll his acts and noble deeds,
 his wisdom and piety,
 And 's fortitude, since none exceeds
 him in brave Chivalry. 40
- Yet none, tho' cunning Nature frames
 his Soul of purer air,
 Can praise enough our mighty *JAMES*,
 great *Charles's* Lawful Heir; ["his."
 Whose wisdom and couragious hand,
 these many years ago,
 From Ruine hath preserv'd this Land,
 and from approaching Woe. 48
- How oft has He in foreign Field
 won honour and renown,
 Whilst th' Enemy himself did yield
 by 's Valour overthrown?
 Witness the *Dutch*, whose prowess he
 did long ago sustain,
 With so much force and gallantry,
 on *Neptune's* liquid plain. 56
- How oft did He himself engage
 amongst the roaring waves,
 T' abate the fury and the rage
 of base *Phanatick* Knaves!
 Whose pleasure 'tis, and chief delight,
 to banish Piety;
 Who think 't a virtue for to fight
 'gainst *England's* Monarchy. 64
- Let now that vile and perjur'd Crew
 with envy pine away,
 Their sad and dismal fortunes rue,
 and curse that fatal day,
 Wherein they did of late conspire
 with such Impiety
 To kill the King, with great desire
 to bring in Anarchy. 72
- Live then, great *JAMES*, our mighty King,
 live, brave and noble Soul!
 Soar up on Fame's ascending wing,
 above the Starry Pole!
 May mighty *Jove's* protecting care
 preserve thee from thy Foes,
 And make thy Subjects evermore
 obedient to thy Laws. 80
-

A New Song

[On the Coronation of King James and Queen Mary.]

Hark ! Hark ! what noise is this that doth rebound,
 And fills the busie Air with pleasing sound ?
 What Glorious Object's this that feasts our Eyes,
 And strikes our hearts with wonder and surprise ?
 This is the happiest day that e're was seen ;
 Long live and flourish both our *King* and *Queen* !

TO THE TUNE OF, *State and Ambition*. [See p. 561.]

JAMES our Great Monarch is Crown'd with all glory,
 And ours the blest Nation that's under the Sun,
 All the whole World is fill'd up with his Story ;
 Th' applause he has gain'd, and the Honour h' has won.
 On the rough Seas our Foes he oppos'd,
 And purchas'd our freedom with the hazard of his life ;
 His Prudence preserv'd us, and wisely dispos'd
 Our hearts to unite, without danger, or strife. 8

Neighbouring Nations our Amity courteth,
 So brave and so war-like is *James* our great King ;
 The *French*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniard* here daily resorteth,
 And all other nations their complements bring,
 For to congratulate Great *Cæsar's* glory,
 Which spreads its clear splendour o're all the vast Globe ;
 Distractions are vanish'd of *Whig* and of *Tory*,
 And [each] seems contented, from *Rags* to the *Robe*. 16

Then the Hats they flie off, and the Healths they go round us,
 To *James* our Just *Monarch* and his Beauteous Queen,
 The excess of our Joy, doth almost confound us,
 A day of such Glory was never yet seen.
 I' th' midst of our bliss, 'tis a sin to be sober,
 We'll forfeit our freedom, if we do not drink fair :
 He's not a good Subject, nor yet a true Toper,
 That puzzles his Senses with politick care. 24

The Bells and the Bonafires cannot interrupt us,
 Our frolicks goe round, and ascend to the Skies,
 The poyson of Policy ne're shall corrupt us ;
 The sullen *Phanaticks* our company flies.
 Let us not consume then our Brains with dull thinking,
 But kill the long hours with Pleasure and Mirth :
 We'd rather expire with overmuch drinking,
 Than *Plotting* and *Sotting* should have a new birth. 32

To all the King's Enemies we'd drink confusion,
 To politick *Plotters* destruction and shame ;
 We hope to convert them all in the conclusion, [No doubt!
 And by our example to play a sure game :
 Whilst their *Foppish* folly consumes them with dullness, [Monh.
 And brings them at last to wry-mouth'd grimace,
 Our hearts are enlighten'd with joy and with fulness,
 When th' unpiry'd *Plotter* doth die like an Ass. 40

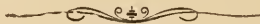
'Tis we're the bold Heroes that guard the Nation,
 And raise its glory more high than the skie ;
 Our voices exalt now this great *Coronation*,
 And with acclamations ill-wishers defie :
 Their charms are too weak our Joys for to hinder,
 Which in our full cups we cheerfully send,
 There's not in our Station so bold an Offender
 That dare but refuse us to drink to the end. 48

The bounty of Heaven show'r down all its blessings
 Upon our good King and his amiable Queen !
 May no true Felicity ever be missing,
 But in their full splendour be presently seen.
 And may all their Subjects, with firm loyal Duty,
 Obey with content their easy command ;
 Like hearts that are sacrific'd all to her Beauty,
 May their Royal Precepts at no time withstand. 56

[In White-letter. No Woodcut. Date, April, 1685.]

* * The tune to which this ballad was appointed to be sung had been known by the title of *State and Ambition*, from the first line of Tom D'Urfey's song, beginning "State and ambition, alas! will deceive ye." The music is given in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. p. 34, 1719 edition, and earlier; *Several New Songs* by Thomas D'Urfey, Gent., 1684; and in *One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 92. We give the words complete on our pp. 561, 562.

Another Loyal Song to the same tune of *State and Ambition* had appeared in May, 1684, entitled "The Royal Admiral;" in honour of James Duke of York being restored to power as High-Admiral of England. It began with a declaration that "Faction and Folly, alas! will deceive you; The Loyal man still the best Subject does prove." Seven stanzas in all.



Monmouth allured to make the Last Struggle.

“Whither d’ye hurry *Phaeton*? Is ’t not enough that he’s undone,
By your perfidious treachery, the source of all his Infamy,
But, to promote his wretched ends, ye make the *London* a stop-gap?
Like crocodiles, ye fawning Friends, pretendedly mourn his mishap.”

—*The Whigs’ Lamentable Condition.*

WHATEVER discontent may have been lurking within the mind of gloomy men, at the Accession and Coronation of KING JAMES II., no one dared avow his rebellious hatred publicly. Almost universally appeared acquiescence, but, except among a limited class, with little enthusiasm, there was a willingness to make the best of the inevitable; to accept accomplished facts; and to avoid drawing on worse troubles by wrestling with a force which had plainly grown more powerful in popularity than it had hitherto been reckoned. Thus it happened that there was a fair field for a good beginning to the new King. His first steps seemed to promise a successful progress. His attachment to the Romish faith and ritual had been well known, and he made no offer of surrendering his right of private judgement in hope of winning favour. Had he done so, it would have been of evil augury; for no one could have believed such an abandonment of his creed to have been sincere. On the contrary, even the most determined opposers of his claim, the “Exclusionists,” had been forced to acknowledge that James was no time-server, no hypocrite, like most of themselves. He had consistently refused to yield concession of “occasional conformity” at his late brother’s importunity: that is, to accept the Holy Communion once and again, ostensibly as a member of the Church of England, thereby to qualify himself for holding his official station, and thus defeat the attempts of those bigoted enemies who dared to present him as a Popish Recusant. Having paid the penalty so long for his stubbornness, he would never have won praise by abandoning his views of religion. He would have lost the respect of every honest man.

The whole situation was changed. He could be excluded no longer, for the Rye-House plot had revealed the weakness and wickedness of his enemies. There were at present no trustworthy leaders for the disaffected. No rallying standard was visible. Some childish natures still clung to the idea of Monmouth as a “Protestant Hero”; but, except in the West (and there chiefly among silly women and ignorant peasants), all sensible men had recently seen enough to convince them of his utter weakness. He was such a king as a gaudily-attired Circus-rider might represent; spangled armour and a dagger of lath were suitable equipments.

He was a conceited "Fop-Monarch," who might well have won a trifling success over undisciplined Covenanters at such a place as Bothwell-Bridge, but whose vacillation and effeminacy would inevitably ruin any cause in which he adventured as leader, and whosever joined with him might share the destruction.

King James made open declaration of the respect which he felt for the Church of England, and his intention of supporting its claims and authority. So far well. When he showed willingness to be lenient, tolerant, and even helpful to the political Dissenters or Nonconformists, there began to be murmurs among them. Offers of concession have always encouraged them to claim aggressively fresh advantages. They wanted no countenance to be shown to the Church, and they could scarcely persuade themselves that James loved them for their own sake, after they had done their utmost for years against him; while the Church of England had maintained a dignified reserve. No favour that James was willing to bestow on the Nonconformists would be gratefully received, if the Romanists were to share in the advantage. Spite and jealousy were even stronger than greed or the vaunted love of liberty. Such was the situation in England: quiet, but not without signs of coming troubles. Abroad, were unmistakeable tokens of disturbance.

On April the 14th, 1685, Laurence Hyde at Whitehall wrote strongly but courteously to William of Orange, remonstrating on his harbouring Monmouth at the Hague, privily or unopenly:—

I beg leave to say this to you, as a thing that I cannot but think the King would take well, though I have not his orders to say so much; and it is in relation to the Duke of *Monmouth*, who is said to be always very near the *Hague*, if not in it. Upon which I would offer you this, in short, that as it cannot be for your Highness's service that it should be imagined he is there with your privy, so it may be presumed that considering the authority your Highness hath, and the good intelligence you cannot be supposed to want, that he can be there, and your Highness not know it. I hope your Highness will not be offended with me for stating the matter in this manner, which I may do the better, because I do not suspect that your Highness is privy to his being there; but then methinks your Highness might let every body see that, if you knew he were so near you, it would be very disagreeable to you: the consequence of which would be, that he could not stay long there. *I do not believe the King hath the intention of driving him from country to country, and to make all places uneasy to him; but, on the other hand, it is not at all necessary, nor in truth decent, considering the circumstance he hath put himself in, that he should be hovering just over against England, as it were always in a readiness to transport himself.*

Monmouth was vacillating, as usual. Cast down from the height of his recent hopes, when he had expected to be restored to all his lucrative offices in England, he was still possessed of property that in Holland meant comparative affluence. He drew his wife's money, and he enjoyed all the wealth of his mistress Lady Henrietta Wentworth, who was now his constant companion. A song of this very date may here be usefully introduced.

Love in Extremy ;

Or,

The Constant Lober's Resolution.

To [ITS OWN] PLAY-HOUSE TUNE, *I never saw a Face till now.*



I Never saw a Face till now
 That could my Passion move,
 I lik'd, and ventur'd many a vow,
 But durst not think of Love :
 Till Beauty, charming ev'ry sense,
 An easie Conquest made,
 And shew'd the vainness of defence,
When Phillis does invade.

8

But Oh ! her colder heart denies
 The thoughts her looks inspire :
 For while on Ice she frozen lies,
 Her Eyes dart only Fire.
 Thus by extreams I am undone,
 Like Plants too *Northward* set :
 Burnt by too violent a Sun,
 Or starv'd for want of Heat.

16

'Twixt hope and fear I tortur'd am,
 And vainly wish for ease,
 The more I struggle with my *Flame*,
 The more it does increase.
 I would, and would not, be releast
 From those soft Chains I've made ;
 But if I strive, I'm more opprest,
When Phillis does invade.

24

[Originally two verses, written by the Hon. Colonel Sackville, for Thomas Southerne's "Disappointment," 1684. The six remaining verses were added, on the well-understood principle of lengthening a Play-house Song to fill a broad-side. We give them for completeness, but the song was finished in sixteenth line. Is there some connection between this ditty and "The Twin-Flame" of our p. 392? Compare the comment given on p. 558.]

In a Pepysian *Royal Garland* the extended form is entitled "Love and Constancy." But in *One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 239, it is named "Love in Extremy." Tom D'Urfey's friend Captain Pack composed the music, which is given, along with Sackville's two verses, in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1700, vol. ii.), 1719, iv. 303. See also the *The Theater of Musick*, Book 1st, 1685.]

Her Eyes they so enchanting are, so lovely is her Face,
That gaze on her no Mortal dare, and not to Love give place.
So musical her Angel-Voice, so charming is she made,
That *not to Love* none dare make choice, *when Phillis does invade.* 32

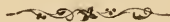
I fain wou'd turn my Eyes away, to try if she'd grow kind,
But on her Beauties they will stay, though ruine were design'd:
A Riddle is my Passion grown, no less it can be said,
For reason is so quickly gone, *when Phillis does invade.* 40

O cruel Love, why dost thou deign to wound me with such smart,
And not an equal Shaft retain to melt her frozen heart?
Or does she struggle with the Flame to be victorious said?
For if she does, my hopes are vain, *though Phillis does invade.* 48

However, I will hugg my Woe, and sigh in each sad Grove,
Till the relentless Rocks do know the anguish of my Love.
'Tis she my Fever can allay, no cure but her kind aid
My feverish-passion will obey, *since Phillis does invade.* 56

And if she'll ever cruel prove, I'll calmly court my Grave,
For nothing but her happy Love from Death has power to save;
But if I die, I'll bless her name, while Life's last murmur's stay'd,
And still be tender of her fame, *that does my life invade.* 64

There were other and more dangerous invaders of his life, in Monmouth's case, than a fair lady's fame, which he had done so much to blight. We give him all the credit that is due, for loving the Lady Henrietta Wentworth with more constancy than he had shown for others. If many years had been spared to them, it is not improbable that she might have found him fickle and false to her, even before her beauty wholly waned; and we know that she had resorted to poisonous cosmetics, during the few months before death reunited the lovers. As our motto on the next page we give complete one of Dryden's best lyrics, which tells how "Love has found out a way to live—by dying!"



Monmouth between Love and Ambition.

“ No, no, poor suffering Heart, no change endeavour;
 Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her:
 My ravish'd eyes behold such Charms about her,
 I can dye with her, but not live without her.
 One tender sigh, of her, to see me languish,
 Will more than pay the price of my past Anguish.
 Beware, Oh cruel Fair! how you smile on me:
 'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me.

“ Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
 And she will end my Pain who did begin it:
 Then no day void of Bliss and Pleasures leaving,
 Ages shall slide away without perceiving.
Cupid shall guard the Door, the more to please us,
 And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us;
 Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
 ‘ Love has found out a way to Live by Dying!’ ”

—Dryden's *Cleomenes*. 1692. Music by H. Purcell.

IT has been declared, without proof being adduced, that the Lady Henrietta urged Monmouth to the perilous adventure which might win a crown, and that feminine ambition was the motive. We refuse to believe this, although we are the last to forget that in every intrigue and mischief a woman is the chief power of evil. As Juvenal rightly puts it (*Satyr* vi. 242),

Nulla fere causa est, in quâ non fœmina litem
 Moverit.

Monmouth's former attempts at self-aggrandizement were made before his intimacy with Lady Henrietta had become criminal. His own wife had been wrongfully accused of being the earlier instigator of his ambition. But his own vanity, with remembrance of the adulation formerly bestowed on him during his first Western Progress (see Vol. IV. p. 623), and his civic receptions whilst Whigs were Sheriffs and Mayors in London, would be sufficient inducement to make a fresh bid for popularity. There was an evident necessity for some movement; his departure from Holland being expected, in order to satisfy James II., who was already vexed and jealous at the public encouragement of Monmouth so near his shores. What was to be the choice? Why not risk the cast of the die by an expedition to England, instead of trying a military adventurer's life in Sweden or Austria?

During the previous twelvemonth, until a few weeks ago, there had been times when flattering tongues assured him of the likelihood that Charles the Second might be swayed by the affection which he credulously hoped was paternal, and yield so far as to give his preference to Monmouth and displace York. These had now been proved to have been fallacious hopes. The folly, the rashness, and the besetting sin of ingratitude in Monmouth would have frustrated the

best-laid plans for his advancement, even if these hopes had been more reasonable. We are convinced that Charles never once intended to wrong his brother James, but only to humble him, and abate the tyranny of being under his dictation, by removing him again from Court on the intended recall of Monmouth. This recall was certainly planned, but frustrated.

What was now to be the choice of the disappointed and "Prodigal Son," who was *not* the heir? Was he, unwillingly, to risk the chances of the die by accepting Argyle's invitation to make a descent on England, and strike in for an overthrow of James the newly-crowned King? Or was there not open to him, at the advice of William and Mary, the possible glory of a military life, in Sweden or Austria at once, and hereafter against France.

If he had the sense to understand it, this was the one chance remaining for him: after his frequent blunders, his disobedience and contumaciousness; his unauthorized return from Scotland, and "Progresses" to stir up disaffection; his connivance with the rebellious schemes of the Abchurch-Lane and Rye-House Plot assassins; his association with those paltry intriguers, Russell, Trenchard, and Hampden, who sought to bring back insurrectionary Civil-War. All along it had been the Dissenters who wrought the evil. It would be the Dissenters, not the Churchmen, who would welcome him back to them if he attempted a Rebellion in the West.

Monmouth was no wily intriguer, of indomitable courage and inexhaustible resources. Between him and his late ally, Shaftesbury, there had been few sentiments in common. The Earl was immeasurably his superior in every intellectual quality, and, despite his apparent versatility, held faith in a few repeated artifices; following his intrigues firmly, as any devotee or martyr could have done in their higher consecration. The weakness of Monmouth was absolute. It made him faithless to every cause which he professed to reverence. His vacillations and inconsistencies, his inability to uphold any principle except self-interest; his sensual indulgences, and his willingness to associate with depraved companions, because they flattered him and left him unrestrained by moral influences, would have destroyed every qualification of success as a leader.

Without desiring to enforce too rigid a code of morality on those who by their high station are exposed to more than ordinary temptations, it cannot be forgotten that the loose principles of sensual libertinism speedily corrupt the heart and destroy the sense of honour. Robert Burns knew this, theoretically and practically; he thus, in 1786, sorrowfully declared of such indulgence, "But, oh! it hardens a' within, and petrifies the feeling!" The libertine's creed in regard to women was stated before Monmouth's birth, but he seems to have learnt it well. One version is this, of 1650:—

A Mistress.

HER for a Mistress fain I would enjoy,
 That hangs the lip, and pouts for every Toy;
 Speaks like a Wag, is bold, dares stoutly stand,
 And bids Love's welcome with a wanton hand;
 Who, when we wrestle, for one blow gives three.
 And, being thrown, falls straight to kissing me;
 For if she lacks the tricks of *Cressid*, why—
 Wer't *Dian's* self—I could not love her, I.
 If she be modest, wise, and chaste of life,
 Hang her, she's good for nothing but a Wife!

Apparently Monmouth thought so, and although, not considering it necessary to be altogether constant to his Eleanor Needham, to his Henrietta Wentworth, or to their predecessors, he treated them with more affection than he bestowed on the Lady Anne Scott, his Duchess, from whom he had won wealth and name and position. He agreed with the writer of a catch, to which Snow composed music (see Playford's *Banquet of Musick*, i. 23, 1687):—

Resignation: A Catch.

YE Gods, you gave to me a Wife,
 Out of your wonted favour,
 To be the comfort of my life;
 And I was glad to have her.
 But if your Providence divine for something else design her,
 T' obey your will, at any time, *I'm ready to resign her!*

We confess that, as our *Roxburghe Ballads* prove, it had long been the fashion to rail against wearisome scolding wives, but so had it been regarding cruel mistresses.

One anonymous writer in 1665, or earlier, had written thus, without mentioning whether the subject of his rodomontade was widow, matron, or spinster, though probably not a maiden:—

On the Foul and False.

Wish not to know this Woman: She is worse
 Than all the ingredients made into a Curse.
 Were she but ugly, peevish, proud[er's a score],
 Perjur'd and painted—so she were no more,
 I could forgive her, and connive at this,
 Alladging, "Still she but a Woman is!"
 But she is worse, and may in time fore-stall
 The Devil, and be the 'damning of us all.

This attack was not left long without answer from our side. Let it not be thought, as the wretched revilers of Cavaliers often declare against them, that they could not rise to a higher estimate of women, for here is one of Matthew Stevenson's poems, dated 1665:—

On the Fair and Faithfull.

YE wish to know her, for she sweeter is
 Than *Indian* spices or *Elysian* blisse.
 Were she but comely, courteous, and tall,
 Constant and chaste as Doves—if that were all,
 I could not love her, though injoy'd by Fate!
 Nature does this in others imitate.
 But She's a Virtue, may from Vice recall
 The World, and be the saving of us all.

A man who is false in his relations to women is scarcely ever to be depended on in his associations with men. If temptation or danger besets him, he generally fails. The conduct of Monmouth was not only despicable and villainous in regard to his neglected and impoverished wife, but also in those closer ties (as *he* considered them to be,) by which he was attached temporarily to his successive Mistresses. Not to mention others preceding her, there had been found no safeguard against his fickleness either in the beauty and the constancy of Eleanor Needham, or in her having borne four children to him (see p. 388), whenever his fancy veered more strongly to the Lady Henrietta Wentworth. We have shown that for awhile he had given his heart to both, in a "Twin Flame;" as he had earlier done with others, always to more than one at any time. He never took the trouble to conceal his amours from the world, or his unfaithfulness from the women whom he had seduced. Himself the child of illicit affections, he retained to his latest breath a hardened conscience regarding offences against chastity.

It is possible that there may be still lurking in some old family mansion, unrecorded by Royal Historical Commissions, a bundle of faded letters, written in a delicate female hand, with graceful playfulness, but an underlying suggestion of melancholy, that tell the story of Lady Wentworth's life during the few months that came between the death of Charles the Second and the ill-omened departure of her lover for Lyme, on the 24th of May. Three anxious months! More than any one, she would know the conflicting thoughts of Monmouth, his irresolution, his foolish hopes, his paroxysms of despondency. The Princess Mary had discoursed with him about Hungary and the glory of a soldier's life, fighting against the Turkish enemies of Christendom; or aiding Sweden in the coalition against the dreaded power of the French king. She would be flattered by his gallant attentions, which were accepted as from an acknowledged first cousin, to one whose own husband neglected all those endearing attentions which a handsome woman considers to be her due. Only when Monmouth had incautiously dropt some word which betrayed his retention of a hope that the succession to the English Crown might yet be open to him, would she with vehemence rebuke the presumption,

not alone for its folly, but because it threatened interference with her own claims. To her he did not dare tell much.

Still less to William could Monmouth unveil himself. The herd of vagabond conspirators, who lurked in Holland, were ready enough to hearken, still readier to prompt, such ambitious thoughts of his. But with these exiles there must have been always matters of practical detail, and immediate need, rising into supremacy; not mere sentiment. They were perpetually harping on pecuniary wants. Money was needed for their own support, for purchase of stores, ammunition, vessels to carry across sea the raisers of sedition; for rallying of purchased mobs, inflamed by such seditious pamphlets and intemperate harangues as Robert Ferguson knew how to manufacture easily, unrestrained by prudence, loyalty, or truth: and equally well knew how to charge for, from the common fund. Interwoven with these hirelings there was a nobler band, it is true, of genuine patriots, less selfish or time-serving: gentlemen of birth and breeding, of stainless honour, nearly all of whom were Scotchmen. Such were James Fletcher of Saltoun and Sir Patrick Hume. But even these were domineered over by the half-crazed Archibald, Earl of Argyle; whose personal injuries in the past, and personal ambition in the future, made him the most dangerous ingredient in the mixture of explosives.

Thus it happened that to no single friend could Monmouth make confession of all his hopes and fears, except to her who had for his sake already sacrificed her maidenly honour, and borne him offspring that would always wear the stain of illegitimacy like their father. If we can fancy her revealing her thoughts in letter to any one, we are rebuked by the remembrance of the dangerous nature of the secrets she held in confidence; and also, that, by her choice of sharing a dishonoured couch, she had alienated herself from every one of her best friends in England. Her mother had long ago striven to remove her from peril and pollution; the attempt had been made too late, after her heart had already taken side with her lover. In headstrong passion she had yielded herself to his arms. No excuse of ignorance could be advanced for her, she knew. She had dwelt at the Court where his evil renown was common talk. She had shared with him in the Revels there, innocently for awhile. His wife was known to herself and to her friends; was held in honour, above the slanders of the dissolute Satirists who spared no woman's name. When a girl like the Lady Henrietta Wentworth yielded herself to become the acknowledged Mistress of such a libertine as Monmouth was avowed to be, we may admit the plea of irresistible infatuation as an excuse for her misconduct, but it is impossible to consider her as a victim of seduction who has been duped innocently or unwillingly. We only yield sympathy for the strength of her affection, which overpowered her principles of honour.

We have scanty evidence by which we can learn how far she encouraged the project of Monmouth devoting himself afresh to a military life, and becoming a Volunteer in Hungary or Sweden. She is reported to have done this, but gossip is untrustworthy. We suppose that she at first had favoured it, and then may have used her influence against it, fearing to be separated from him and thereafter in absence forgotten. She was of too high a spirit to dread danger for him or for herself. Indeed, ere long she gave her aid to him in an expedition far more perilous, one fated to prove his ruin. She knew his every desire and design. She doubtless shared his ambition. Later, she sacrificed her jewels to help him make the descent on the Western Coast, by the purchase of arms (which in the event were wasted, and went astray). Could she have foreseen clearly the future bigotry and folly of King James the Second, she might have welcomed with avidity the plan of devoting Monmouth's best efforts to secure military glory in renewed contests against the Turk. Had he thus far succeeded, and won the confidence of English sympathizers in some "Christians' New Victory" (like that described on our p. 380), no one can say that it would not have been probably followed, say in 1689, by the fugitive Romanist being none the less displaced and without warfare; his successor, chosen by the nation, then found to be not William of Orange, but instead, a renowned warrior from the heart of Europe, "King Monmouth!"—

But of all sad words, of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

In private life it is folly to "greet ower skailed milk," or afflict the mind with tardy regrets for *unrealised possibilities!* Truly, "that way madness lies." But we all know that changes would have inevitably occurred, had some one little step been taken differently; some choice been otherwise than what idle whim or blind hazard dictated. Under no possible circumstances could Monmouth have grown into a wise and heroic or useful King; therefore the fault of his rebellious abettors was unpardonable. But the course of English History would have been materially altered if he had bravely decided to carry out his first intentions, and relinquish for a time all hope of England's crown: devoting himself meanwhile to honourable and unselfish enterprize, winning a warrior's fame. The Golden Prize was within reach, although he failed to win it.

And nobody calls him a dunce,
And people suppos'd her clever!
This could but have happen'd once—
And they missed it, lost it for ever.

[Pepys Collection, V. 404.]

State and Ambition.

A New Song, at the Duke's Theatre, to Sylvia.

Set to a New Play-house Tune.



State and Ambition, alas! will deceive ye,
 There's no solid Joy but the Blessing of Love;
 Scorn does of Pleasure, fair *Sylvia*, bereave ye,

Your Fame is not perfect till *that* you remove:
 Monarchs, that sway the vast Globe in their glory,

Know Love is their brightest Jewel of Power,
 Poor *Philemon's* Heart was ordain'd to adore ye,

Ah! then disdain his Passion no more.

[al. lect.,
Strephon's.

8

Jove on his Throne was the victim of Beauty,
 His thunder laid by, he from Heaven came down,
 Shap'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid Duty,
 And priz'd her far more than his Heav'nly Crown :
 She too was pleas'd with her beautiful Lover,
 And stroak'd his white Plumes, and feasted her Eye ;
 His cunning in Loving knew well how to move her, [=And he too
 By Billing begins the business of Joy. 16

Since Divine Powers example have given,
 If we should not follow their precepts, we sin :
 Sure 'twill appear an Affront to their Heaven,
 If when the Gate opens, we enter not in.
 Beauty, my Dearest, was from the beginning
 Created to calm our amourous rage ; [al. lect., Ordain'd.
 And she that against that decree will be sinning,
 In Youth still will find the curse of Old Age. 24

[Written by Tom D'Urfey, a three-verse Song. Another reading is "In Spring she . . the Winter of Age." The following verses were added next year.]

Think on the pleasure while Love's in its Glory !
 Let not your scorn Love's great Altar disgrace ;
 The time may come soon when no Swain will adore ye,
 Or smoothe the last wrinkle Age lays on your Face.
 Then haste to enjoyment whilst Love is fresh blooming,
 And in the height and vigour of Day,
 Each minute we lose, our pleasure's consuming,
 And seven years to come will not One, past, repay. 32

Think, my dear *Sylvia*, the Heavenly blessing
 Of Loving in Youth is the Crown of our days ;
 Short are the hours when Love is possessing,
 But tedious the moments when crost with delays.
 Love's the soft Anvil where, Natures agréeing,
 All mankind are form'd, and by it they move ;
 'Tis thence my dear *Sylvia* and I have our being :
 The *Cæsar* and *Swain* spring from almighty Love. 40

I see, my dear *Sylvia* at last has consented,
 That blush in your cheek does plainly appear,
 And nought but delay shall be ever repented,
 So faithful I'll prove, and so true to my Dear.
 Then *Hymen* prepare, and light up all thy Torches,
 Perfume thy head Altar, and strew all the way ;
 By little degrees Love makes his approaches,
 But revels at night for the loss of the day. 48

Printed for Philip Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Pye-Corner.

[White-letter, with three lines of Music. No woodcut. Date, 1684.]

** Before 1703, a Medley was published, naming the popular songs (Pepys Collection, V. 411), beginning similarly. "State and Ambition, Joy to great *Cæsar* !" The music of D'Urfey's original song was given in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. 34 ; also previously in his folio Collection of *Several New Songs*, 1684. We have already, on p. 549, given a Coronation Song, to the same tune.



The Country Innocence.

“Happy he who wisely chose to taste of Love without his woes,
Happy she whose charms improve the soft delights of harmless Love.
Change may raise a wanton Fire, but Truth can best improve desire,
And kindles never to expire.”

—Motteux's *Island Princess*, Set by Dan. Purcell, 1699.

THAT the Duke of Monmouth felt a longing for the seclusion of Toddington Park, during his exile in Holland, is beyond a doubt, and probably the beginning of his desire for country innocence, in exchange for a life of courtly intrigue or the warfare of personal ambition, may be safely dated on those earlier hours when he lingered with Lady Henrietta Wentworth under her ancestral trees in Bedfordshire. He had himself copied into his note-book, if he did not actually compose the lines (see our p. 394) beginning “O how blest and how innocent, and happy is a Country Life!” Was it a reminiscence of this 1683 Roxburgh Ballad?

As regarding the rumours current in England, that Monmouth intended to take military service in Sweden, under King Charles XI., the following extract is valuable. It is from a letter sent to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, by John Robinson, the English envoy to Sweden; dated Stockholm, March $\frac{2}{15}$, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$):—

I will only presume to add what, this afternoon, I was told by Count *Oxenstern*, the Premier Ministre, that the last post brought letters from Monsieur *Lyonbergh* of a report in *England* that the Duke of *Monmouth* was retired into this country, and taken into this King's protection: which Count *Oxenstern* assured me his Majesty of *Sweden* is extremely troubled at, as being altogether groundless, and a report raised by some that had no good intentions for this Court: That his Majesty valued the amity and esteem of the King of *England* too high to give refuge or encouragement to any persons that his Majesty was not satisfied with, which his Excellence bid me write from him.—*Clarendon Corresp.*, 1828, i. 180.



[This cut belongs to next page.]

[Roxburghe Collection (Bright's), IV. 39; Pepys, IV. 349.]

The Country Innocence ; Or, The Shepherd's Enjoyment.

A NEW PASTORAL AT THE THEATRE. TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

[How blest are they who, free from care and strife, In humble cottages do lead their life !
They there possess those joys, for which mankind Of higher rank labour in vain to find.
They live more happy, at Content and Ease, Than Princes in their Stately Palaces.
They feel not the tempestuous storms of Fate, Live all in peace, are strangers to debate.]



Happy is the Country Life,
blest with Content, and Health and Ease,
Free from Faction, Noise and strife,
we only Plot our selves to please:
Peace in mind, the day's Delight,
And Love's our welcome Dream at night.

6

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
hail Springs and Streams that still run pure,
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
where Virtue only is secure:
Free from Vice and free from Care,
In age no pain, in Youth no snare.

[Orig. "no Youth nor s."]

Hail to the peaceful Shepherd's Life,
hail to each happy Rural Swain,
That lives secure with his old Wife,
below Contempt, above Disdain:
No storms of Fortune e're can break
Those Marriage Vows their Loves did make.

18

In cooler Shades, i' th' heat o' th' day,
 we set our harmless Flocks to rove ;
 Beneath, we see our Lamkins play,
 and treat our selves with vertuous Love :
 I Pipe, she Sings, our Flocks they bleat,
 Whilst grateful Echoes all repeat. 24

When o're the flowery Meades we walk,
 to some refreshing purling Spring,
 So innocent is all our talk,
 the Birds who admire us leave to sing : [leave=cease.
 From bush to bush, and bough to bough,
 They follow us where e're we go. 30

Sometimes within the Silver Brook
 we play the subtile Anglers there,
 And with a season-baited Hook
 the Water-Citizens insnare :
 Sometimes our Dogs, in wanton play,
 Make little Leverets their prey. [" Laverits."

All night we fold our Milky Herd,
 and, e're the Sun has left the Sphear,
 A wholesome Supper is prepar'd
 of cleanly honest Country fare :
 And then to Bed, and arm in arm,
 We sleep secure from envie's harm. 42

[Black-letter. Date, at theatre, 1683. No printer's name on B. H. Bright's copy: but Pepys Collection, IV. 349, was "Printed for *John Wright, John Clarke, William Thackeray, and Thomas Passinger.*" Title, "The Country Man's Delight; Or, The Happy Joyes of a Country Life:" with the motto verse of our p. 564, which we bracket, in small type; also, an alternative tune marked, as '*Smiling Phillis.*' This was Thomas Farmer's music, "*Smiling Phillis has an air.*" See *Choice Ayres*, ii. 38, 1679; *Pills*, iv. 281.]

*** Special music to this ditty was composed by James Hart, and given in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1683, iv. 36. Also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1700, 1709, 1712, and 1719 editions, iv. 288. But these only give the original Play-house song of two verses, our first twelve lines. The song was lengthened out for the broadside ballad, but more successfully than usual. We have had frequent examples of the practice, and it is incidentally denounced by shuffling Tom Brown, in his *First "Dialogue,"* between Crites, Eugenius, and Mr. Bayes (mockery of Dryden), who is the speaker of the following:—"You cannot imagine what a mortification it is for a Noble Author, who has, at the great expense of his Fancy, writ something which is vigorous and fine, to have his Song tagg'd with half a dozen gouty stanzas, by a *Grub-Street-Hand*, then advanced into a Balad; and, last of all, *plaister'd up in a Country Ale-House*, to confront the Five Senses and the Four Seasons of the Year." Sir George Mackenzie's Praise of a Country Life begins, "O happy Country Life! pure as its air!"



The Court of James the Second.

“ *Julian*, with care peruse the Lines I send,
Which when you’ve done you’ll find I am your Friend.
I write not for applause, or, if I doe,
Who’d value the applause that comes from you?—
Or from thy Patrons, who, of late I see,
However they’re distinguish’d in degree,
Forget themselves and grow as dull as thee;
As often drunk, as awkward in their dress,
Fight with thy courage, court with thy success:
And when their fond impertinencies fail,
They straight turn *Satyrist*s, and learn to rail.
With false aspersions, whitest Truths they touch,
And will abuse because they can’t debauch.

No, *Julian*, my design is not to glean
Applauses either from thyself or them;
But meerly to assume a friendly care,
And give thee counsell for th’ ensuing Year.
For if all pow’rfull Dullness keep its station,—
Dullness, chief manufacture of the nation—
Thou certainly must starve the next Vacation.

To prevent which, observe the Rules I give:
We never are too old to learn to live.

First, then, to all thy rayling Scribblers goe,
To *Faulkland*, *Mordant*, *Henningham*, and *How*,
(Whose Libells best their Authors’ worth display)
With twenty more who are as dull as they;
Bid ’em correct their manners and their style,
For both of ’em begin to grow so vile
They are beneath a *Carman*’s scornful smile.”

[See p. 569.

[*Ibid.*

—Trowbesh MSS., *A New Year’s Gift*.

NOWHERE was the change that had taken place in England at the Accession of James II. more distinct than at the Court of Whitehall. Admitting all its faults of immorality, none ever questioned the delightful charm that it had held in the time of Charles the Second. Beauty there had reigned supreme, while wit had been enlivened and spurred on to its most brilliant achievements by the hope of gaining favour from those laughing Nymphs whose praise was distinction, but whose scorn was worse than a lost battle or a singed periwig. All at once a gloom had overspread the scene. It seemed to be the Twilight of the Dwarfs. Ugly women were in the ascendant, so that they were pious and Catholic. Priests were continually flitting from room to room, no longer creeping up back-stairs, but treading boldly and with something of what in laymen would be called a swagger. There was actually a talk of morality, heavenly-mindedness, eternal punishment, and present mortification of the flesh.

With Catharine Sedley, daughter of the witty Sir Charles Sedley, the intimacy of James, while Duke of York, had been

sufficiently notorious; but it was not until after his accession, and when she had been made Countess of Dorchester, that the world affected to be scandalized. It was certainly a public declaration of her dishonour, but her father little needed to vapour on the subject then or afterwards, insomuch that he had scarcely resented the indignity before the death of Charles, and had himself given an example of shameless licentiousness which may have assisted her fall. She was understood to indulge in bitter satire or gayest ridicule against the Catholic priests, their ceremonies and their creed. She was probably vain of her scepticism and profanity, miscalculating the power of the enemies whom she scorned and irritated. She had much of her father's undoubted wit, but also of his recklessness. Obedient to the Queen's suggestion, the priests insisted on James giving a proof of the sincerity and fervour of his religion, by freeing himself from this dangerous intimacy with such a 'shameless heretic.' Catharine was accordingly banished from the Court, to Ireland, but not for long, as her influence enabled her to obtain a recall. She seems to have never hesitated for the sake of prudence from saying whatever her lively fancy prompted, and unluckily her witticisms were chiefly libellous. She obtained as little mercy for her arrogance as she felt inclined to give. Witness these two epigrams on her as "Dorinda," both of which are attributed to Charles Sackville, the Earl of Dorset. The first was written in 1680; the head-line was an after-addition, in 1685:—

On the Countess of Dor[chester], Mistress to King J[ames] II.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay,
 Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
 Can any Dresses find a way
 To stop th' approaches of Decay,
 And mend a ruin'd face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
 And ogle in the Ring;
 Can'st thou forget thy Age and poeks?
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I seen in Larder dark,
 Of Veal a lucid loin,
 Repleat with many a hellish Spark:
 As wise Philosophers remark,
 At once both stink and shine.

The second Epigram, a little later, by the same author, mentions Sir David Colyear (in 1713 made Earl of Portmore), whom she married. Well might the Earl of Dorset, a favourite among his boon-companions, be called "The best good man, with the worst-natured Muse." His satires are often as foul and malicious as those of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who had thus described him.

On the Countess of *Dorch[est]er*.By the E[arl] of *D[orset]*.

Proud with the spoils of Royal Cully,
 With false pretence to Wit and Parts,
 She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
 To try the temper of men's hearts.

Tho' she appears as glitt'ring fine
 As gems, and jests, and paint can make her,
 She ne'er can win a Breast like mine:
 The Devil and Sir *David* take her!

[*Colyear=Collier.*]

It is not certain that she was meant in Tom D'Urfey's "Song on *Dorinda* going in a Barge up the *Thames*," 1683, "Bright was the morning, cool was the air;" or, "When first *Dorinda* your bright eyes Had made my heart your slave." (180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 330.)

Although there was much public demonstration of Religious Reformation at Court, most of the old immorality went on unchecked in private. Vice paid the deference of wearing a pious mask. The gallants who remembered the bevy of Beauties that had graced or disgraced the Court of Charles the Second (tastes differ), were all unwilling to applaud the change which retained the immorality without the loveliness. But, as previously shown, James had a preference for ugly mistresses, except in the case of Eleanor Needham. They were not *always* imposed on him by his Confessor as penance, although Charles declared them to be so. A third lampoon by Dorset on Catharine Sedley, *circa* 1680, was entitled

On a Lady who fancy'd her self a Beauty.

Dorinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,
 United, dart too fierce a light;
 It quickly flashes, quickly dies,
 Charms not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

Love is all gentleness and joy,
 Approaches with a modest grace:
Her Cupid is a Blackguard Boy,
 That thrusts his Link just in your face.

Courtiers had stated their tenets broadly in 1684 (as in *Wit and Mirth*, p. 142), although they were bound over to keep the peace with a few of the proprietaries a year later. Of the earlier date is this,

A Catch.

COMPOSED BY HENRY PURCELL.

ONce in our lives let us drink to our Wives,
 Though their number be but small;
 Heaven take the best, and the Devil take the rest,
 And so we shall get rid of them all:
 To this hearty wish let each man take his dish,
 And drink, drink, till he fall!

Not that objections were held valid to a wife *per se*, so long as she was accounted the property of another person. She was supposed to reserve her ill-temper, along with the Bull's-Feather, for her own unfortunate sharer of the matrimonial hand-cuff.

Before this date had appeared the satirical verses upon the Duchess of Portsmouth, her intended departure for Paris, her gambling extravagance, debts, and reputed despatch of raised pies containing guineas; Nell Gwynne beginning, "I prithee, dear Portsmouth, now tell me thy mind." (These verses we have already reprinted, some in *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 596 to 608, and others in *Roxburghe Ballads*, Vol. IV. pp. 276 to 286. Compare p. 350 of present volume, concerning their later-ascertained dates: "Brave Gallants, now listen," was entered in Stationers' Registers on the 15th January, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$; but "I prithee, *Portsmouth*," was of date March, 1682, as was also, "It grieves my heart." *They had all been issued previous to the death of Charles the Second.*)

We could add many a lively lampoon, and far more numerous dull and malicious satires on the wives and widows of the time, who were unmercifully abused, whether they affected to be willingly inclining towards Romanism, or like "Dorinda" held themselves opposed to a change of creed. But it would lead us too long apart from the main current of history, as connected with Monmouth, and we therefore refrain. The small wits were busy, nevertheless, among them being Anthony Carey, fifth Viscount Falkland, grandson of the noble Cavalier Lucius; Charles, second Viscount Mordaunt (not Peterborough, of "The Converts"), see p. 129; Harry Henningham, theme of many jests and squibs; as was also Jack Howe. They are mentioned in one of the manuscript addresses to Robert Julian which forms our motto on p. 566. (We cannot fully track the allusion to some "Carman" versifier; but compare the *Bagford Ballads*, Second Division, p. ix, "Carmen turn poets now," etc.) Several of them were named in verses given on our p. 213. Charles Mordaunt and Falkland are mentioned in "The Lovers' Session" (a *State-Poem* issued after June, 1685):—

When *Mord*[*aunt*] heard this, he leapt up from the throng,
And in whimsical Raving, full three hours long,
With gross want of Judgement, for *Bedlam* more fit,
He daily mistakes for abounding in Wit,

64

He excus'd his intruding and breaking of rules;
Protesting he did not know they were Fools,
But took ev'ry Member there by his mien
For as hopeful a Wit as his Pupil *Gwyn*.

[*Francis Gwyn*, see p. 77.]

This said, he would fain have slipt out of the Crowd,
But *Venus* recall'd him, and told him aloud,
None there to the Place had a better pretence,
For just talking, not much, was the mark of good Sense:

72

That his rambling vein, for holding out well,
The ablest Fanatick's 'Light' did excel:
Tho' no man could for Wit or Reason approve,
It might pass with young Women for passion or love. . . . 76

While *Mord[ant]*'s perfections she thus did display,
She perceiv'd little *Falkland* sneaking away,
And vow'd she admir'd how that frivolous Chit
Ever came to pass on the Town for a Wit. 88

His Grandfather, honour'd by all, 'tis confest,
Was with wisdom and riches like *Solomon* blest;
But he left him nothing, and 'twas his hard fate
To inherit no more of his Parts than Estate. 92

A mimic he is, tho' a bad one at best,
Still plagu'd with an impotent itch to a jest;
In appurtenant action he spares no expense,
He has all the Ingredients of Wit but the Sense. 96

His face oft of laugh and humour is full,
When his Talk is impertinent, empty and dull:
But if so low buffooning can merit our praise,
Frank Newport and *Jevon* and *Haines* must have Bayes. [Cf. p. 214.]

Or if *French* Memoirs, read from *Broad-street* to *Bow*,
Can make a Man wise, then *Falkland* is so;
And for full confirmation of all she did say,
She produc'd his d— Prologue to *Otway's* last play. 104

Which (cf. p. 625) may refer to Thomas Otway's Comedy, "The Atheist." 1684.
One of the three stanzas on Harry Henningham has been quoted on p. 213.

Harry Henningham thought himself sure of a grant,
But "O foolish!" cries out Villain *Frank*, "he's a cant! [F. Villiers.
His Mistress ne'er knows, so odd 'tis exprest,
Whether he means to make Love or a jest. 156

"For he puts on so many several faces,
Is so full of his frank familiar grimaces,
They cannot but think he's acting a Part,
And his passionate Speech has gotten by heart. 160

"Besides, Lady *Bellamount* had let the Court know
That his person was good for just nothing but Show;
[She said] that his slim *Barbary* back was too long,
His stomach too weak, and his hectic too strong." 164

For a short time Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, held favour at Court, and wielded influence, although his ungovernable temper made him many enemies. He declined to obey in matters of religion the dictation of the Sovereign, whose union with a former wife, "Nan Hyde," had made them brothers-in-law. This ultimately broke the bond between them. We believe it to have been a few months earlier, about August, 1684, that the satirical ballad called "Lamentable Lory" was circulated to his discredit, alluding to Trant and Kingdon's Revenue-fraud: *we know not of any printed copy accessible*, and only a few lines of it have been quoted by Lord Macaulay in chapter iv. of his *History of England* (vol. i. 472, 1849).

A Ballad called Lamentable Lory.

1684.

(Hitherto Unprinted: from the Trowbesh Manuscripts.)

[To THE TUNE OF, Ben Jonson's *Cut-purse*, or *Packington's Pound*.
(See pp. 457, 573.)]

THE Youth was belov'd in the Spring of his life,
Before his head turn'd with Place, Title, and Wife;
He was courteous, and gentle, and welcome to all,
That his bones were not broken with his Father's fall.¹

His pride he conceal'd, His rage not reveal'd,
And seem'd of th' Original Sin to be heal'd:
Oh, *Lory!* what curse was upon thy small wit,
To make thee set up for a Politique Chit?²

9

The boy would choose ribbons, and suits of King's cloathes,
Make legs and speak fair, for he *then* swore no oaths;
A neat shape he had, and a delicate mien,
A smile that disguis'd his disease of the Spleen:

As pritty a thing, As was 'bout the King,
And of this gay Stripling the whole Court did ring.
Oh, *Lory!* what askt thee to leave the back-stairs,
And perplex thy poor head with a bundle of cares?

18

The first thing by which the poor Youngster was lost,
With a sleeveless errant the rough seas he crost;³
To *Poland* full freight, with a speech he was sent,⁴
Made for him before, got by heart as he went.

[1676

The words he did utter, With such a soft mutter,
By-standers their joaks in the boy's face did sputter.
The poor Child away to his lodgings made haste,
And cry'd all the night from being shame-fac'd.

27

When the bauble enough in the Court had been show'd,
A character from hence was on him bestow'd,
To *Nimeguen* they send this impertinent wight,⁵
With *Jenkins* he signed his name, only to write.⁶

Men could not divine, Why the King should incline
To choose such a Whiffler the Treaty to sign:
Oh *Lory!* thou madest th' Ambassadors stare,
At thy head without ballast, and thy chin without hair.

36

From hence made a Statesman, to his niece he made haste,
Where the Prince with his Bride he did often distaste;⁷
He was 'shamed of th' Upstart, and to have in his eye
So pittifull a kinsman would make men say "Fye!"

This got him recall'd, Then he foam'd and he bawl'd,
 But away comes our *Perkin* sufficiently gall'd. [i.e. impostor.
 Oh *Lory*! why wo'dst thou thy self thus depose,
 To be laugh'd at, contemn'd, and scorn'd of thy foes? 45

Poor *Lory* was born to y^e troubles of life,
 He lov'd ease, but torment he found in his wife; ["in" MS.
 This slippery Gossip was ever so pert, [with
 It show'd she'd a mind herself to divert.

She lov'd the young fellows, That gave him the yellows,
 The Wags o' th' Town fail'd not to blow the Bellows.
 Oh *Lory*! thou'dst better ha' been cast away,
 Than e're fix thy anchor in *Burlington Bay*.^s 54

The youth was dejected, weigh'd down with his horns,
 He blushes and frets, tho' to own 'em he scorns;
 His d^{rs}. upon this forbids him to think,
 And to the willing prescribes he should drink.

This kept up his heart, And abated the smart,
 While his red bristled huswife still acted her part :
 Oh *Lory*! thy spirits thou dost well to cheer,
 Th' art a dead man if e're thou go back to small beer. 63

Thus his anguish he bears, for by the time he reels,
 Brimfull of the Bottle, no trouble he feels;
 Now and then a small groan, but then a full glass,
 Like a flash of lightning, makes the vapour to pass.

Thus his time was all spent, To pritty good content,
 Till by ill luck the King call'd a Parliament.
 Oh *Lory*! thou'dst neither a heart nor a pate,
 To endure without shrieking this touchstone of State. 72

The youth bore it out, with some small show of wit,
 Till the sense of the Nation found he was but a *Chit*;²
 A Lyon in council, but when in the House,
 H' 'ad nothing to say, but as meek as a mouse.

He could not abide, To stem a strong tyde,
 Instead of then speaking, the poor thing cry'd!
 Oh *Lory*! why could'st thou not tye up thy fears,
 For a while, but must let 'em dissolve into tears? 81

He found it uneasy to sit any more,
 In a place where jests were thrown at 's head till h' was sore,
 All his power he makes use of, the Commons to blast,
 Tells the King in his ear, " All's undone if they last."

So the Dogs are all rous'd, The Members unhous'd,
 For joy all that night he quaff'd and carous'd: [1681.
 Oh *Lory*! it reviv'd thy languishing Soul,
 To triumph o're *Treby* in a merry full bowl. [Sir George Treby.

Thus *Lory* from an humble and penitent swain
Turns his tears into Oaths, and grows valiant again ;
With a mighty hand and stretched-out arm,
He threatens and thunders, but dares do no harm.

To those that ask boons, He swears by God zoons,
And chides all men as if they came to steal spoons.
Oh *Lory* ! why wou'dst thou thy folly betray,
And not give good words, when nought else thou couldst pay ?

But tho' all mankind was by him thus abus'd, 100
He himself by his Lordship was much better us'd.
It was strictly observed, he never did rant
At *Guy, Duncomb, Brydges, Sir Bradshaw, nor Trant.*?

They all cry'd *ad Amuss, To the Chimney Surpluss,*
When you look'd for the Robber, *non est inventus* !
Oh *Lory* ! tho' like a madman thou dost rave,
Thou had'st now and then sense enough to play the Knave.

The cheat was too fulsom not to be decry'd, 109
He blush'd at his ba[seness] which nothing could hide.
E're since like a Jade with a wasp [or whip-thr]um,
He kicks and he flings at all mortals that come.

Like a wild beast in toyles, He tumbles and moyles,
And by appearing so angry his business he spoiles :
Oh *Lory* ! had'st thou done this in th' life of thy Dad, man,
He'd have said, " Be a knave, Son, but be not a madman ! "

So unquiet in 's harness, that his Majesty found 118
He'd sure break his traces and throw all to ground ;
When he saw him past cure, he cou'd not but choose
But take him from work, and pull off his shoes ;

Then turn him to grass, Like a young skittish ass,
With a bell about 's neck, all his life there to pass.
Oh *Lory* ! thy friends may for ever lament
That of all peevish fools thou art " Lord President." 126

The King, who is gracious to great and to small, [=Charles.
Was resolv'd in his goodness to soften his fall ;
So by cunning contrivance a fine way is found,
To an undying stroak to give a good sound.

For if you believe, 'Tis from cares to relieve,
To sit at his ease as the great *Council* Chief :
But, when all's done, he'd better been starv'd at Nurse,
Than *thus* to be hang'd for *cutting a Purse*. [*N.B.* appropriate tune.

[Date, probably the end of August, 1684, immediately after "Lory Hyde" had been "kicked up stairs" from being first Commissioner of the Treasury to become Lord President of Council. But he was again made Treasurer, by James, in Feb. 1685; Halifax got the Presidentship, which he had formerly ridiculed.]

¹ Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, whose elder son Henry succeeded him in the title; Laurence or "Lory" Hyde being the second son. At his father's impeachment and fall in 1667, Laurence defended him "with so much skill and with such modesty and resolution as to give a very advantageous opinion of his talent for public business. The reverse in his father's fortunes seems to have had no ill effect upon those of *Laurence Hyde*; he was now in high favour at Court, and in habits of friendship with most of the distinguished courtiers." (Samuel Weller Singer's Preface to the *Clarendon Correspondence*, I. p. xiv.)

² This contumelious nickname (applied to Lory, Sunderland, and Sidney Godolphin) has been noticed in Vol. IV. pp. 83, 170, 204.

³ The "sleeveless errant" probably alludes to Hyde, after quitting Sobieski, having gone on his way to Vienna, to condole with the Emperor Leopold, who had recently lost his wife. But the tears were dried and the Emperor had already found consolation in a fresh wife: so 'Lory' left the task unattempted and retired privately to Holland, where his next mission appointed him one of the mediators on the Nimeguen treaty of peace, opened in 1675. See Note 5.

⁴ The first entrance of Laurence on public life had been in 1661, when he was chosen as one of the members to represent Oxford University. "In October of that year he accompanied Lord *Crofts* and Sir *Charles Berkeley* on their mission to congratulate the King of *France* on the birth of the Dauphin. On his return he was appointed Master of the Robes to Charles II." In 1676 Laurence Hyde "was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to *John Sobieski*, King of *Poland*." Dr. Robert South accompanied him. The *Diary* then kept by Hyde is nearly all preserved, and was printed in 1828, and published by Henry Colburn.

⁵ Treaty of Nimeguen, signed in 1678, between France and United Province.

⁶ Sir Leoline Jenkins, so often mentioned in these pages in connection with his office as Secretary of State. Lord Fountainhall writes of him as "a most loyal man." He probably died soon after Monmouth, in July, 1685. On the 31st March, 1684, his letter was received by Bulstrode, telling that he had resigned the Secretaryship, and that Sidney Godolphin had taken his place. It was wrongly said that Jenkins had been superseded, but his own words set this slander at rest:—"My great concern is, that this [resignation] being a pure effect of my most humble Supplication, and even intolerable importunity with his Majesty [*Charles II.*] and the Duke, it may not be imputed to any surprize upon me at Court, much less to my disliking the present measures there. This I say, because I know that the fanatics will put the most malicious constructions they can invent upon an incident at Court."—B.'s *Memoirs and Reflections*, p. 372.

⁷ The mission to the Prince of Orange, for negotiating a Peace, in 1677, arose from a recommendation of Hyde by Sir William Temple. Lory satisfied King Charles, and was in 1679 made a Lord of the Treasury, and when the Earl of Essex resigned became First Lord. Afterwards sworn of the Privy Council.

⁸ "Burlington Bay" refers to Laurence Hyde's wife Henrietta, being the fifth daughter of Richard Earl of Burlington. Laurence became Baron of Wootton-Basset and Viscount Hyde of Kenilworth in 1681; and in 1683 was raised to the title of Earl of Rochester. His wife, singularly fair and stately in her delicate beauty, was painted by Lely. That her husband was jealous is true enough, he being of almost ungovernable temper. An extant MS. ballad begins by declaring, against a wife, that she is "The Clog of all pleasures, the Luggage of Life." 'The yellows' = Jealousy. A manuscript song (beginning "There's *Sunderland* the *Lory*, *Godolphin* and gentle *Lory*, A triangle of *Chits*," etc.) declares that,

Lory's daughter and wife divide all his life,
And pray they ne're be discompos'd a!

This daughter Anne (Lady Ossory) deserved love; she died young, Jan. 168 $\frac{1}{2}$.

⁹ R. Bridges cut leaves from Chimney-tax book; joined Trant and Kingdou in revenue-frauds, detected Jan. 168 $\frac{1}{2}$. For Henry Guy, and the rest, see *Index*.



Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

“Ich hab’ mein Sach auf Nichts gestellt,
 Suche!
 Drum ist’s so wohl mir in der Welt;
 Suche!
 Und wer will mein Camerade seyn,
 Der stoße mit an, der stimme mit ein,
 Bei dieser Reize Wein.”

—Goethe’s *Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas.*

AN unpleasant interval was being spent by the English and Scottish refugees in Holland. Few among them had any real business there. They were proud, irascible, unaccommodating, but for the most part without money, influence or abilities. More than a few were leading the lives of sharpers and hypocrites, attaching themselves as satellites to such of the richer citizens as were willing to support them for the sake of the flattery they bestowed; and especially open to their inroads were the few wealthy widows who considered themselves particularly pious, but whose wisdom was scarcely of enough weight to fit them successfully for adventures in either world. It suited the humour of the extreme Sectarics to rail at the Romish Priesthood for establishing a tyrannical controul over their votaries, and for selling promises of posthumous bliss to those who bestowed by gifts or bequests their riches on the Church in charitable uses. But the same “True Blue Protestants” were always ready to condone the sins of any wealthy patron, and to account as a saint each male or female sinner who protected, fed, and harboured them. Gilbert Burnet picked up a rich wife in one Amsterdam widow. Argyle found a kind friend in Mrs. Smith. Both men may have chuckled over the easy manner in which their unctuous compliments had trappanned their dupes, when they crept into houses and led captive silly women.

The rebels had been clamourous while at home. Patience Ward, Slingsby Bethel, William Waller and Robert Ferguson had reaped considerable harvest, whilst obtaining a reputation for zeal against Popery. There was urgent need for them to exert themselves at once, and do something to regain their nearly lost credit. Of their former companions, left behind in England, many had already proved to be apostates, converted to Romanism, now that profit was to be made in that way. The despicable Elkanah Settle for mercenary motives thus acted, again to recant. John Dryden conscientiously accepted Catholic doctrine and ritual; owning the importance of Religious faith, which he had hitherto undervalued. Another changeling was the notorious Harry Care, who had been so libellous against the Romanists in his *Weekly Paquet of Advice from Rome.*

He attempted to rise when James of York came to the throne, and died, less than four months before the flight of James.¹

Epitaph on Harry Care.

A True Dissenter here does lie indeed,
 He ne'er with any or himself agreed :
 But rather than want subjects to his spite,
 Would Snake-like turn, and his own Tail would bite.
 Sometimes, 'tis true, he took the safer side,
 But when he came by Suff'ring to be try'd,
 The Craven soon betray'd his Fear and Pride.
 Thence, *Settle*-like, he too recanting fell,
 Of all he wrote, or fancy'd to be well.
 Thus purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd by Evil,
 He fac'd to *Rome*, and march'd off to the Devil.

When the Earl of Shaftesbury died at Amsterdam, two years earlier than Charles the Second, three of the precious fraternity of Sectaries, Brownists for the time being, wrote separate letters to the widowed Countess, which letters are still extant. The originals are at the Record Office, unprinted (*Shaftesbury Papers*, Bundle A. No. 387), respectively from Abraham Kick, Francis Prince, and Thomas Shepherd (probably the wine-merchant, at whose house in Abchurch Lane the Rye-House Plot conspirators sometimes met in 1682).²

¹ Harry Care died on the 8th of August, 1688, but we give at once the epitaph, written by some one of his foes, who had formerly been an intimate friend and had watched his career. One seldom has the privilege of reading (as Harry Brougham did) his own obituary notices, but we suspect that Care had the mortification of seeing these anticipatory monumental lines on himself. Libellers seldom chose to delay their thunderbolts until the actual demise of the victim. Vivisection was more satisfactory than a *post-mortem*. It was well to have in type beforehand some scandalous estimate of public characters, the "men of their time" who were already moribund, and whose recovery would not stop the sale of such wares. Least of all men need this be objected to by this "Harry Lungs:" a title which Care had won by his vehemence and bellowing.

² We suppose Abraham Kick (as he signs himself), *alias* Keck, to be the person called Krick (see Vol. IV. p. 611, Note, where "*Ibid.* i. 167" refers to the *Sydney Correspondence*: not to D'Avaux's *Negotiations*). Of October, 1679, Henry Sydney wrote, describing Monmouth's ingratiating of himself into the society of the disaffected Brownists:—"18th. I went to *Amsterdam*. I had with me at supper Monsieur de *Ruiter*, Vice-Admiral, and Mr. *Krick* [*query Abraham Kick?*]. They told me how the Duke of *Monmouth* was at church in the afternoon; that he courted them mightily, told them how glad he would be to see them because they were good Protestants, upon which they invited him to dinner and afterwards to supper: he lay at one *May's*, a barber, a great enemy of the *King's*. The chief man that invited him was one [*Israel*] *Hays*, a phanatic; *Stiles* and [*Francis*] *Prince*, great merchants, would not be there. *Krick* is a man that sends over much shipping. The Duke of *Monmouth* had eighteen with him, and all came into the Church."—*Sydney Correspondence*, i. 168.

By this time Robert Ferguson was again in full plume, encouraging the formation of all plots, and contriving to snatch a handful out of everybody's sack of corn that came to be ground. He knew the singularly candid motto of his own North-countrymen, the Cranstouns. "Thou'lt want ere I'll want!" but found it convenient to act upon it *sub silentio* without mentioning it beforehand. Correspondence had been entrusted to him, on his having volunteered a declaration that he alone was fairly in the confidence of the disaffected in both countries, when the two schemes of insurrection simultaneously in Scotland and in South-western England were arranged to be mutually dependent. He maintained that the two revolts would paralyze the government. Some believed that the whole Scottish nation would rally to Argyle's standard, whilst all the Protestant zealots of England would desire to drive James of York from the throne in favour of "King Monmouth." Stories were revived of his triumphant progresses in 1680 and 1682. Devonshire and Cheshire were considered to be hand and heart devoted to his cause. The lost opportunities of former years, it was contended, could even now be regained. It was necessary to deceive both leaders by concealing the personal ambition of his rival. There was no love and scarcely any sympathy or trust between them. Each thought the other to be a serviceable tool, if cautiously managed; and the possibilities of success were mistaken for certainties. Even if they had succeeded in their aims, they would have found no happiness or stability. They were moths fluttering round a candle flame. The Scotch Earl would have refused to listen to the song of any stage play, but Monmouth might have remembered the words of James Shirley, the dramatist, which were revived and popularized in what is now a *Roxburghe Ballad*: "The Glories of our Birth and State." With the seven continuation-verses, we give it on our next page.



[This cut belongs to our p. 613.]

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 75.]

The Vanity of Vain Glory.

With good Advice to those who chuse immediate pleasures here,
That they no longer can refuse the thing which cost so dear.

TUNE [ITS OWN], *The Gloryes of our Birth and State.*



THE Gloryes of our birth and state [orig. "our blood."]
are shaddows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against our fate,
Death layes his Icy hands on Kings;
Scepter and Crown must tumble down,
and in the dust be equall laid
With a poor crooked scithe and spade. [misp. "sigh."]

Some men with swords do reap the field [orig. "may."]
and plant fresh Lawrels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at length must yield, ["last."]
they tame but one another still;
Early or late all bend to Fate, ["they stoop."]
and must yield up their murmuring breath,
Whilst they poor Captives bleed to death. ["creep."]

The garland withers on your brow,
 then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 For on Death's purple Altar now [“ Upon.”]
 See how the Victor victored bleeds!
 All heads must come to the cold tomb. [“ v. victim.”]
 Only the Actions of the Just [“ Your.”]
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

[Thus far by **James Shirley**, *circa* 1620.]

ALl things in this poor life are vain,
 then for a change let us prepare,
 We must swim through a sea of pain
 before we reach that Heaven, where
 There's joyes in store for evermore,
 and we shall be for ever blest,
 From toile and labour then to rest. 28

Then never cease to run that race
 which leads to everlasting bliss,
 Amongst the saints to take a place,
 Oh! what encouragement is this!
 Who would refuse that way to choose
 which leads to blest eternity,
 From pains and sorrows to be free?

While in this life, to some so sweet,
 all kinds of wickedness abound,
 And with such crosses we do meet
 as all our comforts do confound;
 There you shall be from passion free,
 and hear no mourning nor complaints,
 But praises sing amongst the Saints. 42

Infinite Joys shall them attend
 who at that Haven to arrive
 Where God himself shall be their friend,
 and nothing ever shall deprive
 Them of that bliss: which they must miss
 who will not leave their vanity,
 But glory in debauchery.

That path which to destruction leads,
 and loads the Soul with heaps of sin,
 To many men more pleasure breeds,
 and they are more delighted in
 Than that which brings all blessed things, [orig. “Then.”]
 eternal joy and heavenly peace,
 Where bliss abounds and pains do cease. 56

But mortal men are always prone
 their present pleasures for to chuse ;
 Eternal joyes they let alone,
 and thus by sin their soul abuse.
 What pittie 'tis that men should miss
 that happiness which cost so dear,
 For momentary pleasures here.

Learn to be wise, fond man, in time,
 while 'tis to-day, your sins repent,
 You may be cut off in your prime,
 and then too late you may lament.
 In time return, for fear you burn, -
 and in the lake of torments fry,
 Whose flames will burn' perpetually.

70

Printed for *F. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery,*
(sic) and T. Passenger.

[In Black-letter. Date of broadside about 1685 : the original three verses only are by James Shirley, being a favourite song of Charles the Second. With music composed by Edward Coleman, it is in Playford's *Select Ayres*, of 1669, p. 74. It ended Shirley's "Contention of *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, for the armor of *Achilles*;" first edition 1659, but written earlier, probably in 1620, when we believe the song was given in the *Golden Garland of Princely Delight*.]



[These two cuts belong to the ballad. One at beginning is introduced extra.]

The Dutch Cave of Adullam.

Boy.—“ Well, of all religions I do not like your *Dutch*.”

Fiscal.—“ No ? and why, young stripling ? ”

Boy.—“ Because your Penance comes before Confession.”

—Dryden's *Amboyna*; or, *Cruelties of the Dutch*, 1673.

IINTRIGUES and cabals of irreconcilable Nonconformists, who assumed to be moved by religious and moral impulses, but who were (to put it mildly) no better than their neighbours, were by this time developing into action, howsoever mad or foolish.

“ Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,” were pretty things to be adopted as bosom-friends by the discontented Plotters who had stood in opposition to Charles II., so long as they remained in England, and combined with kindred spirits in their deeds of darkness. To harass and destroy, to spread disaffection, and pervert the simplest words or actions of antagonists, until the evil report were accepted as true, with a threatening of worse results to follow, needed very little genius and less honesty. Any knave sufficed as an ally. A common perjurer, like Bedloe or Dangerfield, was their favourite instrument, one who had been publicly whipped till he roared for mercy (which he seldom got), and whose neck had been often encircled by the wooden cravat called pillory, and his lower extremities knew “ strange garters ” for the minor peccadilloes of plundering hen-roosts. All this had been suitable to their humour, and prosperous for business, until Themis shifted the bandage from one eye, and took notice of their misdoings, after quietly remaining blind amid the feverish unrest of the sham Popish Plot. As weapons of offence they had handled missiles by no means cleanly. They had violated confidences, and profaned the most sacred mysteries. Occasional conformity had been used to secure admission into offices of trust, where they could enrich themselves and work mischief against private foes. There had been no pricking of conscience, while their existence had been a living lie. On the contrary, they had indulged in self-glorification and declared themselves to be the only righteous, the salt of the earth, the saving remnant, and the unmistakably “ True Blue Protestants ” who alone preserved the nation from extinction. Theirs had been the only holiness, wisdom, and uncompromising hostility. Admit a Popish Successor?—N-e-v-e-r!

Despite their boasting, the said Popish Successor had eventually triumphed. Instead of excluding him, his enemies were left in banishment. Very unpleasant and unexpected, no doubt!

Quiet observers of their nefarious conduct, who had uttered mild forebodings, without more thanks than usually attend Cassandra's warnings, now spoke to unwilling ears the counsel to be patient

and await the coming of an inevitable reaction. There were doubtless other reasons than mere hatred of delay, causing the Scotch and English refugees in Holland to snatch the fruit before it had found time to ripen. They were nearly all impoverished, despised by their plodding and industrious hosts, who beheld their spiteful meetings with astonishment, and found little of morality or religion in their daily walk and conversation. All the borrowing without repayment, the dependence on Brownist conventicle “collections,” or on alms extorted from impressionable widows, by Argyle and Burnet, could not lift the Adullamites into national repute.



Among these were “*Mistress Smith, of Amsterdam,*” formerly of Utrecht, who greatly assisted Argyle with money, and to whom he wrote a touching letter of regret for inability to repay her bounty, a few hours before his execution; and “*Mistress Mary Scott, a Dutchwoman,*” whom, in March, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, Gilbert Burnet contrived to marry, after being naturalized for the purpose, the second of his three wives. Luttrell notes that an attempt having been “made in Holland by mistake upon Sir Robert Hamilton for Dr. Burnet, to seize or kill him,” the States offered a thousand guilders for discovery of the alleged perpetrators; and also, that some soldiers

should guard Burnet's house ;" adding that Burnet "lives in great splendor, and hath lately married there a person of a very considerable fortune." Venus had charms for him, if she were widow of Pluto instead of wife to Vulcan ; so long as Mammon was served, he would have laid siege to Proserpina, or Hecate, at home.¹

Worst of all, those amiable peculiarities already mentioned, "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," hitherto so profitably employed in opposition to government, were found inconvenient when unrelinquished among themselves. Union for a common purpose of retrieval became of paramount importance. From first to last this is the moral of the twofold insurrection. Not only were the ideas of the Scotch antagonistic to those of the English, but insubordination was continual, because of mutual jealousies. Arrogance of self-assertion provoked quarrels, distrust was shown to all who were not "zealous," while the noisiest hypocrite and the shrewdest traitor took the place of leaders. There were some few men of honourable family and personal courage among them, chiefly Scotch. But they were headstrong and impracticable in their views. They, who had felt unable to combine together usefully on their native soil, were still less capable of joining heartily with the ragged regiment of English fugitives. They had hated Lauderdale and Rothes, they breathed curses loud as well as deep against Sir George Mackenzie, and nearly all who were left behind. But they disdained to be commanded by their countryman Argyle ; suspecting him, not without warrant, of personal ambition and willingness to use them for his tools. Most of them detected the shallowness of Monmouth, and only accepted alliance with him because of his supposed popularity with the rich

¹ Burnet's other wealthy wives were Lady Margaret Kennedy and Mrs. Berkeley. This Mrs. Smith had formerly been of great service to Argyle. On the 20th of Dec., 1681, he had escaped from Edinburgh Castle, disguised as a page, holding the train of his step-daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, the Earl of Balcarras's sister. He went to Pringle of Torwoodlee, on the advice of John Scott, minister of Hawick. Pringle sent his servant with him to William Veitch, who took him to Chapwell, Derbyshire. Thence they sped to London, under convoy of an old Cromwellian, one Lockyer. They went to the Smiths at Battersea, who were rich, childless, and charitable. Smith was a sugar-baker, and was not entrusted with the secret of who they were, Argyle passing as Mr. Hope, and Veitch's *alias* being Captain Fabes. Her agent was Major Holmes, who recognized Argyle, but got separate lodgings for the two Scotchmen. Shortly afterwards the Smiths moved to a new house at Brentford, into which Argyle and Veitch were received by Mrs. Smith, they still bearing the false names, for concealment. The search had slackened ; but when the Rye-House Plot was discovered, Argyle fled to Holland, and Mrs. Smith being implicated, thought it best to persuade her husband to follow with her, and take up residence at Utrecht. Veitch also had escaped, first to Scotland, and then, like the others, to the Cave of Adullam. Smith died before Argyle's ship expedition, the widow lending on bond an addition of six or seven thousand pounds, money probably never repaid.

gentry of England's western and midland counties. They could scarcely tolerate the vulgar insolence of his adherents, such as Dare and Goodenough, or Wade. Among the needy adventurers were cherished the most incongruous opinions. Some, like Richard Rumbold, were Cromwellian republicans, hating monarchy, and certain to revolt if Monmouth assumed to be king. Others, who had seen the evil of anarchy with Commonwealth intolerance and spoliation, would have maintained the safeguards of constitutional sovereignty. There were baptists, presbyterians, ranters, atheists or deists like Ayloff, and every kind of obscure denominationalist; all vociferating against Papistry, but at heart despising one another. Such were the inhabitants of the Dutch Cave of Adullam: such the varic-coloured threads of the rope with which Argyle and Monmouth hoped to pull down Dagon from his pedestal.

Money was being raised, but not in sufficient quantity. Arms and ammunition were gathered, a frigate hired by Argyle, with three other vessels (the *Anna*, *David*, and *Sophia*) to take Scotch exiles from their sanctuary. Secrecy was maintained as to their destination, but it seems impossible to doubt that there was connivance on the part of Orange William and his people, especially at Amsterdam, to make no hindrance of departure. He must have felt assured that there would be failure, and thence would come removal of a dangerous "Protestant" rival, leaving himself to become the sole hope of English rebels against the Romanizing Court. If perchance damage were done to King James the Second, his uncle and father-in-law, so much the better it promised for the interest of James's daughter Mary and her plotting husband. No real affection bound the three together. As yet no fear of a possible heir being born to the King had entered into calculation.

It is the business of the historian to tell the full details of the mad Western Insurrection, which cost the lives of hundreds when Monmouth raised his standard at Lyme. Macaulay has made the theme his own. Hitherto we have been on ground which he only lightly trod or briefly indicated in his Introductory Chapters of the History. Our task now is to give, with such comment as may seem necessary, the Ballads and Poems, describing the events of June and July, 1685, from the landing on the shores of Dorset to the fight at Sedgemoor and the execution of "England's Darling," at the close of the long struggle for supremacy between York and Monmouth.

The main facts are tolerably clear, the evidence from contemporary records by no means scanty, but requiring care to extract the truth from contradictory reports. Within a few hours of death Monmouth declared "that the designe of invading the nation in that manner he did [at Lyme, etc.], was not formed three weeks or one moneth before it was executed."—(Buccleugh MS., in Sir George Rose's

Appendix, p. lxvi.) This statement is scarcely to be taken literally, for the subject was discussed from the time when news arrived of the King's death. The Scotch refugees had been continually plotting from an earlier date. At last, "on the 17th April [1685] there was a meeting at Amsterdam, at which were present the Earl of Argyle, Mr. Charles Campbell his son, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, George Pringle of Torwoodlee, William Denholm of West Shield, George Hume of Bassingdean, John Cochrane of Waterside, Mr. George Wishart, William Cleland, James Stewart, Advocate, and Mr. Gilbert Elliot. Sir John Cochrane was chosen Preses for that time.—(Crookshank's *History of the Church of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 369.)"

Monmouth's arrival from England, out of favour at Court but welcomed by Orange at the Hague, seems to have inspired the disaffected exiles with a hope of winning so popular a patron or adherent. But until the death of Charles II., Monmouth had tried to keep aloof from them, and avoid publicly compromising himself with the Scotch, although doing his utmost to secure the alliance of Flemings, Dutch, Brandenburgers and Spaniards. Still, we read (without date, but evidently little beyond this 17th of April, 1685, and after calling together the Ministers of Rotterdam, for advice and concurrence in their station), "By this time, the Duke of *Monmouth* having his return from *England*, some of us [*Scotch*] went to him, and got from him full and satisfying accounts of particulars and good encouragement, and saw the letters he had received," from English malcontents.¹ Before this middle of April, Patrick Hume and the others had invited Monmouth from Brussels to Rotterdam, "giving in the letter some intimation of our business with him, who without delay came to us."—(*P. Hume*, p. 9.) Argyle, Sir John Cochrane and his son John came thither from Friesland, but too late to see Monmouth. Argyle used "test expressions" upon the Duke of Monmouth. (*Ibid*, p. 12.) There was jealousy between these two leaders, from the beginning.

The first difficulty was now to prevent mistake betwixt the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl, when they should meet (*Ibid*, p. 17), but next day Argyle visited Monmouth alone. Closer acquaintanceship did not assist to ripen intimacy into confidence or liking, since we find Hume stating, "But the Duke meeting frequently with the Erle found out of himselve *what we would gladly have covered*, and began to get light of the Erle's calculations, except in so far as we joined with him and assented."—(*Ibid*. p. 20.) These "calculations" could have been none other than for the projected

¹ Sir Patrick Hume's Narrative, printed in 1809, in the Rt. Honble. George Rose's *Observations on the Historical Work of Charles James Fox*, pp. 34, 36.

insurrection in Scotland, simultaneous with one to be made in the Western counties of England.

The meeting at Amsterdam preserves for us a record of all the chief Scotchmen engaged, with exception of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun ; in some respects the most memorable among them. Often *mis*-quoted, let his words once more have a place here. He not improbably means himself when he speaks thus concerning ballads : —“ I knew a very wise man so much of Sir *Christopher Musgrave's* sentiments, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the songs of a nation. . . . In this city the dramatic poet no less than the ballad maker has been almost wholly employed to corrupt the people.”¹

Fletcher was a favourable specimen of the ‘ Scot Abroad,’ noble and intellectual compared to his comrades. Yet even of him it was said that little help could be gained, through his irascibility :

If *Saltoun* for Freedom and Property cry,
While Tyranny may be read in his tongue and his eye.

There were also William Veitch (already mentioned on p. 582), Lord Melvin, Blackadder (Argyle's physician), the two Duncansons and others of less note, with Spence (*qu.* William, who had acted as Argyle's secretary and knew his cypher? see p. 342. Or Thomas). James Stewart, afterwards Sir James, already mentioned, bore the *alias* of Lawson, while in hiding in London, and was supposed to be the author of *An Account of Scotland's Grievances, by reason of the Duke of Lauderdale's Ministry, humbly tendered to his Sacred Majesty*, about 1680. He used to undertake the solution “ of intricate law-cases, of any kinds, at half-fees, or half a guinea ; his clerk *Thomas Spence* was to take the cases put, and return the case with the solution, upon receiving the fee.” This was done so often and so cleverly that his safety became endangered. He fled to Holland some time in 1681 or '82, and earned the nick-name of Jamie Wylie, from his trimming and shrewdness. Later than the date of this group he obtained pardon through William Penn, and in time rose to be Lord Advocate in his native country, a position he well deserved. This was in 1692, but he was displaced in 1708. He survived until the 1st May, 1713, and died aged 78. Among the Pasquils on him is one beginning “ *Quam formosa tua et facies tenebrosa Stewarte,*” etc., paraphrased as “ How wondrous are the features of thy face, Where smiles and frowns by turns assume their place.” Another is “ *Gall or Honey,*” beginning “ My heart, my heart, take this propine.” Yet another is this, the briefest :—

¹ Fletcher of Saltoun's *Political Works*, Glasgow, 1749, p. 266.

On Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate.

Sir *James Stewart*, thou'lt hing
in a string,
Sir *James Stewart*, knave and rogue thou art !
For thou ne'er had a true heart
to God or the King.
Sir *James Stewart* thou'lt hing
in a string.

A friendly prophecy for the wily Jamie, but unfulfilled. Many other plotters better deserved the "waeiful woodie."

These Scotchmen were, excepting Ferguson, generally honest, brave, and enterprising, although difficult to work with, because ungovernably opinionative; each man fighting for himself like Hal o' the Wynd, yet clannish enough to quarrel with every one who said or did injury to any North-countryman. Rebellious of all controul were they, even of themselves. The English exiles, as already shown, were chiefly bankrupt intriguers of the Slingsby Bethel, William Waller, Patience Ward, and Richard Goodenough stamp; persons who for years had commingled cant and roguery in equal proportions, and found the mixture more profitable for home consumption than for exportation to a land where cant was indigenous. In Holland, with the dregs of Calvinism and Sectarian subdivisions as substitutes for religion, these people maintained internecine war. Each was against everybody and himself beside, because each fanatic was a man beside himself.

We shall see that Argyle and Monmouth had equally to suffer the indignity of being curbed, insulted, and degraded from more than nominal guidance of their respective parties; but while in league the two men had distrusted one another. Their aims were incompatible, except for the overturning the government of James. It was a sorry exhibition of impotence, conceit, and factious phrenzy. The mutual jealousies were as ridiculous as they were noxious. The faithlessness and impracticability of multifarious sectarian subdivision were never more convincingly displayed than here in the "Nonconformists' Protestant Rebellion."

The impatience of these exiles, crippled as they were by poverty, unsupported by anything save vague hesitating promises from their secret correspondents in England or Scotland, amounted to culpable rashness. If rebellion be ever justifiable (which we scarcely admit, unless against a usurper like William of Orange), most certainly the crime is great in those who, without reasonable prospect of success, make insurrection against Power, simply from rage and hatred; bringing down upon their land the punishment, which never fails to exact a bloody sacrifice for each abortive rising. Of such indefensible attempts Monmouth's was the worst. He was the weakest leader of the most incompetent and disunited gang that

ever flattered itself with hope of making way against a compact and powerful government. Powerful, for the new King had not yet committed himself by crime or ostentatious bigotry. He had summoned a Parliament to help him by their advice, who were, in the meantime, the proper representatives of the nation, able to rebuke or to entreat, to sanction good or to denounce iniquity. Selfish feelings governed all these noisy sculking patriots. Not one could be compared to Algernon Sydney, for patience, dignity, high principle, or intellectual strength. They were weary of being in exile, yet would not submit and ask for pardon. They preferred to set the kingdom in a blaze.

* * * This summoning of Parliament (Sir John Trevor, Speaker) forms the subject of two Pepysian Ballads, not yet reprinted (Pepys Coll., II. 235, 234).

1.—Good News for the Nation; or, The City's Joy and the Countrey's Happiness. Plainly shewing the great satisfaction and content that all Loyal Subjects do enjoy by the new Election of Members of Parliament, whom God preserve and direct, that they may Act for the good of their King and Country, and the benefit and happiness of all the English Protestants. To the Tune of, *Digby's Farewel*, or, *Puckington's Pound* (see pp. 327, 457). Printed for *Philip Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in West-Smithfield. It begins, "Come all Loyal Subjects of every degree." One woodcut. With allowance. The burden is,

*Then let us rejoice with a loyal consent,
And all for the choice of our New Parliament.*

2.—The Happy Return; or, The Parliament's Welcome to *London*: which was adjourned till the Ninth day of *November*, 1685; but now sitting again at *Westminster*. Licensed by *R. Le Strange*, and Printed for *C. Dennisson*, at the Stationers'-Armes within *Aldgate*. Three woodcuts. To the Tune of, *The Fair one let me in* (see Vol. IV. p. 30). Begins, "Thrice noble Lords and Gentlemen."



[This cut of Charles II. belongs to p. 613.]

Accompts closed with William Bedloe.

“ And Weal to him, from crime secure,
Who keeps his soul as childhood pure ;
Life’s path he roves, a wanderer free,
We near him not—*The Avengers*, we !

[=The Furies.

“ But Woe to him for whom we weave
The doom for deeds that shun the light :
Fast to the murderer’s feet we cleave—
The fearful Daughters of the Night.

“ And deems he flight from us can hide him ?
Still on dark wings We sail beside him !
The murderer’s feet the snare enthralls,
Or soon or late, to earth he falls !

“ Untiring, hounding on, we go ;
For blood can no remorse atone !
On ever—to the Shades below,
And there, we grasp him, still our own !”

—Schiller’s *Die Kraniche des Ibykus* ; by Lord Lytton.

RETRIBUTION is not the simple and superficial process that our earlier moralists considered it to be, but we cherish a belief that it is none the less a truth of profound satisfaction. The reckoning is complicated, innumerable offsets and cross-statements arise, but the balance may be safely reckoned against the wrong-doer, whose final indebtedness and punishment leaves the Providential law vindicated, here or hereafter. This, we English being by no means of forgiving natures, despite our public professions at conventicles, ought to satisfy all lovers of *Justitia*.

The case of William Bedloe, professional cheat, vagabond, and Protestant perjurer for hire of blood-money, has been incidentally referred to already in our Volume Fourth, pp. 162 to 176, and elsewhere. Seeing that he died at Bristol on the twentieth of August, 1680, in his bed moreover, and not through a fall from a ladder or slip from a cart, as might have been reasonably expected, we were not likely to have met him again at this later date, 1685, unless in some posthumous revival of his ill-fame, by a poem on Bedloe’s Ghost, with the usual woodcut, bearing a candle (or a torch, like Ratsey’s Ghost, for the excellent reason mentioned on our p. 487). But the close connection existing formerly between William Bedloe and Titus Oates causes a retrospective glance to be directed to the ‘Captain,’ “dead and turned to clay,” when we are considering the well-merited punishment which fell on the clerical rogue and bloodmoney-seeker, the “Salamanca Doctor.” It seems to be worth while to add some additional particulars about the early career, marriage, and death of the aforementioned William Bedloe.

So early as 1681 a memoir on *The Life and Death of Captain William Bedloe* had appeared, in which falsehood was mingled with

truth, in perhaps more moderate doses than it had been in his own composition. Insomuch that some of the statements appear to be given on the authority of his own previous assertions, we may feel sure that the funeral wreath is so far a crown of Lie-lies. We are told, and his inordinate conceit makes it credible, howsoever unsafe was the practice, that "he always kept a Diary of his most remarkable Adventures for the space of ten years together, which was the duration of the scene in which he acted most of his cheats."

He professed to have held possession of manuscripts that were written by his paternal grandfather, Major George Bedloe, a younger brother of an old Irish family, a valiant soldier and skilful versifier: as William reported. George arrived in England in 1633, married a merchant's widow in London, had one son and two daughters. He and his wife died in 1641, leaving property to the son Isaac Bedloe, who took the Royal side as a soldier in the civil-war (he could have been little beyond boyhood, but dates are conveniently tampered with by this sort of Diarists), and bore nine wounds, having gone to Ragland, then governed by the Marquis of Worcester. After the surrender (August, 1646), he fell ill of fever at Chepstow, and disguised his name as Beddoe. He is said to have been jocose and skilled in music. On St. David's Day, 1649 (probably 1648, not 1649, left uncertain), he married a young lady of Chepstow, by whom he had three sons, William being the eldest, born at midday on 28th of May, 1650; the others were named Charles and James. Alice and Mary were their two sisters. Charles was shipwrecked and drowned in the Baltic: William, destined to a drier death on shore (high in air, it might be expected), was not drowned. Alice is reported to have married Lord Duncannon's eldest son, and to have died from a surfeit of sweetmeats. Mary remained a spinster, dwelling with her widowed mother at Chepstow, who, twelve years after losing her husband Isaac, married one Taynton, who had trailed a pike in Chepstow Castle under the command of Captain Thomas Nanfan. Taynton, a contriver of clocks, by trade a cobler, taught the mysteries of Crispin to his step-son William.

Did not the Irish *Bedloes* know
Your Grandsire's wit and learning too,
Nor the nine loyal wounds your valiant father wore?

William asserted himself to have obtained proficiency in Latin, heraldry, mathematics, etc., at twelve years old. Father Lewis the Jesuit favoured and tried to convert him. This was David Lewis, who was afterwards executed at Usk in Monmouthshire, 27th August, 1679. In 1670 William travelled to London "with a hundred pounds in his pocket," whose property it was he did not mention, but dwelt near two Jesuits, Father Harman and Johnson. They usually dined at Locket's ordinary, and Bedloe adjourned to Mother Cresswell's (on whom see our p. 338, note 18).

After living as a sharper in London, he went to Dunkirk, and was recommended by the Lady Abbess to Sir John Warner, who sent him to Father Harcourt. With letters in charge he went to Rome, to Flanders, to Spain, etc.; by his own account copying these letters, and retaining them, but delivering his own forgeries. He bore many an *alias*. Thus, as 'Captain Williams' he cheated the Prince of Orange, and obtained by fraud a Captain's commission from him. He spent five years awedly in the service of the Plotters, doing business as a swindler and Bagnio "Apple-squire" or bully on his own account meanwhile, before he had quite made up his mind to risk the investigations of Justice by making revelations as a professional Informer. He found that Titus Oates had anticipated him; or, probably, the successful villainy of the arch traitor stirred him to emulation in hopes of sharing the gains. Writing from Newbury, he confessed that he had "once been an ill man, but desired to be so no more." He afterwards chose to declare that Danby tried to stifle his evidence, assuring him that he would be supported in whatever country he chose, if he would suppress his testimony. This was probably Bedloe's downright lying. Dr. Jones, the King's chemist, deposed that Mr. Smith, a papist, had tried to make him poison Bedloe with a pill (20 March 1678). The Counsellor Nathaniel Reading was convicted of attempting to influence Bedloe, and was sentenced to pay a thousand pounds fine, with an hour's exposure in the pillory, and imprisonment for a year. This was in April, 1679. (See Vol. IV. p. 175.)

He was now profiting by his trade of infamy, receiving ten pounds a week from the Royal allowance, but living at the rate of two thousand a year. Our Vol. IV. p. 165 gives *An Epithalamium upon the Marriage of Captain William Bedloe* (from the Roxburghe Collection, III. 835), written by Richard Duke, M.A., but we could not there add her name. She was "Madam Anna Purifoy, daughter of one Colonel Purifoy, a gentleman of an ancient family and of good repute in Ireland." She was the elder of two sisters, joint-heiresses to "at least six hundred pounds per annum." After his marriage Bedloe continued not many months resident in London; which may have been getting too warm for him; but removed to the city of western slave-holders, Bristol, where he lived for half a year in a well-furnished house on Stonie-Hill. Thence he was recalled to London in the middle of July, 1680.

A letter from his wife, Anne Bedloe, dated 1st of August, the same year, summoned him back hurriedly to Bristol. He fell ill at once, "having broke his gall by too violent riding, and his distemper was not curable by any human art" (*Life and Death of Capt. W. Bedloe*, p. 119). On the 16th of August Sir Francis North, Chief-Justice of the Common-Pleas, visited him, having been sent for, while at Bristol for the commencement of Assizes.

For reasons that are sufficiently clear, *viz.* the obtaining of money on the application of his like-minded surviving brother James, William persisted in his declaration of former depositions having been true, though he pretended to have farther revelations to make. His wife, soon to be his widow, seems to have been kind to him, and may have remained his dupe to the last. Scowling and brutally overbearing he looks, in the copper-plate portrait which we possess, prefixed to *A Narrative and impartial Discovery of the Horrid Popish Plot carried on for the Burning and Destroying the Cities of London and Westminster, with their Suburbs, etc.*, issued by himself in 1679. He must have assumed some air of polish and refinement, being a shifty and ingenious rascal, in his early intercourse with noblemen and gentry, as their valet or courier, when travelling through Europe; and women were imposed on by his affectation of courtly manners, tempered with the bluntness of a pretended soldier, though his Captaincy was as apocryphal as his religion. He and his brother James had shared the adventures in travels and plots; they "acted by turns as the master and the man, and both concurred to impose on those whom they cheated." Thus in the summer of 1677, when William was at Ghent, he assumed the rank of Lord Newport. He passed into Spain, taking the name of Lord Gerald at Bilboa, thence to Valladolid, Santiago, to Corunna, and embarked for England. Whatever other title seemed likely to serve his turn he adopted without scruple. Death took him swiftly, at last, before his knaveries were fully known, on the 20th of August. There were some persons, of doubtful sanity or reputation, who affected to deplore his end (unsatisfactory we may all admit it to have been). *An Elegie on the Death of Captain William Bedloe* begins thus:—"Could *Bedlow* fall so softly to his tomb, without a comet to foretell his doom?" Another pamphlet is entitled, *The Righteous Evidence witnessing the Truth*; being an Account of the sickness and death-bed Expressions of Mr. *William Bedlow*; who deceased at *Bristol*, the 20th of August, 1680. With his Attestation which he left in writing for the good of this Nation, concerning the late Damnable *Plot*, contrived by the Papists. With his two Last Prayers. London, printed for Philip Brooksby, 1680. Yet another pamphlet on the subject is entitled, *Truth made Manifest; or, The Dead Man's Testimony to the Living*. Being a Compendium of the Last Sayings, etc., of Capt. *W. Bedlow* (same publisher and date): with *Thomas Palmer's* Sermon. This was on the text Romans xiv. 12, 13, preached after the funeral. *Bedloe's* body had lain exposed, in a sort of state, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, *Bristol*, on Sunday. It was at 6 p.m. buried in the Mayor's Chapel, called the Gaunts.

The farrago of dramatic rubbish bearing his name (but said to have been written by one Thomas Walter, of Jesus College, Oxford) is entitled *The Excommunicated Prince; or, The False Relique*, A

Tragedy; as it was acted by his Majesty's Servants. (Publishers added a catch-penny sub-title,) *Being the Popish Plot in a Play.* By Captain William Bedloe. London, printed for Thomas Parkhurst, D[orman] Newman, Tho. Cockerill, and Tho. Simmons, 1679. The hero is named Teimurazez, Prince of Georgia, excommunicated by the Pope. Bedloe's admirers contrived to panegyricize and exalt him as a "True Blue Protestant," notwithstanding the known infamy of his career. His mother had early said that she knew he would come to a bad end; expecting him to develope into a Hewlette. She was not far wrong in her predictions, for he actually became a favourite of the Parliament; who voted him a reward of £500. In the Luttrell Collection (I. 9) is preserved *An Elegy upon the Unfortunate Death of Captain William Bedloe, who departed this Life on fryday the twentieth of August, 1680.* It is eulogistic.

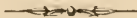
How fickle is the state of all Mankind;
 And how are all our joys with grief combin'd!
 Scarce can one say he lives and doth enjoy
 The blessing of this world without alloy,
 But some unhappy chance disturbs our peace,
 And all our pleasures in a moment cease.
 The truth of which, great Captain *Bedloe's* fate
 Confirms, more than a thousand instances of late. . . .

Having at last been blest with a kiud Wife,
 The only solid comfort of Man's life,
 And hoping now to live at peace and rest,
 And be for ever by his Countrey blest,
 Was strangely seiz'd with a dire malady;
 And by a strange, unheard-of prophesy,
 He fanci'd all along that he should dye
 By that disease: yet then he persever'd
 In what he had said, and not one Tittle err'd,
 As he was then even in a dying state,
 From what he ever did o' th' *Plot* relate:
 And before witnesses, at 's parting breath,
 The Truth of 's Depositions seal'd with death.
 Now at his Loss let this sad Nation mourn,
 And drop with Grief some Tears upon his Urn!
 Let us his sudden Death justly bemoan;
 Had he liv'd longer, he had more made known.

Dear Dr. *Oates*, I must digression make, etc.

50

But enough of this fulsome and lying panegyric, not improbably written by the brother James Bedloe. We have digressed to notice it, and now return to the excessively "dear Doctor Oates," who survived to get an instalment of retributive whipping. The "Eutopian Game" of next page resembled the ancient Saturnalia.



The Plotting Cards Revived.

THE SECOND PART.

TO THE SAME TUNE OF, *I'll tell thee, Dick, etc.* [See p. 417.]

THIS is like some *Eutopian Game*,¹
 Where Servant-Maids controul their Dame ;
 And Kings are Subjects made :
 Felons their *Judges* do indict ;²
 And he " a Traytor " is down-right,
 Who falsely is betray'd. [Sir Geo. Wakeman, etc.]

A *Dunce*, who never took Degrees,
 But such as lead to villainies,
 A *Doctor* is most sound ! [=Titus Oates.
 And who, to furnish his own want,
 Can seize Gold Cross, or Silver Saint,
 A *Justice* is renown'd ! [Sir Wm. Waller.]

Who Horse to Battel never led,
 But has with many horses fled
 Out of his neighbour's field, [Capt. Wm. Bedloe.
 A ' *Captain* ' was ! and with his word
 Kills more than with his duller sword
 He ever made to yield.

A Villain, who can cheat his Lord,
 Gets Chains of Gold, instead of Cord, [i.e. Lord Bellasis.
 And is from Prison freed ; [Stephen Dugdale.
 For he, who says he *murder'd*, has [orig. " For Him."
 A Pardon, both for that does pass,
 And all that e'er he did. [Miles Prance.]

Who for foul crimes and forgeries
 Has won the yolk of *Pillories*,
 And has been *whipt* about, [Thom. Dangerfield.
 If he but add new Perjury,
 He wipes off past Iniquity,
 And speaks Truth without doubt.

¹ We need not give both parts of the long Loyal Song entitled "The Plotting Cards Revived ; or, The New Game of Forty-One," which begins, "Come, cut again ; the Game's not done !" but only the second portion, bringing before us the gang of perjurers, Bedloe, Oates, Dugdale, Dangerfield, and their Whig encouragers, Sir William Waller, etc. Opening verses are on next page.

² An allusion to William Bedloe and Titus Oates having indicted Sir William Scroggs and threatened Sir George Jeffereys, when these informers were no longer supported by the Bench, on the abortive trial of Sir George Wakeman. (See "Innocence Unveiled," "Good Deeds Ill Requited," in Vol. IV. p. 171, etc.)

He that had rather choose to die
 Than to redeem his life with lie, [Visc. Wm. Stafford.
 Is th' only “ perjur'd Rogue ! ”
 And they who damn themselves to live,
 Sure signs of their probation give,
 For they're the *Saints* in vogue ! [Turberville, Smith, etc.

Then play away, good Country-man !
 What Hand's the best is now most plain ;
 And boldly thou may'st *stake* :
 A *Pack of Knaves* together get,
 And never doubt to win the set,
 For they the *Voll* will make.¹

42

Finis.

¹ Now spelt *vole*, from the French : “ A Deal of Cards which draws all the tricks.” It is appropriate ending to a ballad of which the first part is full of equivoques drawn from card-playing phraseology. This is the commencement :—

Come, cut again ! the *Game's* not done,
 Though strangely yet the *Cards* have run,
 As if they pack'd had been ;
 Most likely [th'] are to lose, and say
 They “ know not what's next best to play :
 Such shuffling ne'er was seen ! ”

Look well, my Masters, to your hits,
 And have about you all your wits,
 For high the *Game* does run ;
Three Kingdoms now at stake do lie,
 And *Rooks* all *Hocus-tricks* do try,
 That ye may be undone.

On *Clubs* and *Spades* some wholly bett,
 For they the most are like to get,
 While *Harts* in vain contest ;
 And *Diamonds* too (unto their cost
 That have them) sure are to be lost :
 The *Blackest Cards* are best !



The Paying off Old Scores.

“ Let *Tories* guard the King! Let *Whigs* in halts swing!
 Let *Pilk.* and *Shute* be sham'd; let b[und]ring *Oates* be p[un]ish'd;
 Let cheating *Player* be nick'd; the turn-coat *Scribe* be kick'd;
 Let Rebel City Dons ne'er beget their own Sons;
 Let ev'ry *Whiggish* Peer, that rapes a Lady fair, [Lord Grey.
 And leaves his only Dear the sheets to gnaw and tear,
 Be punish'd out of hand, and forc'd to pawn his Land,
 'T' atone the grand Affair.”

—*The King's Health*, set to Farinel's Ground, 1684.

SOON after the accession of James it became apparent that many persons were doomed to be called to account for past offences against the Duke of York. Addresses of condolence and of congratulation came in shoals from towns and cities, to declare their loyalty and win favour. The universities and chartered companies, with the clergy, were not behindhand in the race. Knighthood and other boons rewarded many, while cold looks or absolute denial of audience punished such persons as Lord Montague and Lord Lovelace, who came forward to kiss the King's hand. It was impolitic to show remembrance of old injuries, but yet natural. Before the end of February the Marquis de Grana had warned Monmouth to depart from the Spanish Netherlands. A proclamation of indemnity for Scotland was issued early in March, and seventy-six prisoners in Newgate were freely pardoned. But while some got out, others went in; thus Thomas Dangerfield was apprehended soon after, and committed to that prison, where his old associate Titus Oates already lay. For having printed *Dangerfield's Narrative*, which defamed Lord Peterborough, Samuel Heyrick at Northampton lost £5000 damages. On the 30th of April, “his majestie was pleas'd in his bed-chamber to confer the honour of knighthood on *Roger Lestrage*, Esq., with a particular satisfaction he had in his loyalty. That evening Sir *Roger* had a child christened; the Bishop of *Ely* [Francis Turner, translated from bishopric of Rochester], and Sir *Thomas Doleman* were godfathers.” We have not found Sir Roger's name as licenser of ballads after the middle of August, 1685, when Richard Pocock officiated instead. Early in May, about the 6th, “Alderman *Ireton* [of Finsbury, Henry, we believe, son of regicide Ireton] and one *Walter Thimbleton* [Merchant, of Bednal Green, Irish Walk], were committed for high treason, in holding correspondence with traitors beyond sea.” There must have been seditious letters intercepted or betrayals made (not improbably by Robert Ferguson), for at the same time a Proclamation was issued, putting Scotland “in a posture of defence against the enemies of the King and government.” The Scottish Parliament had already met, loyally granting excise dues, and enactments against traitors.

A Loyal Scotch Song.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Bonny Kate of Edinborough*. [See p. 612.]

[*Viz.* D'Urfey's song, "Just when the young and blooming Spring."]

JUST as the mist of Errour fled,
That men through Town and Fields may see
The *Jayl-Birds* whistling through the grates,
And Birds of Prey cleave to the Tree.

[Tyburn.

Poor *Titus* sate, bewailing his fate, and dismal state,
For *Treason, Treason, Treason*, and *Sham-Plotting* too;
"Alas! cry'd he, "I hang'd shall be,
For *Ignoramus* cannot do!"

8

Titus went lately o're to *Spain*,
many wonders there he saw,
Black-Bills and *Pilgrims* float o'er th' *Main*,
and tall fair *Don John* of *Austria*.

Titus with his wiles the *Jesuits* beguiles, *Jack Presbyter* smiles;
And something, something, something else he meant to do;
But all his hope will end in a Rope,
For *Treason* and *Sham Plotting* too.

16

The *Sanhedrim* was *Titus's* friend,
and aided him 'gainst Kirk and Crown.
Exclusion Bills and Votes they send,
to pull King, Duke, and Bishops down.

[*i.e.* Parliament.

Now our Theme is all of him, who now does seem
Roguish, Roguish, Roguish, by each Oath and Vow:
Now *Titus* lies bereft of Joys,
For *Ignoramus* cannot do!

24

[White-letter. Date, apparently near the end of 1684.]

This seems to belong to the close of 1684, during the time when Titus Oates lay in prison, the fine unpaid that was inflicted for having defamed the Duke of York; and before his more severe punishment was ordered on May 16th, 1685, as mentioned in the introduction to "Perjury Punished" (p. 598). The references above to his palpable and detected lies about the Spanish Pilgrims who were to come over and assassinate Protestants; the concealed heaps of weapons, Black-Bills, etc., so well hidden that nobody has ever yet discovered them; and the self-convicting blunder of his stating Don John to be 'tall and fair,' although he was short, fat, and dark, are among the commonplaces of Titusian allusions. The Sanhedrim is Dryden's nickname for the Whig-ridden Parliament.

Titus Oates brought to Punishment.

- “ I am the Man that, not long since, seemed of great renown ; [=T. Oates.
Was serv'd at table like a Prince, and wore a stately Gown.
- “ But that, and *Doctor's Tippet* too, (a plague upon ill-luck!)
At the same time o're my Ears did go, which vex'd me to the *pluek*. . . .
- “ 'Twas but against d—— *Papists* that I falsely swore that time,
And who the plague wou'd e're have thought that wou'd ha' prov'd a Crime?
- “ I thought no more harm, nor think still, than 'tis to kill a Dog;
And do believe it never will my Soul and Conscience elog. . . .
- “ Then, hang it, tho' whipt, and stript of all, I've good Friends in the City;
I'll eat and drink, though *Papists* bawl, and cry 'The more's the pity!' . . .
- “ Then hasten, Saints, to my relief, and pity my sad station;
In Prison chain'd, more like a *Thief* than 'Saviour of the Nation.' ”

—*The Downfall of Antichrist; or Titus again in Querpo. To the Tune of, Chevy-Chase.*

THAT no clemency and oblivion for past offences against the Duke of York would be given freely by James the Second was soon made clear. Not every punishment was exacted to the full, it is true, either now or later, (unlike the case of Lord William Russell, fifteen months before,) a heavy money payment in many cases was admitted, instead of death. Of all criminals the perjured assassins who had caused the death of so many guiltless victims, during the excitement of the sham Popish-Plot, were the least deserving of mercy. Several of them had escaped by having died before James came to the throne. William Bedloe, Stephen Dugdale, Edward Turberville, and William Carstairs (not the Scotch preacher, whose confession secured the death of Robert Baillie of Jervisewood, and who afterwards rose to discreditable favour under William of Orange), all had passed away, without the ministration of the hangman: to most men's wonder. (See Vol. IV. pp. 231, 232.) But Titus Oates and Thomas Dangerfield remained; and the prevaricating Miles Prance, unsatisfactory tool of all his successive employers. Even so early as June 18th, in 1684, the law-courts had pronounced against Oates for defaming the Duke of York, and by condemning him in ruinous damages of 100,000*l.*, and 20*s.* costs, with order to be imprisoned until the sum was paid, had given him a foretaste of what would happen when he was to be next year arraigned for perjury.

In August following, taking fright, “ *Dangerfeild* the witness is gone aside, thinking it not safe to stand the tryall of a *scandalum magnatum* by his Royal Highnesse against him touching his evidence.” He had not been recaptured before the death of King Charles II.

Near the end of March, 1685, Dangerfield was apprehended, and committed to Newgate; wherein Oates had remained since his previous conviction. Punishment for both the confederates was nigh.

Titus Oates came [on *May*] the 16th to the Court of King's Bench, to receive his judgement on the conviction of the two perjuries; which was, to be divested of his canonical habit for ever; that on monday next [18th] he be carried round *Westminster-Hall* with a paper on his head declaring his offence in these words: — *Titus Oates, convicted upon full evidence for two horrid Perjuries*; that after, he stand on the pillory before *Westminster-Hall* gate, and on tuesday [19th] before the *Royal Exchange*; on wednesday [20th] to be whipt from *Aldgate* to *Newgate* by the common hangman, and, on fryday following [22nd], from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*: that he stand on the pillory on every 24th of *April* during his life before *Tyburn*; on every 10th of *August* at *Charing-Crosse*; on every 11th of *August* at *Temple-Bar*; and on every 2nd *September* before the *Exchange*: that he pay a fine of 1000 marks on each indictment, and suffer imprisonment during life.—*A Brief Relation*, i. 343.

The hangman had evidently received his instruction to beware of too much leniency, and executed the cart-tail whipping more satisfactorily than he had done the beheading of Russell. For awhile Oates stubbornly preserved a grave demeanour and silence, but the proceedings behind his back (as in the case of Orpheus) conquered his patience; when he began to roar and bellow it was like Bulls of Basan. Neater Trimming had not been known in those days. He was not expected to survive the second infliction, when he was carried in a sledge, being too weak to walk; but a surgeon (ill-fated Charles Bateman, formerly attendant on Shaftesbury, and known to be of Whig principles) immediately bled him, and tended his lashed body, so that the wretched culprit revived, and was afterwards imprisoned, in chains, but allowed to receive the food which his city dupes continued to send for him.

Such an event was caught at by the ballad-singers, and chanted to many a tune: *Cavalilly Man, Packington's Pound, State and Ambition, Hark! the thund'ring cannons roar*, etc., were all again brought into requisition. Before his conviction, one ditty entitled "The Salamanca Doctor's Soliloquies," beginning "Oh! stupendous comick fate! How uncertain is our state!" had been sung to the tune of *Hark! the thund'ring cannons roar*. The seventh verse shows him in fetters, awaiting trial:—

The iron *Sawsages* I wear, tickle, ev'ry step, mine ear,
As if they 'd whisper, "Perjurer, cropping-time's advancing!
Translation hence unto the Bar is irksome, though it be not far,
And then receive the Fatal Scar, in an odd kind of Dancing!"

To the suggestively-entitled tune of *King James's Jig*, was sung "The Whig Triumphant; or, the Doctor Rampant," anticipatory of Oates being pelted with rotten eggs in the pillory, annually to be renewed ("his salary's paid him every year"); a mild hope was expressed that he might finally be exalted to ride on the Tyburn Mare, although she truly had only three legs worth mentioning.

It begins, "There was a brave Doctor, as ever you saw, But not of Divinity, Physick, or Law." Of its eight verses, we give the seventh,

The *Doctor* he's jolly, and now he must Dance
 A jig of his folly in *Flanders* and *France*.
 The Musick is sweet, the Whip and the Wheel
 Will make the cart rumble, the *Doctor* to reel.
 His Right it is sure, his Evidence clear,
His salary's paid him every year :
 Not Silver, nor Gold, but blows on the Back,
 For *O[ates]*'s bloody oaths, and many a base act.
 Should it [yet] be his Fate (as needs he must fear)
 To leap from low Pillory up the Mare, ["Meir."
 She'll swear she had never such rider before,
 She'll kick, and she'll caper [and soon fling him o'er], &c.

We mentioned and partly quoted, in Vol. IV. p. 156, the lively ditty on "*Oates* well Thrashed," to the tune of *Cavalilly Man*, beginning "Our *Oates* last week not worth a Groat." Poorest of the series is "Truth Tryumphant over Perjury Rampant; or, the Tryal of the *Salamanca Doctor* at the King's-Bench Bar, May the 8th and 12th, 1685. To the tune of *Sir Eglamore*." It begins,

There was a *Doctor* of Ancient Fame,
 With a *Sa-la-manca la* :
 He never was Christened, yet carried the name
 Of a *Sa-la-manca la* :
 A *Popish* "Holder-forth" was he,
 A *Doctor* he was, yet ne'er took Degree
At Sa-la-manca, fa la, Sa-la-manca la.

Not much better is "*Oates's Lamentation*," to the ever-popular tune of *Packington's Pound* (see p. 189). It begins, "Come all you good people that were at the Fair," and tells briefly of the deceased William Bedloe and his lies; how he described himself as having carried letters across the sea to Father La Chaise, at the very time when he had been actually known to be lying in the Marshalsea prison and fed from the alms basket. But it ends, in fourth verse, with a sort of Litany, mentioning several of the "rats and mice and such small deer" who have been our food in many a page here: *viz.* Edward Morgan, libeller; John Arnold, and Charles Price, J.P.s, etc.

From *Morgan* and *Arnold*, *Tom*, *Patrick*, and *Price*, [See *Index*.
 From cuckoldom, perjury, stealing, and lies,
 From *Robert*, and *Pensloyn*, *Oates*, *Tomkins*, and *Hughes*, [*Ibid.*
 From folly, noise, *Wh[ig]dom*, Extortion, ill News;
 From men without wit, Who above us do sit,
 Tho' they merit to lie in the Bottomless Pit,
 From sawcy *Petitioners*, Lord bless us all!
 Who would both our King and his Kingdom enthrall.

Although re-issued after the downfall of Titus Oates, it had not improbably been first issued much earlier, following soon on the death of Bedloe. To the same tune were sung "*Perjury Punished*"

and "The Salamanca Doctor's Farewell," both of which we give here complete. As explained on p. 187, the sham-degree of "Doctor" Oates was declared by him to have been got at Salamanca.

To the newly-popular tune of *State and Ambition* (see pp. 561, 562), was written and sung "Oates's Lamentation, and a Vision that appeared to him since his Tryal, at the King's Bench:" his *alias* at St. Omer's was Sampson Lucy. Of seven verses, we give first and third: the others being of less importance than these two.

A Dieu to my title of "Saviour o' th' Nation!"
 My forty *Commissions* and *Spanish Black-Bills*,
 My twelve Pound a week, and hopes of Salvation,
 Six dishes a day which my Demon oft fills.
 Now I must be whipt thro' each county o' th' Kingdom,
 In each corporation in *Pillory* must stand,
 Out-face the contempt of all *Christians*, and when done,
 Must return home for *Tyburn*, to hang and be piump . .

Then *Whitebread* and *Fenwick*, brave *Gavin* and *Harcourt*,
Turner and *Pickering*, *Coleman* and *Langhorn*,
Ireland, *Grove*, *Staley*; I deserve to hang for't;
 And *Stafford* came bleeding and in the same form:
 Their heads in their hands, they quite round me moved,
 Blood sprung as from fountains where their heads had stood:
 This *Vision* with horror my Conscience reprov'd,
 They left all my chamber besmeared with blood. 24

There were two separate parodies on Nat. Lee's "Hail to the Myrtle Shades!" (see p. 422) devoted to this nefarious Salamanca Doctor. One, entitled "*Titus Tell Troth; A New Song*," began thus:

Hail to the *Knight of the Post!* to *Titus*, the chief of the Town;
Titus, who vainly did boast of the *Salamanca Gown*;
Titus, who saw the world o'er, from the Tower of *Valladolid*:
 Yet stood in the *White-Horse* door, and swore to it, like the *Creed*.

This refers to April 24, 1678, and the perjury of December 17. Part of the other Parody, to the same tune, deserves reproduction:

Oates thrash'd in the Compter, and Sack'd up in Newgate.

Hail to the Prince of the *Plot*, All hail to the *Knight of the Post!*
 Poor *Titus!* 'tis now thy lot to pay for all the roast.
 From wine and six dishes a day, is sure a deplorable fate
 To fall to the Basket, and pray for an Alms through an iron grate. . . .

For damage the *Doctor* has done, poor *Titus* is got to the ground,
 Till the *Doctor* produce the Sum, full *thirty thousand Pound*:
 If you knew on what madnable score such perilous words be brought forth,
 You'd say, his false Tongue cost more than ever his Head was worth.

The *Doctor* an Evidence against our great Duke did come in;
 Nay, such is his impudence, to impeach our gracious Queen;
 For which such indictments are brought, such *actions of Scandal* crowd in,
 That *Titus* could wish, 'tis thought, he were out of the *Doctor's* skin.

Nay, further, while *Titus* swore, for the safety and life of the King,
The *Doctor* began to roar, and he belch'd out his poyson'd sting ;
The *Doctor* for *Titus* may stretch, h' has so brought his business about :
Without the kind help of *Ketch*, it's fear'd, he will scarce get out.

Through sixteen close Key-holes, 'tis plain, Invisible *Titus* did pass,
And the *Doctor* got back again, to catch a great *Don* at Mass.
But now they are both in the Trap, 'tis a wager but *Jack* in the Fields [K.
(Tho' *Titus* may chance to escape) has the *Doctor* fast by the heels.

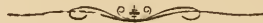
Of course, "*Jack* in the [*Tyburn*] Fields" is the hangman, *Jack Ketch*. He worked hard in his line, but more work was cut out for him than he could execute.

We strongly suspect that the two following ballads, "*Perjury Punished*" and "*The Salamanca Doctor's Farewell*," are not only by one and the same author, but that he was the person who wrote the clever four-fold "*Ballad on the Popish-Plot*" which we printed complete among our *Bagford Ballads* in 1878. The whole of these are to one tune, *Packington's Pound*, and are far superior to the average of street ditties. Moreover, we think it probable that we may yet discover who was the author. His modesty was too much for him ; and for us also, at present. *That the same man wrote the best ballads on Frost-Fair* (pp. 457 to 462) we consider to be certain.

We need not introduce a copy of the rough woodcut of pillory-exposure and whipping at the Cart's-tail, from a rare broadside devoted to Thomas Dangerfield's punishment. Printed and sold by Walter Davis, in Amen Corner, 1685. Licensed by Roger L'Estrange, July 2, 1685. (British Mus. Coll., 1852. b. 2, art. 13.) It is "*A True Relation of the Sentence and Condemnation of Thomas Dangerfield, at the King's-Bench Bar, for his horrid crimes and perjuries.*" It ends with these verses:—

SEE here the minor Undergraduate Tool
Takes his degree i' th' *Doctor's* flogging school :
Whilst the brisk Captain does in state advance
To *Titus's* old jig, the *Tyburn* Dance.
March, honest *Ketch* ! devoutly by his side,
And discipline, dear *Jack*, his perjurd hide :
The outward Man of Sin's within thy power,
But the foul inside let the Devil scowr.

We have already (on pp. 174 and 175) given woodcuts showing the Pillory and Cart's-tail Whipping. Compare the end of p. 607.



A New Song,

Perjur'd Punish'd; or, Villainy Lash'd.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Packington's Pound*. (See p. 457.)

A Perjur'd Villain here you see
 Mounted upon the *Pillory*;
 He that the Pulpit did prophane,
 Shall ne're be seated there again;
 To *Whipping* then we do him bring:
 Lash till he cries, " *God save the King!*"

BOld *Titus* he walkt about *Westminster-Hall*
 With Paper on Front, saluting them all;
 But never was yet a volume so large
 That could but contain what's Conscience doth charge.

His ears must be spar'd, Because they have heard
 Folks whisper in *London*, when *Titus* appear'd
 Beyond the rough Sea, and many miles wide,
 From whence in a moment with ease he could stride. 9

On *Pillory* next he mounts with a grace,
 As if he'd been us'd to sit in that place;
 Though stale Eggs and Oranges sawcily flies,
 Their Battery still he boldly defies:

Tho' his hide's not so ruff As his *Turkish* Buff,
 He's certain it will hold out well enough.
 Since his Face is like brass, and so will remain,
 Of such gentle storms he'll never complain. 18

At *City Exchange* next day he appears,
 Where whining *Phanaticks* saluted his ears;
 Their Pilloried Prophet they boldly defend,
 Who cannot save them, nor himself in the end.

His Throne they pull'd down, to the City's renown, [*i.e.*
Pillory.
 The relicks on shoulders they bore up and down;
 But, tyr'd with Procession, 'twas judg'd for the best,
 In Prison these zealots should take up their rest. 27

The day that succeeds, at humble Cart's-tail,
 From *Aldgate* to *Newgate*, he's whip'd without fail;
 Like *Spaniard* he mov'd, with motion most grave,
 Yet from cruel Rod it did not him save.

The kind City Dames Whose hearts he inflames,
 Against his hard fate, with fury exclaims;
 And sighing, and whining, they spare not their Tears,
 Whilst on 's tender back the lashes appears. 36

A day now of respite is giv'n their Saint, [21 May.
 Whose bold impudence sends forth no complaint ;
 He's often saluted by Sister most kind,
 Whilst plaister is put on the place just behind.
 He slabbers and smacks, And nothing he lacks,
 They'd venture their bellies as well as their backs,
 For *Titus* their Friend, who with a strong breath
 Had sent many *Innocent People* to death. 45

But then, say the *Zealous*, " They were only *Papists*,
 Which we hate ten thousand times worse than *Atheists* ;
 Though he did swear false, 'twas with good intent,
 That he might establish a new Government ;
 He would but pull down The *Mitre* and *Crown*,
 And set up a *Bastard* upon *England's* Throne : [Monmouth.
 And alter the tide of Religion and Laws,
 Depending upon the merits of the *Cause*." 54

Next day on a *Sledge* their " Martyr " was seated,
 Where lashes on 's shoulders were often repeated ;
 Their loud acclamations the *Rabble* sent out,
 And hoped e're long to have t' other bout.
 The *Doctor's* not shy With them to comply ;
 'Tis a thousand to one at *Tyburn* he'll die,
 For *Luopos*, or some other small sin,
 Which his *Janizaries* against him do bring. 63

But since Learned *Doctor* has past his Degrees,
 A Man of that station must pay all his fees ;
 A number of *Witnesses* he did suborn, [Cicely Mayo, etc.
 Who were, without scruple, all plainly forsworn.
 Of Blasphemy too, He's guilty, 'tis true,
 Lies fair to his charge without more ado.
 When all this is done, will *Luopos* come,
 And bring him a *Rope* to finish his doom. 72

But though his condition we much do bemoan,
 We hope that at *Tyburn* he dies not alone ;
 May other false Traytors upon him attend,
 And there for their crimes make an infamous end.
 Our good King, God bless ! His Senate no less,
 That still does endeavour his Foes to suppress :
 May Religion established no time may decay,
 That Foppish *Phanaticks* may never bear sway. 81

Finis.

The Salamanca Doctor's Farewell;

Or,

Titus's Exaltation to the Pillory upon his Conviction of Perjury.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Packington's Pound*. (See pp. 457, 600, 602.)

“ Come listen, ye *Whigs*, to my pitiful moan,
 All you that have Ears, when the *Doctor* has none!”
 In Sackcloth and Ashes let's sadly be jogging
 To behold our dear ‘Saviour o’ th’ Nation’ a flogging.
 The *Tories* to spight us,
 As a Goblin to fright us,
 With a pump *Wooden-Ruff* will bedeck our Friend *Titus* :
Then mourn all to see this ungrateful behaviour,
From these lewd Popish Tories to the dear ‘Nation-Saviour!’ 9

“ From three prostrate Kingdoms at once to adore me,
 And no less than three Parliaments kneeling before me,
 From hanging of Lords with a word and a frown,
 And no more than an Oath to the shaking a *Crown* :
 For all these brave pranks
 Now to have no more thanks
 Than to look thro’ a hole between two oaken Planks !
Oh! mourn, ye poor Whigs, with sad Lamentation,
To see the hard fate of the ‘Saviour o’ th’ Nation!’ 18

“ For ever farewell the true Protestant famous
 Old days of th’ *Illustrious great Ignoramus!*
 Had the great *Headsmen Bethel*, that honest *Ketch Royal*,
 But sate at the Helm still the Rogues I’d defy all. [p. 607.
 The kind *Teckelite* crew
 To the *Alcoran* true,
 Spight of Law, Oaths, or Gospel, would save *poor True Blue*.
But the Tories are up, and no quarter nor favour
To trusty old Titus, the great ‘Nation-Saviour.’ 27

“ There once was a time, boys, when to the World’s wonder
 I could kill with a breath more than *Jove* with his Thunder ;
 But Oh! my great *Narrative’s* made but a Fable,
 My Pilgrims and Armies confounded like *Babel*.
 Oh, they’ve struek me quite dumb,
 And to tickle my [drum],
 Have my *Oracles* turn’d to a Tale of *Tom Thumb*.
Oh! weep all to see this ungrateful Behaviour,
In thus ridiculing the great ‘Nation-Saviour.’ 36

- “ From Honour, and Favour, and Joys, my full swing,
 From twelve Pound a week, and the World in a string;
 Ah, poor falling *Titus!* 'tis a cursed debasement
 To be pelted with Eggs thro' a lewd *wooden-casement!*
 And oh! muckle '*Tony,* [*Shaftesbury.*
 To see thy old crony
 With a face all benoited with wild *Locust Honey;*
 '*T'would make thy old Tap weep with sad Lamentation,*
 For trusty old Titus, thy ' Saviour o' th' Nation.' 45
- “ See the Rabble all round me in Battel array,
 Against my wood *Castle* their Batteries play;
 With *Turnip-Grenadoes* the Storm is begun,
 All weapons more mortal than *Pickering's* screw'd Gun. [p. 309.
 Oh! my torture begins
 To punish my Sins,
 For peeping thro' key-holes to spy *Dukes* and *Queens:*
 Which makes me to roar out with sad Lamentation
 For this Tragical blow to th' ' Saviour o' th' Nation.' 54
- “ A curse on the day, when the *Papists* to run down,
 I left b[ad]gering at *Omers,* to swear Plots at *London;*
 And oh! my dear Friends! 'tis a [terri]ble hard case,
 To think how they'll pepper my Sanctify'd carcass.
 Were my skin but as tough
 As my conscience of Buff,
 Let 'em pelt their heart-bloods, I'd hold out well enough:
 But oh! these sad Buffets of Mortification,
 To maul the poor Hide of the ' Saviour o' th' Nation!' 63
- “ Had the Parliament sate till they'd once more but put
 Three Kingdoms into the *Geneva* old rut,
 With what Homage and Duty to *Titus* in glory
 Had th' worshipping Saints turn'd their bum[p]s up before me!
 But Oh! the poor stallion,
 Alamode de Italian,
 To be fetter'd at last like an *English Rapsallion.*
 Oh mourn! all ye Brethren of th' Association,
 To see this sad fate of the ' Saviour o' th' Nation.' 72
- “ Cou'd I once but get loose from these troublesome Tackles,
 A pocky Stone Doublet, and plaguy Steel Shackles,
 I'd leave the puwep *Tories,* and to do my self Justice,
 I'd e'en go a mumping with my honest friend *Eustace.*
 Little *Commyn* and *Oates,* [*Eustace Comyne.*
 In two Pilgrims' Coats,
 We'd truss our *Black Bills* up, and all our old *Plots;*
 We'd leave the base world for their rude behaviours,
 To two such Heroick true Protestant Saviours. 81

“ But alack and a day ! the worst is behind still,
 Which makes me fetch groans that wou'd e'en turn a Windmill ;
 Were the *Pillory* all, I should never be vex't,
 But Oh ! to my sorrow, the Gallows comes next ;
 To my doleful sad Fate,
 I find, tho' too late,
 To this *Collar of Wood* comes a hempen *Cravat* :
Which makes me thus roar out with sad Lamentation,
To think how they'll truss up the 'Saviour o' th' Nation.' ” 90

[Finis coronat Opus.]

Printed and are to be sold by *Richard Butt*, in *Princess-street*, in
Covent-Garden. [About the 26th of May], 1685.

** The titles of “great Headsman Bethel” and “Ketch royal” in line 21, refer to Slingsby Bethel, who at this time was lurking in Holland, like Papillon and Patience Ward. The allusion is made to his boast that sooner than a headsman should have been lacking for the execution of Charles I., he would have gladly assumed the office. See Note on our p. 198.

Eustace Comines *vel* Comyne, one of the perjured Irish “Evidences,” is mentioned in lines 76, 77 ; as he had been in Vol. IV. p. 269. He in 1680 had declared that for fourteen years previously he lived in Tipperary with one Keadagh Magher, who was appointed treasurer by Dr. Oliver Plunket, the titular primate, and by John Brenane, titular Archbishop of Cashel ; also, that “vast sums of money were to be distributed for the carrying on of that *Horrid Plot* of the Papists in *Ireland*.” E. Comyne appears again on p. 624.

By this time the prevaricating Miles France had been turned out of the Goldsmiths' Company, and had taken heavily to solitary drinking, the natural resource of so weak-minded and easily-overawed a knave. In the already-quoted “Dialogue between *Bowman* the Tory and *France* the Renegado” (=“Come, murdering *Miles*”), to the tune of “*Hark ! the thund'ring cannons roar,*” we find the trickster confessing to honest John Bowman, singer, actor, and vintner,

Nay, that which plagues me worst of all,
 They kick'd me out of *Goldsmiths'-Hall*,
 And swear that I disgrace them all ;
 One cursed *Tory* scratch'd me !

In every place, where e'er I come,
 Like sheep from wolves from me folks run ;
 Three times a day I am drunk alone,
 For fear Old *Nick* should fetch me.

48

He had abjured Romanism formerly, and Bowman taunts him with his retaining a shop-sign of *The Cross*, after renouncing Cross and Mass. He probably recanted again, to escape retribution. John Bowman was mentioned on p. 40.

Although Thomas Dangerfield's whipping, and death (after the injury to his eye, on being struck by Robert Francis's cane), did not take place until the beginning of July, 1685, it has been mentioned at once, in connection with Titus Oates's punishment, to avoid interrupting the narrative of *Monmouth's Insurrection*.

The Disastrous Expedition of Argyle.

“ *Mac Callanmore* came from the West,
 With many a bow and brand,
 To waste the *Rinnes* he thought it best,
 The Earl of *Huntly's* land.”

—The Early Ballad of *Belrinnes*.

THE attention of James II. was not at first monopolized by his schemes to bring over his Courtiers, Councillors, and people to the Romish Church; of which the ritual was already established at Whitehall to the horror of Evelyn. Lory Hyde, Lord Rochester, was soon to lose the favour of his brother-in-law by unwillingness to be converted, although he submitted to listen to some persuasive arguments. Meaner men accepted change of faith or creed with avidity, for although they had been recently vituperative against Popery, they had never needed principles, learning, or conviction, to earn their Judas-crowns by betraying Jesuits. So that they found safety and pay, all religions were alike a sham to them. King James kept a watchful eye on the Scotch and English refugees in Holland. Their restless activity provoked enquiry, and if Col. Bevil Skelton, our Minister to the States, had been fitted by intelligence to do his duty half so well as Sir Richard Bulstrode had done at Brussels, it would have been impossible for the schemes of Monmouth and Argyle to remain secret. Even as it happened, they were more than suspected at Whitehall. To this day it is doubtful whether stupidity, or some secret orders to let disaffection come to a head in an overt act of rebellion, had caused the failure of Skelton to enforce the stoppage of the ships from departure. Some quibbles as to authority over the Texel or the Vlie were used by the Amsterdam magnates. Had all been known, they were probably only too anxious to be freed from their noisy guests and pensioners.

It was arranged that Argyle should first sail for the West of Scotland, the longer voyage, and that Monmouth's forces were to follow a week later, on their shorter trip across the sea, to the South of England, so that their attack on the royal positions might be simultaneous. Argyle suspected that he was being trifled with, and departed after obtaining solemn promises, which were broken remorselessly. He was weary of unconciliating allies, Monmouth's faction. But he was to be no less thwarted by his own perverse countrymen. With such incongruous companions as the English republicans Rumbold and Ayloffé (who should have stayed beside Monmouth), there was no chance of judicious combination with the mutinous spirits of his Scotchmen, on shipboard or on shore.

The Anna, the David, and the Sophia set sail from the Vlie on the 8th of May, N.S. (=our 28th April), 1685, taking Argyle, his son Charles Campbell, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree (son of Lord Dundonald), Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, with others, including the two Englishmen, John Ayloffe and Colonel Richard Rumbold of the Rye-House, maltster. Barclay and Veitch, Torwoodlee and Cleland, had been previously despatched as emissaries to prepare for their arrival. Monmouth was appointed to start six days later, but he delayed for nearly three weeks, until the 24th of May. Thus Argyle's expedition, instead of acting simultaneously with the Western Insurrection, had been totally defeated before Monmouth gained a victory: it served to warn southern conspirators of mark that there was likelihood of a second failure, and thus kept them apart. Neither of the rash attempts ever had reasonable chance of success; for they were ill-organized, crude, and self-contradictory. Nothing was settled except discontent, and mutual distrust. Small as was the band of rebels, many of them had been allured by fraud or impressed by violence. To fall asunder amid their difficulties was a natural result.

We give a brief narrative of Argyle's voyages and mischances as introduction to the ballad of "The Rebel Captive," on p. 618. But it is not necessary here to trace minutely and elaborately the movements of Argyle in his abortive efforts to excite a Scotch rebellion. Hampered as he was by insubordinate associates, who were jealous of his claiming supreme authority, such as might become established into tyranny if success attended him, his raid on the West collapsed more speedily than could have been looked for by his worst foe. Brave but misguided men threw away their lives in this rash and hopeless struggle. Argyle, truly, had inherited many faults from his treacherous and cruel father, the unrelenting enemy of Montrose. With his previous career we have little concern here, but, like Shakespeare's Thane of Cawdor,

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it : he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Whatever were the faults of Argyle, and they were neither few nor small, the bitter heart-burnings at finding his authority ruinously disputed and over-ruled by his jealous confederates, and the dignity with which at the last he met his fate at Edinburgh, cannot but extort sympathy and respect. He was beheaded in the afternoon of the 30th of June. On the previous evening he wrote certain verses, harsh as mere poetry, but instinct with patriotic faith and fervour at the close. We give them here.

KNow, Passenger, who shall have so much time
 To view my grave, and ask what was my crime?—
 No stain of error, no black vices' brand,
 Did me enforce to leave my native Land.
 Love to my country, Truth, condemn'd to die,
 Constrain'd my hands forgotten Arms to try.
 More by Friends' frauds my fall proceeded hath,
 Than Foes, tho' now they thrice decreed my Death.
 On my attempt though Providence did frown,
 Yet God at last will surely raise his own.
 Another hand, by more successful speed,
 Shall raise the remnant—bruise the Serpent's Head.
 Tho' my head fall, that is no tragic story,
 Since, going hence, I enter Endless Glory.

These lines are cut in the monumental stone erected to his memory in that old Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, where the mischievous Solemn League and Covenant was subscribed so numerously. The Rev. William Jamieson of Glasgow University translated Argyle's lines into Latin verse, adding the final couplet—here printed in italic type—which has been thus paraphrased:

A Hero's dust these sacred stones contain ;
 Shameful his death, his life without a stain.
 He fell, alas ! thro' Fortune's fierce assault,
 His Country's Glory, by his Country's Fault.

Epitaphium Comitis Argath, quod ipse sibi posuit.

“**A**UDI hospes, quicumque venis tumulumque revisis,
 Et rogitas quali crimine tinctus eram ?
 Non me crimen habet, non me malus abstulit error,
 Et vitium nullum me pepulit Patria.
 Solus amor Patriæ, verique immensa cupido,
 Desuetas jussit sumere tela manus.
 Opprimor en rediens, vi sola, et fraude meorum,
 Hostibus et sævis victima terna cado,
 Sit licet hic noster labor irritus, haud Deus æquus
 Destitit populum, secula cuncta, suum.
 Ast alius veuiet, fatis melioribus ortus,
 Qui toties ruptum sine beabit opus,
 Sat mihi, credo, datur (quamvis caput ense secetur)
 Hinc petere ætherei lucida templa poli.”
*Hic fetus est heres indigna morte peremptus,
 Heu ! deus hic Patriæ, proditur a patria.*

There are variations in transcripts, but we accept as probably correct the Latin version given in Robert Monteith's *Theater of Mortality ; or, A Further Collection of the Funereal Inscriptions over Scotland*, 1713, p. 11. The first edition was of 1704.

The King and Parliament ;

Or,

The Destruction of Argile.

TO THE TUNE OF, *King James's Jigg*. [See pp. 663, 668.]

FOR *Tories* now 's the time to sing,
 And out of the ashes great Souls to bring ;
 Whose Honours long in the dust have ly'n
 Under th' oppression of *Whiggish* whine ;
 The [baleful] Dog-stars do now decline,
 And bright *Phœbus* begins to shine,
 Insects of Corruption he doth refine,
 The King and the Parliament now doth joyn. 8

The greatest Monarch in *Europe* is crown'd,
 And hath call'd a Parliament loyal and sound ;
 The Bill of *Exclusion* is quite forgot,
 And sent to the Devil with *Oates's* Plot.
Argile we fear not, with mixed crew
 Of *French* and *Dutch*, the *Whig* and the *Jew* ;
 Since we have a Parliament loyal and true,
 We'll pray for the King and the Parliament too. 16

The *Scotch* Parliament, [which is] loyal and brave,
 Exposes their Fortunes the Kingdom to save ;
 Our *English* in emulation agree,
 " We'll beat down the Rebels from hence to *Dundee* ! "
 Millions of Loyalists lie aside,
 Who wait all occasion to be employ'd,
 Whose service hath formerly been deny'd,
 Now hope against Rebels they may be try'd. 24

Methinks I hear 'em cry, " Fire for *James* !
 He fought for his Subjects in all extremas :
 Hark ! hark ! the cannons go thump, thump, thump !
 Brave Boys fall on 'em, they stink of the Rump ;
 Keep the Wind ; secure the Plain ;
 Wheel about, and charge them again ;
 We'll fight for King *James* through fire and flame :
 All you cannot kill, drive 'em into the Main ! " 32

Argile shall know that *Jemmy's* the King,
 Protected by Angels, and Forces can bring,
 To make him feel the dint of his Sword,
 More biting than his empty name of a Lord ;

Let *Argile*, *Monmouth*, *Lobb*,¹ and *Grey*,
Danvers and *Charlton*² curse the day :
 And the rest of the Rebels each other betray,
 And all Bastard pretentions cut off in the fray. [*Monmouth's*.]

Our King and two Parliaments all agreed,
 " We'll clear the Coast from the *Thames* to the *Tweed* ;
 The 'states of all Loyal Subjects shall flie,
 For men and for moneys the King to supply ;
 Let *Cæsar* speak his mind from the Throne, [= *James II.*]
 Our lives and fortunes are all his own :
 His just Resolution, formerly known,
 Is now in full splendour protecting the Crown." 48

[White-letter. Date, soon after June 18th, 1685.]

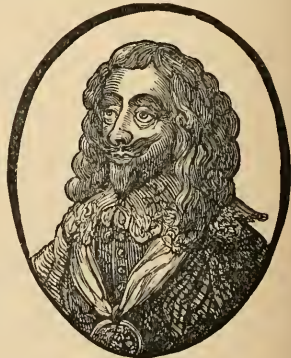
¹ See note on Stephen Lobb, Vol. IV. p. 298. He made friends with James II.

² "Colonel" Henry Danvers had mixed himself up with the Braddon libel, declaring that the Earl of Essex had been murdered in the Tower, July 13th, 1683. He circulated papers denying the suicide. Francis Charlton has been mentioned on p. 288, note 6. *Cæsar* had meant Charles, but here means James.

*** On p. 597 is mentioned the tune known as *Bonny Kate of Edinburgh*. This is the same as *Pretty Kate of Edinburgh*. Tom D'Urfey wrote the original three verses of the so-called 'Scotch Song,' sung before Charles II. at Windsor.

Just when the young and blooming Spring
 Had melted down the Winter Snow,
 And in the grove the birds did sing
 Their charming notes on ev'ry bough ;
 Poor *Willy* sate, bemoaning his fate, and woful state,
 For loving, loving, loving, and despairing too :
 "Alas !" he'd cry, "that I must dye,
 For *Pretty Kate of Edenbrough* !"

The music appears on the broadside version (Roxb. Coll., II. 354), printed by P. Brooksby, and in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, ii. 30. The following cuts belong to next ballad, but originally represented Oliver Cromwell's wife and Charles I.



1
 W
 F

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 913 ; IV. 83.]

The Scotch Lasse's Constancy ;

Or,

Jenny's Lamentation for the Death of Jockey, who, for her sake, was unfortunately kill'd by Sawny in a Duel.

Being a most pleasant New Song, to a New Tune. [Music given.]



[The other cuts are on pp. 5, 577, and 612. Cf. p. 741.]

“ **T**Wa Bonny Lads were *Sawny* and *Jockey*,
 Blithe *Jockey* was lov'd, but *Sawny* unlucky ;
 Yet *Sawny* was tall, well favour'd and witty,
 But I'se in my heart thought *Jockey* more pritty.
 For when he view'd me, su'd me, woo'd me,
 Never was Ladd so like to undo me :
 ' Fie ! ' I cry'd, and almost dy'd,
 Least *Jockey* wou'd gang, and come no more to me. 8

“ *Jockey* would Love, but he would not Marry,
 And I was afraid that I shou'd miscarry ;
 For his cunning Tongue with Wit was so guilded,
 That I had a dread my heart wou'd 'a yielded :
 Dayly he prest me, blest me, kist me,
 Lost was the hour, methought, when he mist me ;
 Crying, denying, and sighing, I woo'd him,
 And mickle adoe I had to get fro' him. 16

“ But cruel Fate robb’d me of my Jewel,
 For *Sawny* would make him fight in a Duel,
 And down in a Dale, with cypress surrounded,
 Oh! there to his death poor *Jockey* was wounded ;
 But when he thrill’d him, fell’d him, kill’d him,
 Who can express my grief that beheld him ?
 Raging, I tore my Hair for to bind him,
 And vow’d and swore, I’d ne’r stay behind him.” 24

[Thus far only the Song is by **Tom D’Urfey**.¹ What follow are the lengthening-out stanzas of the broadside version.]

“ I’se shriek’d and I’se cry’d, ‘ Wae’s me, so unhappy ! [= 2nd Roxb.
 For I’se now have lost mine nene sweet *Jockey*.’
Sawny I curst, and bid him to fly me,
 I vow’d and I swore he shou’d ne’r come nigh me ;
 But I’d spight him, hate him, fight him,
 And never again would *Jenny* like him :
 Though he did sigh, and almost dye,
 He cry’d ‘ Fie ! ’ on me, ’cause I did slight him. 32

“ And from me I’se bid him straightway be ganging,
 When with arms a-cross, and head-down hanging,
 Whilst that my poor *Jockey* was a-dying,
 He to the woods then departed sighing :
 And his breath wanted, panted, fainted,
 Whilst that for him my tears were not scantied ;
 I’se beat my breast, and my grief expressed,
 ‘ Wae’s me ! that Death my Joy has suppressed.’ 40

“ At which my *Jockey* a little reviving,
 And with Death as it were he lay then striving,
 Open’d his Eyes, and looked upon me,
 And faintly sigh’d, ‘ Ah ! Death has undone me ! ’
Jenny, my Honey ! I’se must part from thee,
 But when I’m dead, sure there’s none will *wrong thee*.
 I did love thee, and that did move me
 To fight, that so a man I’se might prove me. 48

“ ‘ But ah, cruel Fate, to Death I am wounded ;
 Oh ! ’ and with that again he then swoounded ;
 Whilst for to dress his wound I apply’d me,
 But wae, alas ! his life was deny’d me.
 Death had appaul’d him, gaul’d him, thrall’d him,
 So that he dy’d, with grief I beheld him :
 And left poor *Jenny* all a-mourning,
 And cruel *Sawny* cursing and scorning. 56

¹ See note at close of the ballad. The differences from D’Urfey’s Scotch Song, sung by Chloe in “The Royalist,” 1682, are trifling, those of the second line are here cancelled for the original readings: in the broadside “But *Jockey* was lo’d,” and, in 20th line, “Oh! there in my sight, poor *Jockey*,” etc.

“ From *Jockey's* cold lips I often stole kisses,
 The which whilst he lived were still my blisses ;
 A thousand times I did sob it, sigh it,
 And muckle ado I'se had to be quiet :
 For as I ey'd him, spy'd him, ply'd him,
 Never a thought could then pass beside him :
 I'se bann the Fates that, Life denying,
 Had robb'd me of *Jockey*, and long I sat sighing. 64

“ Till I'se at last with Cyprus crown'd him,
 And with my tears I'se almost drown'd him :
 The Turtles about us then came flying,
 And mourning, coo'd, to seem a-sighing :
 I'se view'd him, ru'd him, with flowers strew'd him,
 And with my love to the last pursu'd him :
 Resolving that I'se not stay behind him,
 But sighing, dye, and seek for to find him.” 72

Printed for *P. Brookshy*, in *West-Smith-field*. 1682.

[White-letter, no cut: One cut in Case 22. Second Roxburghe copy, B. H. Bright's, IV. 83, was printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*. Black-letter, with five woodcuts: given respectively on pp. 5, 577, 612, 613. Title, “Unfortunate *Jockey* and mournful *Jenny*.”]

* * * The earliness of the date when this broadside lengthened version followed the Playhouse Song, which was confessedly popular, strengthens the supposition that “The Royalist” may have been acted shortly before 1682, although not printed until that year. (Compare p. 179.) The “Scotch Song” belonged to the third Act, and was sung by Chloe. It is sometimes called “Unfortunate *Jockey*.” Other copies are in the Pepys Collection, III. 359, 389; in the Douce, at Oxford, II. 190; and in British Museum Coll., Case 22. e. 2, fo. 174. Oddly enough, it was not reprinted in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. The three earliest verses had been printed by Joseph Hindmarsh, in *A New Collection of Songs and Poems*, by Thomas D'Urfey, Gent., 1683, p. 14. The composer's name is not mentioned, but it was probably Tom Farmer. *We have given the ballad at this place*, instead of delaying it, *because of its connection with the political parody* concerning Argyle, entitled “The Rebel Captive,” on p. 621.

Disregarding the eighteenth century variations, it is fit that we give the changed verses of the 1685 *Loyal Songs*, p. 282, beginning with fourth verse:—

“ I sigh'd and sob'd until I was weary, [= 1st Roxb.]
 To think my poor *Jockey* should so miscarry;
 And never was any in such a sad taking
 As I, hapless *Jenny*, whose heart is still aking,
 To think how I crost him, tost him, and lost him,
 Too late it was to coyn words to accost him;
 Alone then I sat, lamenting and crying,
 Still wishing each minute that I were a-dying. 32*

“ Ah! *Jockey*, since thou behind thee hast left me,
 And death of all joys and all comfort bereft me;
 Thy Destiny I will lament very mickle,
 And down my pale cheeks salt tears they shall trickle.
 To ease me of trouble each bubble shall double,
 To think of my *Jockey* so Loyal and Noble:
 I'se grieve for to think that those eyes are benighted,
 Wherein mournful *Jenny* so much once delighted. 40*

" That blow, Oh *Sawny* ! was base and unlucky,
 That robb'd poor *Jenny* of her dearest *Jockey* ;
 A bonny boon Youth 'twas known he was ever,
 To please his poor *Jenny* was still his endeavour ;
 But 'twas Fortune uncertain, our parting
 Procur'd, and caus'd this breaking and smarting :
 But whilst I do live, 'tis resolv'd by *Jenny*,
 For *Jockey's* dear sake, ne're to lig more with any." 48*

Thus *Jenny* for *Jockey* lay sighing and weeping,
 Oft wringing her hands while others were sleeping ;
 But *Sawny* to see her thus strangely distressed
 For the loss of her Love, his heart was oppressed.
 Tho' this deluder view'd her, and su'd her,
 'Twas all but in vain, for she call'd him intruder ;
 And said, " If you die for my Love, I will mock ye,
 For you were the cause of the death of my *Jockey*." 56*

" That bonny brave *Scot* hath left nene behind him
 That like to himself was worthy of minding ; [deserving of.
 His Father's delight, and the joy of his Mother,
 And *Scotland* before ne're bred sike another.
 When I think on his Beauty, let duty confute ye,
 Death never before had sike a great booty ;
 For all, that do know him, do sigh and bewail him,
 But Oceans of tears now can little avail him. 64*

" Ah, *Jockey* ! there's nene that are left to inherit
 The tythe of thy virtues, thy wonderful merit,
 But whilst I do live thou shalt ne'r be forgotten,
 I'll sing out thy praise when thy carkass is rotten.
 For thou wert the fairest, rarest, and dearest,
 And now thou art dead like a Saint thou appearest ;
 I'll have on thy Tomb-stone these Verses inserted,
 ' *Here lies hapless Jockey, who was so true-hearted.*' 72*

" And when this thy *Motto* shall fairly be written,
 There's none shall read but with grief shall be smitten,
 And say, ' 'twas pity that one so true-hearted
 Should by cruel Death from his *Jenny* be parted.'
 And thus I with weeping, creeping, and peeping,
 Look into the Grave where thou dost lie sleeping ;
 Till, sighing, my self I have brought to my end,
 To shew that poor *Jenny* was *Jockey's* true friend." 80*

[Thus ends Nathanael Thompson's version ; the first three verses being virtually the same as those already printed on pp. 613, 614, viz. Tom D'Urfe's original "Royalist" Song. It continued popular, for about 1738 it was thrice reprinted, viz. in *The Musical Entertainer*, i. 59 ; *Calliope*, i. 138 ; and *A Collection of Diverting Songs*, 4to., p. 481.]

This song was parodied in ridicule of Argyle. The burlesque is entitled "The Rebel Captive" (as in the *One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685, where, with the music, it is given). See p. 621, for parody ; and Vol. IV., p. 453, for remarks on the cut. Another picture, there mentioned, is on our p. 741.

The Rebel Captive.

“ From Covenanting tag and rag,
 From horse-robber, scuttler, scold and hag,
 Tinker, trawler, sloven and slut,
Dick, Jack, and Tom, long-taile and cut ;
 Drunkard, and dynor, thief, and [m]ore,
 Infamous rascals by the score :

These are the mates of *Catharus*, [i.e. Puritan.
 From which the Lord deliver us !”

—Second Part of *The New Litany*, 1638.

IN comparison with the tragic romance of Argyle's ill-starred expedition to excite rebellion in Scotland, Monmouth's own delayed insurrection in the West of England was tame and prosaic ; contrasted, like the respective scenery of the two places where their equally disastrous struggles were made. On the grandeur, the gloom, and the sharp agony of Argyle's northern landing, or his warfare, we dare not linger. The narrative fascinates and enthralls, but it is foreign to our main purpose in gathering these ballads, which record *The Struggle between York and Monmouth* ; therefore we must leave in outline our portrayal of the most calamitous failure in modern times. Considering the reputed disaffection of his nation, the betrayal of Argyle to defeat and execution, through the cowardice and insubordination of his countryman, has left a stigma of disgrace upon them, which no historian of their own race and Whig politics can overcome.

The inability to gain decisive promises of support from England, with liberal supplies of money for the purchase of shipping and ammunition, had damped the courage of Monmouth's followers in Holland. Delay of the messengers' return, hesitating and inadequate reports from those who had recently seemed to be so full of bluster and assurance, made the more cautious of conspirators tremble with apprehension, and counsel a farther delay. It was this, chiefly, which caused Monmouth's breach of faith, after having solemnly promised Argyle that the English Insurrection should be made simultaneously with the northern onslaught, so that government might be paralyzed when the news arrived of many places being in revolt.

While John Trenchard and other lukewarm traitors, abiding in Devonshire and the neighbouring counties, were procrastinating, and scheming to keep themselves safe from detection or punishment until success could be attained without their being endangered by giving early help, so that they might thereafter join forces with conquering Monmouth and share the reward of his uprising, their anxious confederates in Holland were the prey of serious misgivings. It was more difficult for Argyle to obtain intelligence from Scotland.

Whether his messengers had succeeded in arousing enthusiasm among the northern clansmen and the south-country Whigs of the West, could only be guessed, not ascertained. Those whom he despatched could not easily return, and their endeavours were being constantly thwarted by the vigilance of their countrymen whose interests were in support of the government. Argyle was sanguine and impetuous, he failed to understand the difference between his own ambitious desires, the growth of almost phrenzied despair, and the sullen acquiescence which many of his former confederates were yielding to the rule of James. Argyle seemed compelled to leave much to chance, in this incertitude, and cherished vain hopes until the gloomy failure came before him, when too late to draw back.

They departed from the safe shelter of the low-coasted Holland (as has been shown on p. 609), on the 1st/₂nd of May. Many a woman might have sang dolefully the song of later days, beginning :

The love that I have chosen, I'll therewith be content ;
 The sant sea shall be frozen, before that I repent ;
 Repent it shall I never, until the day I dee,
But the Lowlands of Holland hae twinn'd my Love and me !

An ill omen soon came to shake their courage, though no tempest encountered them, but with fair wind they reached the Orkneys in three days' voyage. Two of the men landed there unnecessarily on the 6th ; one was the luckless and always-miscarrying William Spence, the other was Dr. Blackader, respectively the secretary and the physician of Argyle. Both men were seized by the loyal Bishop of Kirkwall, and sent guarded as prisoners to Edinburgh. The loss of their services was immaterial, but this premature revelation of the revolt was so disastrous as to threaten total ruin.

After a fatal delay of three days in fruitless negotiations to recover their comrades, the adventurers coasted round to the south-west, and landed in Argyleshire, where they strove to rouse the country, but met little response. Their stores and ammunition were landed, and taken to the old Castle of Allangreg. It was feared that their small ships would be attacked by a government frigate, which was seen to be pursuing them. Leaving less than seven-score men to garrison the castle, the remainder went to resist the expected attack from John Murray, the Marquis of Athol, Lord-Lieutenant of Argyleshire, who was advancing against them. On the first assault the untrained garrison fled from the Castle, so that all the stores and provisions were thus lost to the insurgents, as well as their refuge for defence.

Fresh disappointment followed speedily. They found none of the rapturous welcome that had been expected ; there was no crowding to the standard, no national uprising for the enjoyment of liberty, and overthrow of a hated yoke. Still worse, at every step they were divided among themselves. They chafed at any

government, each man desiring to be a ruler and guide. They were always calling councils of war, instead of rendering obedience to one acknowledged leader. English Rumbold and John Ayloff, republicans both, appear to have been the most courageous and sensible among them. The Scotchmen were jealous of Argyle claiming supremacy, yet none of them was worthy of displacing him. They discussed, when they ought to have acted. They had no sense of unity except in one common feeling of discontent. They were falling asunder from the moment of their landing; nay more, they had never been mutually tolerant or combined even before they left the shores of Holland. Personal, sectarian, and theoretical, they had multitudinous differences among themselves; each puny gang of insubordinate murmurers reviling the others, as unsound in faith or impracticable in politics. They held a religion of mutual hatred, not of love. No common cause attracted them inspiringly, to make them merge their differences, and live or die as heroic patriots. Seldom has been seen so disgraceful a disorganized rabble of professing liberators. To trample on the oppressors, who had kept them in exile from their country, was indeed a strong desire; but they could not submit for a day to the dictation of one among themselves. The end was not far to seek while such anarchy as this prevailed. In the multitude of ignorant counsellors there can never be safety.

They resolved unwisely to abandon the fastnesses of the Highlands. Argyle's country was held closely under the rule of his enemy Athol, and many who would have gladly joined him were hindered, or feared the consequences. So to the Cameronian and Covenanting hunting-grounds of the Western lowlands they were now to turn, at bidding of the self-elected conclave; although Argyle was disliked there in consequence of his former conduct in repressing their wild preachers, and dispersing or punishing the "Blue Blanketeers." But government forces were drawing round them threateningly, as though to enclose them, and already debarred their communication with those Whigs whom they deemed friendly. Athol, Gordon, and Dumbarton, their determined enemies, drew near. At night, on the 16th of June, the dispirited insurgents crossed the Leven-water, advancing towards Glasgow. Startled by fears of attack by day, misled into a morass by night, whence five hundred alone emerged and reunited, it became evident that all was lost. Their mutual jealousies and their dissensions had brought them to this pass. Desertions had been frequent, and no corresponding accession of recruits seemed probable now to balance the loss of their first volunteers. They resolved to separate. Against Argyle's wishes and orders they did so. Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume drew off a hundred and fifty men; crossed the Clyde, marched to Muirdyke, repulsed Lord Roos, and his troops, but could no longer

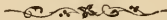
hold together. They were untwisting like the strands of a rope, and one by one giving way.

In an attempt to rouse his own Argyleshire, Sir Duncan Campbell with the Duncansons were despatched by the Earl of Argyle, who soon afterwards found himself refused shelter by an old retainer, at whose house he had expected to be secure. Disappointed and indignant, with Fullarton as his sole companion, he crossed the Clyde, but was stopped and arrested at Inchinnan Ford. Fullarton attempted to save his leader, who was disguised as his guide, but the soldiers suspected that the man was other than he pretended. Argyle on horseback was grappled with, on resisting, and fell into the water; thus he could not use his pistols, the powder being wetted. He was cut down, and exclaimed, "Unfortunate Argyle!" Our ballad of "The Rebel Captive" gives the names of the chief captors as "Sawney, Cloud, Hamilton, and Andrew Grier, the captain that led them on." The prisoners were taken to Renfrew, thence on June 20th to Edinburgh. Had there been any purpose of questioning Argyle by torture (Spence and others were thumb-screwed in days not long before), it was not put in practice. No formal trial was deemed necessary, but the old iniquitously-contrived sentence of December, 1681, was acted on; Argyle having been condemned for "leasing-making, treason, and perjury." Short shrift was allowed him, and he bore his fate with calm dignity.¹

Archibald Campbell died on the 30th of June, 1685, himself giving the signal to the headsman, after thrice exclaiming, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" He was the ninth Earl of Argyle, and a much nobler man than his rebellious and cowardly father, who better deserved the punishment of his manifold treasons.

¹ Wodrow's account of a Councillor visiting the prison and being unnerved at beholding Argyle asleep, is, like most that he relates, a falsehood. He does not dare name an authority for the romantic tale, and there are circumstances which invalidate his testimony. Wodrow is moreover always untrustworthy; credulous of everything that tells against his foes, or of whatever may be used to deify his sanctimonious favourites. We need not the fabrications of such a worthless panegyrist to enhance the grandeur of Argyle's last hours. But the anecdote, although false, is a romantic fiction, interesting as having formed the subject of E. M. Ward's noble fresco in the Westminster Commons' Corridor. Cf. p. 624.

Our motto, on p. 617, is taken from a Scottish *New Litany*, of 1638^g; the First Part of which begins, "From knocking priests' and prelates' crowns," and the Second Part recommences with, "From pedlar, shoe-black, and prick-louse" (*i.e.* tailor). It denounces the self-styled Puritan, "the mad pranks of *Catharus*."



The Rebel Captive.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*Twa bonny Lads were*] *Sawney and Jockey.*

[See pp. 613, 620.]

THree bonny Lads were *Sawney, Cloud, Hamilton,*¹
And *Andrew Grier*, th' Captain that led 'em on,
When for the loons it proved a fatal day,
Argile was ta'en, and all his men ran away.

When *Duglas* jiv'd him, riv'd him, driv'd him,
And of all hopes his Stars had depriv'd him ;
Routed him, flouted him, the De'il bigotted him,
And now the States a Rope have allotted him. 8

On *June* the fifteenth, Oh ! 't was a fatal day,
Archibald fled, and all the Rogues ran away ;
In a disguise the Loon thought to shun his fate,
Three bonny Boys they stopp'd him on the gate.

In a blew bonnet, on it one hit [= way.
Such a broad gash as made him tull own it. [i.e. *Riddell*.
" Oh ! spare me, disarm me, and do no more harm me, [= to own.
For I am *Argile*, the Head o' th' *Whig* Army ! 16

" Quarter, Oh ! Quarter ! I yield my self Prisoner,
Here, take my Sword too, that useless tool of War.
Footmen and Horses, now I all give you o're,
Dunbarton's forces no Man can stand before ;

But they will fight him, right him, fright him,
The proudest Foe will put to the flight him :
Thunder him, plunder him, dash all asunder him,
And make *Argile* himself truckle under him." 24

Thus having yielded up both his Sword and his Durk,
These bonny boys convey'd him to *Edinburg* ;
Where with a Train he enters the Water-Gate,
The Hangman walking before in muckle state :

With a Hemp Garter, the Martyr to Quarter,
And by the Lugs to cut the Loon shorter. [“ Lugs : ” = ears.
The same fate ever wait, to crown the Rebels' pate,
And all such Traytors as dare oppose the State ! 32

[White-letter. Date soon after July 4th, 1685.]

¹ Punctuated thus in the original of 1685 ; which might indicate *four* 'bonny Lads.' We suppose it to be an Anglicised misprint for 1. "*Sawney M'Leod* ;" 2. *Riddell*, or *Hamilton* ; and 3. *Andrew Grier*, or *M'Gregor*, their captain.

The Plot Rent and Torn.

“ Oh! these Rogues how they are bang'd, like curs about the Town !

Prance was soundly kick'd, and the *Doctor* nick'd,

By the 'Squire *Ketch* cruelly, cruelly !

Dugdale, full of pox and rot, no longer can maintain his *Plot* ;

And *Dangerfield* is quite forgot, and *Robin's* but a filthy sot ; [R. Hog.

Bedloe, they say, t'other day, at a Play,

Was for his insolence bang'd :

But the *Plot* will never be forgot

Till all these Rogues are hang'd.”

—*A Prophetical Catch, Tune of Christ Church Bells. 1681.*

TO the tune of *Joan's Placket is torn* the following ditty was appointed to be sung. It is a sort of Jail Delivery, as it mentions a goodly number of the most notorious “ Protestant Heroes ” who had lately enjoyed Parliamentary encouragement, before they were again consigned to their fitting dungeons. Mr. William Chappell has given the tune, without any words (for the present lost), in *Popular Music*, p. 518 ; also on his next page in the form of a slow march. He records that it was mentioned by Samuel Pepys, 22nd June, 1667 ; a trumpeter on board the Royal Charles (which was taken by the Dutch at Chatham, being left unmanned and close in shore) having sounded the tune of *Joan's Placket is torn*. (Bickers's edition of *Pepys's Diary*, iv. 387, 1877.) We have had occasion to mention the tune in this volume (see our p. 36), as it was popular and often used for political ditties. Thus “ The *Plot* cramm'd into *Joan's Placket* ” was sung to it, beginning with mention of Shaftesbury and Eserick Howard being committed to the Tower in 1681 (*One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 143) :—

Have you not lately heard of Lords sent to the *Tower*,
Who 'gainst the Popish Plotters seem'd men of chiefest power ?
But now they are got into the *Plot*, and all their power's in vain,
For the *Plot* is rent and torn, and can never be mended again.

'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,

And rent and torn in twain ;

For the *Plot* is rent and torn,

And will never be mended again !

The same burden reappears in the four-years later ballad, now to be given, entitled “ The *Plot* rent and torn ; ” after the flogging of Titus Oates, and the dispersal of Argyle's forces in the North.

On the “ Last Sleep of Argyle ” we add a Note (p. 624), and another Note follows (p. 625), with Sir Patrick Hume's confession of his countrymen's discontent while in Holland.

The Plot Rent and Torn.

TUNE OF, *Joan's Placket* [*is torn.* See pp. 36, 622].

HAve you not heard of Knaves, that ne'er will be forgot,
Who, for to make us slaves, did hatch a *Pagan-Plot* :
But now 't is rent, the Parliament hath rent the *Plot* in twain,
For the Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again !
'*T is rent and torn, and torn and rent, 't is rent and torn in twain,*
The Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again.

*Fitz-Harris, Hetherington,*¹ with *Bedloe, Smith, and Prance,*
The *Doctor* in his Gown did gravely lead the dance ;
But now the Prig another jig to dance, alas ! is fain,
For the Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again !
'*T is rent and torn, &c.*

12

Then *Dugdale* was a Saint, till he the *Cause* forsook ;
And *Dangerfield* did rant, in person of a Duke ;
With *Cummins* too,² a perjurd crew, came swearing o'er the Main,
Who the Plot so rent and tore, that 't will never be mended again ! &c.

But now the *Doctor*'s flogg'd, and 'brac'd the *Pillory* twice ;
With chains and fetters clogg'd, for his curs'd *Perjuries*.
And *Dangerfield*, for all his skill, is catch'd in the same chain ;
For the Plot is rent and torn, 't will never be mended again ! &c.

The *Joyner* for his zeal did Penance in a String, [Ste. College.
To save the Commonweal the *Doctor* next will swing ;
And all the gang in order hang, that wou'd their *Plots* maintain :
For the Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again ! &c.

Argile, the rebel *Scot*, with all the factious Crew,
In bloody arms were got, but see what did ensue ;³
For all his hope, he found a Rope did quickly end his reign :
For the Plot's so rent and torn, 't will never be mended again ! &c.

Now Royal *JAMES* is plac'd upon his Father's Throne,
With every virtue grac'd that can adorn the Crown.
His Foes shall flye, the *Whigs* shall cry, "Our hopes are all in vain !"
For the Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again ! &c.

¹ This Hetherington had been a witness testifying to the existence of a Popish Plot in Ireland. In May, 1685, before the 20th, he made his escape out of the King's Bench Prison.

² Eustace Comyns, one of the Irish "Evidences." See pp. 76, 607, 654.

³ News of the capture of Argyle had been communicated to the Commons by the Earl of Middleton on the 22nd of June. The execution was on the 30th.

To him kind Heaven has sent (Heaven's bounteous Gift alone)
 A Loyal Parliament, to fix him on the Throne ;
 Who shall our King, in every thing, of his due Rights maintain :
For the Plot is rent and torn, but will never be mended again ! &c.

This Parliament did vote the King a Royal Sum,
 Which shall his Name promote above all Christendom :
 And overcome his Foes at home, who shew their Teeth in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again ! &c.

May such a Parliament support the Royal Cause,
 To give his Friends content, and to subdue his Foes ;
 When all that Plot are gone to Pot, the King in Peace shall reign :
For the Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again.

*'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent, 'tis rent and torn in twain,
 The Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again !* 60

[In White-letter. Date, after the beginning of July, 1685.]

Note 1.—On the Last Sleep of Argyle.

* * Mark Napier exposed many of the shameful lies of Wodrow, and thus commented on the popular error concerning the last sleep of Argyle :—

“No head ever fell on the scaffold more worthy of that death. No enviable memorial of his fame is this praise of him—‘Thus died this excellent and truly good and great man,’—written by *Wodrow*, who, in recording the public characters of those times, never failed to speak evil of the good, and good of the evil. An instance of *Wodrow's* disingenuousness relative to this great State criminal [*Argyle*] must here be noted. He weaves a fanatical romance, with verbose sentimentality, of a placid slumber of the Earl's, after his last meal, and immediately before his execution; which slumber, he adds, ‘affords a charming view of the power of religion and a *peaceful conscience* in the greatest of shocks.’ Now, when dressing up an apocryphal story of ‘one of the principal managers’ having nearly lost his senses, conscience-stricken at the unexpected sight of this saint-like repose, *Wodrow* himself was aware of a *physical* cause, which would have entirely marred his story had he been so honest as to add it. In his *unpublished* Collections he had noted the following information: ‘In some of the scuffles of those times, a bullet lighted upon a wall of a castle he (the Earl of *Argyle*) was in, and rebounding, struck him on the head, and *cracked his scull*; and it was trepanned, and the *piece taken out*. This made the Earl that he *behoved still* (*i.e.* always) to sleep after meat an hour or more; and that day he was execute, he *behoved* to have his sleep after dinner.’ (See *Wodrow's Analecta*, ii. 139, and compare with his *History*, iv. 302.)”—*Memorials and Letters, illustrative of the Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee*, by Mark Napier, 1859, i. 317. Even Macaulay was deceived by *Wodrow's* mis-statements, as in the matter of the apocryphal “*Wigton Martyrs*,” who were respited, undrowned, and E. M. Ward in 1854 followed Macaulay's account unhesitatingly. We esteem him as our best historical-painter, after David Scott, till Yeames arose.

Note 2.—Discontent of the Scotch Exiles, while in Holland.

From his own *Narrative*, we quote the following self-revelation of a crotchety and mutinous conspirator; afterwards Lord Polwarth and Earl Marchmont (*obit* 1724). He has been accurately described as “a man incapable alike of leading and of following; conceited, captious, and wrong-headed; an endless talker; a sluggard in action against the enemy, and active only against his own allies.”

From Sir Patrick Hume's Narrative, p. 5. (Hon. Geo. Rose's "*Observations on the Historical Work of the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.*" 1809.)

"After free communication of thoughts, wherein wee were at perfect agreement, wee as freely communicated opinions and counsells, and attained at lenth to as perfect an agreement of resolution and determination what to doe; and being convinced that the hellish Popish plot, so evidently and distinctly discovered and laid open in the Parliament of *England*, to the conviction of all ingenous and intelligent considerers, though afterwards huddled up and obscured by the arts of the Duke of *York* and others, its wicked and restless instruments, and thereby put in case to work and goe on with greater ease and safety to itselfe and them, and far greater danger to all the protestant freemen; had taken its effect against the late King by an incomparable ingratitude of all the managers thereof; and was now in case and ready to receive its top ston[e]; and finally accomplishment in the destruction and suppression of the Christian Religion (which is but one, and wherein the [p. 6] *Roman* has no pairt unless Christian and Anti-Christian signify the same thing,) and its professors, and of the natural and native rights and liberties of the free people of *Britaine* and *Ireland*, and all the legall fences of societie and proprietie there established, by the means of the Duke of *York* his attaining to, and his receiving of the imperial crowne of these Kingdoms; and that if he should be able by the feircer methods of his oune fury, or the crafty contrivance of his party, so to work upon the countries and corporations of *England*, generally laid sleeping and intoxicated by ease from war and taxes, and by a free course of their traffick and trade, during the later years of King *Charles* his reigne, by reason of pairtly that King's love of ease; and feares and apprehensiones of a civill war, and his jealousies and dislike of parliaments; finding of late their inclinations to search in his mysteries, the designes of popery, at least in subserviencie to arbitrary power, and absolute tyranny; and pairtly his policie and cunning, wherein he exceeded all about him admitted to his service and counsels; wherby he indeed made easier, quicker, and greater progress in his designes than he could possibly have done by rough and stormie methods, verifying upon his hoodwinked people the saying, '*plures gulà quam gladiis pereunt.*'—Who truly have been as *Samson* dandled upon the knees of their *Delilas* 'till the loaks of their strenth have been cutt off, and almost their eyes put out, as to gett a parliament there of his owne packing, ac[p. 7]cording to the illegall methods taken to debauch and influence elections in counties, cities and townes; having that point abundantly certaine in *Scotland*, by treacherie and perfidie of former mock-parliaments, very well packed for that purpose, by methods as fraudulent and unjust and more violent; and in *Ireland* by such assistance as a few apostate planters, being men of intrest and in command, might give to the numerous barbarous and bigot papist natives, he might and would soone fortifie himselfe in his station with strong armies; and then, on the methods of his naturall temper, conforme to the cruell principles of his religion and its doctrines, cary on his terrible work of setling and rivetting Popery and tyrannie in, and eradicating Christianity and Liberty, the chief blessings of a society, out of these nations; at least would make the meanes of preventing these great and imminent dangers, more narrow and scarce; and the practice more difficult and dangerous:" etc.

Sir Patrick Hume's long-windedness, with almost total absence of full stops, gives us a fair sample of what must have been his interminable harangues, wordy and self-opinionated, and bitterly polemical. A specimen of litigious "Flying."



Monmouth's Expedition Awaited.

" 'Tis said, Astrologers strange wonders find,
 To come, in two great Planets lately joyn'd.
 From our Two Houses joyning, most will hold,
 Vast deluges of Dulness were foretold :
 Poor *Holborn-Ballads* now being borne away
 By tides of duller *Madrigals* than they ;
Jockeys and *Jennyes* set to ' Northern Airs.'
 While lowsie *Thespis* chaunts at Country Fairs
Politick Ditties, full of sage debate,
 And merry *Catches*, how to rule the State.
 Vicars neglect their flocks to turn Translators,
 And Barley-water whey-fac'd Beaux write *Satyrs* ;
 Though none can guess to which most praise belongs,
 To the learu'd Versions, Scandals, or the Songs.
 For all things now by Contraries succeed,
 Of Wit or Vertue there's no longer need."

[King's & Duke's
theatres.]

—Falkland's *Prologue* to Otway's *Atheist*, 1684.

MANY were the West-Country ballads sung in London in the summer of 1685, and during the next five years. Some are in praise of Taunton, where the disaffected fanatics mustered in force, and on 11th of May annually celebrated the raising by Charles I's G. Goring a siege of their town, 1645, while held by the Parliamentary troopers. Loyal attempts to repress these outbreaks had been attended with riots, but the obtrusive pugnacity and vapouring of the sectaries had been recently punished by some very high-handed proceedings in suppression of meetings, with burning of pulpits and benches. Every release from legal punishment was vaunted as a triumph; every fine or imprisonment incurred was denounced as persecution or tyranny. Letters were being circulated through the mail-bags, and more stealthily by private messengers, announcing the near approach of Monmouth to effect a deliverance. Some few of these missives from London were intercepted. Here is a brief specimen, from the *Axe Papers*, Harleian MS. 6845, fol. 284 :

Copy of Letter giving notice of Monmouth's intended Landing.

“ London, May 28th, 1685.

“Friend,—These are to advise thee that honest Protestants forthwith prepare and make themselves very ready, for here is now orders to apprehend *all honest men that are any wise noted*, and to secure them; for they have notice here at Court that a *Certaine Person* will forthwith appeare in the *West*, which puts them here at Court into a most dreadful fear and confusion: 'Tis hoped, therefore, that all honest men that are true Protestants will stick together, and not let their friends be brought out of the country by any messenger or the like. You know how to deal with your two neighbouring and such like fellows. *Argile* have had great successe in *Scotland*, and have already destroyed great part of the King's forces there; and we heare from good hande that he hath sure an army that doe increase so mightily daily, that nothing can oppose them; and

if they be once up in the West they would suddenly be up in all parts of *England*, all the Protestants being certainly prepared by this, and resolved rather to dye than to live Slaves or Papists. Make good use hereof, and impart it to such as you can trust, that you may all be prepared and ready against the appearance of a certain person, which will be forthwith if not already.

From your friend, **F.R.**"

Directed to Mr. *James Curryer*, at *Iminster*, in *Somerset*.

King James II. affected to disbelieve this, which he called an "enigmatical Letter," when it was conveyed to him with speed by Capt. William Speke from Taunton. Nevertheless precautionary measures were not omitted by loyal magistrates in the district. Suspected persons were arrested, and additional troops were in readiness. Another letter, intercepted at Taunton, was signed *S.E.*, directed to "Mr. Christopher Cooke, Mulnager, in Taunton," from St. James's, 20 May, 1685.

James may have been less incredulous than he declared himself to be. He told Barillon, a little later, of his getting news from Scotland, and he was endeavouring to obtain information direct from Holland. To his own master, Louis XIV., M. de Barillon thus communicated what he had heard, MAY 2, 3,
JUNE 7, 1685 :

"Every one believes that *Argyle's* expedition was founded upon the expectation that the Duke of *Monmouth* would attempt at the same time to excite a revolt in *England*; but it is believed that he has not ventured hither. . . . The King has just informed me that a Courier has just arrived from *Scotland*, who left *Edinburgh* the 4th of this month [*June*=our *May 25*]. All the letters from *Scotland* lead to a belief that *Argyle* expected that the Duke of *Monmouth* would set about exciting a revolt, according to his engagement, in *England*."

William of Orange and his factotum William Bentinck were meantime doing their utmost to persuade King James that they knew nothing of Monmouth's rebellious intentions, gave no encouragement to them, and were absolutely ignorant of his being anywhere near the Hague. We cordially endorse the sage opinion of Dr. R. Watson, concerning William of Orange's systematic duplicity and falsehood in these matters :

"Of all the opposers of King *James*, none acted with so much duplicity as the intriguing Prince of *Orange*. He had carefully studied human nature, and was well acquainted with the genius of the *British* nation. Cool and dispassionate, he artfully soothed every party, and balanced them so exactly that they all depended upon himself. What he principally aimed at was, to get rid of such of the refugees as stood in the way of his ambition; and with these views he encouraged the expeditions of *Argyle* and *Monmouth*, whilst he gave private information of their intentions to his father-in-law. He wished neither party success; he hoped their attempts would involve the country in a Civil War, when he expected to be sent for as umpire. Whatever might be the issue of the invasion, the Prince of *Orange* thought the attention of King *James* would be sufficiently occupied to enable him to prosecute his designs: even the King himself did not dislike the expedition, as, from the various accounts received, he was confident of crushing it without endangering the throne."—R. Watson, M.D., his *Life of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun*, prefixed to the 1798 edition of Fletcher's *Political Works*, p. 47. (For brief mention of Fletcher see our pp. 586, 649.)

We never entertained a high opinion of the critical sagacity of Samuel Weller Singer (however we admire the more celebrated Samuel Weller of *avowed* fiction), or his personal political opinions. Therefore we feel no surprise at his asserting his own belief in the intriguer 'if there is to be any faith reposed in the honour of Princes;' although that Prince be the wily one of Orange. Certainly William "doth protest too much," and would no more "keep his word" than the Player-Queen in Hamlet. The original letters are in French, from William to Laurence Hyde, given in *Clarendon Correspondence*, but the English translation may here suffice. From Dieren, on April 20, 1685, the Prince of Orange writes to the Earl of Rochester assuring him that he does not know that the Duke of Monmouth is in Holland; although it was impossible he could fail to know this, if he chose to enquire through his many agents.

"I am much obliged to you for the frankness with which you let me know your opinion, in which course I beg you will continue. I can assure you, on the word of a man of honour, that I have not known, nor know to this moment, whether the Duke of Monmouth is in Holland. [Je vous puis asseurer, en homme d'honneur, que je n'ay point sceus n'y ne scait jusques a present, si le Duc de Monmouth est en Hollande.] It is true that it has been said that he was wandering between Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and even that he had been at the Hague; but although I have done what I could to be informed of the truth, I have not been able to ascertain it, and thus much less to find means to have him told to leave Holland, which was certainly my intention, knowing that it was not right for him to be in a place so near to where I was, and if I can discover him I will execute my first design. I beg you to be assured that I am always entirely yours.—Guillaume."

It is not probable that King James was deceived by all these protestations; he affected to believe them. On June 1st/₂ he replied to one from the Prince that had been written a week earlier. It contained an offer to lend the three Scotch regiments quartered in Holland, so that they might be sent to Scotland against the rebels there, with a proposal of William to come over himself and repress the insurrection (!). James quietly declined the white elephant, and said, "I take it very kindly of you, what you offer concerning yourself; but besides that you cannot be spared from where you are, this rebellion of Argyle's is not considerable enough for you to be troubled with it: however, I am as much obliged to you as if I had accepted of the offer you made me as to your self." It is beautiful to behold this loving correspondence of mutual distrust.

Bentinck, from Honslaerdyck, 2nd/₅ May, thus wrote to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, concerning the proposed insurrections:

"... These people are too wary to discover themselves: As you may judge, Sir, since they have been able to cause three vessels of burthen to be prepared and laden with so large a quantity of arms and ammunition, *without its being discovered* (!). I have informed Mr. Skelton of what I have been able to learn, and shall continue to do so, as the means by which I obtain my information is to be relied on. Unless these people are deceived by flattering themselves in their wicked designs, they should have news by the first ordinary of the

commencement of a rising in *Scotland*, which is to be followed by one in the West of *England*. God be pleased to confound their designs! I beg you to believe me, ever, Your very humble and very obedient Servant.—**W. Bentinck.**”

This was the well-understood system of avoiding being compromised by events. Nobody was ever to know anything. Eyes were to be shut, a deaf ear turned, and no information given until—a little too late. Bentinck managed the intrigues, while innocent Orange publicly disavowed all knowledge of them; but was told everything, and made profit by the treachery himself. Later, he created William Bentinck Earl of Portland, two days before his own coronation, on the downfall of James II., against whom they had continuously plotted for many years.

It is scarcely to be thought probable that there were many letters of an incriminatory character passing from important families in the West to the care of Robert Ferguson, immediately before the descent of Monmouth on the coast of Dorset. We entertain no doubt that he was communicating secret intelligence to the Government, so that if persons of weight were compromised, there would have been after-results of prosecutions. Yet punishment fell almost solely on those whose overt acts openly exposed their seditious partialities. John Trenchard and the Spekes were the most outspoken of all, in welcome of a landing, but their opinions carried little weight proportionate to their own self-conceit. Their influence had been over-rated. That the nobility and gentry had given scarcely any encouragement seems to be absolutely certain. The lukewarmness of Monmouth and the doubts regarding his ultimate designs would check those persons who had much to lose. Battiscomb had not returned from the West with any detailed report, after having been sent thither when Dare's selection of that locality was accepted. Money was not being remitted to Holland. Francis Charlton and Major Wildman had been busy there, during previous months, disseminating sedition, with vague hints of what was to come. Few people ventured to embark life or fortune in their schemes.

That attention was directed to Monmouth and his small party so soon as Argyle's expedition had started, and still more after the Scottish landing became known, was inevitable. There were but eighty-two followers. The sixty-seven sailors who assisted their voyage are not included, because they did little after arrival in Dorset, and were non-combatants. The frigate with arms on board was avowedly chartered for a Spanish port, Bilbao. Customs' dues had been paid for two months. The Dutch seized one of the three tenders, as a blind. The Monmouthites were not scrupulously veracious, any more than the Orange William. Colonel Foulkes had been recently cashiered, at desire of King James, and he had been raising recruits at Bois-le-Duc for the expedition, but deceived Tillier and other men as to their destination, stating that they were intended for the service of the Duke of Brandenburg. When Col.

Bevil Skelton remonstrated against Foulkes, William pretended to believe the excuse about Brandenburg. Of course, he was never the man to be hoodwinked so easily. John Tillier declared later that, after Foulkes taking him to Anthony Busse, colonel of the pretended regiment for Brandenburg, he was conveyed on board ship, made a prisoner, and guarded. When seen by Monmouth, Tillier was offered liberty, on condition of accepting the post of lieutenant. He found himself thereafter debarred from pardon, as having been one who had come from Holland. "Captain *Kidd* was entrapped in the same manner. Dr. *Temple* was engaged by the Duke as his surgeon to go to the *West Indies*, and was several days at sea before he was undeceived."¹

Barillon had on May 21st duly communicated to his master Louis XIV. the sailing of the three vessels, known to be laden with arms and refugees, but their destination only guessed. This was Argyle's expedition. Some thought that Monmouth was on board. But Monmouth did not sail until the 24th of May: next day Orange despatched "a Memoir in *Dutch*, of the designs of the *Scotch* and *English* refugees, for King *James's* perusal." He was consistent in his duplicity; for he declared, "I must confess to you, that I never should have believed the Duke of *Monmouth* capable of such an action, after the assurances he made to me of the contrary when he took leave of me. I believe he is no longer in this country; at least, after all the pains that I have taken to ascertain it, I have been unable to discover that he is." (*Clarendon Corresp.*, i. 127.)

S. W. Singer coolly accepted this disavowal as conclusively exonerating William, which is more than we can possibly do, although he made the enquiry, "Who, after this [self-exculpation, false or true], will believe that the Prince of *Orange* was privy to Monmouth's design?" The self-complacent Philistine! A goodly number of students of history, no doubt, must so "believe" if they examine the evidence carefully for themselves.

The following Loyal Song belongs to May 29th, 1685, before Monmouth's expedition had arrived, but evidently while it was expected, and with distinct mention of "hot brain'd *Argyle*." We must leave unexplained the curious mixture of Restoration-Day, May 29th, with the *Martinalia* of November 11th. Let it suffice that we follow our printed exemplar. The ancient festivals in honour of Bacchus were held at a time corresponding with our November Martinmas; and these may have been specially remembered in the revelry of the "Song on Restoration-Day," in honour of the Stuarts.

¹ Both of these men, John Kidd and Benjamin Temple, M.D., with Major Abraham Holmes, Christopher Battscombe, William Hewling, and eight more, were afterwards executed at Lyme Regis, on the 12th of the following September, having been sentenced by Sir George Jeffereys. Busse the Brandenburgher was released soon after capture, partly because of being an alien, but chiefly from his having given information that led to the speedy seizure of Monmouth. See p. 673.

A Song on St. Martin's Feast :

[Restoration Day,] May the 29th, 1685.

THE Cannons all roaring, and Trumpets sounding,
 The hills and the valleys with th' echoes rebounding,
 This blest morn our great Rites let us pay :
 Two Brothers and Monarchs restor'd in a day !
 May our Festival triumphs new trophies still bring 's,
 Our famous St. *Martin's* the Cradle of Kings.

At that glorious morning,
 Great *Jupiter* was born in,

So the old *Cretan* Boys sung with homage and wonder,
 The Country-men fam'd to the God of the Thunder.
 Let nothing disloyal then dare to appear,
 'Tis all hallow'd ground, for great *James* was born here.
 Great *James* that steps up, and the Chariot drives on,
 Then dry up your tears, for Great *Charles* is not gone :

Though the mounting Saint go,
 The whole Monarch below

He left, his great Heir, for blest Mortals t' adore him,
 All fill'd and inspired with the *Phoenix* before him.

18

But ere we begin our last Adoration,
 Let's first blush away the whole shame of a Nation ;
 Dull *Britain's* so long frantick Fate,
 To see such bright Glories, and worship so late !
 But let our mad Jealousie rise up no more
 Whilst the whole God shines out, and the clouds blow o'er.

To Loyalty then, Boys,
 Let's cry out *Amen*, Boys ;

Allegiance and Loyalty, Heav'ns first creation,
 And make all Divine e're the World's first foundation.

The Angels themselves i' th' Celestial Chorus, [Cf. p. 624.
 E're *Lucifer* fell, were all loyal before us.

Let hot-brain'd *Argyle* then from *Holland* launch o're, [N.B.
 And the whole *Hydra's* heads of *Rebellion* all roar !

Till *James*, our Great *Jove*,
 Shall the black Storms remove,

Whilst like the last Trump his dread voice shall confound 'em,
 To Judgement shall call, and confusion shall sound 'em.

[In White-letter. Printed for *Nat. Thompson*, May 29, 1685.]

We know from Barillon that King James complained to him, on the 21st of May, because William of Orange had permitted Argyle to sail from Holland. A fortnight earlier James had said that "he was to keep on fair terms with the Prince only till the session of Parliament should be over." Still later he rejoiced at having had "no occasion for trying the fidelity of the regiments which the Prince of *Orange* had sent over in the Duke of *Monmouth's* rebellion; for that most of the officers were disaffected." (*Dalrymple's Memoirs*, ii. Appendix, p. 136.)

Nevertheless, James continued regularly to write letters to his Dutch son-in-law, detailing the progress of events. On June 12th he had heard nothing of Monmouth since he sailed from the Texel, but expected him to be encountered by some royal frigates if he were following Argyle. By the 13th, Saturday morning, James knew that Monmouth had landed at Lyme on previous Thursday evening. Such news travelled quickly, even in those early days. On the 15th James knew that Monmouth had declared himself King, and he was straightway *Attainted*. By the 17th James was aware that Monmouth had broken through the militia and reached the "very factious town" of Taunton, "where he may increase his numbers." Lord Churchill (afterwards Marlborough) with some of the dragoons were soon afterwards to unite with the Duke of Albemarle and his Devonshire militia, and Lewis Duras, Lord Feversham, "with three battalions of the foot-guards, one hundred and fifty of the horse guards, sixty grenadiers on horseback, two troops of horse, and two of dragoons, to march against the rebels." There was no lack of zeal and proffered service to the King from nobility and gentry, and he took the insurrection calmly. On July 7th he sent news of the victory at Sedgemoor; by the 10th, that Monmouth was taken prisoner along with the *Brandenburgher* [Busse], "whose name I do not yet know." Three days later he thus saw Monmouth:

James the King to the Prince of Orange, describing his interviews with Monmouth and Lord Grey.

Whitchall, July 14, 1685.

I Have had yours of the 17th, and now the Duke of *Monmouth* is brought up hither with Lord *Grey* and the *Brandenburgher* [Captain *Busse*]. The two first desired very earnestly to speak with me, as having things of importance to say to me, which they did, but did not answer my expectations, in what they said to me: the Duke of *Monmouth* seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did behave himself not so well as I expected, *nor so as one ought to have expected, from one who had taken upon him to be King.* I have signed the warrant for his execution to-morrow. For Lord *Grey*, he appeared more resolute and ingenious, and never so much as once asked for his life: his execution cannot be so soon, by reason of some forms which are requisite to be complied with. 'Tis so late that I have not time to say more, but that you shall always find me as kind to you as you can desire.

[James.]

The references to Monmouth making undignified efforts to obtain a respite or pardon are not more severe than justifiable.¹

In next letter from James to Orange, on Friday, 17th July, he mentions Monmouth's death with coolness. "He was very solicitous to have gained more time, and did many things towards it, not very decent for one who had taken on him the title of King. He was beheaded on Wednesday, on *Tower-Hill*. He died resolutely, and a downright enthusiast [*i.e.* fanatic]. *Richard Goodenough* is taken in *Devonshire*; they are in hopes to have *Ferguson* (*sic*) also; so that few of the chief rebels are escaped." (Dalrymple, ii. 135.)

It seemed best to here complete the story of King James's unbroken correspondence with William of Orange, concerning the Western Insurrection, although we are thus anticipating events not yet fully described.

On a later page (662) we give a copy of Monmouth's *Attainder*, direct from the rare original broadside; similarly reproducing the Proclamation which offered a Reward of "Five thousand Pounds for James the Scott," alive or dead. It was issued at Whitehall, dated the sixteenth day of June, 1685. The Bill of Attainder was read thrice in the Commons on the same day; carried up to the Lords by Sir John Fenwick, thrice read there also and passed by the Lords; then received the Royal assent: all in rapid succession on the said Tuesday, the sixteenth of June. Two days later the Commons voted a sum not exceeding £400,000 for suppression of the Rebellion.

The following poem of "The Country's Advice to the Duke of Monmouth" was issued at the time when his landing and self-proclamation as "King" were known: his formal attainder had made him "the late Duke," although he was alive and yet unconquered.

¹ We add a Note, showing James II.'s reception of Monmouth's offer to become a convert, if by so doing he might gain a respite and pardon:—

"Arrived at Traitors' Gate, he [*Monmouth*] was received and lodged in the Lieutenant's house, but did not ask to see his boys and girl. Two years had passed since he had looked on their young faces, and the girl was still so young as hardly to recall his figure to her mind. She was frightened at the Tower, and sinking into low and fitful moods. *The Duke was too much busied with his own affairs to mind such weaklings.* Could not some one save him yet?—'I know my Lord,' he cried to *Dartmouth*, 'that you loved my father. For his sake, for God's sake, try if there be room for mercy!' It was useless. 'Tell the King,' he muttered, '*I am willing to become a Catholic if he will but let me live.*' This offer was sent on to *James*, who only sneered, 'It is to save his life, and not his soul.'"—*Her Majesty's Tower*, by William Hepworth Dixon, iv. 204, 1871 ed.

On our p. 698 we tell of little Lady Anne Scott's death, at the Tower, the girl mentioned above. On Monmouth's desire to see Arundel, *cf.* p. 686.

[British Museum Collection, 1872, a. 1, fol. 42.]

The Country's Advice to the late
Duke of Monmouth,
 And those in Rebellion with him.

This may be Printed. R[oger] L. S[trange]. June 30.

YOu, who[m] the gazing World did once admire;
 And you, who were extoll'd and prais'd by all,
 You, who[m] each sighing Virgin did desire,
 And you, who[m] once we might Great *Monmouth* call;
 Wherefore do you against our Peace conspire,
 And in a bloody War our Land enthral?

Thus *Lucifer*, aspiring to be great,¹

Was thrown from Heav'n to his Infernal Seat. 8

When to great *CHARLES's* Arms you did return,
 Not of your 'fore-committed crimes to tell,
 How did that Sacred Prince's bosom burn,
 In hopes you from your former Ills had fell!
 But, oh! too much Indulgence makes us mourn,
 And sighs, instead of joy our bosoms swell.

Thus Mercy freely given is abus'd,

And *Pardon'd Rebels* for *Sham-Princes* us'd. 16

Weigh with your self the fall of *Absalom*,
 Let his Example teach you to be wise;
 (He justly had a Rebel's Martyrdom,
 And climb'd a Tree, 'cause he'd a mind to rise:)²
 Just Heav'n in Thunder will with Vengeance come,
 And on your Head avenge your Treacheries.

Think on the guiltless Blood you hourly spill,

Where Brother brother, Father son doth kill. 24

In vain (alas!) Rebellious arms you use,
 In vain you mighty Preparations make,
 And but in vain our Monarch you abuse
 And skulking round about poor Women take;
 In vain you your Rebellion would excuse,
 By saying "'tis for pure Religion's sake."

What your Religion is, I cannot tell,

But *Protestants* (I'm sure) can ne're Rebell. 32

¹ Compare p. 631. ² See Note on p. 636, regarding this allusion to Absalom.

Though with your weak Pretences you delude,
And bring in some who're Traytors in despair,
A wretched, hopeless, gaping Multitude,
Whose desperate Souls know neither sense nor care ;
Yet all in vain your Treasons are pursu'd,
Your Stratagems but weak and feeble are ;
For the Almighty has his Angels spread,
To guard our sacred lawful Monarch's head. 40

What shew of Right, what Law can you pretend,
To justify this bold, this bloody Deed ?
What is't you'd have ? Wherefore do you contend,
That thus you make the shaking Countrey bleed ?
Is this our Liberties ? Are you our Friend ?
Dear Liberties, and a fast Friend indeed !
Our Souls at Liberty you set ; our Wives,
Our goods, and children, perish with our Lives. 48

When on ambitious wings you first were tost,
And the curst *Faction* did your mind invite,
They spar'd no time, no labour, nor no cost,
To puff you up with a supposed Right :
But 'cause you shou'd not in your Pride be lost,
Your Royal Father clear'd your misted sight,
Who (wise as just, and powerful as great)
Declar'd you to be ILLEGITIMATE. 56

And you, deluded Souls that are engag'd
In Arms against your just and lawful Prince,
Consult the grounds on which this War is wag'd,
Call back your Reason, and alarm your Sense,
That this sad bloody Conflict be asswag'd,
In which you ne're can hope for recompence.
Ask God forgiveness, your wrong'd Sovereign greet,
And lay your Arms at his Imperial feet. 64

Good God ! that ever people thus should be
Into such base, unnat'ral Wars betray'd,
Under the old sham-tale of LIBERTY,
Which at that very time they do invade,
When we before had all things just and free,
Nor any fear, or cause to be afraid :
Now *Treason, Murther, Rape, and Massacre,*
Must the blest title of RELIGION bear ! 72

But if you will not now be wise in time,
 And choose Repentance e're it be too late,
 May you with speed be punish'd for your Crime,
 And meet the scourge of your deserved fate ;
 And for your Head, who wou'd to Empire climb, [=Monmouth.
 Upon the ashes of a ruin'd State,
 Since neither Pardon, nor a Prince's Love
 Can the sweet bait of Mighty Crowns remove, 80
 Let him unpity'd in a Dungeon lie,
 Till with Despair and Envy he shall die.

London: Printed by T. M. (for the Author) in the Year 1685.

[T. M. = T. Moore. White-letter. No cut. Issued before news of Sedgemoor or Monmouth's capture was received, July 10th, 1685; the term "late" being applied to his loss of title, not to loss of life, which was five days after.]

Note on the nickname "Absalom," as applied to Monmouth.

With reference to 2nd Book of *Samuel*, xv. 5, et seq. a single-sheet folio pamphlet, in prose, "London, printed [on both sides] in the year 1680," entitled *Absalom's Conspiracy; or, the Tragedy of Treason*, had familiarized the public with the story, and with the suggestion that Monmouth's "Progress" was a revival of Absalom's tactics; the mention of David, Achitophel, Hushai, strikingly anticipating Dryden's employment of the names. Achitophel's fate points the moral: he "*went home and hanged himself*, giving fair warning to all treacherous Councillors, to see what their Devilish Counsels will lead them to at last: Mischievous Counsel ever falling in conclusion upon the heads where first it was contrived, as naturally as dirty kennels fall into the common-sewer." None can mistake the political application, the last words being these:—"Whatsoever was written aforetime, was written for our instruction, for Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

In our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 95, we gave a hitherto unreprinted "Paraphrase on the Third Psalm" (= "Eternal Monarch! you who are the shield of injur'd kings," etc.), loyally testifying by implication against Monmouth, at about the same date, 17th November, 1681, when Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* appeared (commenced in MS. in 1680). On p. 399 of the present volume we reprinted the *Roxburghe Ballad* of "Absalom restor'd to David's Bosom," demonstrably belonging to a date between 28 November and 7 December, 1683.

In *Azaria and Hushai, A Poem*, London, printed for Charles Lee, 1682, the anonymous author, Samuel Pordage, addresses the reader thus: "The Ancients say, that every thing hath two handles; I have laid hold of that opposite to the Author of *Absalom*: As to Truth, who has the better hold, let the World judge." It begins, "In impious Times, when Priest-craft was at height, And all the Deadly Sins esteemed light," etc. Dullness so reigns throughout that it has not been reprinted in modern days. Elkanah Settle attacks the Tories, in *Absalom Senior; or, Achitophel Transpos'd* (so printed when "revised with additions" in 1682), and declares that the Licentiousness of the first *Absalom and Achitophel* has been the sole occasion of the Liberty of this." It begins, "In Gloomy Times, when Priestcraft bore the sway, And made Heaven's Gate a Lock to their own Key," etc. (Dryden ridiculed this couplet.) In conclusion Settle declares that

'Gainst *Absalom* even Oracles would lye,
 Though Sense and Reason preach 'tis Blasphemy.



The Duchess of Monmouth's Lamentation.

“ The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell
 That they should tend the old man well :
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree ;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er *Monmouth's* bloody tomb.”

—Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

WE prefer to give here the hallad (mentioned on p. 415) entitled “The Dutchess of Monmouth's Lamentation” (issued in September, 1683), before we narrate the Insurrection in the West.

Anne Scott, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, born in 1651, “the greatest heiress and finest woman of her time,” daughter of Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, might have seemed to be such a woman as deserved the entire devotion of her husband. Beautiful in person, amiable in disposition, accomplished and graceful, she held her place at a Court where women exercised a sovereign charm, virtuous beyond almost all of them, and possessed in her own right ample fortune, rank, and influence. In her youth, she had brought to her boyish husband every gift that he was able to value. Nothing but perversity and ingratitude could account for his neglectful treatment of her. His heart can never have really accompanied his hand, and it is only the most generous natures who learn to love those who have showered benefits upon them. To baser natures gifts received work little good, and are felt as burdens or injuries, because a morbid conscience gnaws within, telling of unworthiness in the recipient, who strives to transfer the sense of wrong-doing from himself to the giver.

Their marriage had taken place in 1663, while she was only twelve years old, and Monmouth not fifteen.¹ Their son Charles, Earl of Doncaster, was born August 26, 1672; their daughter Catherina Laura on January 10, 1674. Both died early. Charles died at the close of 1679, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Two sons, James and Henry, survived their father. Other children died young, *viz.* Francis, Charlotte, and Anne. (See Note on p. 698.)

In early days of her married life the charm of her conversation had been appreciated by James Duke of York, over whom she was

¹ In 1673 their titles were augmented as Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, Baron and Baroness of Whitechester and Eskdale in Scotland. Their marriage during infancy had been contrived solely for his benefit as a worldly advantage, of wealth, rank, and assured position. During the time of their necessary separation, he formed evil habits, which clung to him.

acquiring an influence.¹ Her husband, in the petulance which speedily grew into bitter animosity against his supposed uncle, forbade the further interchange of visits. It became absolutely impossible for Anne to remain ignorant of the numerous infidelities of her husband. For one mistress, who had thrown over both himself and the Duke of York, he quarrelled with Sheffield, and withheld from him a command in the Guards; to be requited by the successful rival doing his utmost to prejudice the mind of York against him. We have seen how he punished Miss Trevor, revengefully causing her to be seduced by his creature Tom Thynne of Longleat, for her having detected Monmouth in a gross intrigue with another lady. What became of his connection with "Mrs. Eleanor Needham," of Great Russell Street, whom he had visited until 1683, when he was watched by a State-spy, has been already recorded. Also the other notorious intrigue, with Lady Grey, continually mentioned in lampoons of the time. The only true love affair among them all was in the case of the Lady Henrietta Wentworth (see the section headed "Monmouth at Toddington"). At his execution he emphatically declared that there "had been no sin" between them; but this must be understood simply to mean that he considered the love uniting them was a sufficient absolution, making them virtually man and wife in the sight of heaven. He held this view, and had persuaded her to believe it (despite the fact, well known to her, of his having a lawful wife already in Anne Scott, the mother of his only legitimate children). Not that it was a platonic attachment, pure and spiritual, for Lady Henrietta Wentworth was said to have borne him a child. As she had remained in Holland when he started on his fatal expedition, with money raised upon her jewels and his own, she was unable to see him at the last: she was certainly remaining in Holland at the beginning of August, 1685, for her letter to Sir William Smith was seized by the Mayor of Dover. She survived the execution of her lover for nine months only. She had drooped hopelessly, and was glad to die. But we are here anticipating the end.

¹ She was a favourite at Court, but her life was often darkened by her husband falling out of favour. In *Rochester's Farewell* her sprightliness of speech and solid judgement are mentioned in contrast to the attractions of the Duchess of Mazarine, who had arrived in 1675. The word *banish'd* marks 1680:

This last doth banish'd *Monmouth's* place supply,
 And Wit supplanted is by Letchery.
 For *Monmouth* she had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
 To all which *Mazarine* had no pretence:
 A proof that, since such things as she prevail,
 Her Highness' Head is lighter than her Tail.

Coarse, but instructive. Even Rochester's imitators are not valueless. History like Science can draw her richest dyes from refuse, like your mauve from coal-tar.

Her mother, Lady Wentworth, caused a monument to be erected to her memory, where she had once been happy and now lay buried, at Toddington, expending on it the sum of two thousand pounds. Since then, throughout two centuries, a pilgrimage of lovers has been paid there, not to the stately tomb, but to the faithful and broken heart.

Note on the Duchess of Monmouth's Lameness.

An account of the accident from which the Duchess Anne Scott never fully recovered is given by Samuel Pepys, who carefully noted the evil result which stopped her favourite amusement at the Whitehall Court Balls. She continued to attend them, although unable to dance: as her husband spitefully remembered in his last days. Pepys, in his *Diary* (the Bickers' edition, 1877), mentions,

December 29, 1662.—"The Duke of Monmouth with his little Mistress [Lady Anne Scott], which is very little and like my brother-in-law's wife." [But he was not created Duke until February, 1663.]

April 20, 1663.—Married at Whitehall, in the King's Chamber. She acted in Dryden's "Indian Emperour," January 13th, 1663, at Court, where she and Henrietta Maria Cornwallis (sister of *le beau Cornwallis*, who in after years became Anne's second husband,) were "the only ladies who acted well."

May 8, 1668, the Duchess sprained her thigh, while dancing at her lodgings. During the same month it had to be set "again, after much pain." On the 15th of July she was "still lame, and likely always to be so, which is a sad chance for a young Lady to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing."

September 20, 1668.—"The Duchess of Monmouth is at this time in great trouble of the shortness of her lame leg, which is likely to grow shorter and shorter, that she will never recover."—*Diary*, v. 359.

On an earlier page (416) we have shown that in one of the mocking poems of her day she was unfeelingly addressed as "dear Limp." On p. 191 was printed a sectarian libel, "A Litany for St. Omer's," 1682, of which the forty-sixth line, "From every one that falsely limps," referred similarly to the Duchess.

¹ It is terribly destructive of sentiment, but suggestive of thought in connection with the heartlessness of Court Society in her day, that Henry Savile writes thus from Whitehall to the Marquis of Halifax, on April 24th, 1686: "*My Lady Henrietta Wentworth is dead; having sacrificed her life to her beauty*, by painting so beyond measure that the mercury got into her nerves and killed her. She has left her land to her mother for life; afterwards it goes to my Lady Lovelace, and so to my Lord." She died on the 23rd April (Old style) unmarried. —*Camden Society* No. 72, *Savile Correspondence*, p. 287.

In October, 1713, Bishop Kennet took down from Dr. Tenison's own lips the narrative of his interview with Monmouth, whom he reported to have said that "Lady H. Wentworth had borne him no children."—White Kennet's *History of England*, iii. 433, 1719.



[British Museum Collection, 1876. f. 1, fol. 22.]

The Dutchess of Monmouth's Lamentation for the Loss of her Duke.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender Hearts of London City.* [See pp. 325, 326.]

- “ Loyal Hearts of *London City*, Come, I pray, and sing my Ditty,
Of my Love that's from me gone;
I am slighted and much sprighted, and am left alone to mourn.
- “ Was not that a dreadful thing, To make a Plot against the King,
And his Royal Brother too?
I am vexed and perplexed, for my dear that prov'd untrue. 10
- “ A Hellish Plot there was contrived, and then at last they were devised
To make it known unto the King,
How they had plotted and alloted a Murther then for to kill him.
- “ But *Shaftsbury* and his wits confounded, that had my *Jemmy* so be rounded
For to Conspire against his King,
But God Direct and him Protect, that they may never Murther him. 20
- “ My *Jemmy* was a Subject Royal, But now has prov'd himself Disloyal;”
(Then she cryed out a main)
- “ My Heart will break, for my Love's sake, Because he ne're will come again.
- “ *Jemmy* now is prov'd a Traytor, *Tony* and he were so sad Creatures,
For to meddle so with things,
That were too high; proud *Shaftsbury*, For him to meddle so with Kings! 30
- “ *Shaftsbury* was wondrous witty, to ruin three Nations, more's the pitty!
Of it he was very shy;
But he is fled, and is since dead, that did disturb true *Monarchy*.
- “ *Jemmy* once was Loyal-hearted, And would his Life soon apparted
For his King and Nation's good;
He delighting all in fighting, Made his peace where 'ere he stood. 40
- “ *Shaftsbury*, he was a Rebbel, Unto the King he was uncivil,
For all the Honour he did gain;
The King he slighted, and much spighted, And so he did his Royal Train.
- “ *Jemmy* was a Foe to no Man, Till wheeld'd in by *Shaftsbury*,
Till at last he was forc'd to fly:
You know the Reason, 'twas for Treason, For disturbing *Monarchy*. 50
- “ The Horrid Plot that they were known, Then against the King and Crown,
That makes my Heart to Bleed full sad,
For to hear my only dear were lately grown so very bad.
- “ All my joys are gone and blasted, I with grief am almost wasted,
For my *Jemmy* that's to me dear.”
- Then from her Eyes, with fresh supplies, down trickles many a brackish Tear. 60
- “ God bless the King and his Royal Brother, And keep us from such horrid murther,
That were contriv'd by *Shaftsbury*
He was a Wretch fit for *Jack Ketch*; for disturbing of *Monarchy*!”
- Now she ends her doleful story, Her Lamentation[']s laid before ye,
She laments for her own Dear,
- Then from her eyes, with fresh supplies, down trickles many a brinish Tear. 70

Printed [for *J. Deacon*, White-letter, Sept. 27th,] in the Year 1683.

[Pepys Collection, II. 221.]

The Merciful Father ; or, The Penitent Son :
A Congratulatory Song on the Happy and most wished
for Return of

James, Duke of Monmouth,

To Court, and his Reception into Power again.

TO THE TUNE OF, *There was a bonny young Lad.*¹

YOU Gallants of Country and City,
Come listen to me, and I shall
Declare you the truth of my Ditty,
that *Monmouth* is come to *White-Hall* :
That *Monmouth*, so much in disgrace,
that *Monmouth*, so much in disdain,
Does now in the Court show his face,
and is come into favour again !

That Monmouth so much in disgrace, etc.

12

Brave *Monmouth* is now come in favour,
I pray God preserve him so still,
And that he may always endeavour
to have his dear Father's good will :
Then *England* in Peace it will flourish,
and those that disturb it in vain
Their old hidden Mischief may nourish,
for *Monmouth's* in favour again,

Then England in Peace it will flourish, etc.

24

¹ We have already, on p. 393, mentioned the popular Roxburghe Ballad thus beginning, "There was a bonny young Lad, was keeping of bonny win Sheep," entitled "A new song of *Moggie's* Jealousy ; or, *Jockie's* Vindication" (Roxb. Coll., II. 358), which will be given early in our next volume. Other names to the same tune are, 1.—*London's* Loyalty ; 2.—*Burton Hall* (p. 245) ; 3.—"Ye London Lads be merry ;" 4.—"Would'st thou be wilful still, my Jo ?" (Vol. IV. p. 544). The present ballad, from a Pepysian broadside, probably unique, belongs to November, 1683, and the Prodigal's return to Royal favour has been described by us, with other illustrative ballads or songs on "Monmouth's Entertainment at Court," on pp. 417 to 419. Although thus far behind time in our pages, we gladly add the present interesting record of Charles II.'s forgiveness of the Duke of Monmouth, and the intercession of James Duke of York (cajoled and misled as he was, believing in the young man's penitence and protestations of future loyalty to him). It is connected with the foregoing ballad of "The Duchess of Monmouth's Lamentation," which also belongs to the autumn of 1683, after discovery of the Rye-House Plot.

- No more shall their Praying and Crying
 persuade him to follow their Cause,
 Nor all their Vowing and Lying
 oblige him to break the King's Laws :
 For *Monmouth* hath vow'd that he never
 will follow no more such a train,
 But he will be Loyal for ever,
now he's got into favour again :
For Monmouth hath vow'd that he never, etc. 36
- The good Duke of *York* did obtain it,
 upon his confessing his fault ;
 And wickedly he would Prophane it, [N.B. prophetic.
 if ever that he should Revolt ;
 Upon his most humble Confession,
 and vows that he true would remain ;
 And we hope he will have the Discretion,
now he's got into favour again ;
Upon his most humble Confession, etc. 48
- No more will he favour the Rabble,
 no more will he follow their Treats ; [*Vide p 264.*
 No, all their Tricks are not able
 to make him believe in their Cheats :
 But shew himself Faithful and Loyal,
 and prays for his Father's long Reign,
 And they and their Projects defie all,
now he's got in favour again :
But shew himself Faithful and Loyal, etc. 60
- Methinks the whole Nation did want him,
 since he from the Court did depart ;
 Yet those that before this did Saint him,
 now swear he's a Papist in's heart : [*Cf. p. 531.*
 Because he has shew'd his Obedience,
 in hopes for to wipe off his stain,
 All those that are void of Allegiance
are mad he's in favour again :
Because he has shew'd his Obedience, etc. 72
- But those that are true Loyal-hearted,
 and love all the Old Royal Race,
 Lament the sad cause why he parted,
 and now do rejoyce at his face :
 " 'Tis better to mend late than never,"
 the Proverb was ne'er made in vain ;
 We hope he'l remember it ever,
now he's got in favour again :
 " 'Tis better to mend late than never," etc. 84

Had *Tony* seen this Recantation,
he had Hang'd himself without doubt,
And swore that the sins of the Nation
had brought these Confusions about :
How it would have startled the Peer, [*"Tony," Shaftesbury.*
to see all his Projects in vain,
But he dy'd too soon by a year,
tho' Monmouth's in favour again :
How it would have startled the Peer, etc. 96

Now whilst gallant *Monmouth* is shining,
and sharing in every sport,
Old *Shaftesbury's* factions are whining,
and envying brave *Monmouth* at Court ;
But let them go on with their weeping,
for my part I'll never Complain,
Since *Monmouth* has left his Boo-Peeping,
and got into favour again :
But let them go on with their weeping, etc. 108

That he may deserve this new Blessing,
good Heavens direct him the way ;
And let him avoide all Addressing,
for those that did lead him astray :
And make it his chiefest endeavour,
Whilst *York* and his Father doth Reign,
To serve and obey them for ever,
for granting him favour again :
[*To serve and obey them for ever,*
for granting him favour again.] 120

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. Date, between Nov. 27 and Dec. 7, 1683. Philip Brooksby seems to have had gennine loyalty. Jonah Deacon was merely a turncoat, at heart a disaffected sectary, assuming loyalty for the sake of "the penny siller."]

*** On our pp. 215, 218, 220, we had mentioned Sir Roger Martin, of Suffolk (who married Tamworth Horner, a daughter of Lady Elizabeth Foljambe, *née* Reresby; related to Sir John Reresby). Sir Roger is probably named as "Sir Martin" in the *Letter to Ferguson*, quoted in our later p. 654. At James's Coronation, in April, 1685, Sir Roger held influence among the Romanists, and his satirical comments were feared by the Monmouthites. He is described in a MS.,

Tell 'em, Sir *Martyn*, that long wire-drawn Knight—
A stalking shaddow like a moonlight night—
Harsh to the ear and hideous to the sight,
With hollow jaws, no teeth, and toes turn'd in,
(A greater monster than from *Nile* they bring,)
With his grey mares, white wigg, and gawdy coach,
Presumes his Lady's woman to debauch; etc.—*Satire; To Julian.*



The Rebellion in the West.

" The presentation of but what I was,
 The flattering Index of a direful pageant,
 One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below ! . . .
 A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
 A sign of dignity, a garish Flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot . . .
 Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee ?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art ! . . .
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none :
 Thus hath the course of Justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to Time."

—*King Richard the Third*, Act iv. sc. 4.

THE curious Luttrell broadside, "A Description of the Late Rebellion in the West" (reprinted on our later p. 702), with its woodcut containing many groups of figures, forms a double panoramic view, thus illustrating the adventures of Monmouth's last days. Together with another poem (p. 709), one more piece of "Advice to the Painter," it might serve instead of a detailed account of that woful failure and defeat of hopes, for which atonement had to be made disastrously by his misguided men, in bearing the cruelties of "Kirke's Lambs" and the Bloody Assize of Lord George Jeffereys.

When Monmouth landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire, June $\frac{21}{1}$, 1685, men remembered that even thus had Perkin Warbeck landed at the same place, in 1497, to fail and to die. But few recalled to memory a stronger instance of the irony of Fate, *viz.* that Charles the Second escaped from the same port of Lyme in 1649; after having been defeated at Worcester, finding shelter in the Royal Oak, and taking flight disguised as a serving-man, with loyal Mistress Lane behind him on the pillion.

The world is full of strange coincidences, of similarities and contrasts in its anniversaries; but for the most part we are too busy to notice them, or, if noticing, to moralize upon their lessons. The better so, in general; for too much thought and foreboding deadens resolution in us, as in Hamlet; and Macbeth's stricken wife has told us that "things without all remedy should be without regard."

With many good qualities, Monmouth was altogether unfitted by his vacillating weakness to be a leader in any great enterprize. Ordinary physical courage he had shown, and some military skill to plan effectively the scheme of a campaign or of a battle. But how to discipline his forces, and compel subordinates to yield obedience to his rule, he had no more learnt than how to subdue his own imprudence. From the moment of his landing at Lyme,

may more, from the moment when he listened to the discontented horde of outcasts and exiles, who like reptiles of the sluggish marshes had found shelter around himself in Holland, he was at the mercy of each turbulent will. Such a disorganized rabble could not possibly succeed in fight. The few really able men were either opposed to one another, or were suspected and overrowed by the mere herd. An incongruous rabid mob, whose only bond of union was their unwillingness to remain longer in exile—how could they act in harmony? Each had his own particular aim in view, and distrusted every other man's. That wretched fallacy, “the right of private judgement,” while reason itself may be lacking for the due search and for the summing up of evidence, to what ridiculous straits it leads vain-glorious triflers, when this Will-of-the-Wisp haunts poisonous morasses! Monmouth hoped to win a crown, and was anxious to proclaim his assumption of legitimacy. We have seen that he dared not confess this to William of Orange, with whose own selfish schemes such a proceeding clashed; he dared not, after mentioning it, force it on his allied conspirators, few among whom wished anything more than to use him as a stalking-horse for popularity, to serve their own ends.

Had they been content to wait a few short years, until James the Second ran his course of obstinate insensate bigotry, they might have found in England a welcome twenty-fold as hearty, when they came in answer to a nation's call. Without such treachery as afterwards characterized the encroachments of the Prince of Orange, Monmouth might have returned to England, by 1689, with renown secured in some foreign wars; and with companions of a higher station than those who filled the three small vessels from the shores of Holland in the June of 'Eighty-five.

Instead of any such success, the dreamy possibility of imaginary “*Might-have-been*,” the actual history is clear to us, with no less suggestive lesson. All the gifts of Fortune were wasted, all the advantages that youth, position, handsome face, and courtesy of manner, could give, were found to be of no avail against the curse of an unstable mind, defective principles, and self-indulgence. As it had been in his first youthful years, with women, that he attracted many to love him, but could not retain their affection, when once they found how shallow and insincere he was; so, with the nobler objects of our life, he trifled and squandered opportunities. To many homes did he bring misery, dishonour, and horrible death; because men and women were too prompt to take him at his word, believing him to be devotedly their friend and lawfully their sovereign, “*Defender of the Faith*,” the brave unconquerable captain that he seemed. To be so trusted, and to fall aside at the first repulse; to be so loyally followed into danger, and then to flee away, leaving his dupes to be shot down in fight, or hanged at their

own doors, while loving women were exposed to basest insults and extortion, was such a crime as deserves our reprobation. Yet to this depth fell "England's Darling." This was what the poor "Protestant Hope" did, in more than momentary weakness, and never fully repented. He sorrowed only over the consequences to himself, not at the insurrection or at his own desertion of friends.

It was a theatrical pageant, unreal and delusive, from the day of his landing. Modern time once witnessed as rash and unreasonable an adventure, ridiculed by foreigner and native, which, nevertheless, after having been foiled and punished, was followed by success; the prize being supreme command, with the Second Empire in France. But the dauntless resolution of the unscrupulous leader, "who knew himself, and knew the ways before him," made *his* bold attempt precursor of a victory, while the inherent weakness of "King Monmouth" foredoomed him and his party to defeat. His enemies nicknamed him the "Fop-King." Silly vanity deceived him. While he had played his part amid the tinsel of the West, accepting flowers, and banners wrought by smiling damsels robed in white at Taunton, he was incapable of striding with firm step along the rocky pathway, which may sometimes lead upward unto glory, but which is certainly begirt with danger. England was not to be won so easily. As Hotspur knew, at such a time of peril,

This is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloodie Noses and crack'd Crownes,
And pass them current too.

In 1680 those Western festivals had been pardonable; even then the demonstrations were suggestive of a dangerous excitement, disloyal to the reigning monarch or his lawful successor. When resumed two years later, in 1682, the seditious purpose was un concealed, and thus many persons who had property to lose took care to hold themselves aloof. Now, in the third and decisive Progress of the same pretender, Monmouth, when adherence meant rebellion, and refusal would count as loyalty to the King, the nearly total absence of the gentry gave warning of impending ruin. As to the landing-place at Lyme, the following brief extract may find a place:

"The insignificant force of the Duke of Monmouth is said to have landed on the coast near Lyme Regis, and doubtless that statement is in the main correct; but at Topsham, in Devonshire, twenty miles farther West, is (or was, thirty years ago) a street called *Monmouth Street*, and in it a Public-House with the sign of *The Monmouth Head*. When I was a boy, an old fisherman at Topsham told me that he had heard his grandfather say that *his* father had seen the Duke of Monmouth land near Exmouth, with all his fighting men, and that on his way to Bristol he met with an opposing force on the site of the present Monmouth Street; and that on the success of the Duke he received a great accession to his forces. Though this story may not be wholly correct, there is probably some truth in it."—*History of Hertfordshire: Hundred of Cushio*, p. 127.

The first to land were old Heywood Dare, Hugh Chamberlain, and Colonel Samuel Venner. They indulged themselves in imprudent talk to fishermen, of there being a rebellion commenced in Ireland, and of another soon to come in England. The two civilians went on to George Speke's, at White-Lackington House. Speke was to spread intelligence for Monmouth. Samuel Dasset, deputy-searcher of Lyme Custom-house, gives a minute account of what happened (in Harleian MS., No. 6845). The Duke of Monmouth, dressed in purple, with a star on his breast and a sword at his side, was accompanied to shore by Lord Grey, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, Hooke the Duke's chaplain, Robert Ferguson who acted as the army chaplain, and other persons. The iniquitous and impolitic "Declaration" prepared by Ferguson was then read in the Lyme market-place. Rebellion had begun. This was Thursday, June 1st.

The following extract is a sample of Monmouth's Declaration:—

"The whole course and series of the Life of the present *Usurper* [James Duke of York] hath been but one continued conspiracy against the Reformed Religion and Rights of the Nation. For whosoever considers his contriving the *burning of London*; his lusting a confederacy with *France* and a *War* with *Holland*; his fomenting the *Popish Plot*, and encouraging the *Murder of Sir Ed. B. Godfrey* to stifle it; his forging *Treason against Protestants*, and *suborning Witnesses* to swear the *Patriots* of our Religion and Liberties out of their lives; his hiring execrable villains to assassinate the late *Earle of Essex*: . . . such can imagine nothing so black and horrid . . . which we may not expect from him," etc. Again, "And whereas the said *James Duke of York*, in order . . . to hinder enquiry into his Assassination of *Arthur, Earle of Essex*, hath *poysoned the late King*, and there manifested his Ingratitude, as well as Cruelty to the world, in *Murdering a Brother*, who had almost ruin'd himself to preserve and protect him from punishment," etc.

[This Declaration was printed in London by William Disney, who was soon afterwards put to death on Kennington Common, for the treasonable offence. It is in 4to. four-leaved, n.p.n. among Bridgeman's MSS., Lansdowne, No. 1152, A. fol. 258. *In compliance with requests, we add it complete, on p. 731.*]

When Monmouth permitted this infamous "Declaration" to be issued in his name, by Robert Ferguson, he well knew the falsehood of the charges thus brought against his supposed uncle. He could never once have possibly believed them to be true, nor did Ferguson himself believe them. After such calumnies had been spread, mercy could not be extended to Monmouth, when Sedgemoor fight had left him defenceless. But that Ferguson was not brought to the gibbet can only be explained on one supposition, the almost certainty of his having been a traitor to all parties; a wretch too despicable, although serviceable to the government, to be deemed worthy of a public death on the scaffold which had been trodden by a man like Algernon Sydney. The treachery of Ferguson is shown on pp. 577, 629, 653; his ridiculous boasting, on p. 650; the satirical *Letter* in answer to his *Elegy on Sir Thomas Armstrong* is quoted on pp. 653, 654. Contentious and contemned, he died in 1714.

The Mayor, Gregory Alford, fled, and there was no force left to oppose the Duke, who enlisted recruits and resided at the George Inn. There had been little preparation made by friends or foes. Skirmishing soon began, the first killed being two militia horsemen. Some who intended to join were arrested; others, like John Trenchard, the unready blusterer (whose words in the Commons had been so loud, and whose actions were so small), moved away; he going to France to avoid entanglement, after boasting that he had fifteen hundred men ready at Taunton. The Duke fell into melancholy, but could see no way to retrace his steps. It was difficult for isolated parties to join him, the roads being well guarded by Albemarle's troopers and by militia. But there was little enthusiasm. The "Declaration" had pleased nobody except the ignorant and fanatical.

Having been persuaded by evil counsellors, such as Robert Ferguson and Forde Lord Grey of Werk, and by his own vanity, to proclaim himself as King of Great Britain, Ireland, France, etc., it was not unnatural that Monmouth should follow up this aggression by denouncing as rebels and traitors whomsoever loyalty to James the Second might cause to advance in repression of the new Progress. Foes were already numerous, Christopher Monk, Duke of Albemarle, Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, threatening from different directions to hem in the insurgents. Monmouth seriously addressed in royal style this summons or warning to Albemarle.

Letter from the Duke of Monmouth, as "King," to the Duke of Albemarle.

[Harleian MS., No. 7006, fol. 195.]

MY LORD,—Whereas wee are credibly informed that there are some horse and ffoot in Arms under your Command for *James Duke of Yorke* we^{ch} are purposely rayed in opposition to us and our Royall authority, wee thought fitt to signifie to you our resentm^t thereof, and doe promise Ourself that what you have transacted therein is through inadvertancy and mistake, and that your Grace will take other means when you have rec^d Informacon of Our being proclaimed King to succeed Our Royall Father lately deceased, Wee have therefore sent this Morning on purpose to intimate the same unto you, and it is Our Royall will and pleasure, and wee doe hereby strictly Charge and Command you, upon notice and Rec^t hereof, to cease all Hostilitys and Force and Arms against us, and all Our Loving Subjects, and that your Grace would immediately repaire to Our Camp, where you shall not faile of a very kind reception by Us, or in default of the promisses Wee shalbe obliged to proclame you, and all those in Armes under your Command, Rebels and Traytors, and shall proceed against them and you accordingly. Yet wee assure Our selfe that yo^r Grace will pay ready obedience to O^r Command, wherefore wee bid you heartily farewell.

James R.

[Superscribed,] *To our trusty and welbeloved Cousin and Councillr
Christopher, Lord Duke of Albemarle.*

The Reply of Lord Christopher Monk to James, late Duke of Monmouth: signing himself "James R."

[From the same Harleian MS., No. 7006, fol. 195.]

Duke of *Albemarle's* answer by the same trumpet, *ut seq.*

I rec^d your L^{re} and doe not doubt but you would use me very kindly if you had me, and since you have given yourselfe the trouble of invitacion, this is to lett you know that I neuer was, nor neuer will be, a Rebelle to my Lawfull King, who is *James* the Second, brother to my late dear Master King *Charles* the Second: if you thinke I am in the wrong, and you in the right, when euer wee meet I doe not doubt but the Iustness of my Cause shall sufficien[t]ly conuince you that you had better haue lett this rebellion alone, and not to have put y^e Nacion [= Nation] to see much trouble.

Albemarle.

[Superscribed,] *For James Scott, late Duke of Monmouth.*¹

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, ablest of the followers, and almost the only man of military skill beside the Duke, became lost to the cause, through a quarrel with the overbearing Heywood Dare, in which Fletcher shot him dead, and was put under arrest, sent on board the frigate to save him from the vengeance of Dare's son, and hindered for ever from helping Monmouth.² Dare might have been of use, by influence and knowledge of the country; but Fletcher's courage would have ensured success where the cowardice and incompetence or treachery of Grey brought nothing but disaster.

They went to Bridport, by Allington, with a skirmish and repulse. All leaving Lyme, they went to Axminster, to Chard, to Ilminster, and then to Taunton. It was here that maidens made a gala day and welcomed him with wreaths and twenty-seven flags; with hospitable shelter, acclamations, and recruits. Ambitious promptings came to him. It was here that on June 20th he proclaimed himself as "King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith."

¹ These two Letters were afterwards Licensed for publication by R. L'Estrange: printed by George Croom (of Thames Blanket-Fair Press; *cf.* pp. 323, 459).

² Andrew Fletcher was worth a thousand of such swaggerers as Heywood Dare. We confess to feeling a genuine satisfaction at punishment alighting on the man who had insolently replied to Charles II.'s remonstrance at his having presumed to offer arrogantly such a petition as he once did, "Sir, my name is Dare!" It was less safe to bluster with the fiery Scot. Because in June, 1685, Fletcher "requisitioned" for his own use in the Duke's service a fine horse that Dare had procured from some country sympathizers, or had taken perforce, the irascible Devonian shook his riding-switch threateningly in the face of Fletcher; and had to pay the penalty. It was, we admit, an irregular process of Lynch Law for a stranger to enforce against a *terre filius*; but "nice customs courtesy to great kings." We like Fletcher none the worse for avenging an insult on the spot. But it was disastrous for the cause he favoured. He was of low stature, lean, yet vigorous: "Of a brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look," one of the bravest and best of that memorable race "The Scot abroad."

After four days' stay at Lyme, and a slight skirmish, they went to Bridgewater, to avoid being enclosed in Taunton. The reception was good, the recruits numerous; but, as earlier after landing, thousands went back, because they could not be armed. Unopposed hitherto by any considerable force, Monmouth's hopes grew with every day's advance, until he was refused admittance into Bristol. This was the first great repulse. Bath also resisted his summons and slew the herald. Then came the Philips-Norton fight. Attacked by the Duke of Grafton with an advance guard of the King's army, Monmouth's men held their ground and got the better of their foes,¹ owing to good use of the narrow lanes and hedges. Monmouth lost but eighteen men; the King's troops lost eighty. A fragment of an old ditty is recorded as having been sung until early in this century, with a traditional reference to the victory:

The Duke of *Monmouth* is at *Norton-Town*,
All a-fighting for the Crown;
Ho, boys, ho!

The march was resumed, to Frome. News came thither that the Earl of Feversham, in chief command of the King's troops, had been reinforced; and also that Argyle had failed in Scotland. Desertions were frequent, and the expected aid did not arrive. It is said that there was debate as to the Duke and officers deserting the common troops, then taking flight from Frome to secure their own safety at a seaport and escape to Holland. Since they ultimately fled, after Sedgemoor, the disgrace could scarcely have been greater had they gone at once. The failure was already apparent, because support was not given, or likely to reach them. In arms, money, provisions, horses, discipline, and every requisite of a well-appointed army, they were miserably deficient. Courage there was, and zeal among them: love for their leader, and, in many hearts, a devotion to what they thought to be a rightful cause.

On to Shepton-Mallet; thence to Wells, living at free quarters, indulging sectarian bigotry and irreverence against the Cathedral; next to Pedwell Plain, and again to Bridgewater, with intention of retreating into Cheshire. Then, as the King's army had marched into Sedgemoor, the end approached, for it was resolved to attack the troops. Leaving this final encounter undetailed (see p. 658), it is time, after this long introductory summary, to give some of our many ballads descriptive of Monmouth's expedition.

¹ The Axe Papers mention that when Monmouth's ill-armed forces marched out, seven thousand in number, Robert Ferguson gave a specimen of what he was, having his sword drawn (he was chaplain of the army), and often saying, "I am Ferguson, that famous Ferguson for whose head so many hundred pounds were offered; I am that man, I am that man!"

The Western Rebel ; or, the True Protestant Standard set up.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Puckington's Pound*. [See p. 457.]



[“Clowns turning State-Tinkers for mending of Crowns.”]

See the Vizor's pull'd off and the Zealots are arming,
 For our old *Egypt*-plagues the *Whig* Locusts all swarming.
 The *True* Protestant *Perkin* in lightning has spoke, [= *Monmouth*.]
 And begins in a flash to Vanish in Smoak :

Little *Jemmy's* lanch'd o're
 From the old *Holland* Shore,

Where *Shaftsbury* march'd to the Devil before.¹

The old Game's a beginning ; for High-Shoes and Clowns
 Are turning State-Tinkers for mending of Crowns. 9

Let his desperate Frenzy to ruine spur on
 The Rebel too late and Madam² too soon :
 But Politick Noddles without Wit or Reason,
 When empty of Brains, have the more room for *Treason*.

Ambition bewitches,
 Through bogs and through ditches,

Like a *Will* with a *Wisp* : for the Bastard blood itches ;
 And the Bully sets up, with high-shoes and Clowns,
 A true Protestant *Tinker* for mending of Crowns. 18

Let him banter Religion, that old stale pretence,
 For Traytors to mount on the neck of their Prince :
 But clamour and nonsense no longer shall fright us,
 Our wits are restor'd by the flogging of *Titus*.³

Their Canting Delusion,
 And Bills of *Exclusion*,⁴

No longer shall sham the mad World to confusion :
 The old cheat's too gross, and no more Bores and Clowns,
 For perching on Thrones, and prophaning of Crowus. 27

So the great murder'd *Charles*, our *Church*, *Freedom*, and *Laws*,
Were all Martyrs of old to the Sanctified *Cause* ;
Whilst Gospel and Heaven were the popular name :
The Firebrands of Hell were all light' from that Flame.

Reformation once tun'd,
Let Religion but sound,
When that *Kirk* Bag-Pipe plays, all the Devils dance round.
But the whining *Tub cheat* shall no longer go down,
No more Kings on Scaffolds, and Slaves on a Throne. 36

Let his hot-brain'd Ambition, with his Renegade-Loons,
Mount the Son of the People for Lord of Three Crowns ;
The Impostor on one hand, and Traytor on t'other,
Set up his false *Title*, as crack'd as his Mother. [= *Lucy Walter*.

But whilst, Peacock-proud,
He struts and talks loud,
The Head of the Rabble, and Idol o' th' crowd ;
From his false borrow'd Plumes, and his hopes of a Crown,
To his black feet below, let th' Aspirer look down. 45

Then let him march on, with his Politick Poll, [= *Argyle* ?
To perch up his Head by old *Bradshaw* and *Noll* :⁵
Whilst the desperate *Jehu*⁶ is driving head-long
To visit the Relicks of *Tommy Armstrong*.

But there's Vengeance a-working
To give him a Jerking,⁷
And humble the Pride of poor little *Perkin*. [= *Monmouth*.
Great *James* his dread Thunder shall th' Idol pull down,
Whilst our Hands, Hearts, and Swords are all true to the Crown. 54

Finis.

[In White-letter. Date about the 15th of June, 1685, before any great reverse.]

¹ See Vol. IV. p. 240, and *Bagford Ballads*, p. 784.

² Probably the term "Madam" here refers, not to Monmouth's mistress, Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, whom he called "the choice of his ripened years" (compare pp. 385 to 396, 559, 638, 698); but was falsely vituperative of Anne Scott, the lawful Duchess of Monmouth. At this time she was at the Cockpit in London, under a guard, and not permitted to move freely with her two sons (see "The Duke of Monmouth's Lamentation," our pp. 696 to 698). The guard was not removed until a year afterwards, in June, 1686. For "the politics of his Scotch Duchess," see p. 470. Perhaps "Madam" is a misprint for "Madman"?

³ See pp. 597 to 606, on Titus Oates flogged lustily at the Compter Prison.

⁴ In Vol. IV. p. 192, note, we mentioned the abortive attempts to pass the Exclusion Bill disqualifying the Duke of York from succession, being Catholic.

⁵ The juxtaposition of the two regicides' heads, John Bradshaw's and Oliver Cromwell's, is also indicated in a "Loyal Song sung before the Loyal Liverymen in Westminster Hall, July the 19th, 1684:" see the beginning of it on p. 653.

⁶ For "Tommy Armstrong," see pp. 477-488. *Jehu* now means Monmouth, but the nickname was formerly applied to the Earl of Shaftesbury, *ex. grat.* p. 14,

And my small *Jehu*, at a furious rate,
Was driving 'Eighty back to 'Forty-eight.

⁷ "Jerking" was the old cant-name for a flogging; perhaps with some reference to a buff jerkin; but etymology is a quagmire. "That way madness lies!" as King Lear remarks, on a less intricate involvement.



Monmouth Degraded.

“ Hark ! how *Noll* and *Bradshaw's* heads above us
 Cry, ‘ Come, come, ye Whigs that love us,
 Come, ye faithful Sons, fall down, and adore ye
 Your Fathers, whose glory
 Was to kill Kings before ye ;
 From Treason and *Plots* let your grave heads adjourn,
 And our glorious Pinnacle adorn,” etc. [Cf. p. 652, Note 5.

—*Loyal Song* of July 19, 1684.

WE have already (on p. 644 to 650) mentioned some of the incidental adventures by which “ James Scott, the little King in Lyme,” began to realize the difficulties of his position and the impending failure. In grasping after the shadowy title of a King, he forfeited the rank and fortune of a Duke.

Nathaniel Wade afterwards declared that when Heywood Dare had been slain by Andrew Fletcher, at Lyme, Richard Goodenough became paymaster to the rebel forces, but Monmouth was heard to curse him for withholding money. “ Monmouth expected Sir *Walter Young*, Sir *Francis Rolle* of *Hampshire*, and other gentlemen, but they all failing him, made him grow very melancholy ; his intent was for *Bristol*, being persuaded by Captain *Tily* that most of y^e citizens were for him, and then to *Gloster*, and so for *London*.” (*Harleian MS.*, No. 6845, fol. 264.) Sir William Courtney of Powderham, Sir Francis Drake, and other men of property had been expected to lend help, but the abstention of William Cavendish (fourth Earl, and afterwards first Duke of Devonshire,) was the chief disappointment. To inermine many of the great Whig leaders, as having encouraged Monmouth’s insurrection, was desired afterwards, when pains and penalties were being meted out ; but the claim to kingship advanced for him in Robert Ferguson’s *Declaration* had disgusted them and driven them back. Ferguson had vainly tried to enmesh them, but he now compelled them to withdraw. His schemes were involved and self-contradictory.

There is extant (in the British Museum Collection, Press-mark, 1872, a. 1. art. 41) “ A Letter to *Ferguson*, or any other, the supposed Author of a late Scandalous Libel, Entituled, *An Elogie upon Sir Tho. Armstrong* ; from one that heartily wishes them what they deserve.” It is dated “ From *Pontack's* Tavern, formerly known by the Noted Name of *Shepherd's*, this 13th of *August*, 1684 :” a sheet, Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, Bookseller to his Royal Highness, at the Black Bull in Cornhill. It begins,

WHEN first the noted Libel did appear,
 The hearts of all your friends were strook with fear ;
 Finding, like a true Block-head, you had chose
 Some *Belgick* Muse to rally *Armstrong's* Foes.

For all your dear Acquaintants in this Isle,
 Tho' they extoll'd the Treason, damn'd the style,
 And jointly own'd that by Poetick Laws
 True Hanging you deserv'd, but no Applause. [Compare p. 36
 Stories obscene may dully be exprest,
 And with each wanton Humour pass for jest ;
 Misprisions too may crawl in humble strain,
 Aud no *Whigg* curst for his insipid vein. [q. mis-*Priseians* ?
 But haughty Treason, dangerous and sublime,
 Should have a genius lofty as the Crime.
 For who upon that theme poor Dogrill writes,
 Rather does damp Rebellion than excites.
 Curse on thy sottish head, that was the cause
 Of forming Monsters without teeth or claws :
 Poyson they have enough, and shape to fright,
 But the poor Devils can neither scratch nor bite. 20
 Scorn'd and thrown by, like a blunt edgless Tool,
 And shew thee much a Rogue, but more a Fool.

It refers certainly to the Fergusonian poem given on our p. 488
(i.e. the 18th line, "So holy *Cranmer* burnt the hand that err'd"):

Burn then that Hand, that held thy guilty pen,
 And so recover thy lost Fame agen ;
 Atone for writing Nonsense, burn it straight,
 And *Cranmer*, whom thou talk'st of, emulate . . . [Cf. p. 488. 44
 For though a Dunce may serve in common arts,
 A Rebel still should be a Rogue of parts.
 Fools ominously shew our near disgraces,
 Thus *Dick* the Scepter lost. *M[onmouth]*th his Places. [R. *Cromwell*.
 Sir *Martin* mars the Polititian's toy, [See p. 643. 60
 And *Oats* and *Commings* two wise Plots did spoil . . . [E.C., p. 607.

As regards the bitter reproach against Armstrong for assisting to
 restore the Stuarts (lines eleven and twelve) Ferguson is mocked :

And on that Distich ask their counsels all :
G[rey], *N[elthor]p*, *Ire[ton]*, to the theme advance, [Rich. N., Hy. I.
 And *B[ran]don*, that went o're in complaisance. [See p. 314.
 Then *Goodenough* brings grizzly *T[ur]ner* in, [R. G., Charles T.
 And his fair Spouse, that lately sick had bin, 90
 And scap'd great danger her last lying-in.
 The mighty lines were scann'd and understood,
 And all upon their Honours swore 'em good!

The frequency with which certain tunes were used of old for fresh
 ballads is one of the surest tests of their popularity. We have had
 numerous examples of Tom D'Urfey's Vienna Siege Loyal Song,
 "Hark! the thund'ring cannons roar," furnishing the tune for ballads
 connected with the Duke of Monmouth. Sometimes it was cited
 inaccurately, as in next song, "Let the thund'ring cannons roar!"
 The original words were given on pp. 361, 366, of this volume.

[One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs, 1685, p. 356.]

Monmouth Degraded ;

Or,

James Scot, the Little King in Lyme.

TUNE, *Hark the Thund'ring Cannons roar.* [See pp. 361, 366, 654.]

COME, beat Alarum, sound a Charge,
 As well without as in the verge ;
 Let every Sword and Soul be large,
 To make our Monarch shine, Boys !
 Let's leave off *saroug* and drunken Souls,
 And windy words o're brimming Bowls ;
 Let *English* hearts exceed the *Pole's*, [=*Sobieski's*.]
 'Gainst *Perkin*, King in *Lyme*, Boys ! 8

Such a Fop-King was ne'er before, [*Monmouth*, p. 646.]
 Is landed on our Western shore,
 Which our black Saints do all adore,
 Inspir'd by *Tub-Divine*, Boys !¹
 Let us assume the Soul of *Mars*,
 And march in order, Foot and Horse,
 Pull down the Standard at the *Cross*,
 Of *Perkin*, King in *Lyme*, Boys ! 16

Pretended Son unto a King,
 Subject of Delights in sin,
 The most ungrateful Wretch of Men ;
 Dishonour to the Shrine, Boys,
 (Of *Charles* and *James* the undoubted Right,)
 Of *England's* Crown and Honours bright :
 While he can find us work, let's Fight
 'Gainst *Perkin*, King in *Lyme*, Boys ! 24

The Sainted Sisters now look blue, [=*at Taunton*.]
 Their Cant's all false if God be true,
 Their Teaching-stallions dare not do
 No more but squeeze and whine, Boys !
 Exhorting all the Clowns to fight
 Against their God, King, Church, and Right :
 Take cares for all their Wives at night,
 For *Perkin*, King in *Lyme*, Boys ! 32

¹ This gibe refers to the notorious Robert Ferguson, so often mentioned.

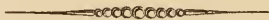
Poor *Perkin*, now, he is no more
 But *James Scot*, as he was before, [i.e. attainted.
 No honour left, but Soul to soar,
 Till quite expir'd with time, Boys ;
 But "first he'll call his Parliament!"—
 By *Ferguson* and *Gray's* consent,
Trenchard, and all the Boars in 's Tent,
 Fit for the King in *Lyme*, Boys ! 40

'Gainst their mock King, each draws his Sword,
 In Blood we'll print them on record,
 "Traitors against their Sovereign Lord ;"
 Let's always fight and joyn, Boys ;
 Now they're block'd up by Sea and Land,
 By Treason they must fall or stand,
 We only wait the King's Command
 To burn the Rogues alive, Boys ! 48

But now we hear they're sally'd forth,
 Front and flank 'em, South and North,
 Nobles of brave *England's* worth,
 Let your bright Honour shine, Boys !
 Let Guns and Cannons roar and sing,
 The Musick of a warlike King,
 And all the Gods just Conquest bring
 Against the Rogues in *Lyme*, Boys ! 56

[In White-letter. Date, soon after the 20th of June, 1685.]

* * In two volumes entitled *The Life, Progress, and Rebellion of James Duke of Monmouth*, 1844, by a useful local antiquary, George Roberts, was given an account of Monmouth's landing at Lyme Regis, Ferguson's "Declaration," the recruits obtained, the failure of gentry and of nobility in coming forward to support the movement, with a list of the inadequate forces, ill-armed and undisciplined. The book is unsatisfactory and ill-arranged, totally inadequate as regards the career of Monmouth, but has value locally in its extracts from family papers, town records, and traditions. Intended to suit Devonshire visitors and county residents, it leaves no cause for complaint, as companion to the guide-book, and for much deserves praise. It is bewilderingly chaotic, however, and seems to have been first shot into some local newspaper, and thereafter left in its original confusion. The blunders in it are innumerable, but it was of some service to Macaulay, even in the suggestion of remarks about difficulties of travelling. Its *raison d'être* is in its local details. As literature it is nowhere.



King James's Royal Victory.

Lady.—"Did you ever hear of such a thing as this Battle, as they call it?"

Lord.—"Not I, I'll be sworn, nor no man else I think."

Lady.—"Every body says, that as the business was ordered, it was a thousand to one that all the King's forces had been cut off."

Lord.—"Yes, that is most certain; but what I am most delighted with, is to see the infinite satisfaction the General takes in explaining to every one [whom] he meets with, all the particulars of his foolery."

Lady.—"O! here he is a coming: for G's sake, let us make him tell it us again."

Lord.—"Pray do, madam."

Enter General [= Lewis Duras, Lord Feversham].

General.—"Madama, your most humble servanta!"

Lady.—" . . . "My Lord, will you not tell us a little, first, some of the particulars of this battle?"

General.—"Madama, vid all min harta me tell a you, begarra! de hola historia ó de occasion. Your Ladyship have hear, I supposa, dat de rebella get into de great towna—what you call de towna?"

Lady.—"What, *Bristol*?"

General.—"No: de oder towna." . . .

Lady.—"O! *Bridgewater*?"

General.—"Ay! begarra, *Breechwater*: so madama me have intelligensa dat de rebel he go to *Breechwater*; me say to my mena, 'Marsh, you rogua!' So me marsha over de great fielda, begar! de brave contra where dey killa de hare vid de dogue, and de patrich vid de hawka, begar! de brave sport in de varld." . . .

Lady.—"But, my Lord, what did you do there?"

General.—"Why, Madama, me come vidin two mile o' *Breechwater*, and begarra, me post myself dere."

Lord.—"How many men, pray, my Lord, were there of the rebels?"

General.—"Ma toy! between sixa and sevena tousand."

Lord.—"How many had you?"

General.—"Abouta two tousand." . . .

Lord.—"I suppose, my Lord, that your Lordship was posted in a very strong place?"

General.—"O! begarra, very strong, vid de great river between me and de rebella, calla, de *Brooka de Gutter*." . . .

Lord.—"And so your Lordship it seems encamped with your horse and foot?"

General.—"Ay, vid de foota; no vid de horsa. Begar, me go vid de horsa an de gentleman officers to one very good villash, where, begar, be very good quartera, very good meta, very good drinka, and very good bedda!"

Lady.—"But pray, my Lord, why did you not stay with the foot?"

General.—"Begarra, Madama, because dere be great differentia between de gentlemen Officera, and de rogua de Sogiera. Begarra! de rogua de Sogiera lye upon de grounda; but, begar! de gentleman officer go to bedda!"—*Buckingham's Sedgemoor Fight: a Farce*, 1685. [Compare p. 664, Note 4.]

THERE can be no doubt whatever that the Pepysian Ballad of "King James's Royal Victory," now first reprinted and made accessible to readers (through the kindness of the Master, Fellows, and Librarian of Magdalen College, Cambridge), was a genuine contemporary record, written, printed, and issued within a fortnight of Sedgemoor Fight: thus following quickly after the execution of Monmouth "on Wednesday the 15th of this instant July, 1685."

From George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, we here borrow as our motto the greater part of his contemporary burlesque portraiture of Lord Feversham in "Sedgemoor Fight, a Farce."

We need not to detail again the oft-told story of Monmouth's Sedgemoor-fight. Macaulay has related it so well that every other narrative instead of his must appear tame and colourless. Better to leave the poems, *here first reprinted*, to give in their own way the current rumours and the current warnings. No excuses can palliate Monmouth's desertion of his brave troops, left to be shot down by artillery, or cut to pieces by the sabres of the Guards, whom he himself had formerly commanded, and led to victory at Bothwell Bridge. That earlier victory had been gained by their disciplined force over a horde of zealous but disorderly insurgents, in 1679; and now, in the grim irony of fate, this Monmouth was himself the commander of untrained rebels, while the Royal Guards were ranged against him, and soon to be no less victors than they were of old. As men had sung, in "Loyalty Respected and Faction confounded" (beginning "Let the cannons roar, from sea to shore:" to the tune of "The Lass that came to bed to me") :—

Put all these fancies quite away, and press down the *Egyptian* pride,
Before he wants a Seigniorie we'll place him King on *Yarrow* side.

On *Yarrow* side, on *Yarrow* side, we'll place him King on *Yarrow* side.

I know not why he should be King, unless for mustering of the *Whigs* ;
No wonder, though they act the thing, He spared them well at *Bothwell-Brigs*.

On *Yarrow* side, on *Yarrow* side, we'll place him King on *Yarrow* side.

Sedgemoor Fight.—It was the one last chance of success: the one hope that remained. Three weeks had passed away since the landing at Lyme, and no great deed had been done, such as was necessary to raise men's hopes, make a stir of triumph beyond holiday idleness, to cause powerful aid to be given from the gentry, or induce the army to change masters. Long afterwards the country people used to sing some verses which were supposed to embody a promise given by Monmouth, in the first flush of his hope :

Lyme, although a little place, I think it wondrous pretty ;
If 'tis my fate to wear a crown, I'll make of it a City.

That he had many friends at Bristol and at Wells, who would have gladly welcomed him, if precautions had not been taken to close the gates and refuse admittance, is proved by what Jeffereys declared in his public Charges, "after what manner of flourishes" his nature loved. But whatever had been intended, those who possessed property, and had taken time to weigh the chances, held aloof from him until a victory should be obtained, and thus made victory impossible by absence of support.

King James himself admitted, in after days, that Monmouth displayed military skill, in his arrangement of men; and, had he commanded well-disciplined cavalry, might have won this battle.

It was not ill-planned that last act of leadership, the night assault on the royal troops at Sedgemoor. Lord Feversham was well known to Monmouth, and that he would be remiss in appointing sentries, in making entrenchments, or in establishing quick and certain communication with his three-fold camp, was accurately taken into the account. Had it not been for Captain Hucker, who discharged a pistol, the incomprehensible forgetfulness of there being a third ditch to cross before arrival at the Camp, but, above all, the treachery or cowardice of the already-false and recreant Grey, who failed to take well into action his half-trained horsemen, there was some possibility of success. The King's troops might have fled disorderly, being cut to pieces by the scythe blades, or hammered to death by the Mendip miners. Even then, we scarcely can believe that there was any likelihood of final victory. The country was altogether languid in the quarrel. James II. had been accepted, and there were hopes that he might be wise enough in his own interest to rule with moderation. Impatience had ruined all. Three years later there uprose a more vigorous body of the discontented. The remembrance of Monmouth's followers having been butchered so ruthlessly in the "Bloody Assize" or Western Martyrdom, would compel the later rebels to be energetic and persistent; for they knew that failure or defeat meant total ruin. None could hope for mercy if conquered by James the Second. John Ayloffé is reported to have said to him, "Though it is in your power, it is not in your nature to pardon." Some regret may have been felt, in that later day, for having withheld assistance at the time of Monmouth's struggle; but it was felt to be too isolated, too rash, a crude and undisciplined attempt, to come within the sympathy of any save the ignorant enthusiasts whom the dissenters of the West had tutored into rebellion. The Revolutionist Leaders of 1688 were worldly men, cunning and selfish, hard, and greedy for their own advantage. They took care to lay their plans well for co-operation with the cold-blooded intriguer William of Orange, whom they hoped to over-reach, but who used them as his tools. They had wealth and influence, and no scruples about being dishonourable. Not one of the said Leaders blushed for his own falsehood, because he knew that his companions in conspiracy were all knaves and liars like himself. No wonder therefore that they did not fail, seeing how the world's successes are obtained.

The tune to which the ballad of "King James's Victory" was appointed to be sung was known as *Russell's Farewell* (mentioned on our p. 690, the words given on p. 691): later it was known as *Whitney's Farewell*, from James Whitney the Highwayman.

[Pepys Collection, II. 237.]

King James's Royal Victory :

Giving an Account of the Great Conquest His Gracious Majesty hath happily gained over the Rebels ; also of the taking and Execution of the late Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded on Tower-Hill on Wednesday the 15th of this Instant July, 1685.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Russel's Farewel.* [See p. 690.]

“ **A** Las, alas! I am undone,
 my Men are gone and fled ;
 Great *JAMES* the Royal Victory won :
 now I must lose my Head.
 Rebellion is a cursed thing,
 and tumbles Traytors down,
 Therefore be faithful to the King,
and Loyal to the Crown. 8

“ Ambition was my overthrow,
 my hopes are banisht quite,
 My pleasure now is turn'd to woe,
 my day is turn'd to night :
 And Fortune, that doth often smile,
 upon me now doth frown,
 Because I did my self beguile,
by falseness to the Crown. 16

“ O hateful Pride, to aim so high,
 and make my fall so great,
 By loosing of the Victory ;
 my Pride it did abate :
 I by Rebellion sought to gain
 both Honour and Renown,
 But all my struggling was in vain,
against the King and Crown. 24

“ My hapless state I now lament,
 although it is too late ;
 It breeds my cruel discontent,
 to think on rigid fate :
 For satisfaction for my Crime,
 my life I must lay down,
 For there is no real King of *Lyme*,
but him that wears the Crown. 32

[Original, “fate.”]

- “ But O ! that I had been so wise
 as certainly to know
 My friends from secret enemies,
 who sought my overthrow,
 And pufft me up with promise great
 of Honour and Renown ;
 But now I find it was a cheat :
King JAMES must wear the Crown ! 40
- “ Now must I lose my murmuring breath,
 my death draws nigh at hand,
 Because I did my Sword unsheath
 against the King o' th' Land ;
 Whose mercies all men do applaud,
 in City or in Town :
 My Treachery is known abroad
against the King and Crown.” 48
- And thus *James Scot* did make his moan,
 until his dying day,
 While our blest King sits on his Throne
 proud Rebels to dismay :
 And by the justness of his cause
 will put Rebellion down,
 For he that disobeys the Laws,
Rebels against the Crown. 56
- The fifteenth [day] of *July* he,
 who from his Army fled, [original, “ whom.”]
 On *Tower-Hill* for Treachery
 did certain loose his Head :
 And in the sight of many men
 his Life he did lay down,
 And now he'l ne'er Rebell again
against the King or Crown. 64
- Then Loyal Subjects bravely sing,
 since his Great Majesty,
 Who is our gracious Royal King,
 hath gain'd the Victory,
 And hath dispers'd the daring foe
 that sought to gain Renown :
 For he's the only Prince we know
that ought to wear the Crown. 72

Printed for *J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter. One cut. Date, certainly, between 15th and 30th July, 1685.]

Monmouth Routed and taken Prisoner.

King Henry VII.—“The counterfeit King *Perkin* is escap'd!—
Escap'd? so let him; he is hedg'd too fast
Within the circuit of our English pale
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls
That guard our land.”

—John Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*, Act v. sc. 2.

THIS Pepysian Ballad, given under the same circumstances as the previous “Royal Victory,” was certainly issued during July, 1685, viz. “*Monmouth Routed and taken Prisoner with Lord Grey.*”

We give here the Attainder, and Proclamation of Reward offered for *Monmouth's* capture. Compare first line of the ballad ensuing.

[British Museum Collection of Proclamations, etc., 8122, e. art. 21.]

Anno Regni Jacobi II. Regis *Angliæ, Scotiæ, Frænciæ*, Primo.

At the Parliament begun at *Westminster* the Nineteenth Day of *May*, Anno Dom. 1685, in the First Year of the Reign of our most gracious Sovereign Lord *JAMES*, by the grace of God, of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland*, King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

An Act to Attaint James Duke of Monmouth of High Treason.

WHereas *James Duke of Monmouth* has in an hostile manner Invaded this Kingdom, and is now in open Rebellion levying War against the King, contrary to the duty of his Allegiance; Be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this Parliament Assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the said *James Duke of Monmouth* stand and be Convicted and Attainted of High Treason, And that he suffer Pains of Death, and incur all Forfeitures as a Traitor convicted and attainted of High Treason.

Finis.

London: Printed by the Assigns of *John Bill* deceas'd, And by *Henry Hills* and *Thomas Newcomb*, Printers to the King's most excellent Majesty, 1685.

By the King. A Proclamation.

JAMES R.

WHereas an humble Address hath been made unto Us by Our Commons assembled in Parliament, That we by our Proclamation would please to promise a Reward of Five Thousand Pounds to such person or persons who shall bring in the person of *James Duke of Monmouth* alive or dead; And whereas the said *James Duke of Monmouth* stands Attainted of High Treason by Act of Parliament, We do hereby, by the advice of our Privy Council, publish and declare Our Royal Promise, and our Will and Pleasure, that whosoever shall bring in the Body of the said *James Duke of Monmouth*, either dead or alive, shall receive and have the Reward of Five Thousand Pounds, to be forthwith paid by our High Treasurer of *England*, for such his or their service.

Given at Our Court at *Whitehall*, the Sixteenth day of *June*, 1685. In the first year of Our Reign.

God Save the King.

[Same Printers and Date as the other Proclamation. In same Collection, art. 19.]

[Pepys Collection, V. 32.]

Monmouth Routed, and taken Prisoner with his Pimp the Lord Gray. A Song.

TO THE TUNE OF, *King James's Jigg.* [See p. 668.]

Five thousand Pound for *James* the *Scot*,¹
That squeez'd out the garbish and guts of the Plot,
The Roaring Cannons did fright him away,
Yet *Lumley*² secured his Pimp the Lord *Gray*;
The Bishop of *Winchester*³ brought up the Guns,
Cry'd, "Fire, brave Soldiers! the Enemy runs;
Tho' it's dark, you may see their *Presbyter* Bands,
A Foot lower cuts off all the Rebels that stands." 8

Brave *Feversham*⁴ and *Grafton*⁵ did stand,
And Eagle-ey'd *Oglethrop's*⁶ worthy command;
He spy'd the Rebels like Thieves draw near,
At One in the Morning, ere Day did appear;
Yet all was in readiness, took the Alarms,
The word was given, "To Arms! to Arms!"
The Cannons' sweet Musick the Soldiers charms,
Whilst *Mars* was assistant 'gainst Rebels and harms. 16

Brave *Albemarle*⁷ lay fair for their flight,
And *Beauford*⁸ in *Bristol* secur'd the King's Right;
As soon as ever the Day did appear,
Brave *Pembroke*⁹ fell foul o' th' Rout in the Rear.
Then began the stress of the Fray,
Gray turn'd Tails, with his Horns made away:
"God curse me," quoth *Gray*, "if longer I stay;
I never before saw so Bloody a day." 10 24

Then *Monmouth* cry'd out, "O *Gray*! for my life,
Stand by me this brunt, and ne'er think of thy wife!"
Then *Gray* swore, "Damme, thou'st made me a Beast;
My Breeches are foul, I'll run home to be drest."
The King's Army, both Horse and Foot,
Fought through the Rebels, through fire and blood,
And cut down the Enemies, all that stood:
Then *Monmouth* ran foremost, and thought it was good. 32

This was the success of our fine Fop Things, [Cf. p. 646.]
That came for to conquer the greatest of Kings,
Whose Commanders and Soldiers sooner would dye
In the Field of Honour than ever to flye.

We all their Standards there did gain,
 And all their Cannons add to our Train,
 While our Army doth flourish upon the Plain,
 With Trophies of Honour and lasting Fame. 40

And now they are beating the Bushes to find
 A King, that left all his great Champions behind;
 Who rob'd the Churches in three weeks' Reign,¹¹
 And Ravish'd young Virgins within the same:
 Three golden Bibles [we took] in his Flag,
 Three Hackney s^αοιϣΛ, and his running Nag!
 True *Protestant-Prince*, of which *Presbyters* brag,
 Is catch'd under a Hedge in a lousie rag. 48

A fair Conclusion o' th' King in the *West*,
 His Knights of the Garter instal'd in hast[e];
 Lord Keeper and Secretaries of State,¹³
 Made under a Hedge, at his Court-without-Gate;
 The *George* and *Star*, without crack or fledge,
 To Fools not deserving a Porter's Badge;
 Like the King of the Gipsies touch'd *Mall* and *Madge*,¹⁴
 At his Majestie's Court, given under a Hedge. 56

Finis.

London, Printed for *James Dean*, Bookseller, between the *Royal Grove* and the *Helmet* in *Drury Lane*.

[White-letter. Roman type, italic for emphasized words. Date, July, 1685.]

Notes on "Monmouth Routed and Taken Prisoner."

¹ On p. 662 we give the Attainder of Monmouth, and the Proclamation of him (deprived of his titles) as James Scott; the reward offered for his apprehension, alive or dead, being £5,000.

² Richard Lord Lumley was at Ringwood in Hampshire with the Sussex militia. Two of his scouts seized Grey, who was tired of his sham rebellion, and said, "Since we landed I have not had one comfortable meal or one quiet night!" Lumley became a Revolutionist, created Earl of Scarborough, April 10, 1689.

³ Dr. Peter Mews, or Meaux, consecrated in 1684 Bishop of Winchester, took a prominent part in resistance to the insurrection, rightly holding it to be an attack on the Church of England, as well as on the sovereignty of James II. He had served abroad in the army long before. When there was a difficulty found in bringing up the cannon, he is said to have lent his own coach-horses, and directed the fire. After Sedgemoor he endeavoured, with Dr. Ken at Wells, to repress the ferocity of the victors, and succour the distressed.

⁴ See pp. 657 and 706 for squibs against Lewis Duras, Earl of Feversham. In Buckingham's "Sedgemoor: a Farce, rehearsed at Whitehall," when the Lord supposes that F. must have been posted in a strong position, he replies, "O! begarra, very strong, vid de great river between me and de rebella, calla, *de Broocka de Gutter*." On which the Lady makes comment, "But they say, my Lord, there was no water in that Brook of the Gutter?" (which is one of Buckingham's unscrupulous lies; false or true, he flung mud, hoping that it might stick). The General replies, "Begar madama, but dat no be my faulta.

Begar, me no hander de water from coma; if no will rain, begar me no can make de rain." And when she enquires, "But why did you not go to some other place?" he judiciously replies, conclusively at any rate, "O pardon me, madama, you no understand de ting!" He knew his way, with the sex, like P. J. Bailey:

For mark how rarely women follow out
A train of reasoning; they've no time to doubt:
You argue with them a whole Summer's day,
And they'll refute whatever you *don't* say.

⁵ A handsome man, not devoid of military courage and some little skill, but of manners almost brutal, with ignorance that exposed him to continual ridicule, Henry Fitzroy (second son of Barbara Palmer), Baron of Sudbury, Viscount Ipswich, Earl of Euston, and Duke of Grafton, had the good fortune to marry the lovely and celebrated "Tatta," Isabella, daughter of Harry Bennett, Earl of Arlington; and she had the greater good fortune to lose him in 1690, when he was killed by a cannon ball at the siege of Cork, under Marlborough. She was only five years old when married to him on 1st of August, 1672, and he was not more than nine. They were re-married in 1679. "The King would have it so, and there was no going back." Her first child, a boy, was born in 1683, and she survived to 1732. Grafton felt no sympathy with Monmouth's pretensions. He led his five hundred men into a green lane which was exposed to a raking fire. He himself turned traitor to his uncle James, and supported Orange.

⁶ Note on Colonel Oglethorpe is given later, on p. 705, No. 4.

⁷ Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle, was Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire, at Exeter, when the landing at Lyme took place. His quietly contemptuous answer to Monmouth's letter is given on p. 648. There was a fine nature in great part wasted in this Christopher Monk, whose death at Jamaica in 1688 closed a career strangely contrasted with that of his politic father, George Monk, "the King-Maker."

⁸ That the rebels within Bristol had set on fire one of the ships in the harbour in hope of causing such confusion as might give an opportunity for Monmouth's followers to gain possession of the place, half-willing to surrender, was understood by Henry Somerset, the first Duke of Beaufort. He kept his men together, and declared that, were all Bristol to burn, the rebels should be withstood. This was a bitter loss of entry to Monmouth. Success in Bristol might have done much.

⁹ A note on Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke, is No. 6 on p. 706.

¹⁰ Of Grey's cowardice or incompetence Monmouth had previously been warned, after the gross misconduct at Bridport, but he was not superseded, perhaps from fear of losing the only man of rank who had joined. Had Andrew Fletcher not been sent away (after killing Dare), the cavalry would have been better commanded.

¹¹ The riotous acts at Wells were severely punished, when Jeffereys at mid-September found five hundred prisoners there awaiting trial. Of these ninety-seven (or two more) were put to death after sentence, and three hundred and eighty-five (or two less) were transported to the Colonies. Cf. p. 705, Note 9.

¹² Monmouth having assumed disguise of a shepherd's rough brown gaberdine. His own coat, left behind, or exchanged at Woodyates Inn, being found by his pursuers, gave them assurance that they were on the right track.

¹³ Richard Goodenough, made Paymaster after the death of Heywood Dare, signed himself "Secretary of State." John Ross was "Royal Gunner," Ferguson "Chaplain of the Forces," Nathaniel Hook "Domestic Chaplain;" Nathaniel Wade and John Speke were made Colonels, Drs. Benjamin Temple, William Oliver, and Joseph Gaylard, were the Surgeons, etc.

¹⁴ This "Touching for the cure of King's Evil" by Monmouth, and also by his sister Mrs. Mary Fanshawe, was made the subject of satirical poems in 1681, which are reprinted in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 800.

[Pepys Collection, II. 238.]

The Rebels totally Routed ;

Or,

The Loyal Subjects Satisfaction in the Taking of the late D[uke] of Monmouth and the Lord Gray.

Some Rebels dead, and others fled, quite in Disorder put,
They make their moan, they're overthrown, & routed Horse and Foot.

TO THE TUNE OF *Hark ! I hear the Cannons Rore.* [See pp. 366, 654.]

Now our work is almost done,
See the Rebels how they run,
Crying out they are undone,
but they are seiz'd and flouted ;
Hanging down their pensive Ears,
Almost Drowned in their Tears,
And haunted still with slavish Fears,
for now Rebellion's Routed ! 8

The noble Lord of *Feversham*, [Compare p. 664.
With his warlike valiant train,
And worthy *Oglethorpe* by name, [Ibid.
Stout hearts that never doubted ;
By Force of Arms, brave Foot and Horse,
Lo chase them on to Weeping Cross,
And there sit down and count their Loss,
now, now the Rebels Routed. 16

The Rebels run from place to place,
But still we did pursue the Chase,
At length we came up Face to Face,
and then for joy we shouted ;
Which put the Rebels to a fright,
To see us shine in Armour bright,
Like Champions then we fell to fight,
and now Rebellion's routed. 24

We drew up all in Battle-'rray,
Our pelting Cannons they did play,
We never fear'd to win the day,
when once we went about it ;
We sent them in whole showers of Lead,
Which struck some hundred Rebels dead,
The rest took to their heels and fled,
now, now Rebellion's Routed. 32

Brave Souldiers all both just and true,
We'l venture Life and Fortune too,
To vanquish their Rebellious Crew,
 who in the *West* have Scouted ;
Now they are in a Sea of Woe,
And know not whither for to go : [Original, " whether."
We prov'd their final overthrow,
 now, now Rebellion's Routed ! 40

Now *James Scot* at last is took,
And for his just reward must look,
Because he Loyalty forsook,
 and with the Rebels scouted ;
And for his Treachery must pay,
The which there's none that can gainsay,
And, since King *JAMES* hath won the day,
 Rebellion now is routed. 48

When this joyful News was known
Of their being overthrown,
How the Factious sigh and groan,
 with Discontent they Glouted ;
But Loyal Souls was glad to hear
How bravely we the Coast did clear,
And put the Kingdom out of fear,
 now, now Rebellion's routed. 56

For joy we vanquish'd their design,
Our Bone-fires did blaze and shine,
While we Carrous'd in Bowls of Wine,
 true hearts that stood about it ;
In Honour of those Champions brave,
That did themselves so well behave,
And did the Land from Ruin save,
 now, now Rebellion's Routed. 64

Now nothing can our Peace annoy,
While we the Rebels do destroy,
The Bells do loudly Ring for Joy,
 though many griev'd and pouted ;
Let Heaven's Blessings never cease,
To crown great *James* with Joy and Peace,
And Loyal Subjects still encrease
 now, now Rebellion's Routed ! 72

FINIS. This may be printed. R[oger] L[e] S[trange].

Printed for *Jonah Deacon*, at the Sign of the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[Black-letter. One woodcut. Date, middle of July, 1685.]

Monmouth Worsted in the West.

“The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords
 Are bound with chains of iron, unto me
 Are knit by their affections. Be it so :
 From kings and nobles will I seek no more
 Aid, friendship, nor alliance. With the poor
 I make my treaty, and the heart of man
 Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,
 And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
 Ye that are bent with unrequited toil,
 Ye that have whitened in the dungeon’s darkness,
 Through years that knew not change of night and day—
 Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,
 Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,
 Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,—
 I hail you my auxiliars and allies,
 The only potentates whose help I crave !”

—Hy. Taylor’s *Philip van Artevelde*, Part II. Act v. sc. 1.

THE following tune is named from a ballad, “The Souldier’s Departure,” reprinted already by ourselves (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 355), agreeing with tune of *The Doubting Virgin* (see Vol. IV. p. 344.)

Three rare Pepysian Ballads (Pepys Coll., II. 239, 240, 241), marked to the same tune, are variations of one original. They are named, respectively, “Monmouth Worsted in the West;” “Monmouth Routed : together with his Promise and Resolution to return again, a little before he left the land ;” beginning, “Now the fatal Fight is over :” and “*Monmouth’s* saying in the West of *England* ; or his Last Resolution on his Voyage into *Holland*,” beginning, “Now our bloody fight is over.” Printed for B. J. This threefold publication of what is virtually a single ballad proves the great demand made for it. These (pp. 669, 674, 678) were unlicensed, but the earlier market had been supplied authoritatively with other wares.

Among the last official duties of Roger L’Estrange in 1685 was the licensing two ballads. 1.—“The Rebels totally Routed ; or, The Loyal Subjects’ Satisfaction in the Taking of the Late D[uke] of *Monmouth*, and the Lord *Gray*” (see p. 666). Begins, “Now our work is almost done.” (Pepys Coll., II. 238.) 2.—Another ballad bore the title, “*Monmouth* Routed and taken Prisoner, with his Pimp the Lord *Gray*. A Song, to the tune of *King James’s Jigg* :” of which the music is given in John Playford’s *Dancing Master*, p. 161, 1686 ; p. 146, 1690 ; and p. 88 of later editions. It begins, “Five thousand pound for *James* the *Scot*.” (Pepys Coll., V. 32.) We have given it on p. 663.

[Pepys Collection, II. 240 ; Wood's Collection, E. 25, fol. 116.]

Monmouth Worsted in the West ;

Or, his Care and Grief for the Death of his poor Souldiers.
Together with his Worthy Sayings, while he remained obscure
in a silent Grobe, in presence of some of his particular Friends.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Souldiers' Departure*. [See Note * below.]

“ NOW we see the Fight is over,
Now poor *Monmouth* must away,
All our strength they do discover,
and seek my life for to betray :
Come, let us away to *Holland*,
there we shall be safe I'm sure,
And my Men will follow after,
there we shall be all secure.

8

“ If I had but Amunition,
I could quickly win the Field ;
But I'm left in a bad condition,
to my Enemies I must yield :
Yet I have so great a Spirit,
that I will not thus give o're,
Tho' I may a while defer it,
yet I'le face my Foes once more.

16

“ *Brittain's* Rights I am renewing ;
can this give a just offence ?
Those that glory in my Ruine
I in time may recompence ;
For I'll have a stronger Army,
and of Amunition store,
I'll have Drums and Trumrets charming,
When as I come on *England's* shore.

24

* We have ourselves reprinted the original words of “The Souldier's Departure from his Love,” beginning, “Now my Love has crost the Ocean, and has left me on the shore.” It is in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 355, and was licensed by Richard Pocock, consequently it must have been of date between 7th September, 1685, and the end of December, 1688. On p. 338 of the same *Bagford Ballads'* volume we reprinted the Sequel, entitled “The Souldier's Return ; or, His Promise to his Country-men performed.” To the same tune (known previously as “The Doubting Virgin,” for which see Vol. IV. p. 344). Our recorded supposition is now confirmed, that in “The Souldier's Return” was an understood allusion to William of Orange ; but with him was blended, in the credulous minds of the Western peasantry, their remembrance of Monmouth, their hope of his being still alive on the Continent, and his Promise to return again : “When I bring next Army here.” Compare p. 680, at end of “Monmouth's Saying in the West.”

- “ I will give them thund’ring Battle,
 when I do return again,
 And when roaring Guns do rattle,
 who dare say that I am slain ?
 Charge them to the highest Center,
 for to make the Papists flye,
 Life and Fortune I will venter,
 to reward their Cruelty. 32
- “ My poor Souldiers they was taken,
 and in droves to Prison sent,
 This may *Protestants* awaken,
 to behold *Rome’s* black intent :
 They shew not a grain of pity,
 which does grieve my heart full sore,
 For in ev’ry Town and City
 they were hang’d at their own door.¹ 40
- “ There they ript their Bellies open,
 and their Bowels burn’d hard by,
 Tell me, is not this a Token
 of the Acts of Cruelty ?
 Nay, they cut them into Quarters,
 while they reekt in purple Gore ;
 Never was there such like creatures
 in a Christian Land before. 48
- “ Tho’, poor Souls ! their lives were ended,
 yet, alas ! this would not do,
 Malice further still extended,
 for they boyl’d their Quarters too :
 All to terrifie the Nation,
 with my poor dead mangled Men,
 While each tender dear Relation
 needs must be afflicted then. 56
- “ This is now my greatest trouble,
 for to hear their fatal Doom,
 I for this will strokes redouble
 on the Scarlet *αουϋΑ* of *Rome* ;
 Who delights in nought but Murther,
 as in truth it does appear :
 But I’ll send her flying further,
 when I bring next Army here. 64

¹ See Note on next page, and Introd. to “The Widows of the West,” p. 721.

“ Tho’ this is a Dismal Story,
 of the fall of my design,
 Yet I’ll come again in Glory,
 Protestants with me will joyn.
 With fresh Forces I will rally,
 scorning thus to be controul’d,
 At the Head of each Battalia,
 Noble great Commanders bold. 72

“ Tho’ I come with flying Banner,
 to the Land which I belong,
 I declare upon my Honour,
 not a Subject will I wrong
 Of the *Protestant* Profession,
 whom I ever will adore ;
 Think upon this dear Expression :
 Heavens Bless you evermore ! ” 80

He no sooner this had ended,
 but they seiz’d his Royal Grace,
 And his Person they attended
 to a more secure place :
 After that to *London City*,
 where on *Tower-Hill* he Dy’d :
 All his Friends was mov’d with pity,
 while his Foes was satisfy’d. 88

Printed for *G. H.*, in the Year 1688.

[In Black-letter, with fresh woodcut of a Battle, and a type-ornament.]

* * * As all the cruel executions, by court martial and civil sentence during “the Bloody Assize” in the Western counties, followed later than the death of Monmouth, these statements (which the ballad-writer assumed to be made by Monmouth while alive) are erroneously anticipative. There may have possibly been, during or after September, 1685, an *interpolation* of the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses; supposing that the opening and conclusion were written before the death of Monmouth. Of any earlier issue than the broadside dated 1688, here copied, we have no knowledge. It may therefore have been a new catchpenny to gain recruits in the West for William of Orange when he landed, by reviving a memory of three-years earlier atrocities and horrors, or else a reprint of some now unattainable issue belonging to September 1685.



Seizure of Monmouth in the Island.

“ Here are two Pilgrims, bound for Lion Quay,
 And neither knows one footstep of the way.
 Return you ? then 'tis time to shift me hence.
 Thus far, but Heaven knows where, we have escaped
 The eager pursuit of our enemies.”

—Thomas Drue's *Dutchess of Suffolk*. 1631.

TWO days intervened betwixt the Battle of Sedgemoor and the capture of Monmouth.

Abandoning all hope of recovering the lost battle, before three o'clock on the morning of the 6th July, Monmouth cast off his armour and prepared for flight, leaving his foot-soldiers ignorant of the desertion. With his own servant William Williams, the recreant Grey, Dr. W. Oliver, Captain Anthony Busse a Brandenburgher, and half a hundred dragoons, Monmouth rode swiftly to Brinsfield Bridge and on to Chedzoy, where he got a fresh horse. Then by Crandon Bridge, and on the north of Polden Hill through villages. Dr. Oliver advised him to proceed to Uphill, and cross the water into Wales ; but Grey of Werk declared this wise counsel to be “ foolish advice,” so the Doctor sadly bade a final farewell and escaped to Bristol, twelve miles distant.

The others crossed the Mendip Hills to Dounside, near Shepton-Mallet, and found hospitable shelter that night at Edward Strode's (who survived until October, 1703). They must have started early next morning. Monmouth left his pistols behind him, so he must have been in much confusion of mind.

Desiring to make for the New Forest, the fugitives hired a guide, one Richard Hollyday. They wished for secluded roads, and went by White Sheet, and Cranbourne Chase. They had tired their horses, and, having dismounted at Woodyates Inn, turned them loose, after hiding the saddles. Monmouth disguised himself as a shepherd, and went away with Captain Anthony Busse.

Lord Grey and Hollyday were captured early on the 7th (“ about five in the morning ”) by some of Lord Lumley's scouts, four miles west of Ringwood, Hampshire. The adjacent cottages were searched, and a woman, Amy Farrant, gave information of having seen two men go through a hedge. Militiamen were posted thickly around the ferny brakes and pea-fields. The prospect of securing the £5000 reward, offered for capture of Monmouth, stimulated the efforts of Lord Lumley and Sir William Portman. Dogs were employed to help the beaters after the shepherd had been found who had changed clothes with Monmouth at the Woodyates Inn. The Duke had gone to “ *Shag's Heath*, an enclosure of several fields lying between the two roads that lead from Horton Inn, the one to Ringwood, and the other to Fordingbridge. In the middle of this

enclosure is a cluster of small farms, called the *Island*. Amy Farrant gave information that the fugitives were concealed within the *Island*." All that day, the 7th of July, the soldiers failed to capture Busse and Monmouth, although surrounding the place, and threatening to fire the wood. But at five o'clock in the morning of the 8th July, Busse was seized, and admitted that he parted from the Duke four hours earlier. "The spot was at the north-east extremity of the *Island*, now known as *Monmouth's Close*, in the manor and farm of Woodlands, the property of the Earl of Shaftesbury." A strange fatality: 'Achitophel' had early begun the ruin of Monmouth, and now on the ground which had belonged to him that ruin was completed.

By seven o'clock Henry Parkin saw the brown coat of the Duke, who lay hidden in a ditch, covered with fern and brambles under an ash tree. Monmouth had left his pistols at Strode's, but offered to resist, until two Sussex troopers laid hands on him. Sir William Portman rescued him from violence and immediate danger, but his person was searched, and his George being found, it was sent off to the King, as a proof of his capture, carried by Captain Bickeley and Mr. Chaldecot, who gave their news at Whitehall by midnight of the same July 8th.

Monmouth was broken down by fatigue and hunger, having eaten nothing save a few green peas. Yet this privation could not have lasted more than about four-and-twenty hours since he had left Strode's. He was taken to Holt Lodge, looking wretchedly ill, with "lean figure and sallow aspect." Books were found on him, some on fortification, others mentioned elsewhere (see pp. 390 to 396, and 529). They were sent to the King, and the prisoners were conveyed to Ringwood, whence Monmouth despatched sundry *Letters*, that are reproduced on our pp. 681 to 683.

* * In the following ballad, entitled "Monmouth Routed" (distinct from one similarly named, already given on p. 663), we believe that we hold the earliest extant version of the three closely-allied ballads, variations on one theme, mentioned on p. 668. The first of the series is "Monmouth worsted in the West"; while the third appears on p. 678, as "Monmouth's Saying in the West."

Richard, second Viscount Lumley (*cf.* p. 664, Note 3), is named in a Trowbesh MS. poem, *Scandal Satyred* (= "Of all the Fools these fertile times produce"):

For Lumley now provokes my angry spleen,
That dull malicious fool, with awkward mien;
By low dissembling, and by bribing high,
Preferr'd at last, and rais'd to be a Spy.

He and his brother Henry appear in a MS. *Satyr to Julian*, 1682, "Send forth: "

Let Lumley coax his Mistress Fox,
And help his younger brother, etc.

Another MS. *Satyr* (beginning, "This way of writing I observe by some") reads,

Lumley has Fox, with nose as red as cherry;
And, when they are alone, they are so merry!

[Pepys Collection, II. 239.]

[A Second Ballad entitled]

Monmouth Routed :

Together with his Promise and Resolution to return
again, a little before he left the Land.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Souldier's Departure.* (See p. 669.)



Now the fatal fight is over,
valiant *Monmouth* must away,
While his Enemies did follow
his sacred person to betray.
If we had but Ammunition
we had surely won the Field,
But we were in a weak condition,
and was fore'd at last to yield.

[Cf. p. 704.]

Some says *Monmouth* he was taken
in a Field a picking Pease ;
Some says in a Ditch a sleeping ;
there were such reports as these,

- Raised merely to degrade him
of his Royal Dignity :
But let those that did upbraid him
[peri]sh for such like villany. 16
- Some, the more to blast his Glory,
as the naked truth I say,
Straightway frame another story,
saying, in a Cock of Hay
He through fear was fore'd to build in,
till they did his Honour trace ;
But his famous warlike Gelding
escap'd with his most Royal Grace. 24
- Some has call'd brave *Monmouth* Coward,
but they were his Enemies ;
When a Souldier's over-power'd,
they can this and more devise ;
But their words I never heeded,
tho' they knit their brows and frown ;
His stout Valour far exceeded
those which strove to run him down. 32
- Now, when we were clearly Routed,
I ran to a pleasant Grove,
Where some of our Men were scouted
with that Souldier whom we love.
Who declar'd to give them Battel,
when he could his strength renew,
Drums and Canons they should Rattle,
for to give his Foes their due. [Sic.] 40
- “ Now we must away to *Holland*,
where we shall be safe, I'm sure ;
And my Souldiers that will follow,
they with me shall be secure :
They shall surely lack for nothing,
while in *Holland* we remain,
And we'll be in better Order,
when we do return again. 48
- “ How they Draw and Hang my Souldiers, [Sept. 1685.
which doth grieve my heart full sore ;
All the bloody Books of Martyrs
never shew'd the like before ! [Cf. “ the Western
Nay, they cut them into Quarters, Martyrology.”
and their Hearts and Bowels burn'd ;
Likewise boyl'd their Limbs in Cauldrons !
I [all] this in tears have mourn'd. 56

“ Sure the very *Turk* or *Tartar*
 could not act more cruelty,
 Yet like Lambs they took their slaughter,
 when they were condemn'd to dye :
 Tho' it fill'd the world with wonder
 what they did intend or mean ;
 Mothers' hearts did break in sunder,
 to behold the bloody Scene. 64

“ How their Actions does allarm me,
 to behold their fatal bane ;
 Well, I'll have another Army,
 for to fight my Foes again :
 Warlike Canons they shall Rattle, [sic.
 like a Hero of Renown,
 I myself will front the Battel,
 for to run the *Romans* down. 72

“ I will find a proper Season
 for to pull down *Poper*y ;
 Since it is no more than Reason,
 that my proudest Foes shall see :
 Tho' at present I may linger, [“ may,” bis.
 foes shall see my Army shine ;
 Nay, and tremble at my Anger,
 when I accomplish my Design.” 80

He no sooner this had spoken
 but they straightways him secur'd,
 Christians' hearts was almost broken,
 to behold that he endur'd ;
 Bloody was his execution,
 from the hand of Cruelty :
 'Twas the *Papists'* Resolution
 he should fall most fatally. 88

Finis.

[Printer's name lost. Three woodcuts. Date, September, 1685 : or Dec. 1688.]

* * Of course, “ Warlike Canons they shall Rattle,” of lines 39, 69, are original misprints for *Cannons* : and not allusions to the warlike Bishop Mews of Winchester ; on whom see Note 3, p. 664. He had been Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1672 to 1684. Born in 1618, he survived until November, 1706.

We introduce on p. 674, from our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 365, one rude cut, representing the Royal Troops in marching order.



Monmouth's "Saying" that he would Return.

" For to go five years wrong, with art and pains,
 Does show a most prodigious want of brains;
 Nay, tho' he ne'er judg'd right, yet there was one [i.e. *Shaftesbury*.
 Who bragadociad still himself upon
 Being *infallible*, but he is gone.
 O! 'twas a thought of vast design and scope
 To rail still against *Popery*, and hope
 He might presume to be himself a Pope!
 Though he might any thing presume to be
 That could deceive *Fops* so infallibly; [Monmouth and Grey,
 The most egregious of all scribes could tell [i.e. *Dryden*.
 There never was such an '*Achitophel*':
 And true admirers of his parts and glory
 Will doubtless have a just renown in story . . . [Tower records.
 Yet, faith! the little Lord, when hence he ran, [to *Holland*.
 Did compass one thing like an able man:
 For since he could not living act with reason,
 'Twas shrewdly done of him, to die in season."

—Buckingham's *Epilogue* to the revival of *Philaster*.

MONMOUTH and his companions, when fleeing prematurely from Sedgemoor, had hoped to escape to Holland, there safely to plot treason afresh, or to enjoy life in such congenial employments as illicit love and sectarian theology afforded. This was their declared intention, and if it had not been for Grey, over-ruling the choice of roads when they drew nigh the Severn in their selfish flight, they might have got free.

Words spoken by Monmouth, like his "Saying in the West of England; or, his Last Resolution on his Voyage to Holland," took root in the heart of his misguided followers, and since they all remained at a distance from the scene of his execution, helped to make them incredulous of his having died. Designing men traded on this affectionate remembrance of the leader who had deserted them, but whose manners had always been courteous. Not only was a report circulated that a faithful friend had exchanged places with Monmouth at the Tower, and suffered decapitation in his stead (a fabulous incident which has been ably treated in modern times by Eugène Sue, in *La Barbe Bleue*); but distinct promises were stealthily circulated during the winter months of 1688, that the "still-living Monmouth" was about to land once more on the disaffected south-west coast, this time successfully to overturn the throne of James II. and banish Popery by coming in alliance with "his Friend" William Prince of Orange. Compare p. 679:

*In a blest and happy Station then I'll place my worthy Friend,
 From Popery likewise free the Nation, this is all your Monmouth's end!*

Not exactly, either way. His aim had been aggrandizement of himself, not of Orange; and his career came to a close on Tower-Hill.

[Pepys Collection, II. 241.]

Monmouth's Saying in the West of England ; or,

His last Resolution on his Voyage into Holland.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Souldier's Departure.* (See p. 669.)

- N**OW our bloody Fight is over,
 I poor *Monmouth* must away ;
Gray did my designs discover,
 seeking my Life to betray.
 Come let us away to *Holland*,
 there we shall be all secure,
 And my Souldiers at my Command,
 some will follow me I'm sure. 8
- “ If we had but Am[m]unition,
 quickly I'd regain the Field,
 Soon I'de better my Condition,
 and make all my foes to yield :
 I will have a stronger Army,
 and good Amunition store,
 With Trumpets' sound (my Boys) I'le charm ye,
 thus regain the English shore. 16
- “ Then aloud my Guns shall rattle,
 I'le on boldly once again
 Appear myself i' th' front o' th' Battle,
 make them know *Monmouth's* not slain :
 See the hearts of my poor Soldiers !
 now like men they endure to dye ;
 See their Foes dissect their quarters,
 and burn their Bowels cruelly.¹ 24
- “ But when I recruit my Forces
 I'le return to *England's* shore ;
 To stop the *Papists'* Evil Courses,
 I will come to you once more ;
 And bravely drive my Foes before me,
 till the Conquest I have gain'd :
 My Enemies I'll make adore me,
 when my ends are once obtain'd. 32

¹ See Note on p. 670 ; these lines proving the issue of the ballad to be late, and not contemporary with Monmouth's capture, but after “The Bloody Assize.”

- "'Tis reported I am taken,
 and disputed sev'ral ways :
 Some say, I'm by my Friends forsaken,
 such reports as these they raise :
 Whoso ever is the vender
 in a little time shall see
 I'll come in greater strength and splendour,
 then shall ever Conquer'd be. 40
- " Foreign Princes will assist me,
 with such force I'll come again ;
 My Foes shall not dare to resist me.
 but the Power they serve disdain :
 Then shall *Monmouth* in his Glories
 to his *English* Friends appear,
 And will stifle all such Stories [See Note at end.
 as are vended ev'ry where. 48
- " They'll see I was not so degraded
 to be taken gathering Pease,
 Nor in a Cock of Hay upbraided :
 what strange stories now are these !
 Such reports are Foes' invention,
 my good Friends for to deceive ;
 But I hope they've more discretion
 than such Stories to believe. 56
- " I'll revive my ancient Honour,
 then my happy Friends shall see
 My Foes shall truckle to my Banner,
 and repent their Villainy :
 In a blest and happy Station
 then I'll place my worthy Friend, [William of Orange.
 From *Pop'ry*, likewise free the Nation,
 this is all your *Monmouth's* end. 64
- " Dear Country-men, you know I love ye,
 for your Liberties I stand ;
 The Losses of your rights does move me,
 for to take this Cause in hand :
 My friends, I hope you'll then assist me,
 when in Pomp once more I come,
 And fight those that dare resist me,
 who stand up as Friends to *Rome*. 72
- " *England* now is full of Crosses,
 but ere long you all shall see
 The Subjects' and [the] Nation's losses
 shall again redeemed be :

Those that have me much Degraded,
 in a little time shall see
 Tho' by *Romans* I'm upbraided,
 I'll live to pluck down *Popery*.

80

Printed for B. J.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts. Date of issue, probably, Nov. or Dec. 1688.
 "B. J." may be disguised initial for "Seditious Dick," R. J. = Richard Janeway.]

* * * As already mentioned on p. 677, there was an understood reference to the Promise here recorded—of a successful return to "pluck down Popery" and "free the Nation" by placing a "worthy friend," *viz.* William of Orange, "in a blest and happy station"—in the Bagford Ballad entitled "The Soldier's Return," to the same tune of *The Soldier's Departure*. The "Return" claims disguisingly to be a sequel to the "Departure," but it is more absolutely a continuation of the present ballad, "Monmouth's Saying in the West:" it blends Monmouth and William of Orange together as the redeemer of the Promise with diplomatic astuteness. The "Soldier's Return" thus begins, Dec. 1688:—

"Dear Country-men, at my Departure, *when you thought that I was slain,*
 I satisfied you quickly after *I'd return to you again;*
 And now in greater pomp and glory I have then my *Banners* spread,
 And stifle that vain idle story which reported I was dead.

(Compare "And stifle all such stories," in our present sixth verse.) Probably, both "Monmouth's Saying" and "The Soldier's Return" came from one and the same writer. The repetition of phraseology cannot be merely accidental.

Here are other verses of "The Soldier's Return," with special application to Monmouth's Return, as to his being represented by William of Orange:—

Treach'ry shall no more betray me, *I'll no more such Villains trust;*
 I have those that will obey me, and in each command be just;
 Nothing can their hearts disserve, *for they are resolved all*
To make me greater now than ever, or in my Vindication fall. 32

Dear Country-men, 'twas first to serve you that I took a Sword in hand,
 I hope there's nothing now will swerve you from obeying my Command.
 When your Rights away were taken, the Land it lay in deep despair,
 The Pillars of your Church were shaken, and your Lives in danger were.

I griev'd to see such sad mutation, and my Sword in anger drew,
 Resolv'd to stand in Vindication (dearest Country-men) of you:
 I seek no Honour nor Applauses; but to maintain *England's Law;*
 And my Country-men's just Causes, I have still a Sword to draw. 48

Pop'ry no more shall hurt our Nation, nor our Liberties ensnare;
 To rid you of all such vexation I have taken speedy care,
England once again shall flourish, in its splendid Properties,
 I'll my self take care to nourish what may tend unto her ease.

When affairs at home are settled, Peace shall all the Land o'er-spread,
 The Romish Church will then be nettled, *when they see I am not dead;*
 Brave *England's* Church my Power shall right her, and her Enemies pluck down,
 I'll trample on the Romish Miter, for to raise up *England's* Crown. 64



The Last Letters of Monmouth.

“ It is the curse of Kings to be attended
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life ;
 And on the winking of authority
 To understand a law : to know the meaning
 Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frowns,
 More upon humour than advis'd respect.
 Had'st thou not been by, [=*Sunderland.*
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
 Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind.”

—*King John*, Act iv. sc. 2.

AT the risk of wearying readers by repetition of similar phrases in each, it seems expedient for us here to give the correct text of various supplicatory letters written by Monmouth during the last week of his existence.

We are by no means inclined to blame James II. for cruelty and remorseless intolerance towards Monmouth. He had never believed in the relationship claimed as a nephew, either legitimate or natural. He had never met with genuine affection from the young man, whom flattering satellites had tempted often to advance pretensions and exclude the lawful heir. He had been deceived by Charles and by Monmouth to yield his forgiveness for former insults and injuries, on a voluntary promise of future loyalty, since “ Monmouth’s sword would be the first to be drawn in his defence,” if need should arise ; and yet Monmouth’s sword was almost the earliest to threaten him, after accession to the throne of his dead brother. Still worse, the basest calumnies against James had been publicly proclaimed in the West, thus making the rebellion more embittered. It had been a long if an intermittent struggle, and, since the vanquished Monmouth had previously shown himself false to his plighted word, no renewal of clemency could be reasonably expected. *Vae Victis* was the solemn adjudication of Nemesis. A few hours after his capture on the 8th, Monmouth was taken to Ringwood along with Grey (who was in excellent spirits). In feebleness and distraction, Monmouth wrote a Letter to the King. (A copy of this is in Harleian MS. 7006, fol. 197 ; but the *original* is at Oxford.)

[Bodleian Collection, Rawlinson MSS. A. 139 *verso*.]

Monmouth’s First Supplication to James II.

[Written from Ringwood, Hampshire, 8th July, 1685.]

SIR,—Your Mat^y may think it is the misfortune I now ly under makes me make this application to you, but I doe assur your Mat^y. it is the remorse I now have in me of the rong I have done you in severall things, and now in taking up Arms against you. For my taking up arms, it never was in my thoughts since

the King dy'd ; the Prince and Princess of *Orange* will be witness for me of the assurance I gave them, that I would never stir against you, but *my misfortune was such, as to meet wth some horrid people that made me believe things of your Ma^{ty}*, and gave me soe many false arguments, that I was fully led away to believe, that it was a shame and a sin before God not to doe it ; but Sr, I will not trouble your Ma^{ty} at present wth many things I could say for my self, that I am sur would move your compation, the cheif end of this letter being only to beg of you that I may have that happiness to speak to your M^{ty}. for I have that to say to you, Sr, that I hope may give you a long and happy Rain. I am sur, Sr, when you hear me you will be convinced of [the] zeal I have for your preservation, and how hartily I repent of what I have done. I can say noe mor to your Ma^{ty} now, being *this letter may be seen by those that keep [me from your favour ?]* ; therefore, Sr, I shall make an ind in begging of your Ma^{ty} to believe so well of me, that I would rather dy a thousand deaths then to excuse any thing I have don, if I did not realy think myself the most in the rong that ever any man was, and had not from the bottom of my hart an obhorance for those that put me upon it, and for the action it self. I hope, Sr, God Almighty will strick your hart wth mercy and compation for me, as he has done mine wth the obhorance of what I have done ; therefore I hope, Sr, I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever be for your service, and *could I say but ONE WORD in this letter* you would be convinced of it, but it is of that consequence that I dare not doe it ; therefor, Sr, I doe beg of you once mor to let me speak to you, for then you can be convinced how much I shall ever be your Ma^{ty}s humble and dutifull

“*For the King.*” [Seal in red wax, broken.] **Monmouth.**

That the “one word” was “Sunderland” we have no doubt.

On the day after he had written to the King, Monmouth wrote to obtain help of the Earl of Rochester, James's brother-in-law :

Monmouth's Letter to Laurence Hyde.

(*In the Clarendon Correspondence.*)

From Ringwood, the 9th of July, '85.

MY LORD,—Having had some proofs of your kindness when I was last at *Whitehall*, makes me hope now that you will not refuse interceding for me with the King, being I now, though too late, see how I have been misled ; were I not clearly convinced of that, I would rather die a thousand deaths than say what I do. I writ yesterday to the King, and the chief business of my letter was to desire to speak to him, for I have that to say to him that I am sure will set him at quiet for ever : I am sure the whole study of my life shall hereafter be how to serve him ; and I am sure that which I can do is more worth than taking my life away ; and I am confident, if I may be so happy to speak to him, he will himself be convinced of it, being I can give him such infallible proofs of my truth to him, that, though I would alter, it would not be in my power to do it. This wh^{ch} I have now said, I hope will be enofe to encorage your lordship, to shew me your favour, wh^{ch} I doe earnestly desire of you, and hope that you have so much generosity as not to refuse it. I hope, my Lord, and I make noe doubt of it, that you will not have cause to repent having saved my life, wh^{ch} I am sur you can doe a great deal in it, if you please ; being it obliges me for ever to be intierly yours, wh^{ch} I shall ever be, as long as I have life.

Monmouth.

“*For the Earl of Rochester, Lord High Treasurer of England.*”

[We copy the latter portion direct from the fac-simile, beginning "This wh^{ch} I have," etc. The earlier part is evidently modernized.] The kindness received on Monmouth's former visit, "last at Whitehall," must refer to the secret visit paid in November, 1684.

On the same 9th July, Monmouth addressed the following letter to the Queen-Dowager, who, always kind to him, had formerly interceded with James to pardon him, after the Rye-House Plot:

[Lansdowne MS., 1236, art. 230, fol. 222.]

Monmouth's Letter to the Queen-Dowager Catharine.

From *Ringwood*, the 9th of *July* [1685].

MADAM,—Being in this unfortunate condision, and having non left but your Ma[jes]ty that I think may have some compasion of me, and that for the last King's sake, makes me take this boldness to beg of you to interseed for me. I would not desire your Maty to doe it, if I wear not from the botom of my hart convinced how I have bin disceaved in to it, and how angry God Almighty is wth me for it: but I hope, Madam, your interseesion will give me life to repent of it, and to shew the King how realy and truly I will serve him hear after; And I hope, madam, your Maty will be convinced that the life you save shall ever be devoted to your service; for I have bine and ever shall be, your Maty most dutifull and obedient Seruant,

Monmouth.

It appears that both the *second* and *third* letters to James were suppressed, and never reached the eye of the King. There is clear indication that Monmouth knew his personal enemies were close to the King's person, "this letter may be seen by those that keep" him from showing mercy; and that "there are several doe wish me out of the way for there [=their] own sakes." We believe that reference was early made to the arch-traitor Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, whom Monmouth himself declared to have been under promise to meet him after the landing at Lyme. No doubt, if the insurrection had become a success, Sunderland would have come forward to share the profit. But since it had failed, utterly, there was the more likelihood that such a wily intriguer would do all that lay in his power to secure the destruction of one who knew his intended treachery, especially because Monmouth showed readiness to sacrifice others in hope of saving his own life. All that follows is coherent with this theory of explanation.

Monmouth, by offer of making full revelation to James of what would thereafter establish him securely on the throne, obtained the coveted interview at Whitehall on Monday, 13th of July. But the wretched vacillation, and proneness to trust to slippery advisers ruined him, even in this last chance. He had been tampered with, most probably by Sunderland through William Bridgeman his Secretary, and warned to keep back all mention of Sunderland having formerly conspired with him for insurrection. The bribe offered to him would be a conditional promise of securing his life.

He would be assured that there was no real danger of actual execution; that it was only intended to frighten him into making an unreserved confession of his companions' names and projects. He believed the subtle message, kept back all important revelation, depended on emotional display, and was dismissed contemptuously, without chance of obtaining a second interview.

Monmouth's abortive Message to James II.

(About the 10th July.)

"The person sent to y^e D. of Monmouth by y^e King was *Ralph Sheldon*, brother of *Dominick*, but was not sent to him when in y^e Tower, but immediately upon his [having] been seiz'd in y^e West, before he was brought up to town. When this gentleman return'd, he found y^e King in y^e Circle, & upon his saying, y^e Duke had engag'd him to deliver his message only to y^e K., his Majesty ordered all to withdraw, except my L^d *Sunderland*. Upon Mr. *Sheldon's* pressing y^t y^e Lord Presid^t [i. e. *Sunderland*] might also retire, & urging y^t y^e D. of Monmouth had oblig'd him to swear y^t he would tell y^e secret he had entrusted him wth to none but y^e K. in private, y^e K. warmly told him that 'twas an unlawfull oath, & charg'd him upon his allegiance to declare what it was. He then said y^t y^e D had bid him tell his Majesty, y^t if he had succeeded, my L^d *Sunderland* was to have been his first Minister; to w^{ch} y^e K. answer'd wth a smile — 'Poor Monmouth! he was always easy to be impos'd on.'"¹

Monmouth's Second Letter to King James II.

[Postscriptum, said to be "July 12, 1685 : from the Tower of London" :]

SR,—I had forgot to tell your Mat^y that it would be very necessary to send some troupes down into *Cheshire*, for there ar severall gentlemen there, that I beleive wear engaged in this re [word erased: rebellion]. I hope your Mat^y will not be angry wth me, if I take this oportunity to put you in mind, that *there ar severall doe wish me out of the way for there own sakes*, without considering your Mat^y's service, but I am sur, S^r, you ar see just and see good, that noe such people will have any credit wth you. Pray, S^r, doe not be angry wth me, if I tell you once more that I long to live to shew you, S^r, how well and how trully I can serve, and if God Almighty sends me that blessing, 'tis all upon earth I will ever aske, being that I hope I shall end my days in showing of you, that you have not a truer and a faithfuller subject than your most dutifull

[Endorsed, in another hand]

Monmouth.

"D. of Mon : Letter, July 12, 1685." [This date should be 13, or the letter was written before the interview with James; thus not from the Tower.]

¹ This is from the early part of a letter written to Dr. Richard Rawlinson by Dr. Samuel Jebb from Stratford on March 1st, 1743, concerning the Monmouth autograph letters, which with this one are preserved at the Bodleian Library. See Sir George Duckett's 14 pages (to which the present Editor J. W. E. added an *Index*), published in *The Camden Miscellany*, Volume the Eighth, 1883. The Monmouth letters were purchased by Dr. R. Rawlinson, shortly before Feb. 19, 1743, "at the sale of the library and pictures of William Bridgeman's daughter (Catherine), and this fact is alluded to by him in a letter on the subject among the Ballard MSS. (ii. No. 78)." Catherine Bridgeman inherited these Monmouth papers from her father, William Bridgeman, who had been clerk of the Privy Council and Under-Secretary of State to James II. Dr. S. Jebb congratulated Dr. Rawlinson upon the purchase of the letters, "one of the greatest curiosities extant. They were never delivered to the King. If they had been given [to] him, they might have possibly prevented his [= Monmouth's] ruin."

We think it probable that *the above letter was totally suppressed*. "On the same day," *i.e.* the 13th, Monmouth made an application to the Queen Maria Beatrix in the following letter (of which also the original is preserved in the Rawlinson Collection):

Monmouth's Letter to the Queen, craving her Intercession.

MADAME,—I would not take the boldness of writting to your Ma^{ty}. tell [=till] I had show'd the King how I doe abhor the thing that I have done, and how much I desire to live only to serve him. I hope, Madam, by what I have sed to the King to-day, will satisfy him how sinceir I am, and *how much I detest all those people that has brought me to this*. Having done this, Madame, I thought I was in a fitt condition to beg your intercession, w^{ch} I am sur you never refuse to the distressed, and I am sur, Madame, I am an object of your pity, having bine cousened and cheated into this horid busines. Did I w^{sh}, Madame, to live, for living sake, I would never give you this trouble, but it is to have life to serve the King, w^{ch} I am eable to doe, and will doe, beyond what I can express; therfor, Madam, upon such an account as that, I may take the boldness to presse you, and beg of you to intersaid for me, for I am sur, Madam, the King will harken to you; your prairs can never be refused, espetially when tis beging for a life, only to serve the King. I hope, Madame, by the King's generosity and goodness, and your intersession, I may hope for my life, w^{ch} if I have, shall ever be employ'd in shewing to your Ma^{ty} all the sence immadginable of gratitud for your great goodness, and in serving of the King, like a true and faithfull subject, and ever be your Ma^{ty}s most dutifull and obedient servant,

"To the Queen." [Certainly July 13, 1685.]

Monmouth.

Of both these letters the authentic originals show clearly the abject state of humiliation into which Monmouth had fallen. He keeps harping on the theme of his willingness and ability thereafter to serve the King, protesting that his desire to do this much is his real reason for asking remission from the punishment of death. Whether he succeeded in deceiving himself into the belief that he would and could atone for the past, and become what his nature contradicted, "a true and faithful servant" of King James, we may be unable to believe; but assuredly James was the last person to ever again trust in his most solemn promise. The bitter logic of the prospective regicides when they determined on the murder of Strafford, may have returned to the remembrance of King James: "Stone dead has no fellow!"

We like not these words about Cheshire, and the usefulness of sending troops thither to repress the very men whom Monmouth had earlier desired to influence in supporting his pretensions, at a time when Shaftesbury considered that efforts should be made for insurrection, but the opportunity was lost, in 1681. It looks like a willingness to betray his old associates, so that by their downfall he himself might gain clemency. It is in harmony with his desertion of his unsuspecting peasant-troopers at Sedgemoor Fight, when he might at least have died along with them, faithful unto death.

The praise of James for goodness and clemency reads ill, in Monmouth's extremity of selfish fear, after his having so recently authorized the libels and false accusations against the monarch, as a double-dyed murderer of Essex and of Charles II. In short, the revelation of the baffled conspirator's state of mind is almost too painfully complete to allow of pity. Nothing heroic remained in him, if indeed anything heroic had ever existed in him, until the time when he mounted the scaffold.

Monmouth's Third Letter to King James II.

[Harleian MS., 7006, fol. 198.]

Tuesday [July 14th. Written on the day before his own Execution.]

SIR,—I have received your Matie's order this day that I am to dye to-morrow. I was in hopes, Sr, by what your Matie sayed to me yesterday, of taking care of my Soul, that I should haue had some little more time; for truly, Sr, this is very short. I do begg of your Matie, if it bee possible, to lett me haue one day more, that I may go out of the world as a Christian ought.

I had desired severall times to speake with my Lord *Arundell of Wardour*, which I do desire still. I hope your Matie will grant it me; and I do beg of your Matie to lett me know by him if there is nothing in this world that can recall your sentence, or at least reprive me for some time. I was in hopes I should haue lived to have served you, w^{ch} I think I could haue done to a great degree; but yo^r Matie does not think it fit. Therefore, Sir, I shall end my dayes with being satisfied that I had all the good intensions imaginable for it, and should haue done it, being that I am your Maties most dutifull

Monmouth.

I hope you^r Matie will giue Doctor *Tennison* leave to come to me, or any other that your Matie will bee pleased to grant me.

[Superscribed:] *To the King.*

[The date of this must have been the 14th of July, 1685.]

Since Lord Henry Arundel of Wardour had suffered a long unjust imprisonment in the Tower, and been in danger of death because of his zeal in favour of Romanism, Monmouth's declared desire to speak with him could have but one meaning, *viz.* a willingness to become a convert, and thus escape from being executed. Moreover, to Lord Dartmouth the unhappy James Scott expressed a willingness to become converted to Catholicism (see p. 633). Thomas Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had been, while Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, a personal friend of Monmouth.

History of the Suppressed Letter from Monmouth.

Dr. Samuel Jebb relates, from his own knowledge of Colonel Scott (an officer connected by blood with the Scotts of Buccleuch), virtually the same story of a letter from Monmouth being suppressed, as the narrative given in the *Clarendon Correspondence* from Mr. Bowdler's own declaration of Scott's discourse to him in 1734. Jebb heard the story in 1723. We give his version here, and add the other immediately afterwards, for comparison:—

“When I was at *Boulogne* in y^e year 1723, amongst other gentlemen I found there, was one Col. *Scot*, formerly an officer in y^e Guards, who upon y^e Revolution follow'd y^e fortunes of K. *James*, & attended upon him at St. *Germain's*. Whilst y^e D. of *Monmouth* was in y^e Tower, it was this gentleman's office to be one day there upon guard, w^{ch}, if I mistake not, was the day before his execution. The D[uke], who knew him, desir'd to speak wth him, & upon his coming into y^e room, y^e D. with great earnestness press'd y^t he would immediately deliver to y^e K. a letter he had wrote, & w^{ch} then lay before him upon y^e table, assuring him y^t *he had reason to believe he might still find mercy, if that letter was rightly delivered*. Col. *Scot* excus'd himself from deserting his post before y^e proper time of his being reliev'd, & laid before y^e Duke y^e hasard he should incur by doing it, but at y^e same time assur'd him, y^t when his duty was over, if that would suffice, he would not fail to give the letter into y^e K[ing]'s own hands. In the mean time a third person enter'd y^e room, w^{ch} if I misremember not, was Mr. *Bridgeman* (tho' I cannot certainly charge my memory with it), upon sight of whom y^e D[uke of *Monmouth*] said, 'Col. *Scot*, here comes one upon whom I can rely no less than upon y^eself, I will send my letter by him;' and accordingly he seal'd it up, & gave it him. This letter I suppose to be the letter you [Dr. *Rawlinson*] have purchas'd, and [which was] suppress'd by y^e person to whom it was intrusted. For as this gentⁿ (Col. *Scot*), about four years after the Revolution [*i.e.* *airé* 1692], was walking in y^e garden at St. *Germain's*, y^e King call'd him to him, & told him he had y^e night before been inform'd, y^t y^e conversation mention'd above had pass'd betwixt him and y^e D. of *Monmouth*, whilst he was a prisoner in y^e Tower, & desir'd to know if he had been rightly inform'd; and upon *Scot's* answering in the affirmative, y^e K[ing] averr'd y^t he had never receiv'd any such letter from y^e D[uke], nor ever heard of it till that time, & y^t it was in his inclination to have sav'd y^e D[uke]'s life, if he could have had any proper assurance y^t y^e D. was dispos'd to have made a sincere discovery. This story Col. *Scot* told in y^e presence of Mr. *Cotton*, Mr. *Panton* & several other *English* gentlemen of reputation and credit, at that time residing in *Boulogne*. The particulars of y^e letter, Col. *Scot* declared, he was a stranger to, but y^e letter itself, he said, was a long one.”

Singer justly animadverts on the culpably “slight and erroneous notice” of the Suppression, made by Charles James Fox, who had disbelieved it, as it told against Sunderland and in favour of James II., Fox declaring, “There is also mention of a *third letter*, which being entrusted to a perfidious officer of the name of *Scott*, never reached its destination; but for this there is no foundation.”—*Life of James II.*, p. 262 (p. 437 of Bogue's edition, 1846). Fox took no trouble to search for documents which would have proved the falseness of many rash assumptions and assertions. He simply wrote to glorify the Revolutionary Whigs, and justify whatever they had done. Accuracy was immaterial, therefore evidence was disregarded; but his fragment was assuredly readable. Whether the *Suppressed Letter* was “second to James II.” or “third” of these now printed, is more for guesswork than for demonstration.

A loose assertion of S. W. Singer is in *Clarendon Correspondence*, that the person entrusted with the letter was “the infamous Captain *Blood*” (by which he evidently meant the Duke of Ormond's foe, Colonel Thomas Blood, who made the almost-successful attempt to steal the Crown-jewels from the Tower). But this is sufficiently answered by recalling the fact that Colonel Blood had died on

August 24, 1680, nearly five years before! One Captain Blood, a shady character, was in Colonel Foulkes's regiment in 1692. He appears to have held in 1685 some office at the very Tower of London, where Colonel Thomas Blood had schemed and acted so boldly in 1671. That a son of his could find advancement there, a few years later, although Talbot Edwards the assaulted keeper had remained neglected with unpaid pension, is not more strange than that the Colonel himself should have been pardoned, and enriched with the rent of his Irish lands worth £500 per annum. Wits wrote epigrams on the subject, and declared that Blood would have been more highly remunerated if he had stolen the King instead of his jewels. At this Charles laughed, with his usual good humour.¹

¹ One version of this jest was written by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, in "The History of Insipids" (which begins, "Chaste, pious, prudent, *Charles the Second*"), a lampoon supposed to be of date 1676:—

Blood, that wears 'Treason' in his face,
Villain compleat, in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in grace,
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown!
Since Loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the King, and out-do *Blood*!

Another writer, believed to be Andrew Marvel, exhibited his scornful hatred against the clergy, in a different epigram on the same person:—

On *Blood's* stealing the Crown.

WHEN daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd, [i.e. of Irish lands.
Upon the *English* Diadem distrain'd,
He chose the cassock, surcingle, and gown,
The fittest Mask for one that robs the Crown.
But his Lay-pity underneath prevail'd,
And, whilst he saved the Keeper's life, he fail'd : [T. Edwards.
With the Priest's vestment had he but put on
The Prelate's cruelty, the Crown had gone!

Of this Epigram a Latin version is printed by Captain Edward Thompson in his edition of *Marvel's Works*, 1776, vol. i. *Preface*, p. xxxix. It is entitled

Bludius et Corona.

BLUDIUS, ut ruris damnum repararet aviti,
Addicit fisco dum diadema suo :
Egregium sacro facinus velavit amictu :
(*Larva solet reges fallere nullu magis*)
Excidit ast ausis tactus pietate profanâ :
Custodem ut servet, maluit ipse capi.
Si modo seviltiam texisset pontificalem
Veste sacerdotis, rapta corona foret.

Evelyn, on May 10, 1671, at the Treasurer's house, met Colonel Blood, and thus described him:—"This man had not onely a daring but a villainous unmercifull looke, a false countenance, but very well spoken and dangerously insinuating."—*Diary of John Evelyn*, ii. 259, 260. The attempt on Ormond was of 6 December, 1670; that on the Crown Jewels, 9 May, 1671.

Colonel Scott's Narrative, on the Suppression of Monmouth's Letter to King James II.—(The Clarendon Correspondence, i. 144.)

In the year 1734 I was in company with Colonel Scott, at *Boulogne-sur-Mer*, in France, when the Colonel called me to him, and said, "Mr. Bowdler, you are a young man and I am a very old one, I will tell you something worth remembering. When the Duke of *Monmouth* was in the Tower, under sentence of death, I had the command of the guard there, and one morning the Duke desired me to let him have pen, ink, and paper, for he wanted to write to the King. He wrote a very long letter, and when he had sealed it, he desired me to give him my word of honour that I would carry that letter to the King, and deliver it into no hands but his. I told him I would most willingly do it, if it was in my power, but that my orders were not to stir from him till his execution; and therefore I dared not leave the *Tower*. At this he expressed great uneasiness, saying he could have depended on my honour; but at length asked me if there was any officer in that place on whose fidelity I could rely. I told him that Capt. — [sic] was one on whom I would willingly confide, in anything on which my own life depended, and more I could not say of any man. The Duke desired he might be called. When he was come, the Duke told him the affair; he promised on his word and honour that he would deliver the letter to no person whatever, but to the King only. Accordingly he went immediately to Court, and being come near the door of the King's closet, took the letter out of his pocket to give it to the King. Just then Lord *Sunderland* came out of the closet, and, seeing him, asked what he had in his hand; he said it was a letter from the Duke of *Monmouth*, which he was going to give to the King. Lord *Sunderland* said, 'Give it to me, I will carry it to him.' 'No, my Lord,' said the Captain, 'I pawned my honour to the Duke that I would deliver the letter to no man but the King himself.' 'But,' said Lord *Sunderland*, 'the King is putting on his shirt, and you cannot be admitted into the closet, but the door shall stand so far open that you shall see me give it to him.' After many words, Lord *Sunderland* prevailed on the Captain to give him the letter, and his Lordship went into the closet with it."—After the Revolution, Colonel Scott, who followed the fortunes of King James, going one day to see the King at dinner, at St. *Germain's* in France, the King called him [Scott] to him, and said, "Colonel Scott, I have lately heard a thing that I want to know from you whether it is true." The King then related the story, and the Colonel assured him that what His Majesty had been told was exactly true. Upon which the King then said, "Colonel Scott, as I am a living man, I never saw that letter, nor did I ever hear of it till within these few days."—From a document preserved among the Clarendon Papers, accumulated by Mr. Wm. Upcott of the London Institution.

While believing that one letter or more may have been thus intercepted and suppressed by *Sunderland* or his agents, we remain unconvinced that James II. could ever have brought himself to again pardon *Monmouth*, even if every letter and message had reached him. Under any circumstances, a second interview could scarcely have been granted; the first having been trifled with and wasted. In after years, during his own exile at St. *Germain's*, King James deceived himself by supposing that he might possibly have been willing to extend clemency, even before the time when he heard Colonel Scott's account of the suppressed Letter. There had come to him full knowledge of worse misdoings by *Sunderland* and other traitors, outweighing the guilt of "King *Monmouth*," who for awhile had been acknowledged as "England's Darling."

Monmouth's Remembrance of Russell.

“ Bitter tears and sobs of anguish,
Unavailing though they be :
Oh ! the brave—the brave and noble,
That have died in vain for me.”

—W. E. Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.

WHILE in hiding, after Sedgemoor Fight had proved a final defeat, memory used her wonted whips and stings on the hunted famishing fugitive; but his thoughts would be compelled for the most part to act anew the painful labours of his recent days, and there would be too little time or sense of quiet to allow of retrospection to the earlier troubles which followed closely on detection of the Rye-House Plot. Only in connection with Lady Henrietta Wentworth, whom he lamented having left, would he remember the time when, two years before, he found shelter beside her at Toddington, and offered to surrender himself to Justice if it could benefit his imprisoned friend William Russell.

Short as was the interval between arrival at the Tower of London and being led forth to execution, we doubt not that Monmouth *then* remembered the fate of Russell, and bitterly anticipated the indignities of his own approaching death on the scaffold. Lord Russell had connived at and desired even such an Insurrection as Monmouth had soon afterwards attempted, almost unaidedly, but certainly with expectation of being better supported by those who had once been loud in promises and protestations.

The tune, often mentioned, of *this* particular ballad of “ Russell's Farewell,” was soon afterwards known as *Whitney's Farewell*, from James Whitney the Highwayman, who suffered at Tyburn in 1690. Music thus named is in Playford's *Dancing-Master*, editions 1698 and later. Words of “ Whitney's Farewell,” beginning, “ I on the Road have reigned long,” are in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 556.

Note, on allusion to Burnet, as the “ Groaning-Board Divine” (next page).

⁶ For our comment on this contemptible fraud of the Sectaries, (in which Gilbert Burnet was implicated), see *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 99, 925. It was an Elm-Board, declared to yield sepulchral groans in protest against Romanism. The “ New Song on the Strange and Wonderful Groaning Board ” begins,

What Fate inspir'd thee with Groans, to fill Phanatick Brains ?
What is't thou sadly thus bemoans, in thy Prophetick strains ? . .
The giddy Vulgar to thee run, amaz'd with fear and wonder ;
Some dare affirm, that hear thee groan, thy noise is petty Thunder.

Gilbert Burnet's concoction of Russell's *Printed Speech* is mentioned on our p. 325. Tom Farmer's tune to “ When busy Fame o'er all the plain ” is named on p. 692 : the words are in Mr. William Chappell's *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 568. The tune of *Althea* represents Lovelace's “ When Love with unconfined Wings.”

[Wood's Collection, at the Bodleian Library, 417, ii. art. 123.]

The Lord Russel's last Farewel to the World.

[To its own Tune, known afterwards as *Whitney's Farewell*.]

Farewel, farewel to Mortal Powers, and fond Ambitious Fools,
Now guiltless Blood requireth ours, from Providence that rules.
Farewell to *Monmouth*, Horned *Grey*, who are from justice fled,
And left me to this Fatal Day, to lose my Plotting Head.
Of all the Lords of our Caballs, I am the first that dyes
By th' hand of Justice, which foretells a Counter-Sacrifice:
That Blazing Star at *Stafford's* Death¹ foretold a fatal change,
Now I declare, with my last breath, it is but just Revenge. 8
Farewell to our late Parliament, which made Thrice Kingdoms shake;
Our lawless Votes my Soul torment, was for Rebellion's sake;
Th' Exclusive Bill I did promote, with vigour, spleen, and power,
Thereby to cut a Monarch's throat: that caus'd this Fatal Hour.
The best of Kings I sought to kill, and draw'd in thousands more,
Who neither wanted wealth nor will, and Traytors long before;
Beside the Peasants and the poor for Insurrection bent,
To lay the Kingdom all in gore, to please a Parliament. 16
We neither feared Law nor Right, Prerogative nor Fate;
Impeached Queen and Duke for spight, to make the King afraid:²
We thought he durst not call to 'count our great Conspiring Heads,
But now, like me, they all must mount, and fall into the Shades.
If we had Haug'd *Tony* and *Tom*, when first the Plot begun,³
Then I to this had never come, nor *James* from Justice run;⁴
Denying of the Plot's in vain, since *Essex* cut's own throat:⁵
Both *Rouse* and *Walcot* owns the same, and all the rest must do 't.
For my Confession I commit to th' *Groaning-Board's* Divine;⁶
'Tis his desire to word it fit: I hope, for no design! [See p. 690.
If the *Whiggish* Cant he puts upon't, with 'quivocating Shamms,
Then score him up, on our account, his *Lybell* to the Flames.

Finis.

Printed for *J. Dean*, Bookseller in *Cranborn-Street* in *Leicester-Fields*,
near *Newport-House*, *July*, 1683. [Black-letter, with Music.]

¹ See John Evelyn's *Diary*, December 12, 1680, for account of this Portent.

² *Monmouth* had no hand in this villainy, being in favour with the Queen.

³ *Tony* = Anthony, Earl Shaftesbury; *Tom* = Sir Thomas Armstrong (p. 483).

⁴ James Scott, Duke of *Monmouth*, at this time in hiding, *July*, 1683.

⁵ Arthur Capell, Earl of *Essex*: a suicide, not a murder (pp. 316, 318, 700).
For the execution of John *Rouse* and Captain Thomas *Walcot*, see p. 329.



[Pepysian Collection, II. 242.]

Rebellion Rewarded with Justice ;

Or, the Last Farewell of the late Duke of Monmouth, which was
beheaded on Tower-Hill on the 15th of this Instant July, 1685.

It is not well for to Rebell, against a Gracious Prince,
Let all beware, and shun the snare, that would be Men of Sence.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Russel's Farewell*, or, *Busie Fame*. [See p. 690.]

This may be Printed, July the 15th, 1685, R. L[e] S[trange].

Farewell! Farewell! deceitful Pride, for thou has me betray'd;
Upon vain hopes I have relyed, when I the *Traytor* play'd:
Had I not wandred with Lord *Grey*, which proves my overthrow,
I never had beheld this day *to feel the Fatal Blow*.

Too much I hearkened to that Crew which never did me good,
But now I bid the World adien, and here my dearest blood
Must be a Ransome for my Crime, to pay the Death I owe,
And Justice now has found a time *to strike the fatal Blow*. 8

Alas! I have not quite forgot the favour that I found,
When I was in that Hellish Plot; ah! this my Soul doth wound,
That I again should be misled, into a Sea of Woove,
And here I must lay down my head, *unto the fatal Blow*.

My proud aspiring heart, I find, has brought me to this thing;
Ah! how could I be so unkind to such a Gracious King?
Which once did interceed for me, as I in conscience know,
But now pale Death must set me free, *then wellcome, fatal Blow!* 16

And now at last I did Rebell against him in his Throne,
I was most like an *In fidel*, as I may justly own;
But this has wrought my life's decay, and final overthrow,
And Justice will no longer stay, *but strike the fatal Blow*.

While I did in Rebellion stand some lives did pay full dear,
A sad confusion in the Land! but now I bear a share,
And brought to my deserved Doom, whether I would or no,
No friend I have that will presume *to stop the fatal Blow*. 24

False Friends, alas! hath ruin'd me, and brought me to this place,
And now the sad effects, I see, will end in my disgrace:
My Lady I must leave behind, and my sweet Babes in woove,
For Destiny hath now design'd *for me the fatal Blow*.

And now my last and dying Speech is to advise you all,
Both Friends and Foes, I do beseech, be warned by my fall:
Let Loyalty your actions Crown, then you'll be free from woove,
And now I willingly lye down: *Come, strike the fatal Blow!* 32

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel, Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Date, July 15th, 1685, day of Monmouth's execution.]



The Duke of Monmouth's Lamentation.

“ Yes, as the son of *Thetis* said,
 One hears thee saying now :—
 ‘ Greater by far thou thou are dead ;
 Strive not ! die also thou.’ ”

—Matthew Arnold's *Obermann*.

WHEN James Duke of Monmouth, at his own agonized entreaty, was taken straight to Will Chiffinch's rooms in the Palace of Whitehall, and admitted to an interview with King James the Second, his arms were pinioned, it is true ; but Barillon tells us that his hands were left free ; and he knelt, not grovelled, at the feet of his inexorable rival.¹ Two Ministers of State were present, Sunderland and Middleton, but not the angry Queen or any of her ladies.²

We know from credible testimony that the craving for life was strong within Monmouth, and that he did not behave with the dignity befitting one who claimed to be of Royal blood, and who certainly had struggled for a crown, been defeated in fair fight, and was now summoned to pay the forfeit. He was still a prey to alternate hot and cold fits, of rashness and timidity, courage and cowardice.

He was ready to become a convert to Romanism ; and signed a Declaration admitting that the late King Charles II. had assured him of there having been no marriage ceremony between him and Lucy Walter, Monmouth's mother. But he refused, when asked, to give the names of his accomplices, although his application for an interview had been based on an alleged willingness to speak such words as might thereafter settle James firmly on the throne, above the reach of yet undetected conspirators. Sunderland's presence may have had much to do with this refusal, accounting for his reticence ; especially if (as appears almost certain) that arch-plotter had found means to impress upon him that there was no real danger of life being sacrificed, and that he himself could better stand his

¹ Few of his numerous admirers would have expected so meritorious a painter as John Pettie, the R.A., to have erred in exaggeration when representing an historical event, as he unfortunately did in a painful caricature of Monmouth's last interview with the King, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1882. He showed the Duke of Monmouth with bleared eyes, red with weeping, literally *grovelling* at full length on the floor at the feet of the scornful James II. They were misrepresented entirely alone, and the miserable culprit's arms were so tightly pinioned behind his back that it was impossible for him to recover an upright position without assistance being summoned. Thus the effect became ludicrous, while Monmouth's abject humiliation was made repulsive.

² Yet the Queen Maria Beatrix is represented, with her weeping dames, filling the foreground, by Peyendecker (in Guizot's *History of England*, iii. 18) ; who shows Monmouth gaily dressed, wholly unbound, picturesquely kneeling on one knee, beseeching mercy with both arms extended. Probably his exchanged garments had been restored to him. He wore a grey suit on the scaffold.

friend while remaining unsuspected of having formerly connived in Monmouth's designed invasion. It is more probable, that Sunderland thus had a narrow escape from being denounced by the dupe, than that Monmouth had purposed to unmask the treachery of William of Orange; who had hitherto succeeded in affecting to have been unable to penetrate Monmouth's transparent schemes. Even to the last hour of his life, it is probable that Monmouth believed William to have been ignorant of these, and self-conceit was flattered by the notion that he had thus avoided being interrupted in his hapless expedition. We, on the contrary, feel convinced that William had outwitted them all round.

Monmouth departed, repulsed from the presence, his prayers for life denied, reproached and stung into an impotent assertion of himself by antagonism of nature. Of the smaller conspirators almost every one was known already, without need of his confession. It was only of the secret plotters in high station that he could give useful information. Refusing this, he was now rashly judged to possess no real secrets worth betrayal, since he had offered to pay any price for pardon and safety.

He was guarded by water to the Tower, where the love of life returned to him. Could he but obtain release, and rejoin Lady Henrietta Wentworth, to live somewhere in pleasure and safety! Surely his wife's influence, or some revival of kinsmanlike affection in James might even now obtain the boon? Dishonoured in fact, disgraced publicly, utterly lost to hope of fulfilling his ambition, still life at any price looked dear to him. He begged for paper, pen and ink, to write to "his uncle," who disdained and denied the relationship. How he at first was, under orders, refused this by the officers on guard, has been already indicated. At last he gained his wish, and wrote to warn the King against the double traitor Sunderland. If we are to believe the not-improbable and partly corroborated tale of Captain Scott (pp. 687, 689), the letter intended for King James was intercepted by the wily Sunderland, nervously anxious to close every outlet whereby Monmouth might escape and himself be ruined. Whether through a namesake of Colonel Blood, or by the hand of Sunderland personally, the letter was seized and stopped. All this is clear enough from documents or from tradition. None need wonder, in such a case, that Sunderland felt the peril to be so great. To secure his own safety, he hastened the execution of Monmouth, ere betrayal came from him; such betrayal being threatened.

Scarcely anything else could account for the haste, Monmouth's execution now being ordered for next day. Whilst he continued to live, there was every hour fresh danger of his revealing the truth of former correspondence with Sunderland. Not that we absolutely believe Robert Spencer had even thus early matured his plans to

betray his royal master : it is more probable that he had been luring Monmouth intentionally to ruin, and intended to deceive him. Sunderland's plans were always complicated ; he cheated himself while cheating others, for he believed he held power to baffle each person in turn, whatever chance might ensue. That he felt any hatred towards Monmouth is incredible. If he destroyed him, it was done contemptuously, as a worthless broken tool ; or politically, as a dangerous weakling who was threatening to be treacherous, and pitting his small wits against a practised intriguer.

No lack of excuses would be found in his own mind. To James he may have advised precipitancy on the plea that thus alone could the mob be kept from organizing rescue and rebellion. In London Monmouth had been popular. Assuredly there was no powerful interest now excited in his favour, as there had been for William Russell, save among the populace. Whigs of the middle-class were powerless, utterly cowed in spirit, and the nobility left him to his fate without a sigh or prayer. His neglected wife pleaded for him, urging his suit to King James, who had long been her intimate friend, as had been his brother Charles (in each case without scandal). But the doom was pronounced irrevocably. Perhaps it might seem necessary. At least, there was no injustice in consigning Monmouth to the axe. The strife had been between Monmouth and York for life or death, and these terms were of Monmouth's own choice. He should have seen clearly that it were folly and cowardice now to murmur at such payment of the stake, when the Crown for which he played was lost.

Did any bitter thoughts come to him of regretful pity for the unfortunate and faithful peasants who had already died in the service of his ambition, in the rash attempt to which he had allured them from their honest daily toil : an attempt that would for many years leave a blight on the Western shores ? We have no proof of such anguish. Not a line of pleading for mercy to be shown to *any person except himself* remains in evidence, or has been ever credibly mentioned. In this fact is a terrible revelation of the selfishness of his ambition. He had actually dined in friendliness with his betrayer, Ford Lord Grey of Werk, after they both arrived in London ; and he who could tolerate for an hour such a cowardly companion could not value the "Western Martyrs."

While there was an absence of consideration in Monmouth for the surviving and endangered families of his slaughtered insurgents, whom he had left fighting masterless at Sedgemoor, there was also a deficiency of love towards his own Duchess, the Lady Anne Scott, soon to be made a widow.

Having been treated with singular baseness for many years, the injured wife not unnaturally felt most concern in regard to her children, who had been with herself imprisoned in the same Tower,

at the outbreak of Monmouth's rebellion, and at the incurred penalty of his treason, the confiscation of the estates, which she had hoped would descend to them—property inherited by her, not brought by their unloving father. While he was confined in the Tower, and desired an interview with her, she declined to see him, except in the presence of a third person, Henry Hyde, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Privy Seal. Barillon reports, that the visit was not confined to a tender leave-taking, but “assez aigre de part et d'autre.”

Among other matters discoursed between them she declared that for the last four or five years Monmouth had employed all the money from her estates in Scotland, except eleven hundred pounds, her reputed income being ten thousand a year. He had felt no shame in thus robbing her, or in taking Lady Henrietta's jewels.

The presence of Clarendon helped to make the breach between husband and wife more apparent. Monmouth addressed himself closely to the Earl, instead of to the Duchess, in the endeavour to gain advocacy and save his own life: thus it required a remonstrance of the friendly courtier to bring him back to the chief purpose of this final interview, *viz.* the interests of Monmouth's lawful children, whose position had been endangered by his assuming the empty title of a king. The Duchess, for their sakes, implored her husband to declare the truth, that she had never been privy to his designs: and that she had never willingly disobeyed him—except on two accounts, “one, as to his women; and the other, as to his disobedience to the late king.” If in anything she had failed in her duty to him, she humbly begged his forgiveness, and offered to kneel to him for this. Monmouth bore testimony to her virtue and loyalty.

At nine o'clock next morning, 15th July, there was a second interview between them (an hour before the coach came for the Duke), when their three children were present, and the Duchess fainted. Dr. Tenison is said to have remonstrated with Monmouth, for his being only half reconciled with his Duchess; but he admitted that “his heart was turned against her, because in his affliction she had gone to plays and into public companies, by which he knew that she did not love him.” During the past twelve months he had kept her in ignorance of his address, save that he was in Holland, living in open adultery with Lady Henrietta Wentworth, his mistress.

The affection of his wife had been worn out, at last, through his neglect and unfaithfulness. But this he was too blind to see. As in *The Flight of the Duchess*, so had it been here:—

Now, my friend, if you had so little religion
As to catch a hawk, some falcon-lanner,
And thrust her broad wings like a banner
Into a coop for a vulgar pigeon;
And if day by day and week by week
You cut her claws, and sealed her eyes,
And clipped her wings, and tied her beak:—

Would it cause you any great surprise
 If, when you decided to give her an airing,
 You found she needed a little parparing?

[Browning.]

By Sir John Dalrymple it is told that, with a singular mixture of indelicacy and compassion, King James invited himself to breakfast with the Duchess of Monmouth on the morning of the day appointed for her husband's execution. She may have expected that the Royal visit was made in order to present unto her a signed pardon for the condemned prisoner. But instead of this it was a deed of gift, conveying safely back to her and to her children the forfeited possessions. Barillon writes, "touts les biens de *M. le Duc de Monmouth en Ecosse et en Angleterre* lui (*i.e.* the Duchess) on été rendu;" but this is a note of later date.

Sir John Dalrymple's words deserve repetition:—"The Duke [of *Monmouth*] discovered compunction for the neglect with which he had treated his lady, who, though not beautiful [but *query* this?], had wit and tenderness, and had brought him one of the greatest fortunes in *Europe*, and he desired to see her alone. Affecting distance from his treasons, and regard for her children, but in reality stung with slighted love, even in death, she refused to see him unless witnesses were present. Yet by the tenderness of her affection, and her repeated applications for mercy [on his behalf to the King], she performed every duty of a wife and a friend. It is a family report that, on the morning of her husband's execution, [King] *James* sent her a message that he would breakfast with her. She admitted the visit, believing a pardon was to attend it. *James* behaved with fondness to her children, and delivered her a grant of her great family estate, which had fallen to the Crown by her husband's attainder: strange mixture of indelicacy and generosity."—Dalrymple (*Memoirs of Great Britain, &c.*, 1771, i. 128).

From the 9th of July until after their father's execution, the children were detained in the Tower, where the little girl died, but the mother was allowed (on the 12th of August) to have her buried at Westminster (see *Note 1.* on p. 698). The boys were released on the following 17th of November.

The Buceleuch MS. states:—"The Dutcheess of *Monmouth* has demeaned herself during this severe trial and dispensation of Providence with all Christian temper and composure of spirit that possibly could appear in a soul so great and virtuous as hers. His Majesty is exceedingly satisfied with her conduct and deportment all along, and has assured her that he will take care of her and her children. In the afternoon many ladies went and payed the compliment of condolence to her." (See *Note 3.* on next page.)

The last scene on the scaffold has been often described. Monmouth became true to his better nature and ended life with grace and dignity. Harassed incessantly by the ungenerous Bishops, he declined to yield his own judgement to their dictation (see *Note 2.*), on the right of active resistance to misgovernment. Otherwise, his troubles in the world were nearly over. He sent his last gift and message to the unhappy lady of his love, Henrietta Wentworth.

He felt anxious, with good cause, lest the butcherly Jack Ketch were to torture him in his death, as Ketch had tortured Russell; but met his fate with quiet courage. The bitterness of death was past.

—:o:—

Note 1.—On the Children of Monmouth and his Duchess. (Cf. p. 712.)

This child, Lady Anne Scott, on whom the gloom of the Tower had fallen so heavily, was buried in what was then known as the Monmouth Vault, and the interment is thus recorded in the *Westminster Register of Burials*:—

1685. August 13.—Lady Anne Scott [in the Abbey].

"Second daughter of James, Duke of Monmouth, by Lady Anne Scott [daughter of Francis, second Earl of Buccleugh], and born 17 Sept. 1675. She died in the Tower of London. See her brother's burial [Charles, Earl of Donecaster, eldest son, died on the 9th Feb. 1673³, aged one year, five months, and fifteen days], 10 Feb. 1673-74; and the burials of another brother [Lord Francis, fourth son, born in 1678], 6 Dec. 1679, and of her sister [Charlotte], 5 Sept. 1683. The unofficial Register says that she [i.e. Anne] was buried 'in Monmouth's vault privately.'—Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester's *Marriage, Baptismal, and Burial Registers of the Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster*, 1876 edit., p. 214. Monmouth was buried in the Tower church, St. Peter ad Vincula.

The second-born but eldest-surviving son, the Rt. Hon. James, Earl of Dalkeith, died on the 14th of March, 1703³, and was buried at Westminster on the 19th.—*Ibid.* p. 255, Note. Of the offspring born during the ten years of the Duchess's second marriage, another Lady Anne Scott, an infant, died in 1690; and Lord George Scott in May, 1693, also in infancy.

Note 2.—The Clergymen attending Monmouth's Execution.

They were the Bishops of Ely (Dr. Turner), and of Bath and Wells (Dr. (Ken); Dr. Tenison and Dr. Hooper. We differ widely in our estimate of the conduct of the officiating "Holy Men." There is an authoritative "*Account of what passed at the Execution of the late Duke of Monmouth, on Wednesday, the 15th of July, 1685 on Tower-Hill*;" together with a Paper signed by himself that Morning in the Tower, in the presence of the Lords Bishops of Ely (Turner) and Bath and Wells (Ken), Dr. Tenison, and Dr. Hooper," etc., in *Lord Somers' Collection of Tracts*, i. 216. These ecclesiastical "Assistants" of the executioner Ketch persecuted the unhappy Monmouth on the scaffold, insisting on answers regarding the "Doctrine of Non-Resistance:" not content with "general" repentance, but "particularly with respect to your case." (Still worse had been the intolerance of the Calvinists against the far nobler Marquis of Montrose, in 1650.) They insisted on mere "natural courage" accounting for Monmouth's calm endurance, instead of it being from "true repentance." This was impolitic as well as inhuman. For a full account of the Bishops' doings, see the Camden Society's *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*, pp. 188 to 193.

Note 3.—The Duchess of Monmouth, after her first husband's death.

She survived her loss many years, until February 6th, 173¹/₂, aged 81, when she was buried at Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, and had found more happiness in her second marriage (in May, 1688), with Charles, third Lord Cornwallis (who died of fever in April, 1698), than in her union with Monmouth. Narcissus Luttrell mentions her at the Court of St. James's, "on that very day, Queen Anne's birthday, 171⁰/₉, the company in richer habits than has been known since 1660, the ladies appeared with jewels very glorious, the Dutchess of Monmouth having to the value of 50,000*l.* about her."—Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, vi. 688.

[Pepys Collection, II. 244 ; British Museum, C. 21. e. 2, fol. 139.]

The Late Duke of Monmouth's Lamentation.

TO THE TUNE OF, *On the bank of a River ; or, Now, now the
Fight's done.* [See pp. 37, 354.]



[*Death of Monmouth* : from Luttrell's contemporary broadside : see p. 704.]

THE World is ungrateful, the People deceitful—
Ambition and Pride our first Parents did choak,
It leads to high places as slip'ry as glass is, ["glasses,"
Their gilded pretences all vanish like smook.
Their fatal delusion brought me to confusion,
I fall by those Powers I did justly provoke. 6

Those Men of Sedition, that nurst my Ambition,
And sooth'd up my Fancy with hopes of a Crown,
Their fates are depending, and must have an Ending,
'Tis they ruin'd me and my former Renown :
Seducers of Reason made me commit Treason,
For which on the Block I lay my head down. 12

My Grief I discover for those I brought over,
 And those in this Land I seduc'd to the Sin ;
 True Churchmen deni'd me, the Gentry defy'd me,
 With none but the Factious I favor did win.
 This sorrowful sentence brings me to Repentance,
 Unfortunate *Monmouth*, this Act to begin ! 18

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

Thus my Allegiance was all disobedience,
 "The King of the *West*" in those parts they me call,
 Each Village and City was spoil'd without pitty,
 The King's better Subjects I brought into Thrall :
 But now such vile doing hath caused my ruin,
 My Pride and Ambition must now have a Fall. 24

The popular Bable, and noise of the Rabble,
 It pleas'd me at first and did nourish the Vice ;
 'Twas Pride and Vainglory did furnish the Story,
 And gave to my after proceedings the Rise.
 While that I did aspire t' fly higher and higher,
 Like th' generous Bird I was snar'd in a trice. 30

All did me admire, nought I could require,
 But the Royal Bounty did freely allow ;
 [I] was of Royal standing, had all at commanding,
 And men of the highest Rank to me did bow.
 But I've taken ill measures, and lost all those Treasures ;
 Poor *Monmouth*, thy ease is alter'd now. 36

Ambition can't borrow one day, e're to-morrow
 Poor *Monmouth* must be in the silent dark Grave :
 Let his sad conclusion be Traytors' Confusion,
 And dash them to pieces, as Rocks do the waves.
 Take Warning, you Traytors, and all you Crown-haters,
 Your cunning desigus your Heads shall not save. 42

This may be printed. July 18. R. L. S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. See p. 704. Date of L'Estrange's License, 18 July, 1685.]

The Earl of Essex is mentioned on pp. 691, 723. On his suicide a Lampoon was issued (now in the Editor's possession), entitled, "A Match, between the keen *Razor* and the dull *Axe*, 1683, occasioned by the Death of the Lord *Russel* and the E[arl] of *Essex*." It begins thus, "Ten pounds to a crown ! (who will make the match ?) On *Bomini*' head, against 'Squire *Catch* ; Whose instrument shall make most quick dispatch, The noble *Razor* or the *Axe*." Paul Bomené, who first gave the alarm, had been the Earl's French valet (see pp. 316, 345).

A Description of Monmouth's Rebellion.

. . . "The young Lord,
 Whose veins are stretch'd by passion's hottest wine,
 Tied to no law except his lawless will,
 Ranges and riots headlong through the World :
 Thus has he been from boy to youth and manhood,
 Reprov'd, then favour'd; threaten'd, next forgiven;
 Renounced, to be embrac'd, but till this hour,
 Never was indignation like to this."

—T. L. Beddoes: *Torrismond*, Act i.

THE following poem, whether read early, before the details have been given separately in ballads and prose comment, or after we now reach legitimately the close of Monmouth's career on the scaffold, is undoubtedly one of the most important contemporary popular documents concerning the series of events in the West. Circulating widely among the middle-classes and the populace of the time which it chronicles, it cannot be without interest to a later generation.

It is singularly accurate in its details, as our Notes confirm with citations from the *London Gazette*. Only when he introduces "Neptune's silver hair," in line 67, does the describer lose his foothold. The big drain of Sedgemoor, the Bussex Rhine, or 'Brooka de Gutter,' broadens into ocean, and is swayed by Poseidon.



[Military Execution of Monmouth's followers: see p. 704.]

[Luttrell Collection, II. 55.]

A Description of the Late Rebellion in the West. A Heroick Poem.

[With a large Woodcut : portions of it are copied on pp. 699, 701.]

From *Belgia's* shore, with a pretended claim,
 On *June's* eleventh in three small Vessels came ¹
 (Though fatal to him in a fatal Time)
 The traitor *MONMOUTH*, and surprized *Lyme*,
 I' th' *West* of *England*; whence o' th' fourteenth day
 He marched with all his Rebel Rout away.
 Part of which fell on *Bridport*, and there shed ²
 The blood of Loyalists, but were repaid,
 With tripple Deaths; there REBEL Blood first stain'd
 The guiltless Ground; there Loyalty first gain'd 10
 A lucky vantage, seaven were kill'd outright,
 Twenty-three Prisoners made, the rest by flight,
 Scatt'ring their Arms, to their main Strength retreat,
 And the sad Tale of their Defeat relate.
 No sooner news of this REBELLIOUS Crew
 To our dread Monarch and his Senate flew,
 On Fame's swift Wings, but an Attaindure's laid
 'Gainst *MONMOUTH*, and upon his REBEL Head }
 Five thousand pounds, to bring him alive or dead: }
 When worthy *Monaux* on *June's* nineteenth day ³ 20
 With twenty *Horse* the Rebels did dismay,
 Killing them twelve, though in the valiant strife
 Death (still the Brave's worst Foe) surpriz'd his Life:
 But unreveng'd he did not long remain,
 Brave *Oglethorp's* commanded Troops distain }
Canisham's Bridge, with eighty Rebels slain; ⁴ }
 Whilst bold *Trevanion Lyme's* Recovery wrought,
 With th' Arms and Powder which the Rebels brought, ⁵
 And noble *Pembroke* entred factious *Frome*, ⁶ 30
 Scatt'ring the Rabble that were thither come;
 Took the Ring-leader, and made him recant
 The Trayterous Declaration he durst plant
 Up in the Market-place, and Traytor own
MONMOUTH to be, who had such mischief done.
 Soon after thrice renowned *Feversham* ⁷ }
 Near to the Town call'd *Phillips-Norton* came, }
 Where leading on, the Rebels flank'd the Lane. }
 Yet Hero-like undaunted *Grafton* made ⁸
 A brave attempt, and beat their Ambuscade, [2nd col. 40
 Speaking in Thunder his unshaken sence
 Of Loyalty and Justice to his Prince;
 Whilst from the Hill the loud-mouthed Cannons, bent
 Against the Foe, their Globes of Ruin sent,
 Wing'd with swift Death: which made them soon remove,
 Not longer daring such destruction prove:
 But fearful of approaching Fate retire
 Before those Swords that spoke a Monarch's Ire.

And passing many Towns, at last they came
 To *Wells*, so known for it[s] *Cathedral's* fame :⁹
 Which impiously with Sacrilegious Hands, 50
 Fit for all horrid Mischief, these black Bands
 Rit'd, and such base outrages commit,
 As if they had been born the Sons of Spite.
 Which done, to *Glassebury* strait they drew,
 From thence to *Bridgewater*, and there make shew,
 As if they meant to fortify the Town :
 But now the fatal time came swiftly on,
 To which REBELLION's Punishment was due, }
 On *July's* fifth, when the bright Sun withdrew, }
 And o're the World sad night her Mantle threw. } 60
 In Darkness, suiting with their Deeds, the Rout
 From all their Quarters silently drew out,
 With an inglerious purpose to surprize
 The Royal Army, but those wakeful eyes
 Under so great a charge, no slumber brook,
 But instantly the hot alarm took.
 And now no more but *Neptune's* silver Hair,
 Parting the threat'ning Fronts of cruel War ;
 The Leaden Thunderbolts on Lightning's Wing,
 A swift Destruction to the Rebels bring. 70
 Not able to withstand those juster Arms,
 Their Horse affrighted, ty the fierce Alarms,
 In much Disorder before every Charge,
 And o're the field disperse themselves at large :
 Leaving the Foot, who faintly stood awhile,
 But broken by the Horse they soon Recoile.
MONMOUTH himself, *GREY's* fortune follows strait ;
 With thirty Horse betaking him to flight.
 Whilst on the plain the slaughter'd Rabble lye,
 And stain the Grass with a Rebellious dye. 80
 Those that escap'd the field for safety sought, }
 By wretched flight, but that small safety wrought. }
 Heav'n had decreed to punish their bold guilt,
 And, on their Heads, revenge the Blood they spilt :
 Two thousand Lives they paid upon the place,
 And most that fled were taken in the Chace.
 So *July's* happy sixth their ruin view'd,
 Saw them intirely broken and subdu'd ;
 On some of them the Martial Law took place,
 And made them know what 'twas the Nation's Peace 90
 In such wild lawless Tumults to molest,
 Whilst other Laws prepar'd to try the rest.
 And now, the happy Vict'ry being known,
 To Troops on divers Posts their care was shown :
 In seizing all suspitious Travellers,
 When, near *Holt-Lodge* some troopers unawares
 Sciz'd on the late Lord *Grey*, with him his *Guide*,
 Who vainly sought a refuge where to hide.
 On *July's* Eight, *MONMOUTH* was likewise found,
 Hid in a Ditch inclosing *Ferney* Ground ; 100
 With him the *Brandenburgh*, on whom a Guard }
 Was strongly plac'd, which instantly prepar'd }
 To bring them to *Whitthall* ; who there with *GREY*
 Arriv'd secure on *July's* thirteenth day ; }

[3rd col.]

[Busse.]

Thence to the *Tower* they in a Barge were row'd,
 Whilst on each shore stood the rejoicing Crowd,
 Clapping their Hands to see the Punishment
 Fall upon those that others Ruine meant.
MONMOUTH upon Attaindure being doom'd,
 His Treason's meed, no more on Life presum'd: 110
 But on the fifteenth day being brought upon
 A Mourning Stage, and there his Crimes made known; }
 Expressing Sorrow for the wrong he did
 To his dread Sovereign, and the Blood he shed, }
 Submitted patiently, and lost his Head:
 Which in a Coffin with his body laid
 A Hearse to their Interment them convey'd.
 So fell REBELLION, and so fall it still,
 So fare it with all those that dare Rebel. 119

Finis.

This may Printed, *September* the 7th, 1685, R.L.S. [L'Estrange.

[Broadside. White-letter. Three columns of verse, with a large woodcut above, about 9in. by 6in.; portions of which are copied on our pp. 699, 701.]

Notes to "A Description of the Late Rebellion."

¹ The chief of these was the *Helderenberg*, a hired frigate, of 32 guns, which brought over most of the men, and took Andrew Fletcher away to Spain, with John Kerridge of Lyme, who had been induced to act as pilot "to Bristol." It was hired for £5500. The other two were the *Pink* and the *Dogger*. One was a ketch of about 100 tons; the other a "fly-boat" of double the burden. They were captured in the Cobb, by Captain Trevanion, with 40 barrels of powder; also between 4000 and 5000 breast and head pieces, prepared for Monmouth's cavalry. The loss of the powder and weapons was disastrous for Monmouth.

² Wadham Strangways and Edward Coker were slain at Bridport, by the rebels, who wounded Mr. Harvey, of near Sherborne. Among the seven rebels killed was Captain Matthews (Armstrong's son-in-law?), slain by Capt. Vaughan. Twenty-three taken prisoners by the Volunteers. *London Gazette*, No. 2043.

³ Lieutenant Monaux or Monnox, is mentioned by Narcissus Luttrell thus:—"The rebels in the West grow stronger; several Maids of the town of *Taunton* have made silken banners or ensigns, and presented *Monmouth* with, some of them very rich: there has been some engagement between 20 of the Earl of *Oxford's* regiment, commanded by lieutenant *Monnox*, and as many of the rebells; of the latter 12 was killed at the first shott, and of the King's party about two or three, and the lieutenant himself: Col. *Luttrell*, with the militia of *Somersetshire*, were forc'd to leave *Taunton* on the rebels coming thither; for most of the militia left the Colonel on *Monmouth's* approach thither, who, 'tis said, by this time is near 5000 strong."—*Diary*, i. 347.

⁴ Col. Theophilus Oglethorpe, by dashing into Keynsham (Canisham), on June 25, with a hundred Life Guards, scattering two troops of rebel horse that tried vainly to resist him, with heavy loss to them (Captain *Brand* killed), and little to himself, wrought as good service, in compelling a relinquishment of *Monmouth's* designs on Bristol, as the Duke of Beaufort's firm discipline within that city, on the 24th, when repressing the disaffected. Oglethorpe's troopers afterwards attacked the seythemen at Sedgemoor fight, but found the task arduous.

⁵ See first note, on Captain Trevanion of the *Suadadoes* frigate, his exploit.

⁶ Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke, Lord-Lieutenant of Wiltshire, who married Henrietta de Quérouaille, Louisa's sister. The account of his entry into Frome on the 25th June is in *The London Gazette*, "Lord Pembroke, having caused the [*Monmouth*] Declaration to be pulled down, made the Constable write with his own hand an abhorrence of the same, and a declaration that *Monmouth* was a traitor, and put it up in the same [market] place, and then committed him to prison." A great desertion of men from Monmouth took place at Frome, about 2000 in one day, June 28.

⁷ Lewis de Duras, created Earl of Feversham, nephew of Marshal Turenne, was frequently ridiculed for his imperfect pronunciation of English, he being French by birth and education. George Villiers, second Earl of Buckingham, in his "*Sedgemoor: A Farce*," is libellously offensive against him. (See our pp. 657, 664.) In "*The Lovers' Session*" (= "A Session of Lovers was held t'other day") he is mocked in the usual scurrilous manner:—

Fe[versh]am in his *Sedgemoor* Star, and Glory,
Proud as the Treasurer, and pettish as *Lory*,
Forgetting how oft he had wrong took his aim,
With a *French* assurance next put in his claim, etc. [i.e. *Laur. Hyde*.]

In "*Cæsar's Ghost*" (= "Twas still low ebb") he is mentioned scornfully:—

Great *Fever[sham]*, the foremost of the Crew,
Whose uncle *Turenne* well could fight we knew,
He who so often does repeat the jest
How he subdu'd the Monarch of the West [=*Monmouth*.]
(Or would have done, had he not been undress'd).
This rough stern Hero of the *British* War
To neighbouring tents is always borne in chair,
For fear of incommodement from the air.

His broken speech is exemplified in the State-poem of "*The Deponents*," 1688 (beginning, "*The Mighty Monarch of this British Isle*"), when giving his evidence about the birth of the Prince of Wales:—

Then in comes *F[ever]sham*, that haughty Beau,
And tells a tale of *den* and *dat* and *how*!
Though he's no more believ'd than all the rest,
Only, poor man! he fain would do his best,
And be rewarded as when come from th' *West*.

⁸ Although presumably a half-brother of Monmouth, the Duke of Grafton fought against him, probably more from jealousy than loyalty, as he afterwards assisted Orange. Compare pp. 346, 665, Notes 20 and 5. A *MS. Satire to Julian* (beginning, "*Julian*, how comes it that of late we see,") reads,

But let not slouching *Grafton* 'scape their rage,
(*Grafton* the greatest Booby of the Age)
Can he for arms or politicks be fit,
With his sire's courage and his mother's wit?
Faulkland as well they might a *Cato* call,
Or snivelling *Huntingdon* a *Hanniball*.
A thousand more they from the Court may have,
For there's scarce one that's not a fool and knave.

See ballad on the Duke of Grafton, "As two men were a-walking;" p. 738.

⁹ Wednesday, July 1st. The desecrations at Wells by Monmouth's ultra-Protestant dissenters are thus described in the contemporary *London Gazette*:—"They robbed and defaced the Cathedral church, drinking their villainous Healths at the altar, plundered the town, ravished the women, and committed all manner of outrages."—No. 2046.

Jacobitical Advice to the Painter. 1685.

"How wise and happy are we grown of late,
 Since Plays and Ballads have reform'd the State!
 Since *Tories*, with a spleen and guilt accurst,
 Have had the forehead to cry "Villain" first!
 By Hackney Wits rising on *England's* Ruin
 Have libell'd *Whigs* for what themselves are doing:
 And while new Politics their chiefs devise,
 Cast dirt behind, to blind the People's eyes.
 Since *R[oge]r*, under Loyalty's pretence, [= *L'Estrange*.
 Has out-star'd Truth, and bawl'd down Common-sense;
 Since against Pow'rs that us'd even Kings to awe,
 Champions for Right and Guarantees of Law,
 Powers that, like Heaven, will not the guilty quit,
 The *Bully* rages without fear or wit."

—*The Protestant Satire*, 1684.

WE have already (in Vol. IV. pp. 546, 547) given specimens of earlier-written and distinct poems in the guise of "Advice to the Painter," and furnished a list of twenty such, enumerating the chief members of a not unimportant family. We are now about to give unmutilated one more of them, with special reference to the defeat of Monmouth's Insurrection.

The opening lines refer plainly to a transaction which does no credit to the time-serving "Heads of Houses" at Cambridge. They had accepted Monmouth as their Chancellor to gratify King Charles, although the young Duke was singularly unfitted to do honour to the University by any scholastic attainments of his own, or even by sympathy with learned pursuits of others. At best he could be but a handsome lay-figure, to wear the robes, and smile benignantly, while addressed in ponderous Latinity, which would be innocent of meaning in his ears. Sir Peter Lely painted his portrait in this official costume; and no doubt its grace and beauty would have made it a treasure valued by all in later days, and an ornament to our Alma Mater on the banks of Cam.

Monmouth had been recommended for the Chancellorship of Cambridge University by Royal Letters from Charles II., on the resignation of Buckingham. Elected on July 15, 1674, he was installed at Worcester House, on the 3rd of September. Eleven years later his picture was burnt; and his antagonist, the Duke of Albemarle, became his successor. The burning is thus narrated:—

"August, 1685.—The picture of the late Duke of *Monmouth*, which was drawn by Sir *Peter Lely*, and given to the University of *Cambridge* when he was their Chancellor, is lately, together with the frame, burnt by order before the schools of the university."—N. Luttrell's *Diary*, i. 356.

On the University of Cambridge burning the Duke of Monmouth's
Picture, 1685, who was formerly their Chancellor.

In answer to this Question, *In turba semper sequitur fortunam, et odit damnatos.*

YEs, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkin* found this true,
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too.
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And beg'd a Copy of his God-like Face ;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal malice on the Picture.
The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
To save the Image of the tall young Man, 10
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race ;
But all in vain, since the wise House conspire
To damn the canvass Traitor to the Fire,
Lest it, like bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite [=*Geo. Castriot.*
Scythemen next Harvest to renew the Fight.

Then in comes Mayor *Eagle*, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge.
But the man of *Clare-Hall* that Proffer refuses, 20
'Snigs ! he'll be beholden to none but the Muses,
And orders ten Porters to bring the dull reams
On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James* :
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the Marriage of *Ann*, if that be n't enough. [By *R. Duke*, etc.
The Heads, lest he get all the Profit to himself,
('Tis too greedy of Honour, too lavish of Pelf,)
This Motion deny, and vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
The kindness was common, and so they'd return it ;
The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it : 30
Thus joining their Stock for a Bonfire together,
As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Cheddar* ; [=*Verb. sap.*
Confusedly croud on the Sophs and the Doctors,
The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives, and the Proctors :
While the Troops from each part of the Countries in ail,
Come to quaff his confusion in Bumpers of Stale.
But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
Does [now] by her Absence their Folly rebuke.
[Since] the tender Creature could not see his Fate
With whom she had danced a Minuet so late. 40
The Heads, who never could hope for such frames.
Out of Envy condemn'd Six-score Pounds to the Flames ;
Then " his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,"
As if being a Traitor had alter'd his Phiz !
So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose Favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Brass Kettles.

By George Stepney, of T.C.C.

George Stepney's Verses mock both Monmouth as "Perkin" and the time-serving *Senatus Academicus* of his day, at Cambridge, who were so suspiciously hasty in volunteering proofs of their loyalty.

Stepney's words seem to imply that the picture was burnt while Monmouth was imprisoned in the Tower, before his execution on 15th July. We know not the precise date of the wanton cremation, but it was during the latter part of that month. The allusion to the "dull reams" of unsold poems on the death of Charles the Second, Coronation of James, and even the Epithalamium verses on Anne and George of Denmark, 1683, has a sly humour.

Those who have been servile flatterers in the sunshine of prosperity must ever be cowardly and spiteful when the darkness of adversity has fallen on the popular idol. To curry favour with King Charles they had made his (reputed) illegitimate son their Chancellor, in 1674. Similarly to curry favour with King James II. they did their petty utmost for the degradation of his (reputed) nephew, on his disgrace and downfall. They were not content to displace the portrait: they burnt it in the public square, with noisy demonstration that was meant to count as loyalty, but which formed the measure of their own grovelling souls. In their unrighteous zeal they had no eyes for beauty, no tenderness for youthful errors, no love for art, no Christian charity or self-respect. Any amount of grovelling was acceptable to them, in homage to mere rank. The King might thank them for the report of what they did; but if he had been wise, he would have seen in their truckling to his wishes a foretoken of the adulation they would offer quite as readily to his successor and destroyer, the gloomy and sectarian Orange William, who was doomed to come as a relentless Nemesis, and "blight the land with his ill-omened presence."

In the following poem the frequent references to Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* cannot fail to strike the reader. Every line of that matchless satire deserves to be imprinted on our memory. The grandeur of poetic invective, the sustained majesty and unabated interest of the whole, after a lapse of two centuries, are such as no words can adequately praise. Every character there lives before us, visibly and audibly, while we read. Although political opponents have often decried it, and attempted to mitigate the effect of its scathing eloquence, it still remains, and for ever will continue, so long as the English language is preserved in purity here or elsewhere—the grandest record of the struggle between York and Monmouth, whereof our Group of Roxburghe Ballads is one minor chronicle.

Advice to the Painter,

Upon the defeat of the Rebels in the West, and the
Execution of the late Duke of Monmouth.

—*Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet.*—

Since by just flames the guilty Piece¹ is lost,
The noblest Work thy fruitless Art could boast,
Renew thy faithful Pains a second time,
From the Duke's ashes raise the Prince of *Lyme*,
And make thy Fame eternal as his Crime. }

The Land (if such it may be counted)² draw,
Whose Interest is Religion, Treason Law ;³
Th' ingrateful Land, whose treacherous Sons are foes
To the kind Monarchy by which they rose,
And by instinctive hatred dread that Power
Join'd in our King and in their Conqueror. 10

Amidst the Councils of this black Divan,
Draw the misled, aspiring, wretched Man,
His Sword maintaining what his Fraud began ; }
Draw Treason, Sacrilege and Perfidy,
The curst *Achitophel's* kind Legacy ;
Three direful engines of a Rebel's hate,
Fit to perform the blackest work of Fate.

[*Shaftesbury's.*]

But lest their horrid Force too weak shou'd prove,
Add tempting Woman's more destructive Love,⁴
Give the Ambitious Fair [to point her dart,]
All Nature's Gifts refin'd by subtlest Art,
Too able to betray that easy Heart, }
And with more charms than *Helen's*, to destroy
That other Hope of our mistaken *Troy*.

20

The Scene from dulness and *Dutch* Plots bring o're,
And set the hopeful Parricide ashore,
Fraught with the Blessings of each boorish Friend,
And the kind helps their Pray'rs and Brandy lend,
With those few Crowns [when *Wentworth's* jewels end,]
Some *English Jews* and some *French Christians* send. 30

Next in thy darkest Colours paint the Town,⁵
For old Hereditary Treason known,
Whose infant sons in early mischiefs bred,
Swear to the Cov'nant they can hardly read ;
Brought up with too much Charity to hate
Ought but their Bible and their Magistrate.

Here let the gaudy Banner be display'd,⁶
 While the kind Fools invoke their Neighbours' Aid, }
 T' adore that Idol they themselves have made, } 40
 And Peasants from neglected fields resort
 To fill his Army, and adorn his Court.

Near this, erected on a Drum unbrac'd,
 Let Heavn's and *James's* Enemy be plac'd,⁷
 The wretch that hates, like false *Argyle*, the Crown ;⁸
 The wretch that, like vile *Oates*, defames the Gown,
 And through the Speaking-Trumpet of his Nose
 Heavn's sacred Word profanely does expose,
 Bidding the large-ear'd Rout with one accord
 "Stand up and fight the Battel of the Lord."⁹ 50

Then nigh the Pageant Prince (alas! too nigh)⁹
 Paint *G[rey]*¹⁰ with a Romantick Constancy,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to fly ;
 And let there in his guilty face appear
 The Rebel's malice and the Coward's fear.
 That future Ages in thy Face may see
 Not his Wife falsar to his bed than he.

Now let the curst Triumvirate prepare¹¹
 For all the baneful ills of horrid War ;
 Let zealous rage the dreadful work begin, 60
 Back'd with the sad variety of Sin,
 Let Vice in all its numerous shapes be shown, }
 Crimes which to milder *Brennus* were unknown,¹² }
 And innocent *Cromwel* wou'd have blush'd to own. }
 Their Arms from pillag'd Temples let 'em bring,¹³
 And rob the Deity to wound the King.

Excited then by their Camp-Priest's long Pray'r,⁷
 Their Country's curses and their own despair,
 While Hell combines with its vile offspring Night
 To hide their Treachery, or secure their flight, 70
 The watchful Troops with cruel haste come on,
 Then shout, look terrible, discharge and run.

Fall'n from his short-liv'd Pow'r and flatter'd ropes,
 His Friends destroy'd by hunger, swords, and hopes,
 To some near Grove the Western Monarch flies
 In vain : the innocent Grove her Shade denies.
 The juster Trees—[those Royal Oaks we prize,]
 Who when for refuge *Charles* and Virtue fled,
 By grateful instinct their glad Branches spread,
 And round their Sacred Charge cast their enlarged head, 80
 Straight when the outcast *Absalom* comes nigh,
 Drop off their fading Leaves, and blasted dye.
 Nor Earth herself will hide her guilty Son,* [* Original Note :
 "Taken in a Ditch."

Tho' he for refuge to her Bowels run.
 Rebellious *Corah* to her Arms she took,
 When Heav'n and *Israel* his old Cause forsook,
 But now provok'd by a more just disdain,
 She shrinks her frighted Head, and gives our Rebel back again.

Now Artist, let thy juster Pencil draw
 The sad effects of necessary Law.
 In painted Words and speaking Colours tell 90
 The dismal Exit this sham Prince befel ;
 On the sad scene the glorious Rebel place,
 With pride and sorrow struggling in his Face ;
 Describe the pangs of his distracted breast,
 (If by thy labours Thought can be express'd,)
 Shew with what difference two vast passions move,
 And how the Hero with the Christian strove.

Then place the sacred Prelate by his side,
 To raise his sorrow and confound his pride
 With the dear dreadful thoughts of a God crucified. } 100
 Paint, if thou can'st, the Heavenly words that hung }
 Upon the holy men's persuasive tongue,
 Words sweet as *Moses* writ or *Asaph* sung. }
 Words whose prevailing influence might have won
 All but the haughty harden'd *Absalom*.

At distance round their weeping Mother place
 The too unmindful Father's beauteous Race ;
 But like the Grecian Artist spread a veil
 O'er the sad beauties of fair *Annabel*.¹⁴

No Art, no Muse those sorrows can express, 110
 Which would be render'd by Description less.

Here close the dismal Scene, conceal the rest,
 That the sad Orphans' eyes will teach us best ;¹⁵
 Thy guilty Art might raise our ill-tim'd Grief too high,
 And make us, while we pity him, forget our Loyalty.

[In White-letter. Date, July or August, 1685.]

Notes to the foregoing "Advice to the Painter."

¹ The portrait by Sir Peter Lely of the Duke of Monmouth, burnt at Cambridge by the University authorities. See pp. 707 and 708.

² "Holland, that scarce deserves the name of Land," where Monmouth had found shelter and the insurrection had been planned by discontented exiles.

³ The meaning here is the opposite of what appears: we are to understand, where the only Religion is Self-interest, and Treason is the only Law.

⁴ Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestede. See p. 385, 638, 639, 712, etc. With this allusion compare p. 651, "Madam."

⁵ Taunton. Not one whit too strong in condemnation of this hot-bed of sedition and dissent; as it had been ever since it refused to admit Geo. Goring, on May 11th, 1645, a day held as of public rejoicing annually until the arrival of

Monmouth : or the insolence and insubordination of the citizens to their Mayor Stephen Tymewell. Even the scoffing declaration, "they can hardly read," is true, as the preponderance of crosses instead of signatures proves that the school-master was abroad from Taunton, whenever public documents needed to have their names attached.

⁶ The Golden Flag, with a wrought Crown and J.R. upon it ; presented to Monmouth by Mary Mead, among the Maids of Taunton, on June 19th.

⁷ Robert Ferguson : on whom see pp. 288, 647, 650, and 653.

⁸ See on pp. 608 to 625 inclusive, for account of Argyle's failure and death.

⁹ The "hopeful Parricide" of line 27 and "the Pageaut Prince" = Monmouth.

¹⁰ Ford Lord Grey and his wife Mary have been repeatedly mentioned in the previous volume, and on pp. 333, 387, 391, of this. Much of his private life and character is shown, almost undisguisedly, in the anonymous *Love-Letters that passed between a Nobleman and his sister* ; said to have been written by Mrs. Aphra Behn, or by Mrs. Manley (de la Riviere), the author of *Atlantis*.

¹¹ The Triumvirate (Monmouth, Fergusou, and Grey) held different objects in view from many of their Republican followers. The loss of two such vigorous helpers as the elder Dare and Fletcher of Saltoun (see p. 649) was fatal : but the expedition was fore-doomed to failure.

¹² Brennus who commanded the Gauls, invading Rome, B.C. 388, when the geese saved the Capitol. History shows that since then they have been very noisy in Taunton, but their cackling had other results. The spirit of Disaffection is seldom laid by the downfall of any early object of rebellious or sectarian spite, and this general rule was exemplified at Taunton, "the Town for old hereditary Treason known." It had resisted the summons of the Royal troops in the Great Rebellion ; it had been clamorous and unruly during the reign of the second Charles ; and it had welcomed Monmouth with enthusiasm, obtrusive school-mistresses leading gushing maidens in white attire, who presented holiday banners with a gaudily-bound Bible. In 1687, James showed favour to the town ; although this did not hinder the inhabitants from joining William a few months later ; which, remembering Jeffereys' barbarities, was natural. But after "William and Mary, Conquerors," were settled on the throne, Taunton found the new King Stork worse than their former King Log, against whom they had rebelled. Jacobite Plots to restore the exiled monarch found there a ready welcome.

¹³ Colonel Lutterell's Somerset militia having left the town, the turbulent populace broke into the church of St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, June 17, and seized the weapons which had been stored in the belfry for security.

¹⁴ The name distinguishing Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*. By an unfortunate coincidence it was the disguise-name of Grey's ill-used wife Mary (in the *Love-Letters*), who was reputed to have become Monmouth's paramour. There cannot have been any intentional ambiguity in the present passage : it must mean Anne Scott.

¹⁵ As already shown (on p. 698), the three children were at this date in the Tower of London, where the girl (Lady Anne Scott) died in August. This poem making no mention of her death shows that it was issued before. The boys James and Francis, were not released until November. Before the middle of June, 1686, they were freed from all restrictions, and went with their mother to Moor Park. James had the Dukedom of Buccleuch restored to him, and Francis married the grand-daughter of the great Clarendon, niece of James II., Lady Henrietta Hyde, second daughter of "Lory" Hyde.

Nota Bene. On our p. 639, at bottom, we quoted White Kennet's memorandum from Dr. Thomas Tenison's report of Monmouth having declared, *twenty-eight years earlier*, that Lady H. M. Wentworth had borne no children to him. But one son was born in 1681, survived both parents, and became Colonel Wentworth Smyth : probably the child mentioned by Barillon.



[Second Collection of Poems against Popery, 1689, p. 20.]

Monmouth's Remembrance.

A Song.

TO THE TUNE OF, *A Begging we will go.* [See p. 161.]

- W**Hat think you of this Age now,
 when Popery's in Request;
 And he's the Loyalest Subject,
 that slight's the Laws the least?
When a Torying they do go, do go, do go,
When a Torying they all go. 6
- What think you of a *Whiggish* Plot,
 and of their Evidence,
 When all the Laws cannot protect
 the People's Innocence?
When a Swearing they do go, do go, do go,
When a Swearing they do go. 12
- What think you of a General,
 that did betray his Lord? [Original Note. "Grey."
 [Ibid. "Monmouth."
 For which he does deserve to swing
 in *Ketch's* Hempen Cord.
Such a Rogue we ne'er did know, did know, did know,
Such a Rogue we ne'er did know. 18
- What think you to be try'd, Sir,
 by Proclamation Laws,
 And zealously destroy a Prince,
 t' advance the Popish Cause? [Ibid. "Monmouth."
And to Mass to make us go, us go, us go,
And to Mass to make us go. 24
- What think you of the Chancellor? [George Jeffereys.
 Be sure he'll do the Work;
 Establish a Religion,
 although it were the *Turk!*
And for Int'rest he'll do so, do so, do so,
And for Int'rest he'll do so. 30
- In *Lime-street* now we say Mass, [i.e. Riot on April 18, 1686.
 t' advance the Popish Cause,
 And set the Mayor to guard it,
 against his Oath and Laws:
To the Court you must bow low, bow low, bow low,
To the Court you must bow low. 36

And what think you of proving
 A Popish Army awful?
 And bantering the Church with
 arguments unlawful?
But a fiddling let him go, him go, him go, [L'Estrange.
*But a fiddling let him go.*¹ 42

What would you give to be, Sir,
 in contrue *Prance's Place*,²
 And sentenc'd to a Pillory
 for one small mite of Grace?
When recanting he did go, did go, did go,
When recanting he did go. 48

What think you of our Penal-Laws,
 that made the Pope to bow?
 If p^uu^ep Rogues had not betray'd us,³
 they'd been as Penal now,
But their Opinions were not so, not so, not so,
Their Opinions were not so. 54

Yet fear we not that b[luster]ing Dog,
 that sits in Porph'ry Chair,⁴
 That swears he is Infallible,
 'cause he's St. *Peter's* Heir!
'Tis a Lye we all do know, do know, do know,
*'Tis a Lye we all do know.*⁵ 60

[Date certainly between the 22nd and the end of June, 1686.]

¹ A gird at Sir Roger L'Estrange: as "Oliver's Fiddler." Cf. pp. 310, 535.

² Miles Prance, now declaring himself penitent for his former perjuries. In April, 1686, he had retracted the evidence he had given concerning Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey's alleged murder by Green, Bury, and Hill; was examined by the Council and kept prisoner in Newgate (compare p. 607). On May 14, he pleaded guilty to an indictment for perjury, at the King's Bench. On June 15 he received judgment. He was condemned to be "brought to all the Courts of *Westminster Hall* with a paper on his head declaring his offence; that he stand in the Pillory thrice for an hour before *Westminster Hall-Gate*, before the Royal *Exchange*, and *Charing Cross*, and to be whipt from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*," and committed to prison until all this be done.

Now came forward Nat Thompson and Payne, filing bills against Pemberton for having falsely imprisoned them, when they had published 'libels' declaring against Prance's and Oates's perjuries. On June 21, the Judges gave declaration in favour of the King's Dispensative Power; and Samuel Johnson was found guilty of publishing his libellous *Appeal to the Army*, and *Opinion that resistance may be used, in case our Religion and Rights should be invaded*, etc.

³ On June 7th, Lord Grey of Werk had obtained reverse of outlawry and attainder (compare third verse). Thus the date is confirmed.

⁴ Such irreverence against the Pope was adopted by Elkanah Settle.

⁵ Some few rectifications of Text we adopt from *State Poems*, iii. 235, 1704.

Rebellion and Schism Defeated.

“Protect us, mighty Providence!
 What wou'd these Madmen have?
 First they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
 Deceive us without common Sense,
 And, without Power, enslave.”

—On the Young Statesmen.

OF this Roxburghe broadside, dated 1686, we know not one complete copy, whereto we could turn for the lost portions, although it is probable that some may be extant; but private possessors are almost invariably churlish and unwilling to afford the smallest help, even to a quiet Ballad Society. Utterly incapable of really enjoying the literary treasures they may have chanced to inherit, misers act as “Dogs in the Manger,” and neither reprint their own rarities nor suffer other students to inspect them. Curmudgeons generally end with causing the destruction of their old broadside ballads, by leaving them unprotectedly to fall into the hands of ignorant executors, who permit under-stewards, scullions, and housekeepers' nephews to cart off from the Hall, as lumber and rubbish, what may be unique historical records. Thus increasingly rare become old-time *Drolleries*, that reveal the humours of the Cavaliers, their party-squibs, and their mess-ditties.

*** A copy of the original woodcut, mutilated of the Tree top, is on p. 717. Another (distinct) broadside with this same woodcut had been previously issued, dated 1685, and entitled “A View of the World,” beginning “The Burning Bush,” etc. It is preserved in the Britwell Collectioun. Since so much of the foliage is lost, we here introduce our own cut of a different piece of timber; showing men who had reached *the top of the Tree* (at Tyburn), and been turned off in comparative independence. Sign-posts were thus utilized in the West.

[The poem is printed on the *verso* of “The Maiden's Tragedy:” a different edition of Roxb. Coll., II. 3, already reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 356.]



J. W. E.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 326 verso.]

The Tree of Rebellion, Schism, Seditiōn, and Faction.

[Fragments of a Broadside—date 1685-86. Only the bottom half of each of the two verse-columns. The mutilated Picture is on p. 715. The lost title is guessed, from the inscription on the Tree.]

[Beginning lost.]

Then *Faction* comes with his confused breath,
 Breath[e]s forth his mind, and whispers in the ear
 To those who [are] by him accounted dear; [Orig. "is."
 And freely doth unfold how he is bent
 Against his Prince and Lawful Government:
 None strives to reconcile that strange demur,
 They value not what dangers may incur;
Ambition's Pride did more and more increase
 For to divide the Land, disturb the Peace.
 In this Caballing strain they did run on,
 Contrary to the Laws of God and Man;
 The Root and Branch of this Rebellious Tree
 Grew great, and spread itself by Villany.
 Here one lies down who freely did conspire [See picture.
 To spew forth coals of most contentious Fire:
 Then *SATAN* comes, and in these Words he said,
There's nothing can be done without my aid;
" 'Twas I that first did put you in the way,
Then follow on your blows, make no delay:
And I will be as helpfull to you still
In your proceedings, to my utmost skill."

No sooner *Satan* had this Promise made,
 But wretched Man most willingly obey'd.
Rebellion taken Root, like Evil Weeds
 Did grow, from Thought to Words, then hainous Deeds.
 Behold where *Satan* lies! what pains he takes
 To blow the Flames, and vast confusion makes.
 He at the Root doth like a Serpent lurk,
 Seeking to set his Engines all at work;
 To make Desention both in Church and State,
 And all through very hope of being great:

[Beginning of 2nd col. lost.]

All in disorder, by Confusion led,
Till Ruine had the Nation over-spread.
We see in part, by what they took in hand,
They'd slay the Subjects to preserve the Land :
But see the just reward of their out-rage,
They are become Examples of this Age.
When from *Rebellion* all their hopes doth flow,
The hand of Justice gives the fatal Blow.
The Figure here doth fairly represent
The final fall of Traytors Insolent.
Observe the Root, there *Satan* he insnares,
Behold the Tree, and see what Fruit it bears !
With lofty Arms she all her Branches spreads,
Her chiefest Fruit she bears is Traytors' heads.
By Treason they their own destruction wrought,
And at the length was here to Justice brought.
Those that behold their fatal destiny,
Keeping the Paths of Love and Loyalty ;
Then Peace and Plenty dayly will increase,
And all the Land be fill'd with Joy and Peace.
Let Loyalty be found through all the Land,
And e'ry Subject in obedience stand :
To Royal *JAMES*, our Gracious Sovereign Lord,
Let all the Nation pray with one accord :
That those which shall succeed from Age to Age,
May never see the like of this out-rage ;
But be preserv'd from violence secure,
So long as shall the Sun and Moon endure.

This may be Printed. R[ichard] P[acock].

London, Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Sign of the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-street*. 1686.



The Ungrateful Rebel.

“ And *Van Muck* the traitor !
 Stupidity is seldom soundly honest ;
 I should have known him better. Live and learn ! ”

—*Philip van Artevelde*, Part II. Act iii. sc. 2.

UNDATED, as usual, and with such general vagueness of phrase as leaves it difficult to identify the person satirized, while there were so many “Ungrateful Rebels” to choose from, we are probably safe in supposing the following *Roxburghe Ballad* to belong to the year 1685, or 1688, and to refer to Slingsby Bethel, Thomas Papillon, or Sir Patience Ward as its subject. Bethel had fled to Holland to avoid payment of an exorbitant fine, in July, 1682 ; as Lord Shaftesbury fled in November, 1682 ; Sir Patience Ward on May 20, 1683 ; and Thomas Papillon in November, 1684 (see pp. 278, 599). Each of them had kept a correspondence with the disaffected citizens in London from their own obscure nooks and corners among the Dutch canals and Brownist conventicles. Sir Patience Ward certainly contributed money towards Monmouth’s attempt at insurrection in Devonshire. But are we to understand personal presence and active co-operation in that rebellion when we read “He was in the West indeed” ? If so, it narrows the choice to some less notable person. It may mean, simply, “He was engaged in preparing the Western Insurrection, with his money and influence ;” this, with the searches earlier made after rich Romanists (see lines 41, 42), would apply to Sir William Waller, no less than to Sir Patience Ward, or to Slingsby Bethel.

It might possibly indicate the recreant Richard Goodenough, who had long before been Bethel’s under-sheriff ; then joined in the Rye-House Plot, turned traitor doubly, becoming informer against his Whig comrades to save his own worthless neck, and afterwards was to be found in Holland conspiring afresh with Rumbold, Ferguson, Nathanael Wade, John Aylofffe, and others, who kept hurrying Monmouth to land at Lyme and be ruined at Sedgemoor.

The ballad named as the Tune is, befittingly, *A Turn-Coat of the Times*, which has been already given on p. 517 of Vol. IV.

Probably it was written by the same author. Men often kept on writing ballads to one tune, which took varying titles from their successive burdens, first lines, or catchword. The cast of thought and expression in “The Turn-coat of the Times” and in “The Ungrateful Rebel” is similar. Both are spirited and effective. We had already guessed “The New Presbyterian Ballad,” of our p. 61, with its burden, ‘*The Clean Contrary Way*,’ to be another work of the same lively author, name unknown.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 539.]

The Ungrateful Rebel ;

Or,

Gracious Clemency Rewarded with Villany.

TUNE OF, *The Turn-Coat of the Times.* [See Vol. IV. p. 516.]

Here is a disloyal Tutch,
 Now newly come from the *Dutch*,
 Of one that has acted much ;
 And of the Factious breed,
 He was in the *West* indeed,
 Now better to Hang than feed ;
 His Pardon he did obtain,
 And now he is gone again
 To joyn with the *Dutch*, And have t'other tutch ;
 Is this not a Rogue in grain ? 10

He did a Letter send
 Unto an old Factious Friend,
 And these was the Lines he penn'd :—
 “ Allegiance now give o're, [Cf. p. 626.
 And come to the *West* once more,
 Here's Silver and Gold *Gillore* ! [i.e. abundant.
 Ne'er stand in the least to pause,
 Or startle at breach of Laws,
 But venter your Neck, It is but a check ;
 Stand up for the *good old Cause* ! 20

" To my Credit be it spoke,
 I kept a Shop, but I broke,
 And vanisht away in smoak ;
 My Creditors great and small,
 I' faith ! I have paid them all,
 But gave them no Coin at all ;
 And now I am gone to fight,
 And whether it be wrong or right,
 I cry'd down the *Pope*, But 'tis with that hope,
 To get a good Booty by 't. 30

" Though we a Rebellion make,
 And Heavenly Laws do break,
 It is for Religion's sake !
 And therefore we proceed
 To make the whole Nation bleed,
 And count it a righteous deed.
 When ever I do draw nigh
 Great Persons of Loyalty,
 As I am a Knave, Their Treasure I crave, [orig. " Is."]
 For Riffling who but I ? 40

" We rally and march about,
 To find the rich *Romans* out, [Sir W. Waller?]
 Then pnt them all to the rout.
 Nay, any Protestant Lord,
 If with us he won't accord,
 We'll presently fall aboard ;
 For being both stout and strong,
 We will not stand parl'ing long :
 If Loyal he be, 'Tis all one to we,
 We'll plunder him right or wrong. 50

" To take off the Nation's yoke,
 Religion is made a Cloak,
 To cover the fatal stroak ;
 But for my part alone,
 Religion I ne'r had none,
 Except to disturb the Throne :
 With *Orange* now brisk and trim, [Nota Bene.]
 I venture both Life and Limb,
 And if the great *Turk* Wou'd set me to work,
 I would do as much for him ! " 60

Printed for *N. Sliggen*.

[White-letter. This woodcut, and a flower-scroll. Date, uncertain, probably 1688.]

The Widows of the West.

“ Good People, I pray, now attend to my Muse !
 I'll sing of a Villain I cannot abuse,
 The Halter and Axe no such men will refuse ;
Sing hey, brave Chancellor ! Oh, fine Chancellor !
Delicate Chancellor, Oh !

“ Then next to the *West* he hurried with speed,
 To murder poor men, a very good deed !
 He made many honest men's hearts for to bleed.
Sing hey, brave Chancellor ! etc.

“ The prisoners to plead to his Lordship did cry,
 But still he made answer, and thus did reply,
 ‘ We'll hang you up first, and then after we'll try ! ’
Sing hey, brave Chancellor ! etc.

“ Against their Petitions then he stopt his ears,
 And still did create all their doubts and fears ;
 He left the poor Widows and Children in tears.
Sing hey, brave Chancellor ! etc. . . .

[Cf. pp. 722, 725.]

“ In *Wapping* he thought for to make his escape,
 A very good Jest, but i' faith it won't take ;
 His Head on the Bridge must be stuck on a stake :
Sing hey, brave Chancellor ! etc.

— Lord Chancellor *Jeffereys's Villanies Discovered*, 1688.

HAPPILY for ourselves, we are not called on by our editorial duty to linger over the details of either the military or the judicial butcheries in the West, which have combined to make the “ Bloody Assize ” of September, 1685, infamous ; following with unnecessary severity after the suppression of the Monmouth Insurrection or Rebellion. That punishment should fall heavily on some offenders was a natural consequence of such a foolish and wicked attempt. It is the price that must be paid for failure. Sir J. Harrington says,

“ Treason doth never prosper ! What's the reason ?
 Why, if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.”

If the wily Orange leader had not taken good care to secure the treachery of powerful confederates before he made *his* landing in the same Western counties where Monmouth had proclaimed himself as King three years earlier, there can be no doubt that a considerable amount of heading and hanging would have been resorted to once more. As it happened, the judicial butcheries followed in repression of Tory reactionaries, who desired the return of James, after the selfishness of William became unbearable.

A few lines, here or there, in such retrospective poems as our “ Tree of Rebellion ” (p. 716), and “ Monmouth worsted in the West ” (p. 710), are the chief materials we bring forward concerning the numerous executions of September : with exception of this not

hitherto-reprinted Pepysian Ballad, entitled "The Lamentation of the Widows of the West." Ample details are furnished in "The Western Martyrology; or, Bloody Assizes;" H. W. Woolrych's "Memoirs of Judge Jeffreys;" G. Roberts's "Monmouth," etc.

A loathsome catalogue of cruelties they give, for the most part inflicted unnecessarily, with the greediness of Court minions to obtain the fines, and dispose of the persons doomed to be sent out of the country as slaves to the plantations; also the despicable treachery of such wretches as James Burton, who gave testimony against John Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt for having sheltered him.

We do not count it our task to measure out the exact proportion of blame due to Lord Jeffereys, for his share in the infamy of excessive punishment inflicted in the West. Shortly before his death in the Tower (chiefly in consequence of the injuries inflicted by a brutal mob at his arrest), he is said to have declared to Dr. John Scott that, so far from exceeding his commission, he had been urged to inflict severities beyond what he could willingly obey. The thirst for his blood was, no doubt, atrocious, and we have records of this in the street-literature of the time immediately following the juggle of the "Glorious Revolution." He was bad enough, in all conscience, but the scribbler of the ballad from which we borrow our present motto, "The Lord Chancellour's Villanies Discovered; or, His Rise and Fall in the Four Last Years," to the Tune of, *Hey, brave Popery, etc.* (see Vol. IV. p. 296), needed not to enroll among supposed crimes such a highly meritorious act as the flogging of Titus Oates. Thus :

He was the Inventor of *Oates's* punishment,
From *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, and thither he sent ;
To have him well whipt, he gave his consent :
Sing hey, brave Chancellour ! Oh ! brave Chancellour !
Delicate Chancellour, oh !

As of Firmilian, and of Sycorax, we say, "One good deed he has done in his day." In addition to this single virtue *in re T. O.*, our George Jeffereys had some good qualities. He was a boon-companion, a little noisy perhaps, and flushed next morning on the Bench, but not a bad lawyer or incompetent Judge, as they were found in his day. He had a wholesome abhorrence of cant, and soon detected hypocrisy, subterfuge, or prevarication in evidence. That he bullied shuffling witnesses, and forgot the dignity of the ermine, may be admitted without dispute. He never understood that a Judge should be unbiassed and impartial, consequently he would not have deemed himself an offender for securing the punishment of the accused by any means in his power when once believing them to be guilty. There were many worse men, and worse lawyers. His second wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Tho. Bloodworth (Lord Mayor in 1666), was widow of Sir John Jones. Scandal reported that she had been Sir John Trevor's mistress, and that the "Westminster Wedding" was

unhappy. But lampooners cannot be trusted implicitly. To Stephen College is accredited the lampoon on the Recorder's marriage, Feb. 17, 1679, beginning,

'Tis said, when *George* did Dragon slay,
He sav'd a Maid from cruel fray;
But this Sir *George*, whom knaves do brag on,
Miss'd of the Maid, and caught the Dragon!

Jeffereys had not been accustomed to show mercy, and he found none from his countrymen when he fell from power. One malicious versifier (John Tutchin?) addressed to him a kind suggestion to escape the Tyburn noose by anticipating it in private, or by imitating Arthur Capell, Earl of Essex, with a razor. This poem ("I'd praise your Lordship, but you've had your share,") is "A Letter to the Lord Chancellor, Exposing to him the Sentiments of the People, with some pertinent Advice in the Conclusion:" viz.,

"They hope to see you soon advanc'd on high,
Most sweetly dangling 'twixt the Earth and Sky . . .
This 'tis they mean, 'tis this they would have shown,
But I wou'd chouse 'em ev'ry Mother's son; 60
Troth, I'd e'en hang my self, 'tis quickly done!
If you've no Halter, never make a pother,
Take but a Garter, one's as good as t'other:
For Lord! should such a Man as you submit
To be the publik laughter of each grinning Cit?
Else, my Lord, take a Razor, never fear,
And cut your Lordship's throat from ear to ear.
'Tis sensible enough: you know *who* did it, [i.e. *A. Capell*.
And you are valiant, Sir, what need you dread it!
Cut both the Jugular veins tho', if you can, 70
Else they'll say *Essex* was the stouter man.

"I am your Lordship's in any thing of this Nature.

"From the little house over against Tyburn, where the people are almost dead with expectation of you."

Despite the denial of John Tutchin (who visited Jeffereys in the Tower, on purpose to gloat over the misery of his former judge), it is probable that *he* was the sender of a barrel to the prisoner, believed to be of Colchester oysters, but which contained no comfort, beyond a halter. This was Poetic Licence, with a vengeance.

The torture of disease, the knowledge of almost universal hatred against him, intemperance in drink, and the expectation of being put to death by the now triumphant Whigs, did more to crush Jeffereys than any stings of conscience, although libellous lampooners declared that he was haunted by the ghastly spectre of Thomas Dangerfield (forsooth!) and other victims of his fury. Deserted by his old associates, in pain and misery, his corpulence reduced to emaciation, he died, aged forty, on April 18, 1689, in the Tower, where he was buried beside Monmouth, but the body was in 1693 removed to St. Mary, Aldermanbury, and laid near his first wife Sarah Neesham. Thus were avenged "The Widows of the West."

[Pepysian Collection, II. 245.]

The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Widdows of the West,

For the Death of their Deceased Husbands. Wherein they disclose their hearty sorrow that ever their Husbands was led away by fair words to this foul Rebellion. Together with the kind Advice to all people, to be Loyal to their Prince.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Russel's Farewel.* [See p. 690.]

This may be Printed. R[ichard] P[acock].

Alas! we Widdows of the West, whose Husbands did Rebel,
Of Comfort we are dispossesst, our sorrows did excell:
Here for their Crimes they lost their lives, Rebellion was the cause,
And we confess, that was their wives, they did oppose the Laws.

When *Monmouth* came ashore at *Lime*, it was a Fatal Day,
To carry on that base Design, which did their lives betray;
And many daily did presume to come unto his aid,
Bridge-water, Taunton-Dean, and Frome, the Nation to invade. 8

We said it was a horrid thing, and pray'd them to forbear,
To take up Arms against their King, who was the Lawful Heir:
Yet like distracted men they run to east their lives away,
And we their Widdows are undone: this is a dismal day!

Alas! we had no cause at all, our Laws was still the same,
That we should to confusion fall, and hundreds [thus be] slain:
They knew not what they went about, Confusion did attend,
The Heavens would not bear them out, since they did thus offend.

When *Monmouth* did the Land invade, poor men was drawn aside,
To learn their bus'ness and their Trade, for which at length they dy'd:
'Tis true it was a just Reward, because they did Rebel,
Against their Gracious Sovereign, though we in sorrow dwell.

Those Criminals that did oppose our Lawful Government,
Did likewise prove our deadly Foes, and cans'd our Discontent;
For had they never come on shore, we had been happy still,
Alas! we had no thoughts before of any kind of ill. 24

We might have liv'd in happy state, in this our good King's Reign,
But now, alas! it is too late, to call them back again:
For they are sleeping in their Gore, laid in their Beds of Clay,
Together with some hundreds more, that thus was led astray.

Both youth and old, and rich and poor, in multitudes they fell,
Let this a warning be, therefore, let never none Rebell;
That our most Renowned King may have a happy Reign!
Then Subjects may rejoice and sing, and never more Complain.

[*Finis.*]

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the sign of the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[In Black-letter, with four cuts. Date, August or September, 1685.]

Additional Note on the Downfall of Jeffereys, etc.

A large number of ballads were issued, and are still extant in a single exemplar, on the downfall of Lord Chancellor Jeffereys. Specimen verses are on pp. 721, 722, wherein the satirist declares "I'll sing of a Villain I cannot abuse," *i.e.* defame; on the principle of the American jest concerning "a Nigger who was so black that charcoal made a white mark on him." None can question the singer's sincerity, who promises "To see the Fox hanged, we will make holiday," although he adds (as though such were an offence) that of "The beheading of Russell 'twas he was the cause." Magdalen College, Oxford, is thus mentioned:

Of *Magdalen-College* he thought it most fit
To turn out the Fellows, a very fine trick,
And place Father *Walker*, that curst Jesnit: [*Obadiah Walker.*
Sing Hey brave Chancellour! ho, fine Chancellour! etc.

Then next to the *Tower* our Bishops he packt,
And swore he had done a very good act, [*Septem contra*
But now shall be try'd for the matter of fact: *Regem.*
Sing Hey! etc.

Attacks on Jeffereys were malignant. The other compliant Judges were satirized with a spice of humour. There is a delightful domesticity, with self-revelation of conceit, and satisfaction at success, in "Sir *T[homas] J[enour]'s* Speech to his Wife and Children. She was Anne Poe, daughter of James Poe, by his wife Juliana, daughter of Richard Fust, of Hill Court, Gloucestershire:—

"Dear Wife, let me have a fire made!
I'll tell you such News will make you all glad,
The like for another is not to be had:
This it is to be Learned and Witty! . . .

"[The King] had my opinion, that 'twas in his power
To destroy all the *Laws* in less time than an hour;
For which I may chance to be sent to the *Tower*:
This it is to be Learned and Witty!

"And now to *Magdalen-College* I come, [*i.e. Oxford.*
Where we turn'd out most, but kept in some,
That so a New College of Priests might have room:
This it is to be Learned and Witty!

"And so by that means we left the door ope'
To turn out the Bishops and let in the Pope:
For which we have justly deserved a rope:
This it is to be Learned and Witty!"



Final Song on the Times, 1686.

- “ Let the Court swarm with Pimps, Rogues, [fools and bores,]
 And Honest Men be all turn'd out of doors ;
 Let Atheism and Profaneness there abound,
 And not an upright man (God save the King !) be found.
- “ Let Men of Principle be in disgrace,
 And mercenary Villains in their place ;
 Let free-born Cities be by treach'ry won,
 Lose their just Liberties and be undone :
 Let Statesmen sudden changes undertake,
 And make the Government's foundations shake :
 Till strange tempestuous murmurs do arise
 And show a Storm that's gath'ring in the skies.
- “ Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
 Upon the issue of their actions wait ;
 If you've a true, a brave undaunted mind,
 Of *English* Principles, as well as kind
 You'll on the bottom of true Honour stand,
 Firm as a Rock, unshaken as the Land :
 So when vast Seas of Trouble 'gainst you beat,
 They'll break, and force themselves to a retreat.
 No Fate, no flattery can ere controul
 A steady, resolute, Heroick Soul.”

—*The True Englishman*, 1686.



N “ A Song on the Times—The Good Subject's Wish,” we end this long series of ballads (which had remained hitherto uncollected, unannotated, and almost wholly unattainable for study), devoted to *The Struggle between York and Monmouth*. No grand finale is here, no crowning victory or heroic withstanding of defeat ; but the utterly ignominious dispersal of Monmouth's rabble of untrained followers, and the succession of hangings, fines, and banishments to the plantations, which have made infamous “ the Bloody Assize ” of Lord Jeffereys.

Here we close our four *Monmouth Groups*. The ambitious stream leaps not over rocks, like the Rhine at Schaffhausen, or the St. Lawrence at Niagara ; but welters half-stagnantly through a morass, like Sedgemoor, or dribbles into a thousand petty runnels.

Robert Ferguson's long-winded manifesto (originally written at Amsterdam), the “ *Monmouth Declaration*,” which was read aloud after landing at Lyme, may fairly represent his interminable pulpit harangues, that had caused the dissenting Moorfields congregation to perspire and groan. As an historical document (on pp. 731 to 737) we give the Declaration unmutilated, *verbatim et literatim*, save a small retrenchment of Italic type.

Readers need a cheery strain to raise their spirits. Let them accept our Editorial *L'Envoi* (p. 728) and *Finale* : if they refuse—they may.

[Fifth Edition of *The Loyal Garland*, 1686, Song XIX.]

A Song on the Times ;

Or,

The Good-Subjects' Wish.

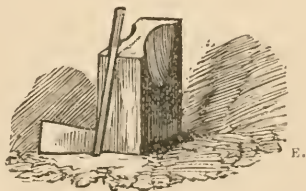
TO THE TUNE OF, *Young Phaon*. [See Vol. IV. pp. 61, 640, 642.]



Good Days we see, let us rejoice, in Peace and Loyalty,
 And still despise the factious noise of those that vainly try
 To undermine our happiness, that they may by it get ;
 Knavery has great increase when Honesty does set.

But let us baffle all their tricks, our King and Country serve,
 And may he never thrive that likes Sedition in reserve.
 Then let each in his station, as all Good Subjects shou'd, rest :
 And he that otherwise designs may he remain unblest.

May Traytors ever be deceiv'd, in all they undertake ;
 And, never by good men believ'd, may all the *Plots* they make
 Fall heavy on themselves : and may they see themselves undone,
 And never have a happy day, that wou'd their King dethrone.



L'Envoi.

(TO THE TUNE OF, Captain Radcliffe's Ramble.)

TWO centuries have pass'd away
 Since poor 'King Monmouth' turn'd to clay,
 And little more is left to say

About him.

*His hapless fate moves not our tears,
 But, since we trace from earliest years
 His hopes, his follies, faults and fears,*

Don't flout him !

*Poor pageant-puppet, whom the crowd
 Worship'd with clamour long and loud !
 No wonder his weak head grew proud,*

And tumbled ;

*Such time as with 'religious cries'
 Mock-patriots forged conspiracies,
 And, 'spite of their intrigues and lies,*

Were humbled.

*True students mark the records here
 Of what men thought in earlier year ;
 Th' Handwriting on the Wall shines clear,*

With warning ;

*And, to our mind there's nothing lost
 If we, who count the former cost,
 Beware like errors : men err most*

By scorning.

*Two centuries ago! and still
The frauds of old remain to kill;
Each mis-directed human will*
Brings peril;

*In hatred Schismatists divide,
As when the mob 'No Popery!' cried:
Their folly welters like a tide,*
But sterile.

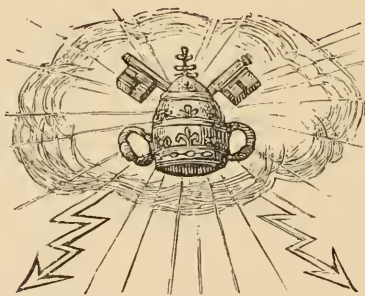
*Then call not 'Ballads out of date'
These poems on affairs of State;
Some are on Courtiers' love or hate,*
Some lowly;
*They show us—if we be not blind—
Whirlwinds are reap'd where men sow'd wind:
Whether by plotting Whigs or kind*
'Old Rowley!'

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MOLASH VICARAGE, KENT, JULY 15, 1884.



Here End the Four Groups
of
Roxburghe Ballads
on the
Struggle between York and Monmouth.



“ Since Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny scribes take care to inform the nation
How well men thrive in this or that Plantation.

How *Pennsylvania's* air agrees with Quakers,
And *Carolina's* with Associators:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling;
For seldom comes there better of Rebelling.”

—Dryden's *Prologue to the King*, in 1682.

[Wm. Bridgeman's Collection: Lansdowne MS. No. 1152, A. fol. 258.]

The Declaration OF James, Duke of Monmouth,

AND

The Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, now in Arms, for
Defence and Vindication of the *Protestant Religion*,
and the *Laws, Rights, and Privileges of England*, from
the Invasion made upon them: and for Delivering
the Kingdom from the Usurpation and Tyranny of

JAMES, DUKE OF YORK.



S Government was originally instituted by *God*, and this or that forme of it chosen and submitted to by *Men*, for the peace, happiness, and security of the *Governed*, and not for the private interest and personal greatness of those that Rule: so that Government hath been alwayes esteemed the best where the supreme Magistrates have been vested with all the power and prerogatives that might Capacitate them, not only to preserve the people from violence and oppression, but to promote their *prosperity*, and yet where nothing was to belong to them by the Rules of the Constitution, that might enable them to injure and oppress them.

And it hath been the Glory of *England* above most other Nations, that the *Prince* had all intrusted with him that was necessary either for advancing the welfare of the people, or for his own protection in the discharge of his Office, and with all stood so limited and restrained by the fundamentall Termes of the *Constitution*, that without a violation of his own Oath, as well as the Rules and

Appendix Note 1. "The Declaration of Monmouth."

We were unwilling to allow the course of our narrative to be interrupted by inserting earlier than in this *Appendix* form the accompanying "Declaration," written by Robert Ferguson in the name of James Duke of Monmouth. It has been already mentioned on our p. 647. We abate some misprints.—J. W. E.

measures of the Government, he could do them no hurt, or exercise any act [*p. 2 begins*] of Authority, but through the administration of such hands as stood obnoxious to be punished in case they transgressed. So that according to the primitive Frame of the Government, the prerogatives of the Crown and privileges of the Subject were so far from justling one another, that the rights reserved unto the *People* tended to render the *King* honorable and great; and the prerogatives settled on the *Prince* were in order to the subjects' [own] protection and safety.

But all humane things being liable to perversion, as well as decay, it hath been the fate of the *English Government* to be often changed, and wrested from what it was in the first settlement and Institution. And wee are particularly compelled to say, that all the boundaries of the Government have of late been broken, and nothing left unattempted for turning our *limited Monarchy* into an *absolute Tyranny*. For such hath been the transactions of affaires within this Nation for severall years last past, that though the *Protestant Religion* and *Liberties* of the People were fenced and hedg'd about by as many Laws as the Wisdome of men could devise, for their preservation against *Popery* and *Arbitrary Power*; our *Religion* hath been all along undermined by Popish Councells, and our *Privileges* ravished from us by fraud and violence. And more especially, the whole course and series of the Life of the present *Usurper* hath been but one continued conspiracy against the *Reformed Religion* and rights of the *Nation*.

For whosoever considers his contriving the *burning of London*; his Instigating a confederaci with *France*, and a *Warr* with *Holland*, his fomenting the *Popish Plot*, and encouraging the *Murther* of Sr *Edmund Bury Godfr[e]y*, to stifle it; his forging *Treason* against *Protestants*; and *suborning witnesses* to swear the *Patrios* [*sic*] of our Religion and liberties out of their Lives; his hireing execrable Villaines to assassinate the late *Earle of Essex*; and causing severall others to be clandestinely cut off in hopes to conceale it; his advising and procuring the *Prorogation* and *Dissolution* of *Parliaments*, in order to prevent enquiry into his Crimes, and that he might escape the *justice* of the Nation: such can imagine nothing so black and horrid in it selfe, or so ruinous and destructive to Religion and the Kingdome, which we may not expect from him, upon his having *invaded the Throne*, and *usurped the Title* of a King. The very Tyrannies which he hath exercised since he matched [*sic*, misprint for snatched] the *Crown* from his Brother's head, do leave none under a possibility of flattering themselves with hopes of safety either in their consciences, persons, or Estates.

For in defiance of all the Lauws and Statutes of the *Realme*, made for the security of the *Reformed Protestant Religion*, he not only began his *Usurpation* and pretended *Reign* with a barefaced

avowing him selfe of the *Romish Religion*, but hath call'd in multitudes of *Priests* and *Jesuits* (for whom the Law makes it treason to come into the Kingdom) and hath impower'd them to exercise their [p. 3] *Idolatrics*, and besides his being dayly present at the worship of the *Mass*, hath publickly assisted at the *grossest Popperies* of their superstition.

Nor hath he been more tender in trampling upon the *Laws* which concerne our *Properties*, seeing by two Proclamations, whereof the one requires the collecting of the *Customes*, and the other the continuing that part of the *Exeise* which was to expire with the late King's death, he hath violently and against all the *Laws* of the Land broken in upon our *Estates*. Neither is it any extenuation of his usurpation and Tyranny, that he is countenanced in it by an *extra Judicall opinion* of seven or eight suborned and forsworne Judges; that rather declaring the greatness and extent of the conspiracy against our Rights, and that there is no meanes left for our releife, but by force and Armes. For advancing those to the *Bench* who were the scandal of the *Barr*, and constituting those very men to declare the *Laws*, who were accused and branded in Parliament for *perverting* them; Wee are precluded all hopes of redress in *Westminster-Hall*; and through packing together by *false returns*, new *Illegall Charters*, and other corrupt meanes, a company of men which he intends to stile a *Parliament*; he doth at once deprive us of all expectation of *succour*, where our *Aneestors* were wont to find it: and hopes to render that which ought to be the people's *fence* against *Tyranny*, and the conservators of their *Liberties*, the meanes of subverting all our *Laws*, and of establishing his *Arbitraryness*, and confirming our thraldome. So that *unless* Wee could be contented to see the *reformed Protestant Religion*, and such as profess it, extirpated; *Popish superstition* and *Idoltry* established; the *Laws* of the Land trampled underfoot; the *Liberties* and rights of the *English people* subverted; all that is Sacred and Civil, or of regard amongst men of Piety or Virtue violated; and an *Usurper* tyrannising on the Throne: and unless Wee could be willing to be *Slaves* as well as *Papists*, and forget the example of our noble and generous *Aneestours*, who conveyed our *Priviledges* to us at the expence of their blood and treasure; and with all be unmindfull of our duty to God, our Country and Posterity; deafe to the cries and groans of our oppressed friends; and be satisfied not only to see them and our selves Imprison'd, robb'd, and murdered; but the *Protestant Interest* throughout the whole world betrayed to *France* and *Rome*: Wee are bound as Men and Christians, and that in discharge of our duty to God, and our country, and for satisfaction of the expectations of the *Protestant Nations* round about us, to betake our selves to Armes: which, wee call Heaven and Earth to witnes, wee should not have done, had not the Malice of our Enemies deprived us of all other meanes of redress, and were not the miseries wee already feele, and those which do further threaten us, worse then [= than] the Calamities of *Warr*.

And it is not for any *personall injuries* or private discontents, nor in pursuance of any corrupt Interest, that wee take our swords into our hands; but for [verso p. 4] *Vindicating* our Religion, Laws, and Rights, and rescuing our Country from ruin and destruction: and for preserving our selves, Wives and Children from *Bondage* and *Idoltry*; wherefore before God, Angels, and Men, we stand acquitted from, and do charge upon our Enemies, all the slaughters and devastations that unavoidably accompany a *Intestine Warr*.

Now therefore Wee do hereby solemnely declare and *proclaime Warr*, against *JAMES DUKE OF YORK*, as a *Murderer*, and an *Assassin* of innocent men; *A Popish Usurper* of the Crown; *Traitor* to the Nation, and *Tyrant* over the People. And wee would have

none that appeare under his Banners to flatter themselves with expectation of forgiveness, it being our firme resolution to prosecute him and his adherents, without giving way to *Treaties* or *Accommodations*, untill we have brought *him* and *them* to undergo what the *Rules* of the Constitution, and the *Statutes* of the Realme, as well as the *Laws* of Nature, Scripture and Nations, adjudge to be the punishment due to the Enimies of God, Mankind, their Countrey, and all things that are honorable, vertuous, and good.

And thó wee cannot avoid being sensible, that too many have from Cowardise, Covetousness and Ambition, cooperated to the subverting Religion, and enslaving their Countrey; Yet wee would have none from a *despaire* of finding Mercy, persever in their *Crimes*, nor continue to pursue the ruin of the Kingdom. For wee Exclude none from the benefit of *Repentance*, that shall joyne with us in retreiving what they have been accessory to the loss of; nor do wee designe *Revenge* upon any but the Obstinate, and such as shall be found at this juncture yielding aid and assistance to the said *James Duke of York*.

And that wee may both governe our selves in the pursuit of this *Glorious Cause* wherein wee are engaged, and give encouragement to all that shall assist us in so righteous and necessary an Undertaking, Wee do in the *Presence* of the *Lord who knows the secrets of all hearts*, and is the Avenger of Deciept and Falshood, Proclaime and publish what we aim at, and for the obtaining whereof wee have both determined to venture and are ready to lay down our lives. And thó wee are not come into the Feild to introduce Anarchy and Confusion, or for laying aside any *Essential part of the old English Government*: Yet our purpose and resolutions are to reduce things to that Temperament and ballance that *future Rulers* may remain able to do all the good, that can be either desired or expected from them, and that it may not be in their power to invade the Rights, and infringe the Liberties of the People.

And Whereas our *Religion* (the most valuable blessing we lay claime unto) hath been shaken by *unjust Laws*, undermined by *Popish Councells*, and is now in danger to be subverted by a *Tyrannous* and *Idolatrours Usurper*: Wee are therefore resolved to spend our blood for preserving it to our selves and posterity [*p. 5 begins*], nor will wee lay down our Armes til wee see it established and secured, beyond all probability of being supplanted and overthrown, and untill all the *penall Laws* against *Protestant Dissenters* be repealed, and legall provision made against their being disturbed by reason of their Consciences, and for their enjoying an equall Liberty with *other Protestants*. And that the meekness and purity of our *Prineiples*, and the moderation and Righteousness of our *Ends*, may appeare unto all men; Wee do declare, that we will not make *Warr* upon, or destroy *any*, for their *Religion*, how false and erroneous soever: so that the very *Pupists*, provided they withdraw from the tents of our Enemies, and be not found guilty of conspiring our destruction, or Abettors of them that seek it, have no thing to fear or apprehend from us, except what may hinder their altering our *Laws*, and endangering our *persons*, in the profession of the reformed Doctrine, and exercise of our Christian Worship.

Our Resolution in the next place is, to maintaine all the just *Rights* and *Privileges* of *Parliament*, and to have Parliaments annually, chosen and held, and not prorogued, dissolved, or discontinued within the year before petitions be first answered and Grievances Redressed.

And seeing many of the miseries under which the Nation doth groan arise from displacing such out of the number of Judges, as would not, for promoting

Popish and arbitrary designes, wrest and misapply the *Laws*; and from constituting Corrupt and Mercenary men in their roome, on purpose to stretch the *Laws* beyond the Reason and Intention of them, and to declare that for Law which is not: Wee can neither with silence pass over the mentioning of them, nor should wee have peace in our selves, if we did not endeavor to prevent the like mischeifes in time to come. For by meanes of ill men's being advanced to the Bench, and holding their places only *durante bene placito*, Many persons have been condemned in exorbitant fines for *no Crime*, or for very small ones; many statutes made for the safety of the subject, particularly the *Habeas Corpus Act*, hath been wickedly eluded, to the oppression of innocent and loyal men; the *Popish Lords* that were impeached in *Parliament*, for a most Hellish Conjururation, have to the subverting of the rights of the House of Commons, and trampling on the Jurisdiction of the House of Lords, been discharged and set free, the imposing a malignant Maior [*i.e.* Lord Mayor *Pritchard*], and *Sheriffs* upon the City of *London* by fraud and violence hath been justified, and those who in discharge of their duty opposed it, illegally prosecuted and arbitrarily punished: *London* and other Cities and Corporations have been robb'd of their *Charters*, upon unrighteous judgments of pretended forfeitures; *Sr. Thomas Armstrong* executed, without being allowed the benefit of a Tryall; *Collonell Algernon Sydney* condemned to dye upon the deposition of one scandalous *Witness*: And that loyal and excellent person the late *William Lord Russell* murdered [*verso*, p. 6], for alledged crimes, in reference to which, if all had been truth that was sworne against him, yet there was nothing that according to Law could have reached his life: Where fore wee do upon the considerations aforesaid further declare that wee will have care taken for the future, for debarring *ignorant*, *scandalous*, and *mercenary* men from the Administration of *Justice*, and that the *Judges* shall hold their places by the ancient tenure of *quam diu se bene gesserint*, and do leave it to the wisdom of a *Parliament*, to settle some way and method for the approbation of such as shall be advanced to the degree and dignity of *Judges*.

And forasmuch as the invasion made upon the rights of Cities, Borroughs, and Towns corporate, in the seisure of their *Charters*, whether by surrender, or upon pretence of forfeiture, hath been wholly arbitrary and illegall: Wee likewise therefore declare, that wee will to our utmost endeavor to see them repossessed in whatsoever they formerly had, and could legally claime before the late *Usurpation* upon them; and that wee do esteeme all judgments given against them, and all *Surrenders* made by a corrupt and perjured party amongst themselves, *null and void in Law*; and do hold and declare their *old Charters* (notwithstanding the new ones lately granted) to be *good and valid*: And accordingly Wee do invite and encourage all honest Burgesses and Freemen to reassume the Rights and Priviledges, which by virtue of the said old *Charters*, belonged to their severall and respective corporations, and to deliver themselves from those Court Parasites, and instruments of tyranny, set up to oppress them.

Moreover for restoring the Kingdom to its primitive condition of Freedom and safety: Wee will have the *corporation* and *militia acts* repealed, and all *Outlawries of treason*, against any person whatsoever upon the late pretended *Protestant plot*, reversed; and also all other outlawries, banishments, warrants, judgments, imprisonments, abjurations and proceedings, against any other persons, upon any of the *penall statutes made against Protestant Dissenters*, reversed and made *null and void*; and Wee will have new *Laws* enacted, for placing the Election of *Sheriffes* in the Freeholders of the severall Counties, and for settling the *Militia* in the respective *Sheriffs*, and for preventing all *military standing Force* except what shall be raised and kept up, by Authority and consent of *Parliament*.

And whereas severall Gentlemen and others, who have been worthy and zealous assertors of the Protestant interest, and laws of the Kingdom, are now in custody in diverse prisons within the Realme, upon most unjust accusations, pretences, proceedings and judgments; Wee do hereby further declare their said imprisonments to be *Illegall*, and that in Case any violence shall be offered to them, or any of them, Wee will revenge it to the utmost, upon such of our Enemies as shall fall into our hands.

[*p. 7 begins.*] And whereas the said *James Duke of York*, in order to the expediting the Idolatrous and bloody designes of the Papists, the gratifying his own boundless ambition after a Crown, and to hinder enquiry into his Assassination of *Arthur Earle of Essex*, hath *poysoned the late King*, and therein manifested his ingratitude, as well as Cruelty, to the World, in murdering a *Brother*, who had almost ruin'd himselfe to preserve and protect him from punishment: Wee doe therefore further declare, that for the aforesaid Villanous and unnaturall Crime, and other his crimes before mentioned, and in pursuance of the *Resolution* of both Houses of *Parliament*, who voted to *revenge the King's death, in case he came to an untimely end*; Wee will prosecute the said *James Duke of York* till Wee have brought him to suffer what the Law adjudged to be the punishment of so ex[c]rable a fact. And in a more particular manner, *his Grace the Duke of Monmouth*, being deeply sensible of that barbarous and horrid parricide [*sic*; for fratrieide] committed upon his *Father*, doth resolve to pursue the said *James Duke of York*, as a mortall and bloody Enemy, and will endeavor as well with his own hand, as by the assistance of his Friends, and the Law, to have justice executed upon him.

And forasmuch as the said *James Duke of Monmouth*, the now [*sic*] *Head and Captaine Generall of the Protestant forces* of this Kingdom assembled in pursuance of the Ends aforesaid, hath been, and still is beleived, to have a *legitimate and Legall right* to the *Crownes of England, Scotland, France and Ireland*, with the dominions thereunto belonging, of which he doubts not in the least to give the world full satisfaction notwithstanding the means used by the late King his Father, upon popish motives, and at the instigation of the said *James Duke of Yorke*, to weaken and obscure it, *The said James Duke of Monmouth*, from the generousness of his own nature, and the Love he beares to these nations, (whose welfare and settlement he infinitely prefers to whatsoever may concerne himselfe,) doth not at present insist upon his *Title*, but leaves the determination thereof to the *wisdom, justice, and authority* of a *Parliament, legally chosen and acting with freedom*. And in the time meane [*sic*] doth promise and declare by all that is sacred, that he will in conjunction with the people of *England*, Imploy all the Abilities bestowed upon him by God and Nature, for the re-establishment and preservation of the Protestant reformed Religion in these Kingdomes, and for restoring the Subjects of the same to a

free exercise thereof, in opposition to *Popery*, and *the consequences of it*, *Tyranny and Slavery*; to the obtaining of which ends, he doth hereby promise and oblige himselfe to the people of *England*, to consent unto and promote the passing into Laws all the methods aforesaid; that it may never more be in the power of any single person on the Throne to deprive the subjects of their Rights, or subvert the fundamentall Laws of the Government designed for their preservation.

[*Verso*, p. 8.] And Whereas the Nobility, Gentry, and Commons of *Scotland* are now in arms, upon the like motives and inducements that wee are, and in prosecution of ends agreeable with ours, Wee doe therefore approve the *Justice* of their cause, commend their *Zeale* and *Courage*, expecting *their*, and promising *our Assistance*, for carrying on the glorious work wee are *joyntly* engaged in.

Being obliged, for avoiding tediousness, to omit recounting many *Oppressions* under which the Kingdom hath groaned, and the giving a Deduction of the several Steps that have been taken for the introducing and establishing of *Popery* and *Tyranny*: Wee think fit therefore to signify, both to our Countrymen and Forreigners, that Wee intend a larger *Manifesto* and *Remonstrance*, of the *Grievances*, *Persecutions*, *Crueltys*, and *Tyrannies*, Wee have of late layne under, and therein a more full and particular account of the Unparalleled Crimes of the present *Usurper*.

And wee make our appeale unto God, and all *Protestant Kings, Princes, States, and People*; concerning the *Justice* of our cause, and the necessity wee are reduced unto, of having our recourse to *Armes*. And as wee do beseech, require and adjure all *sincere Protestants* and *true Englishmen* to be assisting to us against the Enemies of the Gospell, Rights of the Nation, and liberties of mankind. so wee are confident of obtaining the utmost ayde and succour which they can yeild us with their prayers, Personous, and Estates for Dethroning the said *Tyrant* and *Popish Usurper*.

Nor do we doubt being justified, countenanced, and assisted, by all *Protestant Kings, Princes, and comon Wealths*, Who do either regard the Gospell of Jesus Christ, or their own Interest: and above all our dependance and trust is upon the *Lord of hosts*, in whose name Wee goe forth, and to whom wee commit our cause, and refer the dieision betwixt us and our Enemies in the *Day of Battle*. *Now let us play the men, for our People, and for the Cities of our God, and the Lord do that which seemeth good unto him.*



[As mentioned on p. 647, the above *Declaration* was printed by one William Disney, who was apprehended at Lambeth, on June 15th, 1685, and committed for high treason. The forms in type were seized, with 750 partly-printed, and 5 perfect copies. The *Declaration* was ordered by Parliament to be burnt by the hangman, and possession of the document declared to be treason; consequently the extreme scarcity of the original quarto pamphlet is not surprising. Disney was speedily brought to punishment; tried on 25th of June, by special commission of Oyer and Terminer for the county of Surrey, found guilty, sentenced to death, and on the 29th executed at Kennington Common. His quarters were fixed on spikes above the city gates. On the same day Thomas Dangerfield was sentenced. Disney's *Case of the Government of England* was in 1681.—J. W. E., Editor.]

Additional Note on the Duke of Grafton.

One of the groups in the large picture adorning the Luttrell Collection broadside, "A Description of the late Rebellion in the West" (our p. 702), represents the ambush near Philip's Norton, into which the Duke of Grafton unwarily led the grenadiers of the First Foot Guards. Monmouth had lined the hedges with musketeers, on both sides of the road, and thus the Royal troops were exposed to a murderous cross-fire, through which they struggled until they were checked by a barricade, raised at the entrance to the village. Here they were met by a volley point-blank, and falling into utter confusion, with the volunteer cavalry close behind them, they turned and fled; the Duke of Grafton thus himself narrowly escaped being made prisoner by his half-brother, Monmouth. Feversham's mounted grenadiers alone saved Grafton from this mischance. It was on Saturday, June 27, 1685.

On pp. 665, Note 5, and 705, Note 8, this Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, second son of Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, has been mentioned. In 1682 he became Vice-Admiral of England, and Colonel of the 1st Guards. At the siege of Cork, September 28, 1690, when fighting against his Uncle James, and approaching the shattered wall, he received a shot in the shoulder, or ribs, said to have been fired by a blacksmith in the old Post-office Lane (the ground whereon he fell is still called Grafton Street). Of this wound he died soon afterwards, on the 9th of October. As it is very rare, the Editor gives here the old ballad (first learnt from his father, to whom it had been sung by his centenarian grandmother), telling of the funeral at Westminster Abbey. We possess a rough reprinted copy, a stall version, issued so late as 1738.

The Duke of Grafton.

AS two men were a walking, down by the sea-side,
 O! the brave Duke of *Grafton* they straightway espied,
 Said the one to the other, and thus they did say,
 "It is the brave Duke of *Grafton* that is now cast away."

They brought him to *Portsmouth*, his fame to make known,
 And from thence to fair *London*, so near to the Crown.
 They pull'd out his bowels, and they stretch'd forth his feet,
 They embalmed his body with spices so sweet.

All things were made ready, his funeral for to be,
 Where the royal Queen *Mary* came there for to see.
 Six Lords went before him, six bore him from the ground,
 Six Dukes walk'd before him in black velvet gowns.

So black was their mourning, so white were their bands!
 So yellow were their flamboys, they carried in their hands!
 The drums they did rattle, the trumpets sweetly sound,
 While the muskets and cannons did thunder all around.

In *Westminster-Abbey* 'tis now call'd by name,
 There the great Duke of *Grafton* does lie in great fame;
 In *Westminster-Abbey* he lies in cold clay,
 Where the royal Queen *Mary* went weeping away.

(The fourth and fifth verses have been borrowed in the modern ballad of "Queen Jeanie," apocryphally 'traditional,' as given by G. R. Kinloch, and by Robert Bell "from a young gipsy." Compare Robert Jamieson's fragmentary "Death of Queen Jane," and Richard Johnson's original, before 1612, "When as King Henrie rul'd this land.")

Less complimentary were the verses volunteered for his obsequies by Sir Fleetwood Shepherd; originally printed in open order:—

An Epitaph on the Duke of Grafton.

By F. S—d.

BENEATH this place is 'stow'd his Grace, the Duke of *Grafton* !
 As sharp a blade as e'er was made, or e'er had haft on.
 Mark'd with a Star, forg'd for War,
 Of mettle true, as ever drew,
 Or made a pass, at Lad or Lass.

This natural son of *Mars* ne'er hung [back from scars],
 Or turn'd his Tail, though shot like Hail
 Flew 'bout his ears, through Pikes and Spears,
 So thick they hid the sun; he'd boldly lead them on,
 More like a Devil than a Man.

He valued not the balls of Gun, but scorn'd to run;
 He ne'er would dread Shot made of Lead,
 Or Cannon Ball, nothing at all.

Yet a bullet of *Cork* soon did his work:
 Unhappy Pellet, with grief I tell it,
 It has undone Great *Cæsar's* Son!
 A Statesman spoil'd, a Soldier foil'd! G— rot him that shot him:
 A Son of a W—o—e, I say no more.

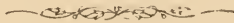
But it is left ambiguous whether the final designation refers to the Cork defending blacksmith or to Grafton; unto whom it is indisputably appropriate, not for his wit but for his courage, in the sense of Wycherley's famous apophthegm, which Barbara Villiers endorsed so warmly in 1672, because it indirectly complimented her children, this very Duke of Grafton included:

When parents are slaves, their brats cannot be any other;
 Great Wits and great Braves have always a Punk for their mother.

So they sang in handsome Wycherley's "Love in a Wood," the song commencing

"A Spouse I do hate, for either she's false or she's jealous;
 But give us a mate who nothing will ask us or tell us."

It forms an appropriate epitaph for the days of the Merry Monarch.



Accredited Authors

of Roxburgh Ballads, etc., given complete in this Volume

(whether certain or doubtful).

- Argyle (Archibald Campbell), Ninth Earl of, 610.
 Author of *Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam*, etc., 519.
 Bold, Henry, 89.
 Brome, Alexander, 59.
 Brown, Tom, 503.
 Buckingham (George Villiers), second Duke of, 657, 664.
 D., J. (various), 157 to 159. (See also Dryden, John.)
 D., T. (probably Tom D'Urfey), 343, 344.
 Dorset (Charles Sackville), sixth Earl of, 567, 568, *bis*.
 Drope, John (see p. 156: his "Yew Trees" deferred to next volume).
 Dryden, John, 555.
 D'Urfey, Tom (dramatist), 144, 263, 281, 335, 366, 486, 561, 613.
 Editorial (bracketted verses), 83; 510; 728; *Introduction* and *Finale*.
 "Ephelia" (perhaps Sir George Etherege, dramatist), 50, 51.
 F., C. (Author of *Wit at a Venture*, 1674), 205.
 Ferguson, Robert, 479, 488 (compare pp. 653, 654); 731.
 Gibbs, Richard (of Norwich), 45; perhaps also, 187.
 Hains, Joe, 294.
 Houghton, Thomas, 69 to 71.
 Jordan, Thomas, 177 (compare *Addenda*, p. xvi).
 Karl von Nirgends, Der Herr (suspected), *Temp. Pref.*, xii. xiv. xv.
 Lee, Nathaniel (dramatist), 422.
 Marvel, Andrew, M.P. for Hull, 688.
 Monmouth, (James Scott), Duke of, 392 and 394, very doubtful.
 Morgan, Sir Edward, 172.
 Motteux, Pierre Antoine (dramatist), 563.
 Prior, Matthew, 84.
 Roscommon (Wentworth Dillon), Earl of, 13.
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 371.
 Rowley, Samuel (Dramatist), 393.
 Sackville, Charles (see Dorset).
 Sackville, The Honble. Colonel (Edward?), 553.
 Say, Samuel, 386.
 Shepherd, Sir Fleetwood, 739.
 Shirley, James (dramatist), 578.
 Stepney, George, 707.
 Stevenson, Matthew, 558.
 Swift, Jonathan, 108.
 Taubman, Matthew, 22, 34 to 40, 90 to 92, 151, 170, 248.
 Wharton, The Honble. William, 451.
-



[This cut, used for "A Suffolk Miracle," belongs to a set : compare p. 613.]

Index

Of First Lines, Burdens, Titles, and Tunes.

Prefatory Note.—This list includes first-lines, burdens, titles, sub-titles (*viz.* secondary titles), and tunes; distinguishing the ballads that are merely alluded to in passing, as "mentioned," from those whereof the opening verse or other portion is given, as "quoted": while the absence of either sign shows those that are given complete. First Lines are clearly separated, by being within double quotational commas. Tunes are marked as such. *Burdens, choruses, or refrains* are so entitled, and marked in *Italic type*. Most ballads were originally printed without being dated; but we have endeavoured throughout Vols. IV. and V. to supply this deficiency, within square brackets, from careful study of external and internal evidence. Every clue of printer's name or initials, tune, burden, or allusion to contemporary event, becomes valuable in these investigations, since we re-arrange our materials chronologically, so far as practicable.—J. W. EBSWORTH.

	PAGE
A Beggar I will be (=There was a jovial Beggar)	tune, mentioned, 476
<i>A begging we will go, will go, etc.</i>	burden, and tune, 161, 714
<i>A brimmer to the King!</i>	end of burden, 90
"A Butcher's son's Judge capital"	mentioned, 437
<i>A Mug, a Mug!</i>	burden, 172
"A pox on the factions of the City"	248
"A Session of Lovers was held t'other day" (Lover's Sess.) quo.,	569, 570, 705
"A Spouse I do hate." (By Wm. Wycherley, 1672.)	quoted, 739
"A Tory came late through Westminster-Hall"	235
"A true Dissenter here does lie indeed"	576
"A Whig is a vermin of monstrous nature"	222
"A widow young, whose name was Bess"	96; given, 107
Absalom and Achitophel title, mentioned or quoted, 7, 183, 217, 232, 286,	287, 435, 542, 708
Absalom Senior; or, Achitophel Transposed	title, 201; quoted, 636
Absalom's Conspiracy; or, The Tragedy of Treason	title, quoted, 636
Absalom's Return to David's Bosom	sub-title, 399; 406, 636
Achitophel Transposed. (By Elkanah Settle.)	sub-title, mentioned, 201, 636
"Adieu to my title of 'Saviour o' th' Nation!'"	quoted, 189, 601

	PAGE
" Adieu to the hopes of the Whigs of the State ! "	399
Adieu to the pleasures and follies of Love	tune, 399
Admiration, London s.....	sub-title, mentioned, 468
Advice in a Letter to Mr. Frank Villiers	title, quoted, 128; given, 220
Advice in Bad Times, Good	title, mentioned, 397
Advice to his Grace (the Duke of Monmouth)	title, 50
Advice to the Carver (<i>i.e.</i> Sculptor)	title, quoted, 423, 424
Advice to the City, (Tom D'Urfeys)	title, mentioned, 244, 280, given, 281
Advice to the late Duke of Monmouth, The Country's	title, 633, 634
Advice to the Painter ("Since by just flames")	title, 634, 706; given, 709
Advice to the Painter from her frigid zone, Thames's	title, mentioned, 469
" After long practis'd treason in the South "	mentioned, 155, 198; given, 607
Age (The); A Satire: by Philip James Bailey	quoted (from p. 118), 665
" Ah! cruel bloody Fate! what can'st thou now do more?"	234; and tune, 483
" Ah! cruel bloody Tom! what could'st thou hope for more?"	482
" Alas! alas! I am undone "	mentioned, 657, 659; given, 660
" Alas! we Widows of the West "	mentioned, 721; given, 724
" Algernon Sydney fills this tomb "	423
" All hail to London's fair town! "	given, 279; mentioned, 422
" All ye gods, that are above "	394
" All you, who this day's Jubilee attend "	mentioned, 153
Althea (= " When Love with unconfined wings ")	tune (Dancing Master), 690
" Although no brandisht Cherubim are here "	mentioned, 156
An old woman cloath'd in grey	tune, 267
" An orator Dismal of Nottinghamshire "	quoted, 109
<i>And a begging we will go, will go, etc.</i>	burden, 161, 714
<i>And never will have done, till their heads are all promoted</i>	burden varies, 496
" And now 'tis time for their officious haste "	mentioned, 7; quoted, 159
<i>And so merry we will be, will be, etc.</i>	burden, 162 to 164
<i>And then grow enrag'd, when they hear of Ignoramus</i>	burden, 202
<i>And then, in spite of law, come off with Ignoramus</i>	burden, 200
<i>And thus we will lengthen the measure</i>	burden (1st <i>Addenda</i> , xvi), 68
<i>And to great Charles, our gracious King, etc.</i>	burden, quoted, 259
<i>And Tony will never be himself again!</i>	burden, 148 to 150
Animadversions on the Lady Marquess	title, mentioned, 59, 124; given, 67
Answer to a Litany for St. Omer's	sub-title, 196
Answer to Dagon's Fall (Sir W. Waller's dismissal)	title, quoted, 233
Answer to " Tender hearts of London City "	sub-title, mentioned, 349
Answer to the Aspersion on the Lady Grey	title, quoted, 389
Answer to the Duchess of Monmouth's Complaint	mentioned, 415
Answer to the Parliament Dissolved at Oxford	title, 21
Answer to the Poor Whore's Complaint	title, mentioned, 32
Anthem, (Early Version of) The National	quoted, 383
Antichrist, The Downfall of	title, quoted, 598
Apprentices' Feast, On the Loyal.....	title, 265
Argyle, Epitaph of the Earl of	title, 610
Argyle, The Destruction of. (See also " Captive ")	sub-title, 611
Armstrong, Answer to Ferguson's Elegy on Sir Thomas	title, quoted, 653
Armstrong, Elegy upon Sir Thomas	title, mentioned, 481; given, 488
Armstrong's Farewell, Sir Thomas	title, mentioned, 323, 487; given, 482
Armstrong's Ghost, Sir Thomas. (By R. Ferguson.)	title, 487, 488
Artevelde, Philp van (Taylor's)	title, quo., 2, 296, 471, 477, 646, 668, 718
Artillery Feast, Scotch Song at the	title, ment., 244, 262, 280; given, 263
" As Cullen drove his flock along " (= " As Colon ")	quoted, 126, 128
" As from Newcastle I did pass "	quoted, 344
" As I did lately travel from the town "	quoted, 36, 137, 138

	PAGE
"As I was musing all alone"	mentioned, 252
"As I was ranging Nelly"	mentioned, 32
"As I went by an Hospital"	mentioned, 350
"As Jenny Crack and I"	mentioned, 295
"As Samson's strength up in his hair was tied"	mentioned, 249
"As some vile Atheist, that could ne'er agree"	mentioned, 389
"As soon as mild Augustus could assuage"	quoted, 332
"As two men were a walking down by the sea side"	mentioned, 705 ; given, 738
"As we was a ranging upon the Salt Seas"	543
Aspersions on the Lady Grey answered in verse	title, quoted, 389
Assembly of the Moderate Divines, The	title, quoted, 182
Association, The New	sub-title, 239
Associators, The Newcastle	title, mentioned, 201 ; given, 496
"Attend, and give ear, good Christians, to me!"	mentioned, 316
"Audi, hospes, quicunque venis tumulumque revisis"	610
Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant	title (Editorial Squib), <i>Finale</i> to Vol.
"Avoid, Satanic tittle! hence!"	184
"Awake, vain man! 'tis time th' abuse to see"	50
Azaria and Hushai. (By Samuel Pordage)	title, quoted, 160, 636

B AJAZET to Gloriana (Mulgrave & Princess Anne)	title, quoted, 211, 212
Ballad of Lamentable Lory, The	title, mentioned, 133, 570 ; given, 571
Ballad on the New Plot, A	sub-title, 308
Ballad, The City	title, mentioned, 249 ; given, 274
Ballad, The Wiltshire	title, quoted, 102
Barnardiston in the Pound, Sir Samuel	sub-title, 80
Battle of Blenheim (= "It was a summer evening")	title, quoted, 371
"Be me shoul and shalvation, <i>O hone ! O hone !</i> "	quoted, 76, 315
Bear-Garden, The Icy	title, quoted, 458, 459
Beauty, On a Lady who fancied herself a	title, 568
Bedloe's Elegies and Epithalamium, William	titles, 591 to 593
"Behold great Heaven's protection!"	155, 157
"Behold the Wonder of this present age!"	and title, mentioned, 468
"Beloved, hearken all! <i>O hone ! O hone !</i> "	317
Belrinnes, the early Ballad of	title, quoted, 608
"Beneath this place is stow'd his Grace"	739
"Bitter tears and sobs" (See "Take away that Star.")	quoted, 690
Blanket Fair, A Description of	title, quoted, 457, 458, 468
Blenheim, (Southey's poem of) The Battle of	title, quoted, 371
Blood, Stealing the Crown, Epigrams on Colonel	title, 688
<i>Blood to spill</i>	end of burden (otherwise varied), 111 to 113
"Bludius, ut ruris damnum repararet aviti"	688
"Bold Titus he walk'd about Westminster Hall"	603
Bonny Kate of Edinburgh = <i>Pretty Kate</i>	tune, 597, 612
Bowman and Prance, Dialogue between	title, quoted, 607
Boys of Christmas, The Merry	title, 81
Boys of Europe, The Merry	title, 81, 84, 85
Boys of the Times, The Merry	title, 81, 88, 90
"Brave Gallants, now listen, and I will you tell"	mentioned, 350, 369
Brazen Head, The (= "I think whatever mortals crave")	mentioned, 209
"Bred of Gued! I think the nation's mad"	quoted, 264
"Bright was the morning, cool the air"	mentioned, 568
British Heroes, The	title, mentioned, 275
Brutus, Ab. Cowley's Pindaric Ode to ("Excellent B.")	title, ment., 7
Brutus, Ode to (= "Tis said that favourite Mankind")	title, quoted, 205, 206
Bully, (Tom D'Urfeys Song of) The	title, 486

	PAGE
Bully Whig, The	title, 482
Burton Hall	tune, 245, 338, 641
Busy Fame (properly see "When busy fame")	tune, 422, 690, 692
"But oh! this late conspiracy so dire"	quoted, 439
C ABAL, Stephen College's Ghost to the Fanatical	title, mentioned, 249
Cæsar's Ghost (= "Twas still low ebb of night")	quoted, 706
Calamity, The Duchess of Suffolk's	tune, 508, 526, 527
Cambridge burning Monmouth's Picture, University of	title, 706, 707
"Can great illustrious Britain's monarch die?"	mentioned, 508
Cant (<i>vel</i> Chant), The Devonshire	title, or tune, 21
Cant upon arresting the Loyal Lord Mayor, etc., A	sub-title, quoted, 225
Captive, The Rebel (= Argyle)	title, mentioned, 609, 615; given, 621
Cards revived, The Plotting	title, quoted, 176; given, 594
Care and grief for the loss of his poor Soldiers, Monmouth's	sub-title, 669
Care, Epitaph on Henry	title, 576
Care, The Destruction of	title, mentioned, 171; given, 172
Carman's Poem, The (= "Carmen turn poets now")	title, mentioned, 569
"Carmen turn Poets now; why may not I?"	mentioned, 569
Carouse to the Emperor, etc., A	title, mentioned, 171; given, 172
Case is altered now. The (On Shaftesbury)	title, quoted, 186, 238
Catalogue of the most notorious Ninnies. (See "Ninnies")	title, quoted, 313
Catch, A (= "Here's a health unto his Majesty!")	title, 502
Catch, A (= "Now happily met, let's east away care")	title, 502
Catch, A (= "Once in our lives, let us drink to our Wives")	title, 568
Catch, A New (= "O London! O London!" etc.)	title, 248
Catch, A New (= "Some say the Plot goes on")	title, 249
Catch, A Prophetical (= "O! the Plot-Discoverers!")	title, 622
Catharine Ogee, Ogie, or Oggy (= Lady Catharine Ogle)	tune, mentioned, 101
Cause of the Frost, The Whig's hard heart for the	title, 457, 466, 468
Cavalilly Man	tune and burden. 343, 344, 599, 600
Chant, A (See "Cant.")	part-title, 21, 209, 225
Chant of the Brazen Head (Winthrop Mackworth Praed's)	title, ment., 209
Character of a Whig, The	title, 222
Charles the Second, Funeral of	sub-title, 526
Charles the Second, Funeral Pindaric Poems on	mentioned, 508, 509
Charles the Second, Rochester's Satire on (= "Chaste, pious")	quo., 508, 688
Charles the Second, Lord Rochester's Satire on (= "In the Isle")	quoted, 113
Charon, A Dialogue between Pluto and	sub-title, mentioned, 238
Charter, On the Loss of London's....	sub-title, 250
Charter, The (A Comical Satire)	title, mentioned, 249
"Chaste, pious, prudent Charles the Second." (By Rochester.)	quoted, 508, 688
Chevy Chase	title, quoted, 119; tune, 99, 598
Chigwell, (James Smith's) Poem on	title, quoted, 504
"Chil tell thee, Tom, the strangest story"	title, 417
Child of Spring, (E. von Geibel's) Song to the	title, quoted, 416
Choice, The Knight's Happy	sub-title, mentioned, 325
Christ-Church Bells	title, and tune, quoted, 323, 324, 622
Christabel, S. T. Coleridge's poem of (<i>not</i> Kubla Khan)	alluded to, 17, <i>Note</i>
Christians' New Victory, The	title, quoted, 355, 377; given, 380
<i>Christmas Beer!</i>	burden varies (first <i>Preface</i> , xiv), 82, 252
Christmas, The Merry Boys of	title, 81
City Ballad, The	title, mentioned, 249; given, 274
City's Joy and the Country's Happiness, The....	sub-title, mentioned, 588
"Clarendon had law and sense" (= The Young Statesmen)	quoted, 715
Clarinda's Wedding, A Sing-Song on	title, quoted, 416

	PAGE
Clemency rewarded with Villainy, Gracious	sub-title, 719
Cleomenes, A Song by Dryden in his (= "No, no, poor suffering") title,	555
Cock Laurel	tune, 146, 335, 336
"Cock Laurel would needs have the Devil his guest"	mentioned, 147
Codicil to the former Will added in Holland, etc.	title, mentioned, 238
Coffee, A Satire upon	title, mentioned, 169, 176, 181; given, 184
Coffee-House, News from the (By Thos. Jordan) title (<i>Addenda</i>) xvi,	177, 178
Coffee Scuffle, The (= "Of giants and knights")	title, quoted, 171, 182
College's Ghost to the Fanatical Cabal, Stephen	title, mentioned, 249
Combat, The Triple	title, quoted, 127, 128
"Come, all loyal subjects of every degree	mentioned, 588
"Come, all you good people that were at the Fair"	quoted, 600
"Come, all you youths that yet are Free"	quoted, 99
"Come, and assist my trembling pen!"	111
"Come, beat alarm! sound a charge!"	655
"Come, boys, fill us a bumper!"	and tune, 89, 90
"Come, come, my ranting roaring boys!"	82
"Come, consecrate your eyes before you weep!"	mentioned, 508
"Come, cut again, the game's not done"	594, 595
"Come, hang up your care, and lay by your sorrow!"	332, 334
"Come, Hostess, fill the pot!"	mentioned, 212
"Come, let us be joyful and sing!"	536
"Come, let us drink, and all agree"	395
"Come, listen a while! though the weather be cold"	quoted, 457, 468
"Come, make a good toast, and stir up the fire!"	quoted, 88
"Come, murdering Miles, where's your Sedan?"	quoted, 607
"Come, now let's rejoice and the City bells ring!"	quoted, 455, 514
"Come on, ye scribbling Rebels of the age!"	quoted, 46
"Come then, at last, while anxious nations weep" (By Nat. Lee)	mentioned, 133
"Come then, be silent, and join in the ballad!"	quoted, 138
"Come, with a nimble thrust of Rapier'd wit"	316; given, 454
"Come, ye merry men all of Waterman's-Hall!"	quoted, 466, 469
Comines the Irish Evidence's Farewell, Eustace	title, quoted, 76
Commendation of Sir George Jeffereys, etc.	sub-title, 339
Commendation of the Mug, The Gallant's worthy	title, 172
Complaint Answered, The Poor W.'s	mentioned, 32
Complaint in a Land of Plenty, The Poor Man's	sub-title, mentioned, 252
Complaint, Monmouth's Answer to his Duchess	(lost) title mentioned, 415
Complaint of his Muse, A Poet's	title, quoted, 179
Complaint, The Livery-Man's	sub-title, quoted, 208, 241
Compostella, The Pilgrims of	title, quoted, 348
Condition, The Whig's Lamentable (= "The De'il assist")	title, quoted, 551
Confirmation of North and Rich as Sheriffs, etc.	sub-title, quoted, 227, 271
Congratulation of the Protestant Joiner to Anthony, etc.	title, quoted, 237, 238
Congratulation on Discovery of the Plot, A	title, quoted, 455, 514
Congratulatory Pindaric Poems	quoted, 447
Congratulatory Poem to Lord Chancellor Henage Finch	title, quoted, 19
Coningsmark, Captain Vratz's Ghost to Count	title, mentioned, 115
Conquest, Death's Final	alternative title, 579
Conquest, The Christian	title, 369, 371, 372
Conquest, The Loyal	title, mentioned, 201; given, 321
Conspiracy; or, The Discovery of the Fanatic Plot, The	title, 311
Conspirators, A Warning to	sub-title, 319
Constancy, The Scotch Lass's	title, 613
Constancy to his loving Duchess, Monmouth's	(lost) title, mentioned, 415
Content, Careless	title, quoted, 161

	PAGE
Contented Subjects, The	title, 166
Content's a Treasure; or, the Jovial Loyalist	title, 162
Conventicle Litany, A (= "Let Baxter preach Sedition")	title, mentioned, 201
Conversion of Anthony King of Poland	sub-title, quoted, 186
Cook Laurel. (See "Cock Laurel")	tune, 146, 147
Coronation, Ballads and Poems on James the Second's	538 to 550
Coronation of King James Second, A new Song on the	title, 383, 538
"Could a man be secure, that life would endure" 68
"Could Bedloe fall so softly to his tomb?" quoted, 592
Country Innocence, The title, 564
Country Scourged for Barbarism to the Citizens, The	title, mentioned, 155
Couple, The New-married Scotch title, mentioned, 295
Couragious Loyalist, The title, quoted, 139
Court Burlesqued, The	title, mentioned, 125; quoted, 150, 209, 210
Courtier's Health, The title, 81, 89; given, 90
Crack, Jenny title, mentioned, 295
Cracks of East Smithfield, The Crafty title, mentioned, 32
Crack's want of Trading, The Fleet-street	sub-title, mentioned, 32
Cranes of Ibycus, The	title (Lord Edward B. Lytton's transl.), quot, 589
Cromwell, An Elegy on the Usurper Oliver	title, quoted, 7, 159
Cruelty, Rome's title, mentioned, 316
Cuckolds of Westminster, The new created title, mentioned, 350
Cullen with his flock of Court Misses	title, quoted. 126, 128, 135
"Curst be those dull unpointed dogrel rhymes." (See "Ninnies.")	quoted, 313
"Curst be those eyes that see him where he stands" mentioned, 432
Cut-Purse, Ballad of the (= "My masters and friends")	tune, 571
D AGON'S Fall (<i>viz.</i> Shaftesbury's Flight)	title, 231, 234, 237
Dagon's Fall; or, Sir William Waller, etc. title, quoted, 233
Dagon's Fall; or, The Charm Broke (1681)	title, mentioned, 236
Danger Over, The sub-title, 322
Darling, England's. (See Vol. IV.) title, mentioned, 168
"Dear Countrymen, at my departure" quoted, 180
"Dear Julian, twice or thrice a year" quoted, 219
"Dear sweet Richards William!" mentioned, 177
"Dear wife, let me have a fire made" quoted, 725
Death's Final Conquest. (By James Shirley)	alternative title, 579
Debate, The title, 328
Deceit Discovered	sub-title, mentioned, 349
Deeds ill-requited, Good title; mentioned, 594
"Defend us from all Popish Plots" 187
Deliquium; or, Grievance of the Nation, The title, quoted, 173
Deliverance at Newmarket, On the King's title, 299, 300
Deliverance from the (Rye-House) Plot, Poem on the title, quoted, 447
Demoiselles, L'Opinion de ces (= "Quoi! c'est done," etc.)	quoted, 124
Demolishing the Town and Citadel of Tangier sub-title, 474
Deponents, The (= "The mighty Monarch," etc.) title, quoted, 705
Description of Blanket-Fair upon the Thames	title, mentioned, 468
Description of God's Mercy in breaking up the Frost	sub-title, 463
Description of the Coronation, A title, quoted, 539 to 541
Description of the late Rebellion in the West, A	title, 635, 644, 701, 702
Despair of the London Whigs for the loss of their Charter	title, quoted, 249
Destiny, The True Lover's Unfortunate title, mentioned, 349
Destruction of Argyle, The sub-title, 611
Destruction of Care, The	title, mentioned, 171; given, 172
Destruction of Treason, The	sub-title, mentioned, 201; given, 321

	PAGE
Devils on Two Styx	sub-title (<i>Editorial First Preface</i>), xv
Devonshire Cant, To the tune of the	title and tune, 20, 21
Devonshire Nymph, The	title, mentioned, 325
Dialogue between Anthony (Earl Shaftesbury) and Walcot	title, ment., 432
Dialogue between Bowman Tory and Prance the Renegado	tit., quo., 40, 607
Dialogue between Oxford and London on the Dissolution, etc.	title, quoted, 23
Dialogue between Pluto and Charon	sub-title, mentioned, 238
Dialogue between the Ghosts of the two last Parliaments	title, 16
Dialogue between two Wanton Ladies of Pleasure	title, mentioned, 350
Dialogue betwixt a Good Christian and a Miser	sub-title, mentioned, 350
Dialogue betwixt Youth and Conscience	sub-title, mentioned, 350
“ Did you ever hear of such a thing ? ” (Sedgemoor)	quoted, 657
“ Did you not hear of a Peer that was tried ? ” 78
“ Did you not hear of Knaves ? ” (see “ Have you not heard ”) 623
Dido, Queen tune, 526
Digby = Captain Digby = Digby’s Farewell	tune, 30, 125, 327, 329, 483, 588
Disappointment upon their intended Feast, The Whigs’	title, 146
Discoverers Discovered, The	title, 293
Discovery of the Fanatic Plot (at the Rye-House)	sub-title, 311
Discovery of the worse than Popish Plot, A Last	title, quoted, 439
Disgrace, A new Song on Perkin’s title, 469, 470
Dissenter Truly Described, The title, quoted, 204
“ Dissenting Bigots! boast no more ” 441
Divines, The Assembly of the Moderate title, quoted, 182
Doctor Rampant, The.....	sub-title, quoted, 599, 600
Don Juan (Byron’s) title, quoted, 209
Dorchester, Songs on (Catharine Sedley) the Countess of 567, 568
Dorinda (= Catharine Sedley), Songs on title, 567, 568
“ Dorinda’s sparkling wit and eyes ” 568
Doubting Virgin, The tune, 668, 669
“ Down, Discoverers! who so long have plotted ” 293
Downfall of Antichrist, The title, quoted, 598
Downfall of the French W., etcetera	title, mentioned, 123
Downfall of the Whigs, The	sub-title, 536
Downfall, The Politician’s	title, mentioned, 115, 238
Downfall, The Whig’s	title, 223
Drollery Litany, Merry quoted, 348
Drollery, The Norfolk title, quoted, 185
“ Drown Melancholy in a glass of Wine ! ” quoted, 34, 139
Duchess of Monmouth’s Lamentation	title, 638
Duchess of Suffolk, The famous (Thomas Drue’s play) quoted, 672
Duchess of Suffolk’s Calamity, The	tune, 508, 526, 527
Duchess, The Flight of the (Robert Browning’s)	title, quoted, 696
Duel of the Stags, The (= “ In Windsor forest,” etc.)	mentioned, 203
Duke of Monmouth (See Monmouth) <i>passim</i>
Duke’s Return from Scotland, The (= “ Still with our sins ”)	sub-title, 151
Duke’s Return from Shipwreck, On the	title, 170
Duke’s Wish, The	tune (and, perhaps, title, <i>1st Preface</i> , xii), 68, 69
Dutch Miller, The Happy Return of the Old	title, mentioned, 420
Dutch Miller who ground old folks into young, The (original, not mentd.)	420
E GLAMORE, Sir tune, 78, 80, 600
<i>Ejus contrarium verum est !</i> burden, quoted, 58
Election of the loyal Sheriffs of London, etc.	title, 227
Elegy on Sir Thomas Armstrong answered in a Letter	title, quoted, 653, 654
Elegy on Sir Thomas Armstrong (Rob. Ferguson’s)	title, mentioned, 481, 654

	PAGE
Elegy on the Death of Captain William Bedloe	title, 592
Elegy on the deplorable Death of Charles the Second	title, quoted, 509
Elegy on the Earl of Essex, etc.	title, 318
Elegy on the famous Tom Thynne, Esq.	title, mentioned, 114
Elegy on the Usurper Oliver Cromwell, An	title, quoted, 7, 159
Elegy upon Edward Fitz-Harris, An	title, quoted, 41
Elegy upon old Madam Gwynne	title, quoted, 33
Elegy on the unfortunate death of Capt. Wm. Bedloe	title, 593
Emperor, (etc.,) A Carouse to the.....	title, 350, 366
“ En tria Regna gemunt centum sub quinque Tyrannis ”	mentioned, 20
Encounter between two Lovers, A brisk	sub-title, mentioned, 295
Encouragement, the Loyalist's	title, 353, 354
Encouragement, The Saints'	title, 59
England, The Present State of (=“ As I was musing ”)	title, mentioned, 252
England, the Present State of (=“ Jack Presbyter's up ”).....	title, 254
England's Court Strumpets. (By Stephen Colledge.)	title, quoted, 124
England's Darling (' Young Jemmy.' See Vol. IV. p. 503)	title, mentioned, 168
Englishman, The True (=“ Curst be the timorous ”)	title, quoted, 313, 314, 726
Englishman, The True-born (=“ Wherever God erects : ”)	title, ment., 313
Enjoyment, The Shepherd's	sub-title, 564
Entertainment at Court, Monmouth's	sub-title, 415, 417
Entertainment of Colonel Algernon Sydney, Pluto's	title, 432
Epic: Morte d'Arthur (The)	title, quoted, 510
Epigram on Sir James Stewart	title, 587
Epigram on Tom Thynne or Another (=“ When I was young ”)	title, 103
Epigram to the Reader : on the Church-door.....	title, 299
Epilogue to Crowne's “ Calisto ; or, The Chaste Nymph ”	quoted, 386
Epilogue to Dryden's “ Duke of Guise ”	quoted, 476
Epilogue to Otway's “ Venice Preserved ”	quoted, 153
Epilogue to “ Philaster ” (when revived). By George Villiers.	quoted, 677
Epilogue to Tom D'Urfeys “ Royalist ”	quoted, 179
Epistle from Mrs. Matthews to Will Richards	title, mentioned, 177
Epistle from the Earl of O[r]rery ?] to Colonel Bret	mentioned, 95
Epitaph on Algernon Sydney, An	title, 423
Epitaph on Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle	title, 610
Epitaph on Harry Care, <i>alias</i> Harry Lungs	title, 576
Epitaph on Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton. (By Sir F. Shepherd.)	title, 739
Epitaph on Nell Gwynne's Mother	title, 33
Epitaph on Roger L'Estrange (A Sham)	title, 347
Epitaph on Sir William Jones	title, 481
Epitaph on Tom Thynne of Longleat-Hall	title, 104
Epithalamium on Captain Wm. Bedloe. (See Vol. IV.)	title, mentioned, 591
Erra Pater's Prophecy of another Great Frost	title, 469
Essay, An (=“ Of all the vermin,” etc.)	title of MS. satire, quoted, 135
Essay on the Earl of Shaftesbury's Death	title, mentioned, 238
Essay upon Satire (Lord Mulgrave's)	(title unmentioned), quoted, 219
Essex, The Earl of (= Arthur Capell : poems on his death).	315, 316, 318, 700
“ Eternal Monarch, you who are the shield of injur'd Kings ”	mentioned, 636
Europe, The Merry Boys of	title, 81, 84, 85
“ Ev'n as a Lion, with his paws uprear'd ”	quoted, 186, 238
Exaltation to the Pillory, Titus Oates's	sub-title, 605
Exaltation to the Throne, James the Second's.....	title, 520
Example to Young Men, An excellent	title, mentioned, 350
“ Excellent Brutus ! of all human race ”	mentioned, 7
Exciseman well Fitted, An	sub-title, mentioned, 349
Execution of Colonel Algernon Sydney, Ballad on the	sub-title, 426

	PAGE
Execution of Lord William Russell, Ballads on the	323 to 330, 691
Execution of Sir Thomas Armstrong, Ballad on the	482
Execution of the Duke of Monmouth, Ballads on the	692, 699
Execution of Thomas Walcot, William Hone, John Rouse, etc.	329
F AIR and Faithful, On the	title, 558
“ Fair Beech! thou bear'st our interwoven names ”	386
Fair One let me in, The	tune, mentioned, 588
“ Fam'd Thames with shiv'ring Winter dresses ”	mentioned, 469
Fanatic Plot, A Discovery of the	sub-title, 311
Fanatic Zeal, The Loyal Song called	title, quoted, 221
“ Fantastic wanton God, what dost thou mean? ”	392
“ Farewell, bonny Scotland! and Sandy, adieu! ”	73
Farewell, Digby's. (See also “ Digby. ”)	tune, 30, 125, 327, 329, 483, 588
“ Farewell, farewell, deceitful Pride! ”	692
“ Farewell, farewell to mortal powers! ”	mentioned, 323, 690; given, 691
“ Farewell, great villain, and unpitied lie! ”	45
“ Farewell, my Arminda, my love and my grief ”	mentioned, 30
Farewell, Lord Russell's (three distinct ballads)	323 to 327, 690, 691
Farewell of the Duke of Monmouth, The Last	sub-title, 692
Farewell, Russell's (= “ Farewell, farewell to mortal powers ”)	323, 691
Farewell, Russell's (= “ Oh! the mighty innocence ”)	324
Farewell, Russell's (= “ Pride, the bane of human creatures ”)	326
Farewell, Shaftesbury's	title, 239
Farewell, The Duchess of Portsmouth's	title, mentioned, 350
Farewell, The Duke of Monmouth's Last	sub-title, 692
Farewell, The Salamanca Doctor's	title, 601, 602; given, 605
Farewell to England, E. Comine's (= “ Be my shoul! ”)	title, quoted, 76, 315
Farewell to the Court, (The Earl of) Rochester's	title, quoted, 216, 638
Farewell to the World, Fitz-Harris's	title, 42
Farewell, Whitney's	tune, and title, 323, 690, 691
“ Farewell, worldly pleasures and fading delight! ”	483
Father, The Merciful	title, 641
Favourite in his Solitude, The Popular	sub-title, mentioned, 238, 297
Feast, A Song on St. Martin's	title, 631
Feast, On the Loyal Apprentices'	title, 265
Feast, Scotch Song sung at the Artillery	title, 244, 280; given, 281
Feast, The Loyal	title, 148
Feast, The Whigs' Disappointment upon their intended	title, 146
Ferguson, or any other; A Letter to Robert	title, 643, 647; quoted, 653, 654
“ Fight on, brave Soldiers of the Cause! ”	69
<i>Fill the pottles and gallons, etc.</i>	burden, 90
“ Fill up the bowl, and set it round! ”	271
Finch, A Congratulatory Poem to Heneage	mentioned, 19
Firmilian: a Spasmodic Tragedy by T. P. Jones (= W. E. Aytoun), quo.,	722
Fitz-Harris, An Elegy upon Edward	title, quoted, 44
Fitz-Harris, his Farewell to the World	title, 45
“ Five thousand pounds for James the Scott! ”	663, 668
Five Years' Sham Plots discovered in a True One	title, 294
Flight of the Duchess, The (= “ You're my friend ”)	title, quoted, 696
“ Fly, envious Time! why dost our bliss delay? ”	quoted, 541
Folly and Knavery, A Satire against	sub-title, mentioned, 160
<i>Folly, desperate Folly!</i>	burden and tune, mentioned, 252
Folly plainly made manifest	title, mentioned, 349
<i>For a Trimmer he will be, will be, will be!</i>	burden, quoted, 476
<i>For ever, good Lord, deliver us!</i>	burden, 343

	PAGE
<i>For He in good time heard the cry of the poor !</i>end of burden, 463
<i>For the Plot is rent & torn, & will never be mended again</i>	burden, 36, 622, 623
" For Tories now's the time to sing " 611
" Forgive, blest shade, &c." (adaptation of Anna Steel's lines on Jas. Hervey)	xvi
Forty-One, A Tune of tune, 60
Forty-One, The new Game of sub-title, 594
Foul and False, On the title, 557
Four able Physicians, etc. (" You maidens ") tune (= Packington's Pound),	107
" Four Clerks of Oxford, Doctors two, and two " mentioned, 154
<i>Four-pence half-penny farthing</i>	burden and title, mentioned, 219
Fox, The Hunting of the title, quoted, 440
Freezeland Fair; or The Icy Bear-Garden title, quoted, 458, 459
Fretchwell's Song of the Wives, Lady	title of MS. satire, quoted, 107
Frolic, The London title, mentioned, 349
" From Antichrist, both East and West " 190
" From Belgia's shore, with a pretended claim " 702
" From Councils of Six, where treason prevails " 343
" From Covenanting tag and rag." (See " From pedlar," etc.)	quoted, 617
" From deepest dungeons of eternal Night " given, 13; quoted, 652
" From evening's Coffee, lac'd with long argument " quoted, 173
" From immoderate fines, and defamation " (1684) quoted, 340
" From knocking priests' and prelates' crowns" (A New Litany)	mentioned, 620
" From Mahomet and paganism " quoted, 348
" From Pedlar, Shoe-black, and Pricklouse" (New Litany, Part 2)	quoted, 617, 620
From Sir Roger Martin to the Duke of Monmouth title, 215
" From the unfathom'd bowels of these cells " mentioned, 249
Frost Fair on the Thames, 1683 (Frontispiece to Part XIV.)	sub-title, 469
Frost, London's Wonder at the Great title, mentioned, 433
Frost, the Whig's Hard Heart for the Cause of the	title, 457, 461, 468
Funeral of Charles the Second, A Ballad on the 527
G ALL or Honey title, mentioned, 586
Game of Forty-One, The New sub-title, 594
Geibel's Song to the Child of Spring (" Thou askest me ")	title, quoted, 416
Geneva, A Loyal Litany from	title, 189, 201, 226; given, 196
Ghost, Captain Vratz's title, quoted, 115
Ghost of the Old House of Commons to the New, The title, 13
Ghost of the Oxford Parliament. The title, 16
Ghost of the Westminster Parliament, The title, 13, 17
Ghost, Rochester's title, quoted, 389
Ghost, Sir Thomas Armstrong's title, 487, 488
Ghost, Stephen College's mentioned, 249
Ghost, The King of Poland's (<i>i.e.</i> Shaftesbury's)	title, mentioned, 238
Ghost, Tom Thynne's title, 117; given, 118
Ghost's Advice, The Westminster title, 13
Gift, The Milk-Maid's New Year's	sub-title (1st Preface. xiii, xiv), 83
Gift to Julian, A New Year's (quoted from MS.) title, 566
Gift to the Templars, A New Year's title, quoted, 225, 231, 259
" Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers " (from ' Guy Mannering ')	quoted, 81
Glenting of her apron, The	burden and tunc, mentioned, 295
Gloriana, Bajazet to (= " Fair Royal Maid ")	title, quoted, 211, 212
Glories of our Blood and State. (See " The Glories ") title, 577, 578
Gloucester, On the Shipwreck of the title, 519
Goal of Time, The. (By Dr. John Le Gay Brereton)	title, quoted, 526
<i>God bless noble Pritchard, and prosper the King !</i> burden, 166
" Good days we see, let us rejoice, in peace and loyalty " 727

	PAGE
Good Deeds ill Required	title, mentioned, 594
“ Good God! what means this sudden alteration?” quoted, 233
Good News for the Nation title, mentioned, 588
Good News in Bad Times title, mentioned, 397, 406; given, 399
“ Good people, adieu! and fair England, farewell!” 426
“ Good people all, hark to my call!” mentioned, 155
“ Good people all, rejoice and sing!” 372
“ Good people, I pray, give ear unto me!” (Bagford Ballad)	mentioned, 181
“ Good people, I pray, now attend to my Muse!” 721
“ Good people of England, I hope you have had” (see “Return”)	quoted, 420
Good Subjects’ Wish, The sub-title, 726, 727
Good Will to King and Commonwealth, The Loyal Subjects’	title, 69
Grafton, A Ballad on the Death of the Duke of	title, 705; given, 738
Grafton, (Sir Fleetwood Shepherd’s) Epitaph on the Duke of	title, 739
“ Great James, whom Shipwreck lately hath assail’d” 519
“ Great men have been among us: hands that penn’d” quoted, 433
“ Greatest of men, yet man’s least friend, farewell!” quoted, 239
Grenadiers’ March, The	tune (= “Hail, thou mighty monarch”), 383, 384
Grey, Answer to the Aspersions upon the Lady title, quoted, 389
Grievance of the Nation, The title, quoted, 173
Groaning Board, A New Song on the Strange and Wonderful	title, quoted, 690
Guise, (Dryden’s Prologue to his play) The Duke of quoted, 176
Gwynn, Elegy upon Old Madam title, quoted, 33
Gwynn, Epitaph on the Mother of Nell title, 33
“ HAIL! great prophetic Spirit! who could see” 16
“ Hail! thou mighty monarch, James”	383, 545; given, 538
“ Hail to the Knight of the Post!” mentioned, 422; quoted, 601
“ Hail to the mighty monarch, valiant Pole!” and tune, 384, 545
“ Hail to the myrtle shade!” and tune, 279, 337, 432, 601; given, 422
“ Hail to the Prince of the Plot!” mentioned, 422; quoted, 601
“ Hang all the streets with sable sad, and call” quoted, 509
“ Hans Breitmann gife a barty” (By C. G. Leland) quoted, 84
Happiness Completed, The Charmed Lovers sub-title, 422
“ Happy, Great Prince, and so much happier thou” (Sardanapalus)	ment., 125
“ Happy he, who wisely chose” given as motto, 563
“ Happy is the country life” 564
Happy Return of the Old Dutch Miller, The title, quoted, 420
Happy Return; or, The Parliament’s Welcome (The)	title, mentioned, 588
“ Hark! how Noll and Bradshaw’s heads above us” quoted, 653
<i>Hark! how the bells of Paradise ring!</i> burden, mentioned, 510
“ Hark! I hear the cannons roar” and tune, 366, 654, 655, 666
“ Hark! the bells and steeples ring” 520
“ Hark! the fatal day is come” quoted, 80
“ Hark! the thund’ring cannons roar,”	and tune, 80, 361, 366, 380, 520, 521, 538, 599, 607, 654, 655
Hart-Leap Well. (By William Wordsworth) title, quoted, 306
<i>Have at thy Coat, Old Woman!</i> burden and tune, 212, 215
“ Have you heard of a Lord of noble descent” (<i>Hark how the bells</i>),	ment., 540
“ Have you not heard of a festival conven’d of late?” 146
“ Have you not heard of Knaves, that ne’er will be forgot?” 623
“ Have you not lately heard of Lords sent to the Tower?” quoted, 36, 622
“ He that lately writ the Fall of Dagon” quoted, 234
Health, A (= “Let the ambitious soar high”) title, 154
Health, The Courtier’s title, mentioned, 81, 89; given, 90
Health, The King’s title, 596

	PAGE
Health, The Oxford	title, 37
Health to the Duke (of York)	154
Health to the Royal Family, A	sub-title, quoted, 139
" Her for a Mistress fain I would enjoy "	557
" Here is a disloyal touch "	656, 719
" Here lies entomb'd, within this marble pile "	33
" Here lies the man whom Fate among us hurl'd "	347
" Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall "	104
" Here, take this, W——, spread it " (Letter to C.W.)	quoted, 218, 447, 448
Here's a health to Betty!	tune, 219, 220
" Here's a health to the King, and his lawful successors! "	34, 38
" Here's a health unto his Majesty! "	502
Heroes, The British.....	title, mentioned, 275
Heroic Poem, A supplement to the late	title, mentioned, 136
Heroic Poem on the Duke of York's Return	title, mentioned, 151 to 153, 292
Heroic Poem on the Rebellion in the West (condensed)	title, 644, 701, 702
Heroic Poem: Scandal Proof, or An	title, quoted, 46
<i>Hey, boys, up go we!</i> burden and tune, 58, 59, 60, 67, 81, 82, 221, 308, 309, 469, 544, 546, 547	
History of Temple-Street, The	sub-title, quoted, 457, 458
History of Whiggism, The	title, quoted, 137
History, Ogle's	title, mentioned, 94, 107; given, 96
" Ho! merry boys! who Christmas keep "	(Editorial 1st Preface), xiv
Hobby Horse, The	title, 35
" Hold, Stygian Sculler! what has brought us here? "	mentioned, 238
Honour and Chastity over-ruled, The pleas of	sub-title, 328
" Horner, Popham, Wyndham, and Thynne "	local rhyme, 103
House now building at Winchester, On the King's	title, quoted, 332
House, The Haunted (Tom Hood: "Some dreams we have")	title, quoted, 286
" How am I fill'd with wonder, for to see "	mentioned, 468
" How can I conceal my passion? "	mentioned, 349
" How easy 'tis to sail with wind and tide! "	mentioned, 160
" How fickle is the state of all mankind! "	593
" How many strong uncertain fates attend "	318
" How Roman-like did our old Rebel die! "	425, 436
How unhappy is Phillis in love	tune, 210, 211, 267
" How wise and happy are we grown of late! "	quoted, 707
" How wondrous are the features of thy face! "	586
Hue and Cry after Blood, A	title, quoted, 114
Hue and Song after Patience Ward, A	title, quoted, 279, 337
Hudibras (= "When civil dudgeon first ran high")	quoted, 83
Hunting of the Fox, The	title, quoted, 440
Hymn exhorting the Mobile to Loyalty, An excellent	title, 60
Hymn for all true Protestants, A.....	sub-title, 350, 352
I AM a brave Miller " (unmentioned first line of Dutch Miller), 350, 352	
" I am content, I do not care "	quoted, 161
" I am so sick for love, as like was never no man "	quoted, 212
I am the Duke of Norfolk	tune, mentioned, 219
" I am the man who not long since "	quoted, 598
" I cannot hold, hot struggling rage aspires " (By John Carter)	quoted, 208
" I devise to end my days in a tavern drinking " (Leigh Hunt's)	quoted, 461
" I doat, I doat, but am a sot to show it "	mentioned, 156
" I hang and behead, until you be dead "	319
" I know you hoped all once to be "	mentioned, 238
" I never saw a face till now "	and tune, 553, 554

	PAGE
" I on the Road have reigned long " (see Whitney's Farewell)	mentioned, 690
" I pr'ythee, dear Portsmouth, now tell me thy mind "	mentioned, 350, 569
" I saw in a vision or dream of the night " (Editorial <i>Finale</i> to Vol. V.)	
" I sing a merry monarch's fame "	mentioned, 125 ; quoted, 150
" I told young Jenny I loved her "and tune, 294, 295
" I told young Jenny I loved her well " (= Jenny Crack)	mentioned, 295
" I was, t'other day, in a place, as they say "	quoted, 171
" I who of divers villains sang before "	mentioned, 136
" I will drink of (= off) my bottle each night for my share "	84
Ibycus, The Cranes of (Bulwer Lytton's transl.)	title, quoted, 589
" Ich hab' mein Saeh auf Nichts Gestellt "	quoted, 575
" I'd praise your Lordship, but you've had your share "	quoted, 723
If Dr. P. take exception	tune, 128, 180
" If I live to grow old, for I find I go down "	mentioned, 350, 535
" If Sorrow's all we pay a Heav'n-crown'd head "	mentioned, 508
" If Sorrow the tyrant invade thy breast "	mentioned, 171 ; given, 172
" If, wanting wings, one may ascend the skies "	8
Ignoramus	title, and tune (= Law lies a bleeding), 199, 200, 202, 496
Ignoramus, An excellent New Song of	title, 199, 200
Ignoramus Justice	title, 78
Ignoramus, The New.....	title, 202
<i>I'll ask no more !</i>	burden and tune (1st <i>Preface</i> , xii), 68, 69
" I'll drink off my bottle each night for my share "	85
" I'll tell thee, Dick, where I have been "	tune, 416, 417, 594
" I'll tell you a tale, though before 'twas in print "	quoted, 458, 459, 468
" Ille ego qui quondam," etc. (doubtful lines of <i>Eneidos</i>)	mentioned, 136
" I'm glad to hear the cannons roar "	quoted, 361, 377
Immaculate Minister (William Pitt), The	title, quoted, 138
" Immortal Powers ! forgive me while I sing." (The Mistresses.)"	quoted, 130
Impartial Trimmer, The	title, 243
" In dead of night, when the pale moon "	118
" In every place, ye may well see "	quoted, 58
" In factious times ' Petitioners ' might beg '	Editorial, <i>Frontispiece</i> , Part xiii
" In gloomy times, when Priestcraft bore the sway "	quoted, 636
" In inupious times, when Priestcraft was at height	mentioned, 636
" In January last, on Monday, at noon "	mentioned, 295
<i>In joyful consort let us sing !</i>	burden, quoted, 259
" In London was such a quarter "	quoted, 247
" In parem Imperium habet par."	<i>Addenda et Corrigenda</i> , xvi
" In pious times, ere Priestcraft did begin." (See Absalom and A.)	quoted, 636
" In the West of Devonshire "	and tune, mentioned, 325
" In those cold regions which no summers cheer "	mentioned, 153
" In vain ill men attempt us "	322
" In Windsor forest, before War destroy'd "	mentioned, 203
Inconstant Lover justly despised, The	sub-title, mentioned, 139
Indies, A Voyage from the	sub-title, mentioned, 349
Ingrossers of Corn Complained of	(part of title) mentioned, 252
Innocence, The Country	title, 564
Innocence Unveiled	title, mentioned, 594
Installation of Lord Mayor Moore	sub-title, 276
Instalment of Sir William Pritchard as Lord Mayor	sub-title, quoted, 282
Intelligencer, The Whig	title, quoted, 80
Invitation to the Happy State of Marriage, An	sub-title, mentioned, 270
Irish Evidence, Eustace Comines the	quoted, 76
Irish Tune, An excellent new	tune, 543
" Is Tapski dead ? Why then the Statesmen lied "	mentioned, 238
" Is this my glory now ? is this my pride ? "	mentioned, 238, 297

	PAGE
<i>It cannot but be true !</i>	burden, 177
" It grieves my heart, for to behold "	mentioned, 569
" It might have been ! " (See " Maud Muller.")	quoted, 560
" It once might have been, once only ! " (See " Youth and Art.")	quoted, 560
" It was in the prime of Cucumber time " (1st <i>Editorial Preface</i>), xv,	253, 258
It was in the prime of Cucumber time	tune, (1st <i>Preface</i> , xv), 252, 254
Italian in England (By Robert Browning), The	title, quoted, 501
Iter Boreale (= " After long practis'd malice ") 1682	title, 198, 204 ; 207
Iter Boreale (= " Behold great Heaven's protection ")	title, 155, 157
Iter Boreale (= " Four Clerks of Oxford ")	title, mentioned, 154
Iter Boreale (= " Good people all, hark ")	title, mentioned, 154
Iter Boreale (= " Not a hard bed ")	title, mentioned, 155
Iter Boreale (= " The day is broke ! ")	title, quoted, 154, 155
" JACK KETCH's New Song	title, 319
" Jack Presbyter's up, and hopes at one swoop "	254
Jackanapes Lane, (Arnold) The Throat-cutter of	title, quoted, 346, 438
Jacobitical Advice to the Painter	title, 706, 709
James, Duke of Monmouth. (See Monmouth.)	323, etc.
James, Duke of York. (See York.)	124, 153, 170, 292
" James our great monarch is crown'd with all glory "	549
James the Second, Ballads and Pœms on	various titles, 538 to 550
James the Second coming to the Throne, In gratulation of	title, 547
James the Second, New Songs on the Coronation of	title, 545, 549
James the Second's Exaltation to the Throne	title, 520
James's Jig, King	tune, 599, 611, 663, 668
James's Royal Victory, King	title, 657, 660
Jealousy, Moggie's	title, mentioned, 349, 393, 641
Jeffereys A Loyal Song in Commendation of Sir George	sub-title, quo., 152
Jeffereys' Villainies Discovered, Lord Chancellor	title, 721, 725, 338, 339
Jenner's Speech to his Wife and Children, Sir Thomas	title, quoted, 725
Jenny Crack	title, mentioned, 295
Jenny's Answer to Sawney, etc.	title, mentioned, 139
Jenny's Lamentation for the Death of Jockey	title, 613
Jig, King James's (also called " The King's Jig ")	tune, 599, 611, 663, 668
Joan's Placket is torn	tune, 36, 622, 623
Joan's Placket, The Plot crammed into	title, quoted, 36, 623
Jockey, Unfortunate	alternative title, 613, 615
Jockey's Journey into England	title, 73
Jockey's Vindication	sub-title, mentioned, 393, 641
" John of Padua duly came." (By G. W. Thornbury.)	quoted, 110
Joiner, The Protestant. (See College, Congratulation)	part title, 237, 238
Journey into England, Jockey's	title, 73
Joy and Loyalty, London's	title, quoted, 145
Joy to the Bridegroom and the Bride	tune, 226, 231
Joy to the Bridegroom fill the sky	tune, 226, 231, 270, 271
Joys of a Virtuous Love, The	title, mentioned, 270
Juan, Don (Lord Byron's First Canto, 1818)	title, quoted, 209
Julian, A Letter to (= " Dear Julian, twice or thrice ")	title, quoted, 219
Julian, A New Year's Gift to (= " Julian, with care ")	title, quoted, 566
Julian, A Satire to (= " Send forth, dear Julian ")	title, quoted, 129, 673
" Julian, how comes it that of late we see "	quoted (from MS.), 643, 705
Julian, the Secretary of the Muses (see Rochester's Ghost)	quoted, xx., 389
Julian, To (= " Julian, how comes it ")	title, quoted, 643, 705
" Julian, with care peruse the lines I send " (A New Year's Gift)	quoted, 566
" Just as the mist of Error fled "	597

	PAGE
"Just when the young and blooming Spring"	mentioned, 597; quoted, 612
Justice in Masquerade. (See "A Butcher's Son")	title, unmentioned, 437
Justice Triumphant	title, quoted, 152, 339
K ATE of Edinburgh, Pretty (= "Bonny Kate")	burden, etc., 597, 612
Kentish Miracle, The	title, mentioned, 349
Ketch's New Song, Jack	title, 319
King and Commonwealth, The Loyal Subject's Good Will to	title, 69
King and Parliament, The	title, 611
King Charles. (See Charles.)part title, 123, etc.
<i>King in Lyme</i>	part of title, and of burden, 655
King James. (See James the Second.)part-title, 520, etc.
King's Health, The	title (<i>bis</i>), 596
Knight turned out of the Commission, Answer to the	sub-title, quo., 235, 236
Knight turned out of the Commission, The. (See "Waller.")	quoted, 235
Knight's Happy Choice, The	sub-title, mentioned, 325
"Kuow, Passenger, who shall have so much time" 610
Koptisch Lied (By Goethe)	title, quoted (in <i>1st Temp. Preface</i>), ix
L ACY'S Maggot tune, 35
Ladies' March, The (= "Stamford's Countess")	quo., 128, 133, 135, 186
Lady Catharine Ogle, or Ogie, or Ogee	dance-tune, 101
Lady Fretchwell's Song of the Wives (= "You Scribblers")	title, quoted, 107
Lamentable Lory, ballad on Laur. Hyde, Earl Rochester	title, 133, 570, 571
Lamentation and a Vision, etc., Oates's	title, quoted, 189, 601
Lamentation, Colonel Sydney's	title, 429
Lamentation for Sir Thomas Armstrong	sub-title, 482
Lamentation for the absence of the Duke of Monmouth	title, 415, 640
Lamentation for the Apprehending Sir Thomas Armstrong	sub-title, 482
Lamentation for the Death of Jockey, Jenny's	alternative title, 613
Lamentation for the Overthrow of the Turks, The Whig's	sub-title, 359
Lamentation, London's	title, 250
Lamentation, Oates's (= "Adieu to my title")	title, quoted, 189, 601
Lamentation, Oates's (= "Come all you good people")	title, quoted, 600
Lamentation of the Widows of the West, The Sorrowful	title, 721, 724
Lamentation, Oxford's	title, quoted, 23
Lamentation, Poor Tom the Tailor's	title, mentioned, 349
Lamentation, Taugier's	title, 474
Lamentation, The Duchess of Monmouth's	title, 637, 640
Lamentation, The Duke of Monmouth's	title, 693, 699
Lamentation, The Poor Whore's	title, mentioned, 32
Lamentation, The Whigs' Lamentable	title, 534
Lamentation, The Whole Nation's	sub-title, 527
Lampoon upon Phillida and Chloris, A	sub-title, quoted, 219
Lass that came to bed to me, The.....	tune, mentioned, 658
Last Speech to his Countrymen, The King of Poland's	title, mentioned, 238
Last Will and Testament of Anthony King of Poland, The	title, quoted, 478
Law lies a bleeding (see "Lay by your pleading")	tune, 199, 200, 202, 496
"Lay by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding"	quoted, 199, 200, 496
"Lay by your pleading, Love lies a bleeding" quoted, 199
"Lay by your Reason, Truth's out of season"	mentioned, 201; given, 496
Lay of the Last Minstrel, The	title, quoted (as motto), 637
"Leave off your ogling, Francis!" 220
Legend of Longleat, A (= "John of Padua duly came")	title, quoted, 110
L'Envoi ("Two centuries have pass'd away")	Editorial, title, 727
L'Estrange, Epigrammatic Poem on Roger	title, 533

	PAGE
" Let Baxter preach Sedition " (= Conventicle Litany)	mentioned, 201
" Let Oliver now be forgotten "	mentioned, 244, 310, 311 ; given, 267
" Let Pickering now be forgotten "	311
" Let the ambitious soar high on the wings of renown "	154
" Let the cannons roar, from shore to shore "	quoted, 658
" Let the Moors repine, their hopes resign "	474
" Let the thund'ring cannons roar ! " (See " Hark ! the, " etc.)	654
" Let the Whigs repine, and all combine "	quoted, 36, 455, 476
" Let the Whigs revile, the Tories smile "	quoted, 165, 282, 476
" Let Tories guard the King ! "	596
" Let us advance the good Old Cause ! "	60
Letter from a Bully Spark, A	title, mentioned, 32
Letter to C. W., A Satirical (= " Here take this W. ")	title, quoted, 218
Letter to Julian (= " Dear Julian, twice or thrice ")	title, quoted, 219
Letter to Robert Ferguson, etc.	title, mentioned, 643, 647 ; quoted, 653, 654
Letters of Monmouth, The Last	given <i>verbatim</i> , 681 to 689
<i>Libera nos. Domine !</i>	burden, 190 to 198, 226, 340, 348
Liberty, Wordsworth's Sonnets devoted to	title, quoted, 433
" Like a true Irish Merlin, that has lost her flight "	219
" Listen a while, and I'll tell you a tale "	quoted, 35
Litany, A Conventicle (= " Let Baxter preach sedition ")	mentioned, 201
Litany designed for this Lent, A New	title, 343
Litany for St. Omer's, A	title, 189, 190
Litany for St. Omer's, An Answer to the	sub-title, 196
Litany for St. Omer's, Second Part of the	title, mentioned, 189
Litany from Geneva, A Loyal	title, mentioned, 189, 201, 206 ; given, 196
Litany from ' Merry-Drollery ' of 1661, A	title, quoted, 348
Litany, Second Part of the New (= " From pedlar, ")	title, quoted, 617, 620
Litany, The New (= " From knocking priests ")	title, mentioned, 620
Litany, The Norwich Loyal	title, 187
Litany to be sung in all Conventicles, etc., A New	title, 343
Livery Man's Complaint, The	sub-title, quoted, 208, 241
Livery Men in Westminster-Hall, Loyal Song sung before	title, qd. 652, 653
London Frolic, The	title, mentioned, 319
" London now smiles to see Oxford in tears "	31
London, The Triumphs of	title (of Taubman's volume), mentioned, 349
London's Admiration	sub-title, mentioned, 468
London's Joy	sub-title, mentioned, 244 ; given, 276
London's Joy and Loyalty (= " Rouse up, ye Tories ")	title, quoted, 145
London's Joy and Triumph (= " Let the Whigs revile ")	title, quoted, 165
London's Lamentation for the loss of her Charter	title, 226, 250
London's loud laughter at Oxford, etc.	sub-title, 30
London's Loyalty (= " Rouse up, great Genius ")	tune, mentioned, 139
London's Triumph at Instalment of Sir W. Pritchard	title, quoted, 282
London's Wonder at the Great Frost	title, mentioned, 433
Longleat, A Legend of. (By Walter G. Thornbury.)	title, quoted, 110
Lory, The Ballad of Lamentable	title, 133, 570 ; given (from MS.), 571
Lost Ballad, The Present State of a	title (Editorial 1st <i>Preface</i>), xv
Lost Second Part of " Merry Boys of Christmas " (Editorial 1st <i>Preface</i>),	xiv
Love has found out the way. (Dryden's Song.)	title, 555
Love in Extremy	alternative title, 553
Love lies a bleeding	title, quoted, 199
Love Song to Phillis, A	title, 422
Lover's Happiness Completed, The Charmed	sub-title, 422
Lover's Mad Fits and Fancies, The	title, mentioned, 156
Lovers' Session (= " A Session of Lovers ")	title, qd., 213, 346, 569, 570, 705

	PAGE
Love's Boundless Power	title, mentioned, 422
Love's Triumph over Bashfulness.....	title, mentioned, 37, 328
Love's Unspeakable Passion	title, mentioned, 349
<i>Lowlands of Holland, The</i> (= "The love that I")	title and burden, quoted, 618
Loyal Conquest, The	title, mentioned, 201; given, 321
"Loyal hearts of London City" 610
Loyal Scot, The	title, quoted, 264, 280
Loyalist, The Courageous	title, quoted, 139
Loyalist, The Jovial sub-title, 37, 162
Loyalist's Encouragement, The title, 353, 354
Loyalty, London's (= "Rouse up, great Genius!")	tune, mentioned, 139
Loyalty Respected and Faction Contounded title, quoted, 658
Loyalty, The Trimmer's	sub-title (of Newcastle Associators), 201, 496
Loyalty Triumphant	title, quoted, 227, 271
Loyalty turned up Trump; or, The Danger Over	title, 322
"Lyne, though a little place, I think it wondrous pretty"	quoted, 658

M AC'S TRIUMPH. (By Elkanah Settle.)	title, mentioned, 229
Maggot, Lacy's tune, 35
Magpies, The	title and tune (= Dumb, dumb, dumb), 219
Maid, The Slighted	title, mentioned, 89
Maiden of Redriffe (<i>i.e.</i> Rotherhithe), The	sub-title, mentioned, 349
Maid's Resolution, The North-Country title, quoted, 344
March of Lord General George Monk, The	title, mentioned, 154
March, Tangier	tune, 282, 454, 455, 473, 476
March, The Grenadiers' tune, 383, 384
March, The Ladies' (= "Stamford's Countess")	title, <i>qd.</i> , 128, 133, 135, 180
Marquess, Animadversions on the Lady	title, 59, 124; given, 67
Marriage, A Satire against	title, mentioned, 32
Marry me, marry me! quoth the Country Lass	tune, mentioned, 139
Martin to the Duke of Monmouth, From Sir Roger	title, 215, 643
Martin's Feast, A Song on title, 630, 631
Match between the keen Razor and the dull Axe, A	title, quoted, 717
Matchless Murder of Thomas Thynne, The title, 111
"Maud Müller, on a Summer's Day" (By John Greenleaf Whittier)	quoted, 560
"May I live far from Tories, and Whigs of ill nature" 535
May Moon, The Young. (By Tom Moore.)	title, mentioned, 68
Mazeppa. (Lord Byron's poem.) title, quoted, 387
Medal of John Bayes. (By Thomas Shadwell.)	title, mentioned, 160
Medal Reversed. (By Samuel Pordage.)	title, mentioned, 160
Medley, A (= "State and ambition, Joy to great Caesar!")	title, mentioned, 562
Medley on the Plot, A sub-title, 293
Meeting of Protestant Joiner and Potapski, The	sub-title, mentioned, 238
Memoriam (Arthur Henry Hallam), In title, quoted, 355
Memory of Charles the Second, A Funeral Pindaric Poem to the	ment., 508
Merciful Father; or, the Penitent Son, The title, 641
Mercy and Cruelty striving for Victory	sub-title, mentioned, 350
Merry Boys of Christmas, The. (Compare "Milkmaid.")	title, xii, 81
Merry Boys of Europe, The title, 81, 84, 85
Merry Boys of the Times, The title, 81, 88, 90
"Methinks I see our mighty monarch stand." (See "Windsor.")	quoted, 136
Midsummer Moon (= "I cannot hold," etc.)	title, quoted, 208, 241
"Mihi est propositum in Tabernâ mori" quoted, 461
Milkmaid's New Year's Gift, The (supplied in 1st Preface, xv)	sub-title, 83
Miller, The Happy Return of the old Dutch (= "Good people")	quoted, 420
Miller, The Dutch. (See "Dutch" and "I am") unmentioned, 420

	PAGE
" Mine is a very small domain "	(Editorial), in <i>Introduction</i> .
" Miners of Minerals, where'er you be "	69
Miracle, The Kentish	title, mentioned, 349
Miracle, The Suffolk (= " A Wonder Strange ")	title, mentioned, 741
Miser, Dialogue between a good Christian and an unmerciful sub-title, m.,	250
Miss, The Crafty	title, mentioned, 349
Mistress, A (= " Her for a Mistress, " etc.)	title, 557
Mistress Anne Rooke when she lost Sir John Dawe	title, 219
Mistresses, The (= " Immortal Powers, " etc.)	title, 125 to 127; given, 130
Mock-Song (= Parody) on " My Tap is ruu "	mentioned, 229
Mock-Song (= Parody) on " Ye London Lads be merry ! "	25; given, 470
Mogey was mooued, etc.	tune, 73
Moggie's Jealousy, A new Song of	title, mentioned, 349, 393, 641
Monarchy, A worthy Panegyric upon	title, 7, 8
Monk, The March of the Lord General George	title, mentioned, 154
Monk, The Progress of the Lord General	title, mentioned, 155
Monmouth, A new Loyal Song to	title, quoted, 323
Monmouth again at Court. (See " Entertainment. ")	title, 415, 417
Monmouth Degraded; or, The Little King of Lyme	title, 653, 655
" Monmouth is a brave lad "	169
Monmouth, Return of James Duke of	sub-title, 641
Monmouth Routed and taken Prisoner with Lord Grey	title, 659
Monmouth Routed, together with his Promise, etc.	title, 671, 673, 674
Monmouth, The Country's Advice to the late Duke of	title, 633, 634
Monmouth, The Duchess of (see " Duchess ")	part title, 638, etc.
Monmouth, The Taking and Execution of the late Duke of	sub-title, 660
Monmouth Worsted in the West	title, 668, 669
Monmouth's Answer to the Duchess's Complaint	title, mentioned, 415
Monmouth's Care and Grief for his poor Soldiers, etc.	sub-title, 660
Monmouth's Lamentation, The Duchess of	title, 637, 640
Monmouth's Lamentation, The late Duke of	title, 693, 699
Monmouth's Last Farewell, The Duke of	sub-title, 692
Monmouth's Rebellion, A Description of. (See " Rebellion. ")	title, 701
Monmouth's Remembrance: a Song	title, 713
Monmouth's Remembrance of Russell	title, 690
Monmouth's Return, A Congratulatory Song on	sub-title, 641
Monmouth's Return to Favour	interpolated sub-title, 405
Monmouth's Saying in the West of England	title, 657, 676
Moore, Installation of Lord Mayor	sub-title, 276
Moorman, The Rampant	title, mentioned, 350
" Mortality would be too frail to hear "	quoted, 316
" Mourn, England, mourn ! let not thy griefs be feign'd "	mentioned, 238
" Mourners, prepare ! let doleful echoes sound "	quoted, 33
Mournful Subjects, The	title, 508, 527
Mug, The Gallant's worthy Commendation of the	title, 172
Murder of the Earl of Essèx, On the barbarous	title, mentioned, 316
Murder of Thomas Thymne, The Matchless	title, 111
Murder out at Last; or, A Ballad on the New Plot	title, 308
" Must I with patience ever silent sit ? "	quoted, 213
" My game is won; then Patrick tell me why " (Parody)	mentioned, 229
" My heart, my heart, take this propine "	mentioned, 586
" My Janizary slaves, your power alone "	quoted, 369
" My lodging is on the cold ground "	tune 89, 90
" My lodging upon the cold floor is "	quoted, 89, 90
" My Lord Aristotle the learned did say "	quoted, 19
" My ravish'd Muse, in such wild mazes' dance "	quoted, 539 to 541

	PAGE
“ My Tap is run ; then, Baxter, tell me why ”	quoted, 230, 238, 478
“ NAN and Frank, two quondam friends ” quoted, 214
Narrative of the Old Plot, A title, quoted, 420
Narrative of the Popish Plot	title, mentioned, 181, 203, 602
Neptune's raging Tempest	title, mentioned, 137
Netherlands, Potapski's Arrival in the	sub-title, mentioned, 238
New Game of 'Forty-One, The	sub-title, 594
New-married Scotch Couple, The	title, mentioned, 295
New Plot, A Ballad on the	sub-title, 308
New Song on the Old Plot, A	title, 454, 476 ; given, 455
New Year's Gift, The Milk-Maid's	sub-title (1st <i>Preface</i> , xiii, xiv), 83
New Year's Gift to the Templars, A	title, quoted, 225, 231, 259
Newcastle Associators, The	title, mentioned, 201 ; given, 496
Newgate Salutation, A (=“ Old stories of State ”)	title, quoted, 515
Newmarket, On the King's Deliverance at	title, 299, 300
Newmarket Song (=“ The Golden Age is come ”)	title, 144
Newmarket Song (=“ To horse, to horse ! ” given in Vol. IV.)	t. ment. 113
News for the Nation, Good	title, mentioned, 588
News from the Coffee-House. (By Thos. Jordan.)	title (<i>Addenda</i> xvii), 177, 178
News from the Exchange	sub-title, mentioned, 350
News from the Thames	title, mentioned, 469
News in Bad Times, Good	title, mentioned, 397, 406 ; given, 399
Nimmies, A Faithful Catalogue of Notorious (=“ Curst be those ”) t., qd.,	313
<i>No Ignoramus Juris now, for Whigs, but only hanging !</i>	burden, 321
“ No, no, poor suffering heart ! no change endeavour.” (By Dryden.)	555
<i>No shanming, nor flammig, no ramming, etc.</i>	burden, 321
“ Noble-hearted English boys ! ” quoted, 538
<i>None so happy as we !</i>	burden, and tune, 536
Nonsense, Some (=“ Old Wainscote is all right ”)	title, mentioned, 219
Norfolk Drollery. (By Matthew Stevenson.)	title, quoted, 185
North and Rich, Confirmation as Sheriffs of	sub-title, quoted, 227, 271
North-Country Maid's Resolution, The	title, quoted, 344
Norwich Loyal Litany, The	title, 187
“ Not a hard bed i' th' Country to procure ” mentioned, 155
“ Not that the earth is changing, O my God ! ” (By D. G. Rossetti.)	371
“ Now at last the matter is decided ! ” 227
“ Now at last the Riddle is expounded ! ”	and tune, quoted, 41, 226, 227
“ Now curses on you all ! ” mentioned, 246
“ Now happily met, let's cast away care ! ” 502
“ Now innocent blood's almost forgot.” (By Joe Hains.) 294
“ Now loyal Tories may triumph in glories ” 201 ; given, 321
“ Now my love has crost the ocean ” mentioned, 669
“ Now, now King James of high renown ” 547
<i>Now, now Rebellion's routed</i>	burden, 666, 667
“ Now, now the Anti-Christian crew ” 223
Now, now, the Fight's done !	tune 22, 85, 166, 354, 359, 426, 699
“ Now, now, the Siege's rais'd, and the num'rous train ” 359
“ Now, now, the time's come, noble Pritchard is chose ” 166
“ Now, now, the work's done, and the Parliament set ” 22
“ Now, now too weak, alas ! I find our Cause ” 429
“ Now our bloody fight is over ! ”	mentioned, 646, 668 ; given, 678
“ Now our work is almost done ”	given, 666 ; mentioned, 668
“ Now that Love's holiday is come.” (By John Cleaveland.)	quoted, 416
“ Now the fatal fight is over ! ”	mentioned, 657, 668 ; given, 674
“ Now the Plotters and Plots are confounded ” quoted, 168

	PAGE
" Now the Rump is confounded "	mentioned, 275
" Now the Tories, that glories in Royal Jemmy's return "	151, 157, 339
" Now the Traitor, King-hater, that glories still in his crime "	152, 334
" Now, we see, the fight is over ! "	669
" Now, ye Tories, that glories " (otherwise = " Now the Tories ") tune, 151, 339	
O <i>Folly ! desperate Folly !</i>	burden, and tune, mentioned, 252
" O glory ! glory ! who are these appear ? "	quoted, 310
<i>O hone ! O hone !</i>	burden, and tune, 76, 315, 534
" O how blest, and how innocent " (from MS.)	394 ; mentioned, 563
<i>O London ! London ! where's thy Charter now ?</i>	burden, varies, 226
<i>O London ! London ! where's thy Loyalty ?</i>	burden, varies, 245
" O London ! O London ! how comes it of late "	248
" O London ! O London ! thou'dst better had none, etc. "	burden, varies, 250
" O Lory ! thou'dst better been stifled at nurse," etc. "	burden varies, 571 to 573
<i>O, my dainty Cavalilly man !</i> etc.	burden, quoted, 344
<i>O, pity a poor and unfortunate Knight !</i>	burden varies, 483
<i>O Russell ! you plotted against a good King, etc.</i>	burden, 330
" O Sorrow ! Sorrow ! say, where dost thou dwell ? "	393
" O stupendous comic fate ! "	quoted, 599
" O ! the bonny Christ-Church bells "	quoted, and tune, 323, 324
" O ! the mighty innocence of Russell, Bedford's son ! "	324, 432
" O ! the Plot-Discoverers, Oates, Bedloe, Dugdale, France ! "	quoted, 622
" O ! the Presbyterian Whigs ! " (from <i>Heraclitus Ridens</i> , 1681)	23
Oates Thrashed in the Compter, and Sack'd up in Newgate	title, quoted, 601
Oates well Thrashed (= " Our Oates, last week ")	title, mentioned, 600
Oates's Boarding-School at Camberwell (= " Rouse, rouse ")	title, quoted, 282
Oates's Lamentation (= " Come all you good people ")	title, quoted, 600
Oates's Lamentation, and a Vision (= " Hail to," etc.)	title, quoted, 189, 601
Obermann (By Matthew Arnold : " In front the awful ")	title, quoted, 693
Ode by John Oldham, An (= " Now curses on you all ! ")	mentioned, 246
Ode on Brutus (By Cowley : " Excellent Brutus ! ")	title, mentioned, 7
Ode to Brutus (= " 'Tis said, that favourite, Mankind ")	title, quoted, 205, 206
Ode upon the late Whiggish Plot, A Pindaric	title, 205 ; given, 441
<i>Of all creatures Women be best !</i> etc.	burden, quoted, 58
" Of all quality w-o-es, Betty Felton for me ! "	mentioned, 216
" Of all the Fools these fertile times produce " (= Scandal Satired)	quoted, 673
" Of all the vermin that did e'er debase "	quoted, 135
" Of civil dudgeon many a Bard has sung "	quoted, 214
" Of giants and knights, and their terrible fights " (= Coffee-Scuffle) q., 171, 182	
" Of villains, rebels, cuckolds, pimps, and spies "	mentioned, 136
Offering to the Reader (in Church), An	title, 299
Ogle's History	title, mentioned, 94, 107 ; given, 96
" Oh ! " etc. (See " O ! " etc) <i>passim</i>
" Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles "	given, 414
" Old Erra Pater, or his rambling Ghost "	469
Old Man's Wish (= " If I live to be old ")	tune and title, mentioned, 350, 535
Old Sir Simon the King	tune, 144, 421
Old stories of State grow now out of date "	quoted, 515
<i>Old Tony will ne'er enjoy his own again !</i>	burden 140 to 142
" Old Tony's fled, from justice gone "	quoted, 259
" Old Wainscote is all right, with a hey ! " (= " Some Nonsense ")	ment., 219
Oliver's Porter, Fidler, and Poet, etc. (= " O glory ! ")	title, quoted, 310
Omer's, A Litany for Saint	title, 189, 190
Omer's, An Answer to the Litany for Saint	sub-title, 196
Omer's, Second Part of the Litany for Saint	title, mentioned, 189

	PAGE
“ On the banks of a river, close under the shade ” and tune, 37, 327 to 329	699
<i>On Yarrow side, on Yarrow side, we'll place him King on Yarrow side</i>	b. 658
“ Once in our lives, let us drink to our Wives ”	568
One-Acre Priory (=“ Mine is a very small domain ”)	Editorial <i>Introduction</i>
One morning bright	mentioned, 219
Orphic Hymn, An	(Editorial <i>1st Preface</i>), xv
Ottoman Forces at Belgrade, Speech to the	title, quoted, 369
“ Our Oates, last week not worth a groat ” (given in Vol. IV.)	mentioned, 600
“ Our rebel party, of late, upon all their ruins reckon'd ”	421
Overthrow, Colonel Sydney's	title, 426
Overthrow of the Turks, The Whig's Lamentation for the	title, 359
Oxford, An Answer to the Parliament Dissolved at	sub-title, 21
Oxford Ghost (=“ Hail! great prophetic spirit ”)	title, 16
Oxford Health, The	title, 37
Oxford in Mourning for the Loss of the Parliament	title, 24, 30
Oxford Parliament Dissolved (=“ An Atheist now ”)	title, quoted, 41
Oxford Physic-Gardens, Poem on the Yew-trees at the	title, mentioned, 156
Oxford, The Parliament dissolved at (=“ Under 500 Kings ”)	title, 20, 21
Oxford's Lamentation: A Dialogue	title, quoted, 23

PACKINGTON'S Pound	tune, 30, 37, 107, 250, 457, 458, 461, 463, 571, 588, 599, 600, 602, 603, 605, 651
Painter, Advice to the	title, mentioned, 635, 706; given, 709
Panegyric upon Monarchy, A worthy	title, 7, 8
Paraphrase on the Third Psalm	title, mentioned, 636
Parliament dissolved at Oxford, The	title, 20, 21
Parliament removing from Oxford to London, New Song on the	title, 24
Parliament, The King and the	title, 611
Parliament, To E. L. on his Majesty Dissolving the Oxford	title, quoted, 41
Parliament welcomed to London, The	sub-title, mentioned, 588
Parliaments. Dialogue between the Ghosts of the two last	title, 16
Passion, Love's Unspeakable	title, mentioned, 349
“ Pateram præbe spumantem,” etc. (By Henry Bold.)	89
Paternoster, Creed and Decalogue; The Presbyterian's	title, mentioned, 180
Pattern for Princes, A	title, 415, 416; given, 417
Peace, The Recovery of	title, quoted, 382, 398, 413
Penitent Son; The Merciful Father, or The	title, 641
Perjury, Titus convicted of. (See “ Pillory.”)	part of sub-title, 605
Perjury Punished	title, mentioned, 600, 602; given, 603
Perjury Rampant, Truth Triumphant over	title, quoted, 600
Perkin, A Merry new Ballad on Prince	title, 406, 420; given, 421
<i>Perkin, King in Lyme, Boys!</i>	burden, 655
Perkin Warbeck (John Forde's tragedy of)	title, quoted, 662
Perkin's Disgrace, A New Song on	title, 469, 470
Persecution, A Satire against	sub-title, quoted, 160, 499
Phaon, Young (=“ Young Phaon strove the bliss to taste ”)	tune, 727
Philander (=“ Ah! cruel, bloody Fate! ”)	tune, 234, 482
Philander (<i>i.e.</i> Charles the Second: “ A pox on the factions ”)	title, 248
Philip van Artevelde. By Sir Henry Taylor (See “ Artevelde ”)	2, etc.
Phillida and Chloris, A Lampon upon	sub-title, quoted, 219
Phillis addressed in a Love-Song (=“ Hail to the myrtle shade! ”)	title, 422
Picture, On the University of Cambridge burning Monmouth's	title, 707
Pilgrims to Compostella (Southey's “ Tell us a story ”)	title, quoted, 318
Pillory, Titus Oates's Exaltation to the	sub-title, 605
Pindaric Ode on Brutus (Abraham Cowley's)	title, mentioned, 7
Pindaric Ode on the Whiggish Plot	title, 205, 206
Pindaric Poem, A Congratulatory	title, quoted, 447

	PAGE
Pindaric Poem to the Memory of Charles II., A Funeral	title, ment., 508
Pining Lover, The Slighted Maid and the	title, mentioned, 89
Placket, The Plot crammed into Joan's	title, quoted, 36, 623
Plaudite on the Ottoman defeat at Vienna, A	title, quoted, 361, 377
"Player may meet," etc. (It begins, "Rouse, rouse, my lazy.")	quoted, 282
Players, A Satire on the (= "The censuring world")	title, quoted, 214
Pleas of Honour and Chastity over-ruled, The	sub-title, mentioned, 328
Plot, A Ballad on the New	sub-title, 308
Plot, A Congratulation on Discovery of the	title, quoted, 455
Plot, A Discovery of the Fanatic	sub-title, 311
Plot, A Last Discovery of the worse than Popish	title, quoted, 439
Plot, A Loyal New Song on the Old	title, quoted, 36
Plot, A Narrative of the Old	title, quoted, 420
Plot, A New Song on the Old	title, 454, 476; given, 455
Plot, A Pindaric Ode on the Whiggish	title, quoted, 205, 206
Plot, A Poem on the King's Deliverance from the (Rye-House)	title, qd., 447
Plot crammed into Joan's Placket	title, quoted, 36, 623
Plot rent and torn, The	title, 622, 623
Plotters newly found out, Song on the Old	sub-title, 317
Plotting Cards Revived, The	title, quoted, 176; given, 594
Pluto and Charon, A Dialogue between	sub-title, mentioned, 238
Pluto the Prince of Darkness, his Entertainment, etc.	title, 432
Plymouth, Strange News from	title, mentioned, 349
Poem, A Congratulatory Pindaric	title, quoted, 447
Poem, A Funeral Pindaric (see "Charles II.")	part-title, mentioned, 508
Poem, A Supplement to the late Heroic	title, mentioned, 136
Poem, An Heroic (see "Scandal-Proof")	title, quoted, 46
Poem entitled The Succession, A	title, 11
Poem on Chigwell. (By James Smith.)	title, quoted, 504
Poem on the Duke of York's Return	title, mentioned, 151, 153, 292
Poem on the Rebellion in the West, A Heroic	title, 644, 702
Poem to the Memory of Charles the Second	sub-title, mentioned, 508
Poland, Last Will and Testament of Anthony King of	title, qd., 229, 230, 478
Poland's Last Speech to his Countrymen, The King of	title, mentioned, 238
Pole, The Royal	sub-title, 366
Politician's Downfall, The	title, quoted, 115, 238
<i>Poor traitors! where's your Ignoramus now?</i>	burden, 429, 430
Popish Plot, A Narrative of the	title, mentioned, 181, 203, 602
Portsmouth's Farewell, The Duchess of	title, mentioned, 350
Postscript (= "The Printing of these rhymes," etc.)	title, 159
Pot Companions, The	title, quoted, 88
Praise of the Bottle, In	title, 502, 503
Praise of the Loyal Company of Stationers, Song in	title, quoted, 247
Prance the Renegado, Dialogue between Bowman and	title, quoted, 607
"Pray hear my Lamentation!"	mentioned, 32
"Pray listen well while I describe a Trimmer in the Church"	quoted, 476
"Pray pardon, John Bayes! for I beg your excuse"	quoted, 182
"Prepare now, ye Cits, your Charter to lose"	249; given, 274
Presbyter, A Hue and Cry after Sir John	title, quoted, 72
Presbyterian Ballad, A New	title, 61; mentioned, 718
Presbyterian's Paternoster, Creed, and Decalogue, The	title, mentioned, 180
Present State of a Lost Ballad, The	title (Editorial, 1st Preface) xv
Present State of England, The (= "As I was musing")	title, mentioned, 252
Present State of England, The (= "Jack Presbyter's up")	title, 252, 254
"Pretty Betty, now come to me!"	mentioned, 349
<i>Pretty Kate of Edinburgh</i>	burden and tune, 597, 612

	PAGE
"Pride, the bane of human creatures"	323, 325; given, 326
Priest of the Parish, The	tune, mentioned, 138
Prince of Troy, The Wandering	title and tune, mentioned, 111, 526
Prince Perkin, A Merry new Ballad on	title, 406, 420; given, 421
Princes, A Pattern for	title, mentioned, 415, 416; given, 417
Pritchard, London's Triumph at Instalment of Lord Mayor	title, quoted, 282
Procession, The True Protestant. (See "Raree Show.")	sub-title, 440
Prodigal, The	title, 405
Prologue at Oxford, A. (By Dryden.)	title, quoted, 3
Prologue refused by the Players, A Lenten. (By Caryl.)	title, quoted, 210
Prologue spoken to the King, Dryden's	quoted, 730
Prologue to Dryden and Lee's "Duke of Guise"	quoted, 176
Prologue to Thomas Otway's "Atheist"	mentioned, 570, quoted, 626
Prologue to Thomas Otway's "Orphan"	quoted, 315
Prologue to Thomas Otway's "Venice Preserved"	quoted, <i>Introduction</i>
Properties Displayed	sub-title, 67
Prophecy of Another Great Frost, Erra Pater's	title, 469
Prophecy, The Windsor. (By Jonathan Swift.)	title, 108
Prophetical Catch, A. (See "O! the Plot-Discoverers")	title, quoted, 622
Protestant Flail, The (Luttrell copy marked "14 June, 1682.")	title, qd., 35
Protestant Joiner, Loyal Song on the Death of the	title, quoted, 35
Protestant Joiner to Anthony, Congratulation of the	title, quoted, 237, 238
Protestant Procession, The True (see "Raree Show")	sub-title, 440
Protestant Satire, The ("How wise and happy are")	title, quoted, 706
Protestant Standard set up, The True	sub-title, 651
"Proud with the spoils of Royal cully" 568
"QUAM formosa tua et facies tenebrosa Stewarte"	mentioned, 586
Quarrel between Frank and Nan, The	title, quoted, 214
Quarrel, The Female	title, quoted, 219
Queen Dido	tune, 526
Queen Jane (= "When as King Henrie")	title, mentioned, 739
Queen Jeanie (Queen Jeanie travail'd six weeks or mair)	mentioned, 739
Querpo, Titus Oates again in	sub-title, quoted, 598
RAMBLE, Captain Alex. Radcliffe's (= "While Duns were")	tune, 728
Rampant Moorman, The	title, mentioned, 350
Rampant (Sequel to) The Whig	title (see Vol. IV. 284), 223
Raree-Show, The (= "This is the Cabal")	title, quoted, 317, 397, 440
"Readers of Pasquinades, where'er you be"	Editorial, 1st <i>Preface</i> , xii
Rebel Captive, The	title, mentioned, 609, 615; given, 621
Rebel, The Ungrateful	title, 663, 664
Rebel, The Western	title, 651
Rebellion in the West, A Description of the late	title, 635, 644, 702
Rebellion rewarded with Justice	title, 692
Rebellion, Schism, Sedition, and Faction	title of fragments, 716, 721
Rebels totally Routed, The	title, 612, 666
Recovery [of Peace], The	title, quoted, 382, 398, 413
Redriffe [= Rotherhithe], A Maiden of	sub-title, mentioned, 319
Reformation, The	title, mentioned, 435; given, 436
Refusal of Aid between Nations, On the	title, 371
Rehearsal, The (by Buckingham, Prior and Sprat)	title, quoted, 453
Relief of Vienna, The	title, 350, 352
Religio Laici (= "Dun as the borrow'd beams")	title, quoted, 522, 525
Religion a Cloak for Villainy. (See Vol. IV. p. 250)	title, mentioned, 222
"Remember, ye Whigs, (what was formerly done!") (1682)	244, 280, 281

	PAGE
Remembrance, Monmouth's	title, 714
"Renowned be the Christian arm!"	352
Resignation: A Catch	title, 558
Resolution on his Voyage to Holland, Monmouth's last	sub-title, 645
Resolution, the Constant Lover's	sub-title, 553
Resolution, The North-Country Maid's	title, quoted, 344
Return, A Congratulatory Song on Monmouth's	sub-title, 641
Return from Scotland, The Duke of York's	title, 124, 153
Return from Shipwreck, On the Duke of York's	title, 170
Return, Heroic Poem on the Duke of York's	title, ment., 151 to 157, 292
Return of James Duke of York	sub-title, 641
Return of the Old Dutch Miller, The Happy	title, quoted, 420
Return, The Soldier's.....	title, mentioned, 669; quoted, 680
Return to David's Bosom, Absalom's	sub-title, 399, 406
Return to favour, Monmouth's	interpolated sub-title, 405
Reward, A Traitor's Just	sub-title, 45
Rich, Confirmation of Mr. North and Mr.	sub-title, quoted, 227, 271
Riddle of the Roundhead, The	title, quoted, 44, 226, 489
Riot upon Riot; or, A Cant upon arresting, etc.	title, quoted, 225
Rochester's Farewell to the Court	title, quoted, 216, 638
Rochester's Ghost to the Secretary of the Muses	title, quoted, xx, 389
Rochester's Satire (= "Must I with patience")	quoted, 213
Rochester's Satire on Charles the Second (= "Chaste, pious")	quoted, 508, 698
Rochester's Satire on Charles the Second (= "In the Isle")	quoted, 123
Rome's Cruelty; or, The Earl of Essex, etc.	title, mentioned, 316
Rooke and Dawe, Epigram on	given, 219
"Room, room for great Algernon!"	432
Round, boys, a bumper to Lorraine! (By J. S.)	380
Roundhead, The Riddle of the	title, quoted, 44, 226, 489
"Rouse, rouse, my lazy myrmidons" (sixth verse is "Player may")	quoted, 282
"Rouse up, great genius of this potent land"	139, 224, 226, 245, 357, 358
"Rouse up, great Monarch, in the Royal Cause!"	quoted, 226
Royal Family, The Well-Wishes to the	title, 151
Royal Pole, The	part of title, 366
Royal Victory, King James's	title, 657, 660
Royalist, Epilogue to D'Urfey's play of The	quoted, 179
Royalist, Song in D'Urfey's play of The	614, 615
Russell's Execution (see "You Traitors of England")	329, 330
Russell's Farewell (= "Oh! the mighty innocence")	title, 324
Russell's Farewell, Lord (= "Pride, the bane")	title, 323
Russell's Last Farewell, Lord (= "Farewell, farewell")	and tune, 323, 659, 660, 690, 724; given, 691
Rye-House Plot, The.....	447, <i>et seq.</i>
S AIN'T GEORGE for England.....	title and tune, mentioned, 274, 276
Saint Martin's Feast, A Song on	title, 630
Saint Omer's, A Litany for	title, given, 191; quoted, 639
Saint Omer's, Answer to the Litany for	sub-title, 196
Saint Omer's, Second Part of the Litany for	title, quoted, 196
Saint, Tyburn in mourning for the loss of a	sub-title, 157
Salamanca Doctor, Trial of the	sub-title, quoted, 600
Salamanca Doctor's Farewell, The	title, mentioned, 601; given, 605
Salamanca Doctor's Soliloquies, The	title, quoted, 599
<i>Salamanca la (With a)</i>	burden, quoted, 600
Salutation, Newgate (= "Old Stories of State")	title, quoted, 513
Sardanapalus: a Satire (= "Happy, great Prince")	title, mentioned, 125

	PAGE
Satire against Folly and Knavery, A	sub-title, mentioned, 160
Satire against Marriage, Lord Rochester's	title, mentioned, 32
Satire against Persecution, A	sub-title, mentioned, 169, 499
Satire against Whiggism, A Loyal	title, quoted, 36, 137, 138
Satire attributed to John Oldham (see "Sardanapalus")	mentioned, 125
Satire by Rochester ("Must I with patience")	quoted, 213
Satire in answer to a Friend (" 'Tis strange that you")	title, quoted, 127
Satire: Lady Frethewell's Song on the Wives	title, quoted, 107
Satire on Charles the Second ("Chaste, pious, prudent")	quoted, 508, 688
Satire on Charles the Second ("In the Isle of Great Britain")	quoted, 123
Satire on the Charter ("As Samson's strength")	title, mentioned, 249
Satire on the Players ("The censuring world")	title, quoted, 214
Satire: The Court Burlesqued	title, quoted, 125, 150, 209, 210
Satire: The Ladies' March (= "Stamford's Countess")	title, quoted, 128
Satire, The Protestant ("How wise and happy")	title, quoted, 706
Satire: "This way of Writing," etc.	quoted, 110, 673
Satire to Julian ("Julian, how comes it")	quoted, 643, 705
Satire to Julian ("Send forth, dear Julian")	quoted, 129, 673
Satire Unmuzzled (= "Who'd be the man")	title, quoted, 33, 213
Satire upon Coffee, A	title, mentioned, 169, 176, 181; given, 184
Satire upon the Mistresses, A (= "Immortal Powers!")	title, 125 to 127, 130
Satire: Whigland (= "Since all the world")	title, quoted, 136
Satire: Windsor (= "Methinks I see our mighty M.")	title, quoted, 136
Satires, various other (indexed under first lines, or titles)	quoted, <i>passim</i>
Satirical Letter to C. W. ("Here, take this W.")	title, quoted, 218, 447, 448
Satisfaction in the taking of Monmouth, The Loyal Subjects'	title, 649
<i>Saviour of the Nation</i>	burden, 605 to 607
Sawney and Joekey (see "Twa bonny lads")	part title, 613
"Sawney was tall, and of noble race"	quoted, 139
<i>Sawney will ne'er be my Love again!</i>	burden quoted, and tune, 139, 148
Scandal Proof (= "Of an Heroic Poem")	title, quoted, 46
Scandal Satired (= "Of all the fools these fertile")	title, quoted, 673
Scholar-Gipsy, Matt. Arnold's ("Go! for they call you")	title, quoted, 438
School of the Heart (Henry Alford's poem)	title, quoted, 431
Scot, The Loyal (= "Bread of Gued")	title, quoted, 264, 280
Scotch Couple, The New-married.....	title, mentioned, 295
Scotch Lass's Constancy, The	title, 613
Scotch Song, A Loyal (= "Just as the mist")	title, 597
Scotch Song sung at the Artillery Feast	title, 241, 262, 280; given, 263
Scotch Wedding, Second Part of the	sub-title, mentioned, 295
Scott (James), the Little King in Lyme	sub-title, 653, 655
Seroggs upon Seroggs (= Justice in Masquerade)	sub title, mentioned, 437
Seuffle, The Coffee (= "Of giants," etc.)	title, quoted, 171, 182
Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel. (See "Absalom and A.")	542, etc.
Second Part of the Litany for St. Omer's	title, mentioned, 189
Second Part of the Scotch Wedding	sub-title, mentioned, 295
Secretary of the Muses, Rochester's Ghost to the	title, quoted, 389
Sedgemore Fight: a Farce	(given almost entirely), 657, 658, 664
"See here the minor undergraduate tool!" 602
"See, the Vizor's pull'd off, and the rebels are arming" 651
Sejanus; or, The Popular Favourite, etc.	title, mentioned, 238, 297
"Send forth, dear Julian, all thy books" quoted, 129, 673
Session, The Lovers' (= "A Session of Lovers")	title, q. 213, 346, 569, 570
Sessions of the Poets (= "Since the sons," etc.)	title, quoted, 346
Shaftesbury and Walcot, Dialogue between mentioned, 432
Shaftesbury's Death, An Essay on the Earl of	title, mentioned, 238

	PAGE
Shaftesbury's Farewell	title, 239
Shaftesbury's Flight, Loyal Song of Exultation upon	sub-title, 234
Shakespeare, quotations from (not indexed)	<i>passim</i>
Shall I? Shall I?	title, mentioned, 349
Sham Plots discovered in One True One, Five Years'	title, quoted, 486
Shepherdless, The Surprised	title, mentioned, 349
Shepherd's Enjoyment, The	sub-title, 564
Sheriffs of London and Westminster, The Loyal	title, 227
Sheriffs of London, Arresting the Loyal L.M. and	sub-title, quoted, 225
Sheriffs of London, Confirmation of the	sub-title, quoted, 227
Shipwreck of the Gloucester Frigate (= "Great James," etc.)	title, 519
Shipwreck, On the Duke of York's Return from	title, 170
Siege of Vienna, The (A poem by W.C., <i>query</i> Cleland)	title, mentioned, 350
Simon the King, Old Sir	tune, 144, 421
Sin, A Vision of. (By Alfred Tennyson.)	title, quoted and alluded to, 17, 526
"Since all the world's grown mad, I'll e'en go sing"	quoted, 136
"Since by just flames the guilty piece is lost"	709
"Since Cleaveland is fled, till she's brought to bed"	quoted, 124
"Since Faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion"	quoted, 730
"Since Plotting's a trade, like the rest of the nation"	34
"Since, poor Whigs, our Senate's gone"	61
"Since Popish Plotters join'd with bog-trotters"	201, 202
"Since Reformation with Whig's in fashion"	200, 201
"Since the Duke is return'd, we'll defy all the Whigs"	154
"Since the Sons of the Muses grew numerous and loud"	quoted, 346
"Since there are some that with me see the State"	243
Sing-Song on Clarinda's Wedding. (By Jn. Cleaveland.)	title, quoted, 416
Sir Eglamore	tune, 78, 80, 600
"Sir James Stewart, thou'lt hing, in a string!"	587
<i>Sir John he's for the King's rights, etc.</i>	burden, 276
Sir Samuel (Barnardiston) in the Pound	sub-title, 80
Sir Simon the King, Old	tune, 144, 421
Sir Thomas Armstrong. (See "Armstrong.")	part title, 481, etc.
Sir Thomas Jenner's Speech to his Wife and Children	title, quoted, 725
"Sir William in arcta custodia lies!"	481
Sir William Jones, Epitaph on	title, 481
Sir William Waller turned out of the Commission	sub-title, quoted, 233
Slighted Maid (The); or, The Pining Lover	title, mentioned, 89
Smithfield, The Cratty Cracks of East	title, mentioned, 32
<i>So a Tory I will be, will be, etc.</i>	burden, quoted, 227
"So left the world Jerusalem's great guide"	mentioned, 508
"So weapons prosper which are form'd 'gainst Heaven!"	300
Sobieski, A New Song on	title, 383, 384
Soldier's Departure, The	tune, 668, 669
Soldier's Return, The	title, 669; quoted, 680
Soliloquies, The Salamanca Doctor's	title, quoted, 599
Soliloquies, Tony's	title, mentioned, 238
"Some say the Plot goes on, and some for Rebellion hope"	249
Son, The Penitent	sub-title, 641
Song, A New (= "Would you have at your devotion")	title, 177
Song at the Bannatyne Club (Walter Scott's)	quoted, in <i>Introd.</i>
Song by Matthew Taubman (on the Oxford Parliament)	22
Song by Tom Brown (= "What a pox d'ye tell me")	title, 503
Song, Jack Ketch's New	title, 319
Song of the Times, A New	title, mentioned, 448, 449; given, 450
Song of the Wives, Lady Fretchwell's	title, quoted, 314

	PAGE
Song on Saint Martin's Feast (29th May, 1685), A	title, 630
Song on Sobieski and Foes Foreign and Domestic, A New	title, 383, 384
Song on the Old Plot, A New	title, 454, 476; given, 455
Song on the Times, A	title, 726, 727
Song sung before the King at Winchester, A New	title, 332, 335
Song to the Child of Spring (W. Nind's translation of Geibel's)	quoted, 416
Songs (Loyal and various, without other title)	title, 393, 394, 395, etc.
Sophronia: Verses written occasionally, etc.	title, quoted, 389
Sophyrus (see "There is an old story")	title, quoted, 346, 438
Sorrow (= "O Sorrow! Sorrow!")	unmentioned title, 393
Speech to his Wife and Children, Sir Thomas Jenner's	title, quoted, 725
Speech to the Ottoman Forces at Belgrade	title, quoted, 369
Spinnerinn am Kreuz, Die (Dr. W. Whewell's translation), quoted,	353
Spring (Geibel's) Song to the Child of (W. Nind's translation), quoted,	416
Stags, The Duel of the. (See "Duel.")	title, mentioned, 203
"Stamford is her sex's glory"	quoted, 128
"Stamford's Countess led the van" (= Ladies' March)	quoted, 133, 134, 180
"Stand forth, ye damn'd deluding Priests of Baal!"	mentioned, 481
Stand thy ground, Old Harry!	tune, mentioned, 212
Standard set up, The True Protestant	sub-title, 651
State and Ambition	tune, 544, 549, 550, 599, 601
"State and ambition, alas! will deceive ye"	mentioned, 544; given, 551
"State and ambition. Joy to great Cæsar!"	mentioned, 562
State of England, The Present (= "As I was musing")	title, mentioned, 252
State of England, The Present (= "Jack Presbyter's up")	title, 251
Statesmen, The Young ("Clarendon had law and sense")	title, quoted, 715
Stationers, Song in Praise of the Loyal Company of	title, quoted, 247
Stewart, Epigram upon Sir James	title, 587
"Still with our sins, still with our furies crost" (Duke's Return) ment.,	153, 292
Strange News from Plymouth	title, mentioned, 349
Strumpet, England's Court (= "Since Cleaveland's fled")	title, quoted, 124
Subject's Good Will, etc., The Loyal	title, 69
Subjects, The Contented	title, 166
Subjects, The Mournful	title, 508, 527
Success of the Two English Travellers. The	title, 543
Succession to the Crown of England, The Right of	title, 11, 54
Suffolk Miracle, The (= "A wonder stranger no'er was known")	title, m., 741
Suffolk's Calamity, The Duchess of	tune, 508, 526, 527
Supplement to the late Heroic Poem, A	title, mentioned, 136
Surprised Shepherdess, The	title, mentioned, 349
"Sweet England's pride is gone: O hone! O hone!" and tune, ment.,	313, 534
Sydney, Execution of Colonel Algernon	sub-title, 426
Sydney, Pluto's Entertainment of Colonel Algernon	title, 432
Sydney's Lamentation, Colonel	title, 429
Sydney's Overthrow, Colonel	title, 426
Sylvia, A Love Song to	title, mentioned, 544; given, 561
"TAKE away that star and garter!" (unmentioned first line)	quoted, 690
"Take comfort, Christians all!"	mentioned, 349
Tangier March	tune, 282, 454, 455, 473, 476
Tangier, On the Demolishing the Citadel of	sub-title, 474
Tangier's Lamentation	title, 474
Teekley (= Tekeli), that Perkin Prince of War	title, 384
"Tell me, ye great Divinities!"	quoted, 477
Templars, A New Year's Gift to the	title, quoted, 259
Temple-Street, The History of	sub-title, quoted, 457, 458, 468

	PAGE
"Ten pounds to a Crown! who will make this match?"	quoted, 700
"Tender hearts of London City"	quoted, 335; and tune, 326, 633, 640
"Tender hearts of London City," Answer to Song of	sub-title, mentioned, 349
Testament of Anthony King of Poland, Last Will and	title, quoted, 478
Thames, A Winter Wonder of the	title, mentioned, 469
Thames, Blanket-Fair upon the River	title, mentioned, 468
Thames in Tears, The Frozen	sub-title, mentioned, 469
Thames unceas'd, The	title, quoted, 465, 469
Thamesis' Advice to the Painter from her frigid Zone	title, mentioned, 469
"That precious gem call'd Loyalty grows scarce"	11, 54
Thaw, The Waterman's Song on the	sub-title, quoted, 466, 469
"The Burning Bush," etc. (In Britwell Collection)	mentioned, 715
"The busy Town grew still, and traitorous Whigs"	265
"The canons all roaring and trumpets sounding"	630, 631
The censuring World, perhaps, may not esteem (see "Players")	quoted, 214
<i>The clean contrary way</i>	tune (= Hey boys), and burden, 58 to 61, 67, 718
"The Clog of all pleasures, the Luggage of Life" (Against a Wife)	ment., 574
"The Day is broke! Melpomene is gone"	quoted, 155
"The Duke of Monmouth is at Norton-Town"	quoted, 650
"The Earl of Essex in the Tower"	mentioned, 316
"The glories of our Birth (<i>vel</i> blood) and State"	and tune, 577; given, 578
"The Golden Age is come, the Winter Storms are gone"	144
"The groans, dear Armstrong, which the world employ"	488
"The Lady Marquess and her gang"	mentioned, 59; given, 67
"The love that I have chosen, I'll therewith be content"	quoted, 618
"The man, dear Bret, that wears a condom"	mentioned, 95
"The mighty Monarch of this British Isle"	quoted, 705
"The printing of these rhymes afflicts me more"	159
"The Prodigal's return'd from husks and swine"	405
"The safety of the King, and his royal throne"	21
"The story of King Arthur bold is very memorable"	quoted, 275
<i>The strong militia guards the Throne!</i>	end of burden, 281
"The thund'ring cannons roar" (See "Hark! the thund'ring")	tune, 386
"The various sports behold here in this piece"	469
"The Whigs are but small, and of no good race"	140
"The world is ungrateful, the people deceitful"	699
"The Youth was belov'd in the Spring of his life"	133, 570; given, 571
"Then Faction comes with his confused breath" (The beginning is lost)	716
"Then is our Charter, Pollexfin, quite lost?"	quoted, 249
<i>Then let us be thankful, and praise God therefor, etc.</i>	burden, 463
<i>Then let us rejoice, with a loyal consent, etc.</i>	burden, 588
<i>Then London be wise, and baffle their power, etc.</i>	burden, 281
<i>Then prosper long those noble Peers, Monmouth and Shaftesbury</i>	burden, 169
"There are a crew of Rogues infest the town"	221
"There is an old story, that's much to the glory"	quoted, 346, 438
"There is one black and sullen hour"	and tune, mentioned, 316
"There was a bonnie young Lad"	and tune, mentioned, 349, 393, 641
"There was a bonnie young Lass"	mentioned, 349
"There was a brave Doctor, as ever you saw"	quoted, 600
There was a jovial Beggar	tune, 161, 162
"There was an Exciseman of late"	mentioned, 350
"There's Sunderland the Tory" (Compare Vol. IV. p. 563)	mentioned, 574
"They kept not well their watch and ward"	Editorial <i>Entr' Acte</i> , 510
<i>They plotted, and lotted, and sotted, and voted, etc.</i>	burden, 496
<i>They sham us, and flam us, and ram us, etc.</i>	burden, 200, 202
"This is like some Eutopian Game"	quoted, 176; given, 594

	PAGE
“ This is the Cabal of some Protestant Lords ” (= Raree-Show) q. 317, 397,	440
“ This way of writing, I observe, by some.” (A Satire.)	quoted, 110, 673
“ This Winter was sharp, it did plainly appear ” 463
“ Thou askest me, Child of Spring ” (Rev. W. Nind, after Geibel)	quoted, 416
“ Thou Passenger, that shalt have so much time ” 610
“ Three bonnie lads were Sawney, 'Cloud, Hamilton ” 621
“ Three merry boys, and three merry boys ” 81
Threnodia Angustalis (= “ Thus long my grief ”)	title, mentioned, 508
“ Thrice noble Lords and Gentlemen ” mentioned, 588
Thrice three Merry Boys are we !.....	title of sub-group, 81
Throat-cutter of Jackanapes Lane, The	title, quoted, 346, 438
“ Through tempests at sea, through tumults on shore ” 170
“ Thus long my grief has kept me dumb ” mentioned, 508
Thynne, An Elegy on the Murder of Thomas title, quoted, 114
Thynne, Epigram on Tom title, 103
Thynne, Epitaph on Tom title, 104
Thynne, The Matchless Murder of Thomas title, 102, 111
Thynne's Ghost, Tom	title, 115, 117, 118
Times, A New Song of the title, 448, 451
Times, A Song on the title, 726, 727
Times, A Turncoat of the	title and tune, mentioned, 63, 655, 656
Times, Good News in Bad	title, 397, 406 ; given, 399
Times, The Merry Boys of the title, 81, 88, 90
“ Tired with the noisome follies of the Town ” quoted, 216, 638
‘Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent, etc.	burden, 622, 623
“ ‘Tis said, that favourite of Mankind ” quoted, 205, 206
“ ‘Tis said, when George did Dragon slay ” quoted, 723
“ ‘Tis strange that you, to whom I've long been known ” quoted, 127
Titus again in Querpo (<i>i.e.</i> Oates)	sub-title, quoted, 598
Titus Tell-Troth : A New Song title, quoted, 601
Titus's Exaltation to the Pillory sub-title, 605
To drive the cold Winter away	tune, mentioned, 275
“ To horse, brave boys of Newmarket, to horse ! ” mentioned, 143
“ Tom the Tailor near the Strand ” mentioned, 349
Tom the Tailor's Lamentation, Poor	title, mentioned, 349
Tom Ticklefoot the Taborer, late Clerk to Justice Clodpate (<i>i.e.</i> Sir George Jeffereys)	title, mentioned, 346
Tony : a Ballad made occasionally, etc.	title, 244 ; given, 367
“ Tony was small, but of noble race ” 148
Tony's Soliloquies	title, mentioned, 238
Tories' Triumph, The.....	title, 536
Torrismond. (By Thomas Lovell Beddoes.) title, quoted, 701
Tory in a Whig's Coat, A title, quoted, 75
Trading, The Fleet-street Crack's Want of	sub-title, mentioned, 32
Traitor's Just Reward, A sub-title, 45
Travellers lately arrived in London, Success of two title, 543
“ Treason doth never prosper.” (By Sir John Harrington.) 721
Treason, The Destruction of	sub-title, mentioned, 201 ; given, 321
Treasure, Content is a title, 162
Tree of Rebellion, Schism, Sedition, and Faction, The title, 716, 721
Trial of the Salamanca Doctor at King's Bench	sub-title, quoted, 600
Trimmer in the Church, Description of a title, quoted, 476
Trimmer, The Impartial title, 243
Triple Combat, The	title, quoted, 127, 128
Triumph at Instalment of Sir W. Pritchard, London's	title, quoted, 282
Triumph, Mac's (written by Elkanah Settle)	title, mentioned, 229

	PAGE
Triumph over Bashfulness, Love's	title, mentioned, 37, 328
Triumph, The Tories'	title, 536
Triumph, Vienna's	title, mentioned, 350, 354, 359
Triumphant Loyalty	title, quoted, 227
Triumphant over Perjury Rampant, Truth	title, quoted, 600
Triumphant, The Whig	title, quoted, 599, 600
Triumphs of London. (By Thomas Jordan.)	title of vol., mentioned, 349
Troy, The Wandering Prince of	title, mentioned, 111, 508, 526, 527
Troy Town. (Properly see "When Troy Town.")	tune, 111, 508, 526, 527
True-born Englishman, The (By Daniel Foe, <i>alias</i> Defoe)	title ment., 319
True Englishman, The (1686)	title, quoted, 313, 314, 725
"True Subjects mourn, and well they may"	508, 527
Tunbridge Wells Physicians (See "Four able," "You maidens")	tune 63, 107
Turks, A Song on the late Victories over the	title, 366, 377
Turks in Hungaria, The Christian's New Victory over the	title, 355, 377, 380
Turks, The Overthrow of the	part title, 359
Turks, The Whigs' Lamentation for the Overthrow of the	sub-title, 359
Turncoat of the Times, A	title and tune mentioned, 63, 655, 656, 710, 719
"Twa bonny lads were Sawney and Jockey"	tune also, 613, 621
"'Twas a foolish fancy, Jemmy!"	215
"'Twas still low ebb of Night, when not a star"	quoted, 705
"'Twere folly if ever the Whigs would endeavour"	451
Twa-n-Flame, The	title, 390, 391; given, 392
"Two centuries have pass'd away"	<i>Editorial l' Envoi</i> , 727
Two Travellers lately arrived in London in England, Success of the	title, 543
Tyburn in Mourning for the Loss of a Saint	sub-title, 157
"UNDER five hundred kings three kingdoms groan"	20
Unfortunate Destiny, The True Lover's	title, mentioned, 349
Unfortunate Jockey	alternative title, 613, 615
Unfortunate Whigs, The	title, mentioned, 137, 139; given, 140
Ungrateful Rebel, The	title, 718, 719
"Unhappy Man! the Nation's scorn and hate"	quoted, 44
University of Cambridge burning Monmouth's Picture, On the	title, 707
Unmuzzled, Satire (= "Who'd be the man")	title, quoted, 33, 213
"Unwelcome News! Whitehall its sable wears"	mentioned, 508
Usurpation, Woman's (= "Woman was made," etc.)	title, quoted, 64
Usurper Oliver Cromwell, An Elegy on the	title, quoted, 159
"VAIN empty Nothing! that wert lately all"	17
Vanitas, Vanitatum Vanitas! (By Goethe)	title, quoted, 575
Vanity of Vain Glory, The	title, 578
Venice Preserved (Prologue, Play and Epilogue)	quoted, 153, 258
Victories over the Turks, Song on the late	title, 366, 377
Victory, King James's Royal	title, 657, 660
Victory over the Turks in Hungaria, The Christians'	title, 355, 377, given, 380
Vienna, The Christian Conquest at (= "Good people")	title, 369, 371; 372
Vienna, The Relief of	title, mentioned; given, 352
Vienna, The Siege of (Ballad: see "Vienna's Triumph")	355, 359
Vienna, The Siege of (Poem by W. C.; not <i>our</i> Wm. C.)	title, mentioned, 350
Vienna's Triumph	title, mentioned, 350, 354; given, 359
View of the World, A (= "The Burning Bush," etc.)	title, mentioned, 716
Villainies Discovered, The Lord Chancellor's	title quoted 721, 722, 725
Villainy, Gracious Clemency rewarded with	sub-title, 719
Villainy Lash'd (= Perjury Punished)	sub-title, 603
Villainy, Religion made a Cloak for (see Vol. IV. p. 250)	title mentioned, 222

	PAGE
Vindication, Jockey's.....	sub-title, mentioned, 349, 393, 641
Virgin, The Doubting.....	tune, 668, 669
Vision of Sin, A (Alfred Tennyson's "I had a vision")	title, quoted, 17, 526
Vive le Roy; or, London's Joy!	title quoted, 244; given, 276
<i>Vive, vive, vive le Roy!</i>	end of burden, 276
Voyage from the Indies, A	sub-title, mentioned, 249
Vratz's Ghost to Count Cönigsmark, Captain.....	title, quoted, 114
W. , A Letter to C. (= "Here take this, W.")	title quoted, 218, 447, 448
Waller turned out of Commission, Sir William	sub-title, quoted, 223
Wandering Prince of Troy, The	title and tune, mentioned, 111, 526
Ward, Hue and Song after Sir Patience	title, mentioned, 279, 337
Warning to Conspirators, A	sub-title, 349
"Was ever maiden so scorn'd?"	mentioned, 89
Watcher at Whitehall, The	<i>Editorial L'Envoi</i> , 510
Waterman's Song on the Thames, The	sub-title, quoted, 466, 469
"We are jovial Topers"	and tune, 162
Wedding, A Sing-Song on Clarinda's	title, quoted, 416
Wedding, A Westminster (<i>i.e.</i> by Stephen College)	title, mentioned, 723
Wedding, Second Part of the Scotch	sub-title, mentioned, 295
"Welcome, my Lord, unto these Stygian Plains"	quoted, 237, 238
Welcome, The Parliament's	sub-title, mentioned, 588
Well, Hartleap. (W. W.'s "The Knight had ridden," etc.)	title, quoted, 306
Well Wishes to the Royal Family, The	title, 151
West, A Description of the late Rebellion in the	title, 635, 644, 701, 702
West, A Heroic Poem on the Rebellion in the	title, 703
Western Rebel, The	title, 651
Westminster Ghost, The	title, 17
Westminster Ghost's Advice, The.....	title, 13
Westminster Hall, Loyal Song sung before Livery-men in	quoted, 652, 653
Westminster Parliament, The Ghost of the	title, 13, 17
Westminster Wedding (Jeffereys', 17 Feb., 1679), The	title, mentioned, 723
"What a pox d'ye tell me of the Papists' design?" 503
"What arrogance dost thou, malicious Fate!"	mentioned, 114
"What Booker can prognosticate"	mentioned, 139
"What, down in the dirt! By St. Leonard, her Grace"	mentioned, 123
"What Fate inspir'd thee with groans?"	quoted, 690
"What have the Whigs to say? <i>O hone! O hone!</i> "	quoted, 315, 534
"What is the pomp and glory of this world?".....	quoted, 23
What name (<i>sic</i> : probably imperfectly printed?)	tune, 429
"What! shall a glorious nation be o'erthrown?"	quoted, 204
"What think you of this Age now?" 714
"When a holy blaek Swede, the son of Bob" 108
"When as King Henric ruled this land"	mentioned, 739
"When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat" 84
"When busy Fame o'er all the plain"	and tune, 422, 690, 692
"When daring Blood, his rent to have regain'd" 688
"When first, Dorinda, your bright eyes"	mentioned, 568
"When first the noted Libel did appear"	quoted, 653, 654
"When first the Scottish wars began"	tune, mentioned, 155
"When I was young, I then had no wit" 103
"When Neptune saw a wondrous Bridge built o'er"	mentioned, 469
"When Sawney left me he had store of gelt"	mentioned, 139
"When the King enjoys his own again"	burden, title, and tune, 139, 140, 372
"When the Plot I first invented"	mentioned, 238
"When too much plenty, luxury, and ease"	quoted, 153

	PAGE
"When Troy town for ten years' wars." (See "Troy.")	ment., 111, 508, 526
"Whence is this chance? O Heaven that ye be" mentioned, 469
"Whenever tyrants fall, the air and other elements prepare" mentioned, 238
"Wherever God erects a house of prayer" mentioned, 313
<i>Which no body can deny!</i> burden and tune, 222
Whig Intelligence; or, Sir Samuel in the Pound title, 80
Whig, The Bully title, 482
Whig, The Character of a title, 222
Whig Triumphant, The title, quoted, 599, 600
Whig upon Whig title, 317
Whiggish Plot, A Pindaric Ode on the title, quoted, 205, 206
Whiggism, A Loyal Satire against title, quoted, 36, 137, 138
Whiggism, The History of title, quoted, 137
Whigland: A Satire (= "Since all the World," etc.) title, quoted, 136
Whig's Coat, A Tory in a title, quoted, 36
Whigs, Despair of the Loyal part-title, quoted, 249
Whigs' Disappointment upon their intended Feast, The title, 146
Whigs' Disloyal Feast, The title, 148
Whigs, Downfall of the (= "Come let us be joyful") sub-title, 536
Whigs' Downfall, The (= "Now, now the Antichristian crew") title, 223
Whigs' hard heart for the Cause of the title, 457, 461, 468
Whigs laid open, The title, quoted, 88, 168
Whigs' Lamentable Condition, The (= "The De'il assist," etc.) quoted, 551
Whigs' Lamentable Lamentation, The (= "What have the Whigs") title, 534
Whigs, The Unfortunate title, 137, 139; given, 140
"Whilst with hot scent the Popish Tory crew" quoted, 114
Whitehall, The Wateher at <i>Editorial L'Envoi</i> , 510
Whitney's Farewell, (James) tune, 323, 690, 691
"Who'd be the man lewd satires to endite?" quoted, 33, 213
Whore's Complint Answered, The Poor title mentioned, 32
Whore's Lamentation, The Poor title mentioned, 32
<i>Whose fame through all nations in Europe doth ring</i> end of burden, 330
"Why should we boast of Arthur, and his Knights?" mentioned, 275
"Why should we boast of Lais, and her Knights?" mentioned, 274
Widows of the West, Sorrowful Lamentation of the title, 721, 724
Will added in Holland, A Codicil to the former title, mentioned, 238
Will and Testament of Anthony, King of Poland, Last title, q. 229, 230, 478
Will taking, etc., The Loyal Subject's Good title, 69
Williams, On Wi: title, 223
"Williams, this tame submission suits thee more" 223
"Wilt thou be wilful still?" and tune, mentioned, 393
Wiltshire Ballad, The (= "From Salisbury, that low-hous'd town") t. qd., 102
Winchester, A New Song sung before his Majesty at title, 332, 335
Winchester, A Poem on the King's House now building at title, quoted, 332
Windsor: a Satire. (By Rochester: "Methinks I see.") title, mentioned, 136
Windsor Prophecy, The. (By Jonathan Swift.) title, 108, 110
"Wish not to know this woman! she is worse" 557
Wish, The Duke's title and tune (1st <i>Preface</i> , xii), 68, 69
Wish, The Good Subject's sub-title, 726, 727
Wish, The Old Man's (= "If I live to grow old") title and tune, 350, 535
Wish, The Old Woman's (= "As I went by an hospital") title, mentioned, 350
<i>With a fa la la la la!</i> burden, 78, 502
<i>With a Sa-la-man-ca la!</i> burden, quoted, 606
<i>With a thump, thump, thump, etc.</i> burden, quoted, 35
<i>With an Orange!</i> burden, mentioned, 727
"With hair in Characters, and lugs in Text" quoted, 72

	PAGE
"With joy we do leave thee"	394
Wives, Lady Fretchwell's Song of the (= "You Scribblers") title, quoted,	314
"Woman was made Man's Sovereignty to own"	quoted, 64
Woman's Wish, The Old	title, mentioned, 64
Woman's Usurpation (Rochester's "Woman was made") title, quoted,	350
Wonder at the Great Frost, London's	title, mentioned, 433, 463
Wonder, Great Britain's	title, mentioned, 468
Wonder of the Thames, A Winter	title, mentioned, 469
Wonder, London's (= "This Winter.") title, mentioned, 462; given,	463
"Woons! what now is the matter?"	244, 262; given, 263
World, A View of the	title, mentioned, 715
Would you be a Man in Fashion?	tune, 177
"Would you have at your devotion"	177
"Woul'dst thou be wilful still, my jo?"	and tune, mentioned, 641
"Wretch that I am! and is it come to this?"	quoted, 165
Y E Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease" title, ment.,	137
"Ye Gods! you gave to me a wife"	557
"Ye London lads, be merry!"	and tune, 24, 470
"Ye Loyal lads be sorry" (sometimes "You Loyal lads be merry")	25, 72, 470
"Ye Mariners of England" (suggested by Parker's "Ye Gentlemen")	137
"Ye Whigs and Dissenters, I charge ye, attend!"	461, 468
"Ye wish to know her, for she sweeter is"	558
"Yes, fickle Cambridge! Perkin found this true"	707
<i>Yet Sawney will ne'er be my love again!</i> burden, quoted, and tune,	139, 148
<i>Yet this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare!</i> burden, mentioned,	465
Yew-trees at the Oxford Physic-Gardens, A Poem on the	mentioned, 156
York's Return, An Heroic Poem on the Duke of	title, mentioned, 292
York's Return from Scotland, The Duke of	title, 124, 153
York's Return from Shipwreck, The Duke of.....	title, 170
"You Calvinists of England, who surfeit with your ease"	quoted, 137
"You Freeman, and Masters, and 'Prentices, mourn!"	250
"You Gallants of Country and City"	641
"You hypocrites, forbear your prauks!"	299
"You London lads, be merry, for Perkin that State buffoon"	25, 470
"You London lads, rejoice, and east away your care"	244; given, 276
"You Loyal lads be merry." (See "Ye Loyal lads, he sorry.")	25, 72; g. 470
"You Loyalists all now rejoice, and be glad"	354
"You maidens and wives, and young widows, rejoice!" (= Four able P.)	m. 107
"You Master Colliers, pray draw near!"	mentioned, 32
<i>You Rebels of England, you murder'd your King!</i>	burden, 543
"You Scribblers that writ of Widows and Maids"	quoted, 107, 314
"You that delight in wit and mirth." (By Thomas Jordan.)	177
"You traitors of England, how dare you conspire?"	330
"You, whom the gazing world did once admire"	634
Young Jemmy is a lad	tune, 168, 169
Young May-Moon, The	title (of Tom Moore's song), quoted, 68
Young Phaon strove the bliss to taste	(John Bannister's) tune, 727
Young Statesmen, On the (= "Clarendon had law," etc.).....	title, quoted, 715
Youth and Art (Browning's, "It once might have been") title, quoted,	560
<i>Youth, youth, you had better been starv'd by thy Nurse,</i> etc. burden, parodied,	573
Z EAL, The Loyal Song called Fanatic	title, quoted, 227

FINALE: TO THE MANES OF CAROLUS II.

“Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant.”

*I saw, in a Vision or Dream of the Night,
(Not blue-ribbon'd, but still with sobriety,)
A meeting late held in The Halls of Delight,
Our subscribers, “The Ballad Society.”*

*They had got Volume Five of Roxb. Ballads in hand;
(Let us hope they had been somewhat pleas'd from it;)
And the Editor's self could not well understand
How he ever felt glad when releas'd from it.*

*We all wore deep hat-bands of crape, and black gloves,
So intensely bereavement we reckon'd;
Even Venus had changed into Ravens her Doves:
For we all mourn'd our King, Charles the Second.*

*“The longer we knew him,” the chief of us cried,
“The better we loved and approved him;
We had rather have seen that all other kings died,
Than that Death had unkindly removed him.*

*“There are people who say he had faults!” (cries of “Shame!”)
They hint about bribes from King Lewis!!
Also women (a few), not unsmirch'd in fair fame!!!
Were such counted as errors, we knew his!*

“A Spendthrift, perhaps, but no Miser was he,
To hoard up the nation's grudging riches;
He loved others to please, and be pleased, frank and free,
While disporting with ducklings, or——spaniels.

“A man of the World, with sound hatred of Cant,
And a habit of making things pleasant,
He had smiled at the ‘Saintly's’ fanatical rant,
That did mischief to townsfolk and peasant.

“Not a tyrant was he, would they leave him in peace;
He was kind to his Children and Brother;
When life lost its zest, 'twas a happy release:
'Twill be long ere we see such Another!”

Here we all shed our tears, laid a wreath on his tomb,
And departed, with sobbing and sorrow;
Gave the rest of the night-time to mourning and gloom,
Then——began Volume Sixth on the morrow.

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

25, vi. '84.

One-Acre Priory, Kent.





E.

“The old order changeth, giving place to new!”—*Tennyson's Morte d'Arthur.*

ERRATA FOR THIS VOLUME

Will be given at the close of the next, Vol. VI., which will complete the series of Roxburghe Ballads; with the exception of such ballads as form part of the final and separate Volume, VII., devoted chiefly to a General Index for the entire Work. But the following corrigenda may as well be noted for the reader:—

On p. 309, note 6, 3rd line, 1497 is the correct date (misread as 1499).

On p. 336, in bracketted dropt-line read, “*None others so happy we see.*”

On p. 631, the marginal reference concerning the Fall of Lucifer ought to read “*Cf. p. 634,*” not “*p. 624.*”

On p. 716, 6th line, the reference to woodcut should be p. 717.

From p. 740, the unidentified initials of “*C. F.*” (“*A Song,*” p. 295) and of “*J. S.* (p. 382)” were omitted.

Despite unflagging editorial care, with the best of printers, and also an unsurpassed Reader of the Press (Mr. W. M. Wood, of Hertford), a few mistakes are unavoidable. They will creep in. As Karl von Nirgends had already noted,

Earth-tremors dislocate strata,
Accidents happen in families,
But one hates a long list of *Errata*,
With as many grim corpses as *Ramillies*.

The page (xvi) of *Addenda and Corrigenda* should be retained by the Binder. Children of sweetness and light will no doubt keep all the *Temporary Prefaces*, etc., as our gallant young friend Arthur Henry Bullen advises and practises. They could be included, each *in situ* between the groups, which correspond with Parts XIII., XIV., and XV. *Keep everything that you can get about Old Ballads!* is an excellent maxim. And “*Do not begrudge any money expended in Subscriptions to the Ballad Society, or for binding its books,*” is another. To follow these two rules of life is the perfection of Virtue. We mention this in passing, for the moral guidance of poor Human Nature.—J. W. EBSWORTH.



